

A GILBERT

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S

²/₂ " OKLAHOMA! "

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Book and lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Based on Lynn Riggs's
"GREEN GROW THE LILACS"

As Originally Produced by
The Theatre Guild

Price \$2.00

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RODGERS
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OKLAHOMA!

was first produced by The Theatre Guild on April 1st, 1943, at the St. James Theatre, New York City, and in London it was first produced at The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on April 30th, 1947.

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

AUNT ELLER
CURLY
LAUREY
IKE SKIDMORE
FRED
SLIM
WILL PARKER
JUD FRY
ADO ANNIE CARNES
ALI HAKIM
GERTIE CUMMINGS
ELLEN
KATE
SYLVIE
ARMINA
AGGIE
ANDREW CARNES
CORD ELAM
JESS
CHALMERS
MIKE
JOE
SAM

SCENES

ACT I

Scene I. The Front of Laurey's Farmhouse
Scene II. The Smoke House
Scene III. A Grove on Laurey's Farm

ACT II

Scene I. The Skidmore Ranch
Scene II. Skidmore's Kitchen Porch
Scene III. The Back of Laurey's Farmhouse

Time: *Just after the turn of the century.*

Place: *Indian Territory (Now Oklahoma)*

Music
Library

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I		
Scene 1		
Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'		Curly
The Surrey with the Fringe on Top		Curly, Laurey, Aunt Eller
Kansas City		Will, Aunt Eller, and the Boys
I Cain't Say No		Ado Annie
Many a New Day		Laurey and the Girls
It's a Scandal! It's a Outrage!		All Hakim and the Boys and Girls
People Will Say We're in Love		Curly and Laurey
Scene 2		
Pore Jud		Curly and Jud
Lonely Room		Jud
Scene 3		
Out of My Dreams		Laurey and the Girls
ACT II		
Scene 1		
The Farmer and the Cowman		Carnes, Aunt Eller, Curly, Will, Ado Annie, Slim and Ensemble
All er Nuthin'		Ado Annie, Will and Two Dancing Girls
Scene 2		
Reprise: People Will Say We're in Love		Curly and Laurey
Scene 3		
Oklahoma		Curly, Laurey, Aunt Eller, Ike, Fred and Ensemble
Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'		Laurey, Curly and Ensemble
Finale		Entire Company

OKLAHOMA! ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE: *The back porch and yard of LAUREY'S farmhouse.*

"It is a radiant summer morning several years ago, the kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earthmen, 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 No. I

[OPENING ACT I]

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 an elephant's eye—

He enters from U.L.

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

Gate c.

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

Crossing to porch R.

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 maw'rick is winkin' her eye.

Crossing down to UP. R. of 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.

[Spoken]. Hi, Aunt Eller!
ELLER [Spoken]. Skeer me to death! Whut're you doin' around here?
CURLY [Spoken]. Why I come a-singin' to you.

Crosses above to D.L.C.

[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 D.L.

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!

*At L. of ELLER
ELLER resumes churning. CURLY looks wistfully up at the windows of the house, then turns back to ELLER*

ELLER. If I wasn't a ol' 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.]*

ELLER *[Wisely]*. Oh, none of my kinfolks, huh?

CURLY *[Raising his voice so that LAUREY will hear if she is inside the house]*. Yeh, 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 R. and speaks deliberately.

[Crosses D.R. to R. of ELLER.] Say, Aunt Eller, if you was to tell me whur Laurey was at—whur would you tell me she was at?

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

CURLY. So, she don't take to me much, huh? *[Crosses L. 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?

ELLER. You, I bet.

CURLY *[Crossing to her]*. And the best steer roper in seventeen counties? Me, that's who! And looky here, I'm handsome, ain't I?

ELLER. Purty as a pitcher.

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

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

CURLY. Well, whut else does she want then, the damn she-mule? *[Crosses down L.]*

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.

ELLER. Bet you come over to ast Laurey.

CURLY. Whut 'f I did?

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

CURLY. Yeow, you too! *[Laughing.]*

Music No. 2

[LAUREY'S ENTRANCE]

LAUREY *[Singing off R.]*. 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.]* *[Spoken]* Oh, I thought you was somebody. *[Hangs cloth on line, crosses U.S.L. Sings.]*

I got a beautiful feelin'
Everythin's goin' my way . . .

She pretends to notice CURLY for the first time.

[To AUNT ELLER, crossing down to L. of her.] Is this all that's come a-callin' and it a'ready ten o'clock of a Sattiddy mornin'?

CURLY *[Crossing down to R. of ELLER, suddenly]*. You knowed it was me fore you opened the door.

LAUREY. No sich of a thing.

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

[Crosses D.R.]

LAUREY. I hearded a voice a-talkin' rumbly along with Aunt Eller. And hearded 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.

[Down R.]

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, R.]* 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. Nope.

ELLER crosses above to sit rocker D.R.

LAUREY *[Crosses to C., sits on churn]*. 'Spect me to ride on behind ole Dun, I guess. You better ast that ole Cummins girl you've tuck sich a shine to, over across 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.

Music No. 3

"THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

CURLY. When I take you out to-night with me,

[Crosses to C. 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 D.L. CURLY crosses to her R.

ELLER *[Spoken]*: Lands!

LAUREY and CURLY cross to L.C.

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 that 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 yellor, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y'can 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 swop
For that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top!

LAUREY still pretends unconcern, but she is obviously slipping.

ELLER *[Spoken to music]*. Would y'say the fringe was made of silk?

CURLY *[Sings]*. *[Crosses above churn to R.C.]*

Wouldn't have no other kind but silk.

LAUREY *[Sings]*. *[Follows to R. of churn—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.

ELLER *[Spoken]*. So y'can tell 'em apart!

Both cross L. back to churn C. 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 for 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

ELLER [Spoken]. Y'd shore feel like a queen settin' up in THAT car-
riage!

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 L.]. Ain't said I was goin'! [Cross up c.]

CURLY [The fool]. Ain't ast you!

LAUREY. Whur'd you git sich a rig at? [Crosses above CURLY to above
ELLER. With explosive laughter, seeing a chance for revenge.] Ahh! 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 hissef outa here! [Picks up carpet beater, chases him to gate u.c.]
Tellin' me lies!

CURLY [Dodging her]. Makin' up a few'—look out now! [Jumps over fence
L. of gate and runs off, but returns immediately through gate c.] Makin' up a
few purties ain't agin no law 'at I know of.

LAUREY turns her back to him, comes D.C., 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 ELLER.] Nen
y'could go to the play party and dance 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 c.
starts to sing, and slowly puts his arm round LAUREY.
AUNT ELLER beams on them as CURLY sings very softly.

[Sings.]

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,
kerplo! kerplo!

Head on his arm. Puts his arm round 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.

LAUREY. On'y . . . [Crossing to R.] on'y there ain't no sich rig. You
jist said you made the whole thing up.

CURLY. Well—[Follows her.]

IKE and SLIM stand at gate.

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.]

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 tramp!

She flounces into the house, slams the door porch r.

ELLER. She likes you—quite a lot.

CURLY. Whew! If she liked me any more she'd sic the dogs onto me.

Enter IKE SKIDMORE and SLIM U.P.C. through gate.
SLIM goes immediately to pick up churn and stool and
places them on porch.

IKE. Hi! Aunt Ella. [Coming to c.]

ELLER. Hi!

IKE [To CURLY.] Y'git the wagon hitched up?

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 off before BOYS enter.

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

CURLY. Got of talkin' 'bout lot of other things. I'll go hitch up the
horses now 'f you say it's alright.

Exits through gate and goes off L.
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 favourite with AUNT ELLER.

WILL. Hi, Aunt Eller!

ELLER. Hi, Will! What happened at the fair? Do any good in the
steer ropin'?

WILL. I did purty good. I won it.

IKE. Good boy!

SLIM [Together]. Always knowed y'would.

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.

ELLER. Fifty dollars! That whut they give you for prize money?

WILL. That's whut!

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 for him. *[He takes "Little Wonder" from his pocket and moves down L.] [This is a small cylindrical toy, with a peep-hole at one end.]* Look, fellers, whut I got for Avo Annie's paw!

The boys crowd round.

'Scuse us, Aunt Eller. *[Illustrating to the boys, lowering his voice.]* You see, you put 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 ejaculations.

WILL. Git out of it, Junior!

ELLER. Silly goats! *[Snatches "Little Wonder" from WILL 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 bursts out laughing.]* I'm a good mind to tell Annie on yer.

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

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.

Music No. 4

" KANSAS CITY "

I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y
By Sattidy I l'arned a thing or two.
For up to then I jidn't have an idy
Of what 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 Ball Telephone
And a strange womern started in to talk!
To you!

SLIM. Whut next!

ELLER *[Spoken]*. Yeah, whut!

BOYS *[Spoken]*. Whut next? Gather round!

WILL. 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.

Boys whistle

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!

[Sing]. They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!

Boys group round 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 bur-les-que

Fer fifty cents you c'n see a dandy show.
Gals?

WILL. 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

ELLER. She went about as fur as she could go!

ALL *[Spoken]*. Yes, sir!

[Sing]. She went about as fur as she could go!

WILL starts two-stepping

IKE. Whut you doin', Will?

WILL. This is the two-step. That's all they're dancin' nowadays. The waltz is through. 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 tucked out.

ELLER *[Sings]*. And that's about as fur as I c'n go!

ALL *[Spoken]*. Yes, sir!

[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 of coloured fellers doin' it.

SLIM *[Ad lib]*. Let's sit down and watch.

And WILL does his stuff, accompanied by FOUR of the dancing BOYS. At the end of number CURLY enters from U.L.

IKE. Thanks fer the loan of the wagon, Aunt Eller.

They ALL start to leave. General ad lib.

ELLER. You're welcome, Mister Skidmore.

IKE. Coming, Curly?

CURLY. No! I'll ketch up with you, Ike.

He makes sure IKE is well on his way, then turns to AUNT ELLER, folding the quilt which is set on clothes line.

Aunt Eller, I got to know sumpin'. Who's the low, filthy sneak 'at Laurey's got her cap set for?

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?

ELLER. Well, they is that fine farmer, Jace Hutchins, jist this side of Lone Ellum— Nen there's that ol' widder man at Claremore, makes out he's a doctor er a vet'nary—or somethin'.

JUD, a burly, scowling man enters U.L., carrying firewood, crossing to house R.

CURLY. Just as I thought. Hello Jud.

JUD. Hello, yourself. *[Exits into house.]*

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 U.C.]*

ELLER. Yeah, Jud Fry.

CURLY. That bullet-coloured, growly man?

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. You mean Laurey'd take up 'th a man like that?

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

CURLY. Well, he's around all the time, ain't he? Eats his meals with yer like one of the family and sleeps around here somewheres, don't he?

ELLER. Out in the smoke-house.

JUD and LAUREY enter from the house. JUD crosses and speaks to ELLER.

JUD. I 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.

CURLY. You're drivin' Laurey?

JUD. Ast her.

Pointing to LAUREY, who doesn't deny it. JUD exits.

CURLY. Now, 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.

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.

ELLER. Lands, you did?

Music No. 5

[Reprise of The Surrey with the Fringe on Top. Starts under dialogue.]

CURLY. Shore did. Party 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.*]

[*Sings.*]

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—[*Grows the word.*]

[He breaks off in the song.]

[*Spoken.*] See you before to-night anyways, on the way back from the station—[*Singing to himself as he saunters off. Turning through gate D.C.*]

Ain't no finer rig.

I'm a thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swep for that shiny little Surrey with the fringe on the top—

Exits on last note.

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 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 [*A strange, sudden panic in her voice, comes D.C. from porch.*] Aunt Eller, don't go to Skidmore's with Curly tonight. If you do, I'll have to ride with Jud all alone.

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, Aunt Eller. He'd do sumpin' turrrible. He makes me shivver ever' time he gits clost to me . . . Ever go down to that ole smokehouse where he's at?

ELLER. Plen'y times. Why?

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

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.

ELLER. Laurey! [*Takes LAUREY in her arms.*]

LAUREY. Mornin' he comes to his breakfast and looks at me out from under his eyebrows like sumpin' back in the bresh some'eres. I know whut I'm talking about. [*Crosses to L. one step.*]

ELLER. Yer crazy young 'un! Stop actin' like a chicken with its head cut off!

The voices of ALI HAKIM and ADO ANNIE are heard off-stage L.

Now who'd you reckon that is drove up? Why, it's that ole peddler man! [*Crosses up to gate and opens it.*] The one that sold me that eggbeater!

LAUREY. Why he's got ADO ANNIE with him! Will Parker's ADO ANNIE.

ELLER. Ole peddler! You know whut he tol' me? Tol' me that eggbeater ud beat up eggs, and wring out dish-rags, and turn the ice-cream freezer, and I don't know whut all! [*Shouting off-stage.*] Hold yer horses, Peddler-man! I want to talk to you!

She starts off U.L. as ADO ANNIE enters with lunch hamper through gate, comes D.C.

ANNIE. Hi, Aunt Eller!

ELLER. Hi, yourself.

ELLER exits U.L.

ANNIE. Hello, Laurey. [*Puts hamper down c.*]

LAUREY. Hi! Will Parker's back from Kansas City. He's lookin' fer yer.

ANNIE'S brows knit to meet a sudden problem.

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

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

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?

ANNIE. N-not yit.

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

ANNIE. Not what you might say *PROMISED*. I jist told him mebbe.

LAUREY. Don't yer like him no more?

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

LAUREY. Then whut about this peddler-man?

ANNIE [*Looking off wistfully.*] They won't never be nobody like *HIM*, neither.

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

ANNIE. Whatever one I'm with.

LAUREY [*Laughing.*]. Well you air a silly! [*Break L.*]

ANNIE. Now, Laurey, you know they didn't nobody pay me no mind [*Puts parasol beside hamper*] up to this year, [*Crosses L. to LAUREY*] count of I was scrawny and flat as a beanpole. 'Nen I kind of rounded up a little and now the boys act diff'rent to me. [*Break to c.*]

LAUREY [*Following her.*]. Well, what's wrong with that?

ANNIE. Nuthin' wrong. I like it. I like it so much when a feller talks purty to me I git all shaky from horn to hoof! . . . Don't you? [*Pause.*]

LAUREY. Cain't think whut yer talkin' about. [*Walks away from her, scowling.*]

ANNIE. Don't you feel kind of sorry for a feller when he looks like he wants to kiss you?

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

ANNIE. Yeow, they *TOLD* me . . .

Music No. 6.

OKLAHOMA

Act I

"I CAIN'T SAY NO!"

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 turrrible fix.
I always say "Come on, let'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 want-a kiss him back!
I'm jist a fool when lights are low.
I cain't be prissy and quaint—
I ain't the type that 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 or die?
Whut you goin' to do when he talks that 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 No. 7.

Encore—"I CAIN'T SAY NO!"

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]

SCENE I

OKLAHOMA

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.]

It's like I told you, I git sorry for them!

LAUREY. I wouldn't feel sorry for any man, no matter whut!

ALI and ELLER are heard off-stage L. ANNIE runs up to gate C. LAUREY crosses to R.C.

ANNIE. I'm shore sorry fer pore All Hakim now. Look how Aunt Eller's cussin' him out [*Crosses to LAUREY R.*]

LAUREY. All Hakim! That his name?

ANNIE. Yeah, it's Persian.

LAUREY. Are you shore fer sartin' you love him better'n you love Will?

ANNIE. I W A S 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.

ANNIE. So does All Hakim.

LAUREY. Did he ast yer?

ANNIE. Not direckly. But how I know is he said this mornin' when we was ridin' in his buggy that he wanted for 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 ELLER from U.L. ANNIE crosses to L.

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

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

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

ALI. My, of 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 yourself a green apple.

ALI. Now, Aunt Eller, just lissen—

ELLER [*Shouting*]. 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 bag.*] Something to wear.

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

ALI [*Holding up garter*]. Real silk. Made in Persia!

ELLER. Now whut'd I want with an ol' Persian garter?

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

ELLER. Well, I'll try it on.

ALI. Hold out your foot.

AUNT ELLER obeys mechanically. But when he gets the garter over her ankle, she kicks him down.

ELLER. Did you have any idy I'd let you slide that garter up my limb? [*She stoops over and starts to pull the garter up.*] Grab onto my petticoats, Laurie.

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

ALI. Funny woman. Would be much worse if I tried to take her garters off. [*Crosses back to basket C.*]

ANNIE. Yeh, cuz that 'ud make her stockin's fall down, wouldn't it?
[Backs away to L.]

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 the other one? [Crosses to ELLER.]

ELLER. Whut do you mean do I want to BUY it?

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

ELLER. Do you want me to get that eggbeater and ram it down your windpipe! [She snatches the second one away.] Give me that!

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!

ELLER. Give her a cake of soap.

LAUREY. Want things I've heared 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 just fall down dead!

ALI. I've got just the thing. [Crosses to basket, 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 Pharoah's daughter!

ELLER [Leaning over and putting 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 Pharoah'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.

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.

ELLER. Throwin' yer money away!

LAUREY [Holding the bottle close to her, thinking aloud]. Helps you to decide what to do!

ALI [Crosses to meet ELLER, U.C. To 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?

ELLER. You mean fancy drawers?

ALI [Taking a pair out of suitcase]. All made in Paris.

ADO ANNIE crosses to ELLER and ALI and c.

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.

ALI. Then how about these?

ANNIE [Dubiously]. Yeah, they's all right—if you ain't goin' no place. [Crosses back to LAUREY, L.]

ELLER. All right, Peddler-Man! Bring yer trappin's inside; mebbe I c'n find you sump'n to eat and drink.

ELLER exits R. through house. (Note: before next entrance LAUREY removes blue apron.)

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.

ANNIE. Ali, me and Laurey've been havin' a argument. [Crosses to c.]

ALI. About what, Baby?

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.

ANNIE. Then how far did you want to go?

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

ANNIE. What'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.

ANNIE. I thought they was jist bedrooms.

ALI. For you and me, Baby—Paradise.

ANNIE. There, 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?

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

ALI. I didn't say nothing!

WILL [Off-stage]. Whoa, Suzanna! Yoohoo, Ado Annie. It's me. I'm back.

ANNIE. Oh foot! Jist when—'Lo, Will!

WILL [Off-stage]. Get over, you old beast—[ad lib.]

ANNIE. 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 from U.L.

WILL. Ado Annie! How's my honey-bunch?

ANNIE backs D.L.

How's the sweetest little hundred and ten pounds of sugar in the territory?

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. Why, sure.

ANNIE. No sich of a thing!

ALI. It's a wonderful thing to be married. [He starts off.]

ANNIE. Ali!

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

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 R.

ANNIE. Look, Will—[Crosses D.S.L.]

WILL. Look, Will, nuthin'. You know what I got fer first prize at the fair? Fifty dollars!

ANNIE. Well, that was good . . . [The significance suddenly dawning on her.] Fifty dollars?

WILL. Well, sure. Ketch on? Yer Paw promised I cud marry you 'I cud git fifty dollars.

ANNIE. 'Ar's right, he did.

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

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 to me!

ANNIE. But, Will . . .

WILL. Stop sayin' "But Will"—When do I git a little kiss? Gosh, 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.

ANNIE. Ah! Now don't start talkin' purty, Will.
WILL. See a lot of beautiful gals in Kansas City. Didn't give one a look.

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 L.*] like I look at you. [*He turns her around and looks adoring and pathetic.*]
ANNIE [*Backs L.*] Oh, please don't look like that way, Will. I cain't bear it.

WILL. Ain't a-goin' to stop lookin' like this till you give me a little ole kiss.

ANNIE. Oh, what's a little ole kiss?
WILL. Well, nothin'—less'n it comes from you.

[*BOTH stop.*]

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 R.*

No, no, I won't!

Music No. 8

WILL [*Singing softly, seductively, "getting" her.*]
S'posin' at I say 'at yer lips're like cherries,
Er roses er berries?
What you gonna do? [*Putting her hand on his heart.*]
Cain't you feel my heart palpatatin' an' bumpin',
A-waitin' for sumpin',
Sump'n nice from you?
I gotta git a kiss an' it's gotta be quick
Er I'll jump in a crick an' die!
ANNIE [*Overcome*]. Whur's a girl to say when you talk that-a-way?

[ENTRANCE OF ENSEMBLE]

And he gets his kiss.

The BOYS and GIRLS, and CURLY and GERTIE enter with lunch hampers—from U.L. and D.L., shouting and laughing.

WILL and ADO ANNIE *run off L.*

AUNT ELLER and LAUREY *come out of the house. GERTIE laughs musically. LAUREY, unmindful of the group of girls she has been speaking to, looks across at CURLY and GERTIE and boils over. All the couples and CURLY and GERTIE walk easily, while they sing.*

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

ELLER [*To the rescue*]. Hey, Curly! Better take the wagon down to the troff and give the team some water.

CURLY. Right away, Aunt Eller. [*He turns.*]

GERTIE. Oh! C'n I come, too? Jist love to watch the way you handle horses.

CURLY [*Looking across at LAUREY*]. 'At's about all I CAN handle, I reckon.

GERTIE. Oh, I cain't believe that, Curly—not from what 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. Whur'd I keer about that?

Ad. lib. ELLER: "Come on boys, better git these hampers out under the trees where it's cool." Exit ELLER and BOYS.

To show how "little she keers", LAUREY sings the following song.

Music No. 9

"MANY A NEW DAY"

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 brush 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,
Wonderin' 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 No. 10

DANCE—"MANY A NEW DAY"

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,
 Many a red sun will set
 Many a blue moon will shine
 Before I do.

ANNIE. Ali Hakim—
 ALI [*Turning back to face ANNIE*]. Hello, kiddo.
 ANNIE. I'm shore sorry to see you so happy, cuz what 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.
 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?
 ANNIE. Shore's shootin'!
 ALI. And there is no chance for you to change your mind?
 ANNIE. No chance.
 ALI [*As if granting a small favour*]. All right, then, my heart is busted
 in two.
 ANNIE. Oh, Ali, you do make up purty things to say!
 CARNES [*Off-stage U.L.*]. That you, Annie?
 ANNIE. Hello, Paw.

GIRLS exit.

After Number ALI HAKIM enters from house, ADD
 ANNIE from D.L., as ALI sees ANNIE he turns back
 quickly.

CARNES enters, down to C. He is a scrappy little man,
 carrying a shotgun.

What you been shootin'?
 CARNES. Rabbits.

ANNIE crosses to CARNES C.

That true whut I hear about Will Parker gittin' fifty dollars?
 ANNIE. That's right Paw. And he wants to hold you to your promise.
 CARNES. Too bad. Still and all I can't go back on my word. 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?
 ANNIE. But, Paw—he ain't exactly kep' it. He spent it all on pres-
 ents—

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 C.*]
 CARNES. Who the hell are you?
 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 your life.
 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.
 ANNIE. Oh, yes, you did.
 ALI. No, I did not.

CARNES [*Brandishing his gun*]. Hey! Are you tryin' to make out my
 daughter to be a liar?

ALI. No, I'm just making it clear to you what a liar I am if she's tel-
 ling the truth.

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

ANNIE [*Before ALI can open his mouth*]. Oh, a awful lot.

CARNES [*To ALI*]. When?

ANNIE. Las' night, in the moonlight.

CARNES [*To ALI*]. Where?

ANNIE. Longside a haystack.

ALI. Listen, Mr. Carnes—

CARNES. I'm lissening. What else did you say?

ANNIE. He called me his Persian kitten.

CARNES. Why'd you call her that?

ALI. I don't remember.

ANNIE. Oh! 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 ANNIE back R.C.

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

ANNIE. That's what 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.

Pulls ANNIE in front of him as a shield from her father's gun.

CARNES [*Patting him on back*]. Well now, that'd be all right. You take
 keer of her, son. Take good keer of my little rose-bud.

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.

He takes a firmer grip on his gun, and exits into the house.

ANNIE. Oh, Ali, 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.

ANNIE [*Starry-eyed*]. Mrs. Ali Hakim . . . the Peddler's bride! . . .
 Oh, wait till I tell the girls?

She exits.

Music No. 11.

"IT'S A SCANDAL! IT'S AN 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! . . .

Hoodblinked! . . .

Hambushed! . . . [*Crosses to L.C.*]

MEN [*Sing*]. Friend,
Whut's on yer mind?

ALI circles U. and R. to D. and L. twice.

Why do you walk
Around and around,
With yer hands
Folded behind
And yer chin
Scrapin' the ground?

CARL, PAUL, GORDON, sit porch R. MEN U.C. lean on fence. ALI walks away, then comes back to them and starts to pour out his heart.

ALI [*Spoken freely. Stop c.*].
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 U.C. jump over fence. Two bars of pacing.

[*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.*]

EDDIE and RAY cross to sit L. JACK crosses to sit stool U.L.

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

MEN [*Sing*].

[*Refrain.*]
It's a scandal, it's a outrage,
How a gal gits a husband to-day!

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 every
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*].
MEN [*Spoken*].

Me?
Yes, you!
It's a scandal, it's a outrage!
Jist a wink and a kiss, and you're through!
You're a mess, and in less than a year, by heck!
There's a baby on your shoulder making bubbles on
your neck!

ANNIE and the GIRLS enter R.

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!
All right, boys! Revolve!

GIRLS.

The BOYS 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 boy. Suddenly one appears from D.L., sees the GIRL, exits fast D.L. She pursues him like mad.

After number, GERTIE enters through gate U.C. with CURLY. GERTIE crosses to the porch where LAUREY 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 [*That laugh again*]. Ain't she funny!

The GIRLS step toward each other menacingly.

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

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

CURLY. Nit 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 Cummins 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.

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 ol' meat ples and apple jelly. [*Crosses above
rocker, sits R. 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 [*Sit L. rocker arm*]. Nothin' . . . It's jist that ev'rybody seems
to expect 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*]. 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 rumours start.

LAUREY. Me neither.

Music No. 12.

" PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE "

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

CURLY. Why do the neighbours gossip all day behind
their doors?

LAUREY [*Rise, break D.*].
I have a way to prove what they say is quite untrue;

CURLY rises, break D.

Here is the gist, a practical list of " don't's " 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 C.*]. 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 D.L.*]

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,
Your hand feels 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 L. arm, crosses stage behind fence
—L.—R.

Music continues with another refrain played with
great tenderness, through to the curtain.

CURLY. Laurey, don't you reckon y'could tell that Jud Fry you'd
rather go with me tonight?

LAUREY [*Crosses R.*]. Curly! I—no, I couldn't.

CURLY. Oh, you couldn't? [*Frowning.*] Think I'll go down here to the
smoke-house, 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'.

CURLY exits U.L.

She watches him off, 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.

ELLER. Got yer hamper packed?

LAUREY [*Snapping out of it*]. Oh, Aunt Eller . . . yes, nearly.

ELLER. Like a hanky.

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

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
U.R.

ELLER sits in the rocker and hums the refrain, happy
and contented, as lights dim and traveller closes in.

Music No. 13

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

ACT I—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, plough-shares, a binder twine, a keg of nails. Under it, the bed is grimy and never made. On the walls, tobacco advertisements, and enlistment posters, a pink cover off the Police Gazette. 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 peep outside. Then he glides swiftly back to the table. Takes out pistol and starts to polish it. There is a second knock.

JUD *[Calling out sullenly]*. Well, open it, can'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 c.]*
 JUD. Good un. Coit forty-five.
 CURLY. What do you do with it?
 JUD. Shoot things.
 CURLY. Oh. *[He noseys around the room casually.]* Say, that there pink picture—now that's a naked woman, ain't it?
 JUD. Yer eyes don't lie to you.
 CURLY. Plum stark naked as a jaybird. No. No, she ain't. Not quite. Got a couple of thingumbobs fastened onto her.
 JUD. Shucks. That ain't a think to whut I got here. *[He shoves a pack of postcards across the table towards CURLY.]* Take a 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 . . . *[Cross L. to door. Taking down a rope.]* Say, that's a nice lookin' rope you got there. *[He begins to spin it.]* Spins nice. You know Will Parker? He can shore spin a rope. *[He losses one end of the rope over a hook on the rafter and pulls down on both ends, tentatively.]* That's a strong lookin' hook you got there. You know Jud, you could hang yerself on that.
 JUD. I could what?
 CURLY *[Cheerfully]*. Hang yerself. Why, 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 around yer neck. Tle 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 rather fall off of. In five minutes, or less, with good luck, you'd be dead as a doornail.
 JUD. Whut—d you mean by that?
 CURLY. Nen folks ud come to yer funril and sing sad songs.
 JUD *[Disdainfully]*. Yarnnh!
 CURLY. They would. You never know how many people like you tlll you're daid. Y'd probably be laid out in the parlour—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 round 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 ever 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 shore 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 No. 14.

" PORE JUD IS DAID "

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!

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: *[Break to c.]*

[Chanted on one note.]

" Folks! We are gethered here to moan and groan over our brother Jud Fry who hung hisself up by a rope in the smoke house "

[Spoken.] Nen there'd be weepin' and wallin'—*[Significantly]* from some of those womern.

JUD nods his head understandingly.

Nen he'd say,

[Chanted.]

" 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.]*
 BUT—the folks 'at really knowed him,
 knowed 'at beneath them two dirty shirts he alw'ys wore

[Sings.]

[Chanted.]

there beat a heart as big as all out-doors.

JUD *[Repeating reverently, like a negro at a revivalist meeting]*.

As big as all out-doors.

CURLY.

Jud Fry loved his fellow man.

JUD.

He loved his fellow man.

CURLY *[Spoken. 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 . . . On'y he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it! *[Returning to vigorous song.]*

[Sings.] Pore Jud is daid,
Pore Jud Fry is daid!
His friends'll weep and wall 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
Coz 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.
CURLY. 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.

[Spoken.] 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 was it you worked 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's 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. With that? [Looking down at gun and pointing.]

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

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

JUD. 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 Bartlett farm—what a liar he was!

CURLY. Yeh, and a kind of 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 what business you had here. We got no cattle to sell ner no cow ponies. The oat crops 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 feller 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 brush some'eres and hearded a rattle-snake 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-fange-ready—full of pizen—Curl up and wait!—Long's you live in a hole, you're skeered, you got to have perfection. You c'n have muscles, oh like arm—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 sump'n 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 sump'n.

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

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. ELLER, ALI, ED, GEORGE, PAUL, VIVIENNE, SUZANNE.

Somebody's a comin'. [He listens.]

JUD looks at the floor. AUNT ELLER, ALI, and several others come running in.

ELLER. Who f'ard off a gun? Was that you, Curly?

CURLY. Well, I shot onct.

ELLER. What was you shootin' at?

CURLY. See that knot-hole over there?

ELLER. I see lots of knot-holes.

CURLY. Well, it was one of them.

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 knick-knacks for to show you. Special for the men folk. [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 [Showing cards to CURLY]. Art Post Cards.

JUD. 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 on to it, and you tetch it and out springs a sharp blade.

ALI. On a spring, eh?

JUD. Y'say to a feller, "Look thru this," nen when he's looking 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*]. Fine 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 c. 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. 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? Nothin'! 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's bag. Want real things! Whut am I doin' shet up here—like that feller says—a-crawl'n' and a-festerin'? Whut am I doin' in this lousy smokehouse? [*Sits.*] [*He looks about the room, scowling. Then he starts to sing, half-talking at first, then singing in full voice.*]

Music No. 15

" LONELY ROOM "

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 for
Turn out like I want them to be,
And I'm better'n that Smart Aleck cowhand
Who thinks he is better'n me!

OKLAHOMA

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

Music No. 16

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

[DREAM BALLET]

ACT I—SCENE 3

SCENE: A Grove on Laurey's Farm.

At rise: Singing GIRLS and GERTIE seated under tree D.L. A girl, VIVIENNE, is telling GERTIE'S fortune.

Music No. 17(a)

[MELOS]

VIVIENNE. And to yer house a dark clubman!

Laughter from GIRLS. LAUREY enters R.

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

GERTIE [*Pointing to battle*]. Look! She bought at ol' 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. LAUREY closes her eyes tight.

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

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

FAYE. I c'n tell you what you want—[*Singing.*]

Music No. 17 [b].

"OUT OF MY DREAMS"

ELLEN. Out of your dreams and into his arms you long to fly.
 You don't need Egyptian smellin' salts to tell you why!
 FAYE. Out of your dreams and into the hush of falling shadows.
 VIRGINIA. When the mist is low, and stars are breaking through,
 VIVIENNE. 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 No. 17(c)

[INTERLUDE TO BALLET]

During the above refrain the lights dim to a spot on LAUREY. CURLY enters in another spot, walking slowly and standing perfectly still R.C. 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 centre and into an embrace.

Music No. 17 (d)

These dream figures of LAUREY and CURLY dance ecstasically. 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 onto his walls in the smokehouse. 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 inexperienced 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" heeps 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" favour, "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, heart-broken kiss to "Curly's" prostrate form on the ground. The crowd surround him and carry him off in the dark R. as a spot comes up L. revealing the real LAUREY. The real CURLY enters from D.R. and the real JUD from D.L. LAUREY crosses to meet CURLY but as she passes JUD he grabs her arm and swings her upstage away from CURLY. She moves upstage, pauses and looks at CURLY and then exits up left. JUD glares at CURLY for a few seconds and then follows LAUREY off. CURLY stands alone in a spot, puzzled, dejected and defeated, as

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON ACT ONE

OKLAHOMA
ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE: Behind Skidmore's ranch house.

Music No. 19

"THE FARMER AND THE COWMAN"

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.

CARNES. The farmer und the cowman should be friends,
Oh, the farmer and the cowman should be friends.
One man likes to push a plough,
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. The vamp is resumed and CARNES starts to sing again.

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

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!

And built 'em right acrost our cattle ranges!

CURLY. Why'n't these dirt-scratchers stay in

Missouri where they belong?

FARMER [*Spoken—ad. lib.*]. We got as much right here—

CARNES [*Shouting*]. Gentlemen—SHUT UP! [*quiet restored, he resume:*

singing.] The farmer is a good and thrifty citizen.

SLIM [*Spoken*]. He's thrifty all right.

CARNES [*Glaring at SLIM he continues with song*].

No matter whut the cowman says or thinks.

You seldom see him drinkin' in a bar room—

Unless somebody else is buyin' drinks!

CURLY. But the farmer and the cowman should be friends,

CARNE. 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!

Then back to vamp.

ELLER [*Singing*].

I'd like to say a word for the cowboy—

FARMER [*Anxious to get back at the cowmen*]. Oh, you would, would you

ELLER. The roads he treads is difficult and stony.

He rides for days on end

With jist a pony fer a friend . . .

ADO ANNIE. I shore am feelin' sorry for the pony.

30

SCENE

OKLAHOMA

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!

Laugh—ad—lib.—CARNES disgusted.

Vamp continues under dialogue.

CORD ELAM [*Spoken*]. Who wants a ol' farm womern anyway?

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!

A free-for-all fight ensues, all the men mixing with each other, 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 stop and look to see who's been shot. AUNT ELLER strides forward, separating the fighters, pulling them away from each other, and none too gently.

ELLER [*Spoken*]. They ain't nobody goin' to slug out anythin'—this here's a party! [*To a young cowboy who has been knocked down in the fight.*] Git up out of that, Junior. [*To CARNES and CORD ELAM.*] Break it up you two old fools. [*Pointing the gun at CARNES.*] Sing it, Andrew! Dum tiddy um tum tum—

CARNES [*Frightened, sings*]. The farmer and the cowman should be friends—

ELLER points her gun at the group n. 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 plough

The other likes to chase a cow

But that's no reason why they cain't be friends!

IKE comes down c. and joins AUNT ELLER and CARNES

CURLY.

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.

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 jist as good! Yow!

Territory folks should stick together

Territory folks should all be pals

Cowboys dance with the farmers' daughters

Farmers, dance with the ranchers' gals.

Music No. 20

[FARMER DANCE]

Now, they go into a gay, unrestrained dance. AFTER NUMBER IS OVER.

IKE. All right, folks! 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!

ELLER. All right then. Now you know the rules gentlemen. Y'got to bid blind for the hampers. 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 colour 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 for a skunk. You ain't skinny enough for 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! And Hakim, this is one answer that'd better be Yes.
ALI. Yes—yes—yes.
WILL. The hell you do!
ALI. Yes.
WILL. Would you spend every cent you had fer 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 . . . [Pulls nightgown out of 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 for 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. Putting them aside.] I'll give you 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?
ALI. Might.
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, through 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 as he examines it]. How much?
WILL [Closing his eyes to struggle with a mathematical problem] . . . Three dollars and fifty cents.
JUD [Digging in his pocket]. Lota money but I got an idy it might be worth it.

JUD exits.

WILL. Let's see, three fifty f'om 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!

ALI and WILL laugh. WILL crosses to U.L. 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 R. stands apart and pays little attention to anybody or anything.

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 laugh.

ELLER. Well, that's the end of THAT secret. Now what am I bid then fer Annie's hamper?

SLIM. Two bits.
MAN. Four bits.
ELLER. Who says six? You, Slim?

Ain't nobody hungry no more?—What about you, Peddler-man? Six bits?

ALI. Naw!

CARNES. Bid 'em up.
ALI. Six bits!
ELLER. Six bits ain't enough fer a lunch like Annie c'n make. Le's hear a dollar. How about you, Slim? You won her last year.
SLIM. Yeah. That's right. Hey, Annie, y' got that same sweet pertater pie like last year?

ANNIE. You bet.
ELLER. Same old sweet pertater pie, Slim. Whut d'you say?
SLIM. I say it give me a three-day bellyache!
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. Ninety cents.
ELLER. Ninety cents, we're gittin' rich. 'Nother desk fer th' schoolhouse. Do I hear any more?

WILL [*Dramatically, his chin thrust forward*]. You hear fifty dollars!
ALI [*Immediately alarmed*]. Hey!
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 honour y' gotta say Annie belongs to me, like y'said she would.

CARNES. But where's yer money?
WILL [*Shoving out his hand*]. Right here in my hand.
CARNES. That ain't yours! Y'jist bid it, didn't you? Jist give it to th' schoolhouse. [*To ALI chuckling. Back to WILL*]. Still got to say the Peddler still gits my daughter's hand.

WILL. Now wait a minute. That ain't fair!
ELLER. Goin' fer fifty dollars!—Goin'—

ALI [*Gulping*]. Fifty-one!

A sensation, all turn to ALI.

WILL [*He 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?

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

WILL. And I git Annie!

CARNES [*To ALI*]. And whut're you gittin' fer yer fifty-one dollars?

ALI. A three-day bellyache!

ADO ANNIE hands ALI the hamper.

ELLER. Now here's my niece's hamper.

JUD enters up right and stands at back of CROWD.

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!
MAN. Four bits.
ELLER. Whut d'you say, Slim? Six?

SLIM shakes his head.

CARNES. I bid one dollar.
ELLER. More like it! Do I hear two?
JUD [*Coming down R.*]. A dollar and a quarter.

LAUREY gets a start from his voice.

CORD ELAM. Two dollars.
MAN. Two-fifty.
CARNES. Three dollars!
JUD. And two bits.
MAN. Three dollars and four bits!
SLIM. 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.

ELLER. Four and a quarter. [*Looking at CURLY, an appeal in her voice*]. Ain't I goin' to hear any more?

CURLY walks off L, cool and deliberate. LAUREY bites her lip. AUNT ELLER'S voice has panic in it.

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

CARNES. Four and a half.
ELLER [*Shouting, as if she were cheering*]. Four and a half! Goin' fer four and a half! Goin'—

JUD. Four seventy-five.
ELLER [*Deflated*]. Four seventy-five. Come on, gentlemen. Schoolhouse ain't built yet. Got to git a nice chimbley.

CORD ELAM. Five dollars.
ELLER. Goin' fer five dollars! Goin'—
JUD. And two bits.
CORD ELAM. Too rich for my blood! Cain't afford no more.
ELLER [*Worried*]. Ain't got nearly enough yet. [*Looking at CARNES*]. Not fer cold duck with stuffin' and that lemon meringue pie.

CARNES. Six dollars.
ELLER. Six dollars! Goin'—
JUD. And two bits.
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.

CARNES. Aw, let it go!
ELLER. Ain't nobody goin' ter bid no more.
JUD. No. They all dropped out. Cain't you see?
MAN. You got enough, Aunt Eller.
CORD ELAM. Let's git on with it.
JUD. Here's the money.
ELLER [*Looking off*]. Hold on, you! I ain't said, "Goin', goin', gone" yet!

JUD. Well, say it!
ELLER [*Speaking slowly*]. Goin' to Jud Fry fer six and a quarter. Goin'—

CURLY enters, a saddle over his arm.

CURLY. Hold on! Hold on! Who'd you say was gittin' Laurey?

ELLER. Jud Fry.

CURLY. And fer how much?

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.

MAN. I'll give you ten dollars for it.
SKIDMORE [*To CURLY*]. Don't be a fool, Curly. Y'cain't earn a livin' 'thout a saddle.

CURLY [*To MAN*]. Got cash!
MAN. Right here.

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.
ELLER. Ten dollars—goin'—

CURLY gives him the saddle.

JUD [*Determinedly*]. Ten dollars AND two bits.
ELLER. Curly—

Pause. General murmur of excited comments. LAUREY'S eyes are shining now and her shoulders are straighter.

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*]. Sold! [*To AUNT ELLER*]. That makes the bid thirty-five, Aunt Eller.

ELLER [*Ticked to death*]. Curly, yer crazy! But it's all fer the school-house, ain't it? All fer educatin' and larnin'. Goin' fer thirty-five. Goin'—

JUD. Hold on! 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 yer clothes 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 want. Goin' to bid all I got in the world—all I saved for two years, doin' farm work. All for 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.

CURLY. Anybody want to buy a gun? You, Slim? Bought it brand new last Thanksgivin'. Worth a lot.
LAUREY. Curly, please don't sell your gun.

SLIM. Give you eighteen dollars fer it.
CURLY. Sold.

CURLY looks at SLIM.

That makes my bid fifty-three dollars, Aunt Eller. Anybody going any higher?

THEY settle the deal. CURLY turns to ELLER.

ELLER [*Very quickly*]. Sold! Goin'—goin'—gone! Whut's the matter with you folks? Ain't nobody gonna cheer er nuthin'?

JUD starts to move toward CURLY.

Uncertainly they start to sing "The Farmer and the Cowman". CURLY and LAUREY carry their baskets U.S. 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. *[To CURLY.]* C'mon, cowman—shake the farmer's hand! *[His hand on JUD'S shoulder.]* You lost the bid, but the biddin' wuz fair. C'mon you two, shake hands.

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.]*

SCENE I

SKIDMORE. That's the idy.

ALI HAKIM has come down stage and is watching JUD narrowly.

CURLY. C'mon, Laurey, let's go.
JUD [*With a badly assumed manner of camaraderie*]. Say, Curly, I want to show you sump'n. *[He grins.]* 'Scuse us, Laurey. *[Taking CURLY'S arm, he leads him aside.]* Ever see one of these things?

He takes out "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 see pitchers through it. You jist put this up to yer eye like this.

CURLY is about to look when AUNT ELLER'S voice rings out, sharp and shrill.

ELLER. Curly!—Curly, whut you doin'?

CURLY turns quickly. So does JUD, giving an involuntary grunt of disappointment.

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

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!

ELLER. Pick 'at banjo to pieces, Sam!

Music No. 21

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

And the dance is on. Everyone is dancing now. WILL takes ADD ANNIE by the waist and swings her around. JUD finally snaps the blade of "The Little Wonder" back, slips it 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 ANNIE dance off D.L., and as the traveller closes they dance on to centre stage. The following scene and song is played "in one" in front of the traveller.

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

ANNIE. August fifteenth?

WILL. Why August fifteenth?

ANNIE [*Tenderly*]. That was the first day I was kissed.

WILL [*His face lighting up*]. Was it? I didn't remember that.

ANNIE. You wasn't there.

WILL. Now look 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 No. 22.

"ALL ER NUTHIN'"

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

ANNIE. I'll give a imitation of a crawfish

And dig myself a hole where I c'n hide.

WILL. I heard how you was kickin' up some capers

When I was off in Kansas City, Mo.

ANNIE. No!

WILL [*More sternly*].

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

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—
 Rumours!

A lot o' tempest in a pot o' tea!
 WILL [*Dubiously*]. The whole thing don't sound very good to me—

ANNIE [*Spoken*]. Well, y'see—
 WILL [*Breaking in and spurling 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 or 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 caln't be " in between "
 It caln'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 caln't give me all, give me nuthin'—
 And nuthin's whut you'll git from me

[*He struts away from her.*]

ANNIE Not even sump'n?
 WILL Nuthins' whut you'll git from me!
Second Refrain

He starts to walk away, nonchalantly. She follows him.

ANNIE. It caln't be " in between "?

WILL. Uh—uh.

ANNIE. It caln't be " now and then ".

WILL. No half and half romance will do!

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!

ANNIE. Supposin' 'at we should have a third one?

WILL [*Barking at her*].

He better look a lot like me!

ANNIE [*Sheered*].

The spit an' image!

WILL. He better look a lot like me!

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

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!
 ANNIE. No use waitin' up fer me!
 WILL. Come back and kiss me!

ANNIE comes dancing back to WILL. THEY hiss and dance off D.L.

BLACK OUT. TRAVELLERS OPEN.

Music No. 23

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

ACT II—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 off-stage. 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't a 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 feet deep in drifts, when I was sick. You brung me that hot soup out to the smokehouse, 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 everything you ever done . . . every word you ever said. Cain't think of nuthin' else . . . See? . . . See how it is?

LAUREY [Pushing him away as he attempts to hold her]. Jud! Jud!
 JUD. I ain't good enough, am I? I'm a h'ard hand, got dirt on my hands, pig-slop—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 sump'n about 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 sump'n 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]. Sald yer say. Brought it on yerself. [In a voice harsh with an inner frenzy.] Cain't he'p it. Cain't never est. 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 on to a bench a frightened little girl again.

WILL [Off-stage left L.]. Annie! Ado Annie!

LAUREY. Who's 'at?

WILL [Entering]. It's me, Laurey. Hey, have you seen Annie?

LAUREY shakes her head

OKLAHOMA

SCENE II

She's gone agin.

LAUREY [Calling to him as he is on his way out]. Will! . . . Will, could you do sump'n fer me? Go and find Curly and tell him I'm here.

CURLY enters.

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 for mine.

HE exits.

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

LAUREY leans against him.

LAUREY. Curly—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, Curly, you don't like me—

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't-a! They ain't no tellin' whut he'll do now!

CURLY. You f'ard 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 L.]. I cain't think of nothin' right now, hardly.

CURLY [Following her]. Laurey, please, ma'am—marry me. I—don't know what I'm gonna do if you—if you don't.

LAUREY [Touched]. Curly—why, I'll marry you—'f you want me to—

They hiss.

CURLY. I'll be the happiest man alive soon as we've 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 call it Oklahoma! Country's 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 sump'n yit! . . . Oh, I 'member the first time I ever seen you. It was at the fair. You was a-ridin' that grey 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 broncos that day.

CURLY. That's right.

LAUREY. . . . and one of 'em tho'wed 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 hisses her.

Music No. 24.

[Reprise. "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE"]

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 Catoosiel!

CURLY. Let 'em!

[*Singing*]. Let people say we're in love!

[*Making a gesture with his arm*]. Who keers whut happens now!

LAUREY [*Reaching out, grabbing his hand and pulling it back in hers*].

Just 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!

Scene Music No. 25

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

[*if necessary*]

CLOSE IN. THIS SCENE IS PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TRAVELLER.

ALI HAKIM *entering l. with ADO ANNIE.*

ALI. I'll say good-bye here baby.

ANNIE. Cain't y'even stay to drink a toast to Curly and Laurey?

ALI [*Shaking his head*]. Time for the lonely gypsy to go back to the open road.

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

ALI. Look, Annie, there is a man I know who loves you like nothing ever loved nobody. A man who will stick to you all your life and be a regular Darby and Jones. And that's the man for you—Will Parker.

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.

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—

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 throws her hand aside*]. I will show you how we say good-bye in Persia. [*He draws her tenderly to him and plants two kisses on her lips*].

ANNIE [*Wistfully as he releases her*]. That was good-bye?

ALI [*His arms still around her*]. We have an old song in Persia. It says:

[*Singing*]. One goodbye—

[*Speaking*]. is never enough. [*He hisses her again*].

WILL *enters and stands still and stunned. He slowly awakes to action and starts moving towards them.*

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.*

ANNIE [*Seeing WILL for the first time*]. Hello, Will. Ah 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 ANNIE a squeeze*]. And you be good to him! [*He kisses ANNIE*]. Good-bye my baby. You don't mind? I am a friend of the family now?

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 ANNIE, pointing to himself*]. Friend of the family. I show you how we say good-bye in my country.

ANNIE *gets set for that old Persian goodbye again. WILL grabs ALI.*

Persian good-bye. Lucky fellow! I wish it was me she was marrying instead of you.

WILL. It don't seem to make an awful lot of difference.

ALI. Well, back to the open road, the lonely gypsy.

He sings a snatch of the Persian song as he exits.

ANNIE. Ah! Ah! [*Crosses after him*].

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

ANNIE. 'Course not. Never think of no one les'n he's with me.

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

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.

Hello, Annie!

ANNIE. Hello, Will!

BLOCKOUT

Music No. 25

[CHANGE OF SCENE]

ACT II—SCENE 3

SCENE: *Back of LAUREY'S house. Shouts, cheers and laughter are heard behind the curtain, continuing as it rises.*

At rise: CARNES and IKE walking down c. from U.R. CARNES carries a lantern.

IKE. What's the matter, Andrew, why ain't you back of the barn gettin' drunk with the rest of the boys? 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 L. and R. continuing their conversation but 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 womern'?

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

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

Music No. 28.

" OKLAHOMA "

[The following lines are sung.]

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—
CURLEY. 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!
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!
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.

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Okla-ho-ma,
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!
Yeow! A-yip-1-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin',
" You're doin' fine, Oklaho-ma!
Okla-ho-ma, O.K.!"

ALL.
CURLY.

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 and pack yer duds!

LAUREY exits into house.

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 for me?
WILL. Shore will! Have it up in a jiffy!

*WILL RUNS off. CURLY exits into house.
IKE SKIDMORE runs over to door.*

IKE *[To CORD]*. Hey, Cord, he's gone upstairs.

CORD ELAM and the MEN join IKE by the door and they 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 ANNIE crosses to him.

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 fashioned custom. Never hurt anybody. You women jist keep outa the way. Vamoose!

The girls all talk at once.

Stop gabbin' about it!

CARNES exits U.R. leaving only women on the stage.

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.

ANNIE. Yeow, but who wants to be dead?

GERTIE'S well-known laugh is heard, off R. She enters during this laugh.

GERTIE. Hi! Girls.

GIRLS. Hi! Gertie.

ANNIE. Thought you was in Bushyhead.

GERTIE *[Obviously having swallowed a canary]*. Jist come from there.

GIRL *[ELLEN]*. Too bad you missed Laurey's wedding.

GERTIE. Been havin' one of my own.

GIRL *[ELLEN]*. Lands! Who's you marry? Where is he?

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.

ANNIE. All Hakim!

GERTIE. Did you see my ring, girls?

The GIRLS surround GERTIE to admire and exclaim ALI and ANNIE are left apart from the group.

ANNIE. How long you been married?

ALI. Four days.

GERTIE'S laugh is heard from group. He winces.

SCENE III

Four days with that laugh should count like a golden wedding.

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 R. for girls fight.

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 hiss, not realising that it is ANNIE and not the peddler he is burning.] Hey, Gertie, have you ever had an Oklahoma hello?

GERTIE. Uh-uh.

WILL. Hello, Gertie!

He starts to give her an "Oklahoma Hello". ANNIE rushes in and pushes WILL across to the O.P. side, she then turns back and takes a sock at GERTIE who ducks under her arm. GERTIE grabs her round the waist but ANNIE gets hold of GERTIE's hair and swings her round. GERTIE pulls ANNIE's shirt up over her head. 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 tinpans with spoons and set up a terrific din.

ELLER [Coming to the window with a lamp in her hand]. What you doin' down there, makin' all that racket, you bunch o' pig-stealers?

MAN [Shouting up]. Come on down peaceable, Laurey, Honey!

IKE. And you too, you curly-headed cowboy.

MAN. With the dimple on yer chin!

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 U.L. Everyone becomes quiet and still, sensing trouble.

JUD. Weddin' party still goin' on? Glad I ain't too late. Got a present fer yer, Curly. But first a kiss fer the bride.

HE starts for LAUREY. CURLY pulls him back. 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. Stuck right through the ribs. [He backs away, shaken, limp.]

Some of the men bend over the prostrate form.

ACT II

SLIM. Roll him over somebody.

MAN. Don't tetch him.

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 anything.

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.

SLIM. Here, some of you, carry him over to my rig. I'll drive him over to Doctor Tyler's.

CORD ELAM. Take it easy boys.

The MEN lift JUD up and carry him off U.R.

CURLY [To LAUREY and AUNT ELLER]. I got to go see if there's anythin' c'n be done fer him. [He hisses LAUREY.] Take keer of her Aunt Eller.

He exits.

ELLER. Mebbe it's better you and Curly don't go 'way tonight. [She breaks off, realising how feeble this must sound.]

LAUREY [As if she hadn't heard ELLER]. —I don't see why this had to happen, when everythin' was so fine.

ELLER. Don't let yer mind run on it.

LAUREY. Cain't fergit, I tell you. Never will.

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, or bein' pore and hungry even—bein' old and afeared to die. That's the way it is—cradle to grave. But 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.

ELLER. Fiddlesticks! Scrawny and old? You couldn't pay 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!

ELLER. Shore's you're borned!

SHE breaks off as CURLY enters with CORD ELAM, CARNES and a few others. Their manner is sober.

CORD ELAM. They're takin' Jud over to Dave Tyler's till the mornin'.

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!

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.

ELLER [To CARNES]. Why, you're the Judge, ain't you, Andrew?

CARNES. Yes, that's right.

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.

ELLER. 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

ELLER. Well, let's not break the law. Let's just bend it a little. C'mon Andrew and start the trial.

CORD ELAM. Andrew—I got to protest.

CARNES. 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. Now, 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. That's right—and furthermore—

CARNES. Never mind the furthermore—the plea is self-defence—

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-defence all right.

Tried to stab him 'th a frog-sticker.

CORD ELAM [*Shaking his head*]. I feel funny about this Andrew, I shore feel funny.

ELLER. You'll feel funny when I tell yer wife you're carryin' on 'th another womern.

CORD ELAM. I ain't carryin' on 'th no one—

ELLER. Mebbe not, but you'll shore feel funny when I tell yer WIFE you air.

Boisterous laughter.

CORD ELAM. Laugh, laugh all you like, but let me tell you as a Fed'ral Marshal—

SKIDMORE. Oh, shet up about being Federal Marshal! We ain't goin' to let you lock the boy up 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 down to their train in Curly's surrey. And we'll be the horses.

CHORUS. Right!

CARNES. Hey, wait a minute. I ain't even told you the verdick yet!

Everything stops still at this unpleasant reminder.

CURLY. Well—the verdick's not guilty, ain't it?

CARNES. 'Course but I got to say it.

LAUREY. Well, then SAY' it!

ALL. Not guilty!

CARNES starts, but the crowd drowns him out.

CURLY and LAUREY run into the house. The rest run out towards the stable.

CARNES is left down stage without a court.

CARNES. Court's adjourned!

AUNT ELLER laughs, crosses to sit on bench O.L.

ELLER. Should be, Andrew!

CARNES joins 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.

ELLER. Why, Ado Annie, where on earth have you been?

ANNIE. Will and me had a misunderstandin'. But he explained it fine.

Music No. 29

ADO ANNIE and WILL go up-stage and now tell-tale wisps of straw are seen clinging to ANNIE'S back! Amid shouts and laughter, the surrey is pulled on. CURLY and LAUREY come out of the house. 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 cry down L. Everyone else sings gaily and loudly.

ALL.

I got a beautiful feelin'!

Ev'rythin's goin' my way.

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 tableau all singing "People will say we're in love".

CURTAIN

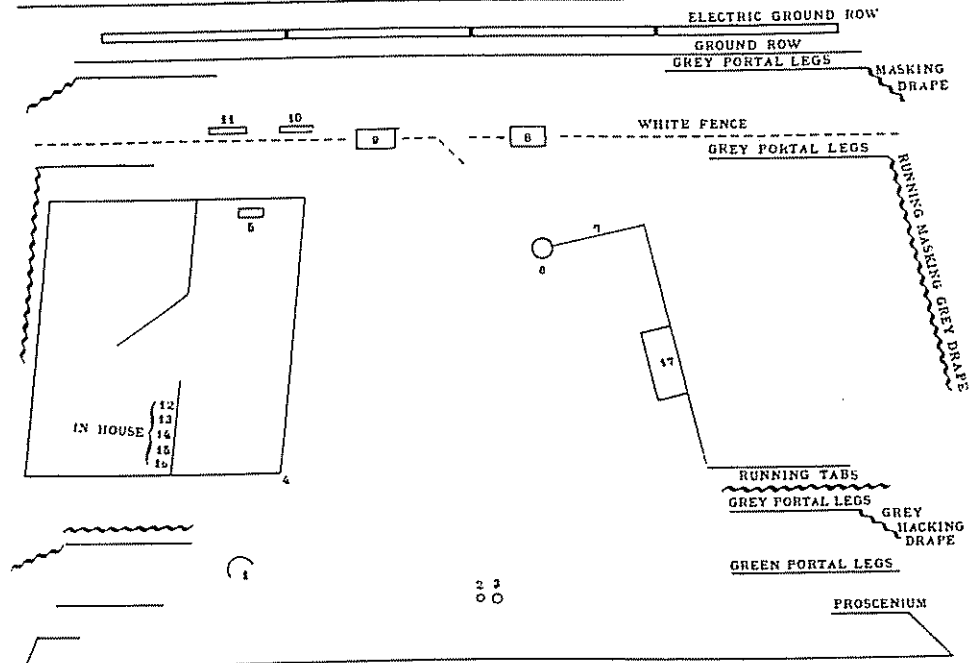
HANGING PLOT

- No. 4 Cloth (Act II Scene 3)
 No. 3 Cloth (Act I Scene 3)
 No. 2 Cloth (Act I Scene 3. Act II Scene 1)
 No. 1 Cloth (Act I Scene 1)
 No. 3 Grey Portal Legs
 No. 4 Batten
 Flood Bar
 No. 2 Grey Portal Legs
 Grey Border
 No. 3 Batten
 Black cut out Trees
 Black Blinder
 Act II, Scene 2. Cloth
 Act I, Scene 2. Flat
 Grey Border
 No. 2 Batten
 Viel Bar
 Act II, Scene 1. Pickup Lines for Basket Lanterns
 Foliage Border
 Act I, Scene 2. Arch
 Black Legs
 Black Border
 Tabs
 No. 1 Grey Portal Legs
 Grey Border
 Booms
 Green Portal Leg
 No. 1 Batten
 Spot Bar
 House Tabs

50

ACT I SCENE 1

No. 1 CLOTH

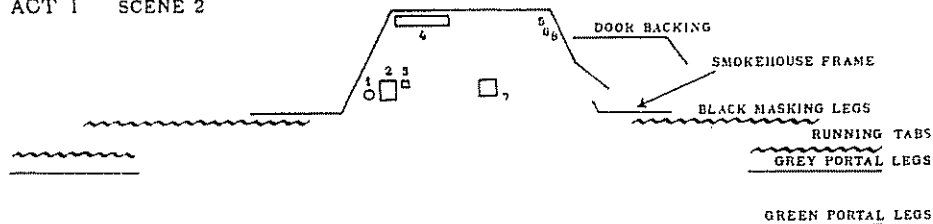


On Stage. 1. Yellow rocking chair. 2. Three legged stool. 3. Butter churn. 4. Carpet beater. 5. Open picnic basket, blue bow on handle. 6. Grey barrel, post attached with line to flat. 7. Quilt on line. 8 and 9. White benches into which white fence is set. 10 and 11. Cornstalk pieces. 12. Picnic hamper, blue bow on handle. 13. Green check cloth. 14. Cake box. 15. Jam jar. 16. Pitch pipe. 17. Coal-bunker pinhinged to flat.

Off Stage P.S. Add Annie's and Singing Girls' parasols. 6 Picnic hampers. 4 Open baskets with various coloured bows on handles. Hakim's walking stick. Hakim's basket containing:—1 pair red drawers, 1 pair lace drawers, silver smelling salts bottle, 1 pair red ribbon and lace garters. "Little Wonder" for Will Parker. Bundle of wood for Jud. Double barrel shot gun and revolver (both empty) for Carnes. Revolver (empty) for Curly.

Off Stage O.P. Metal Bucket for Jud.

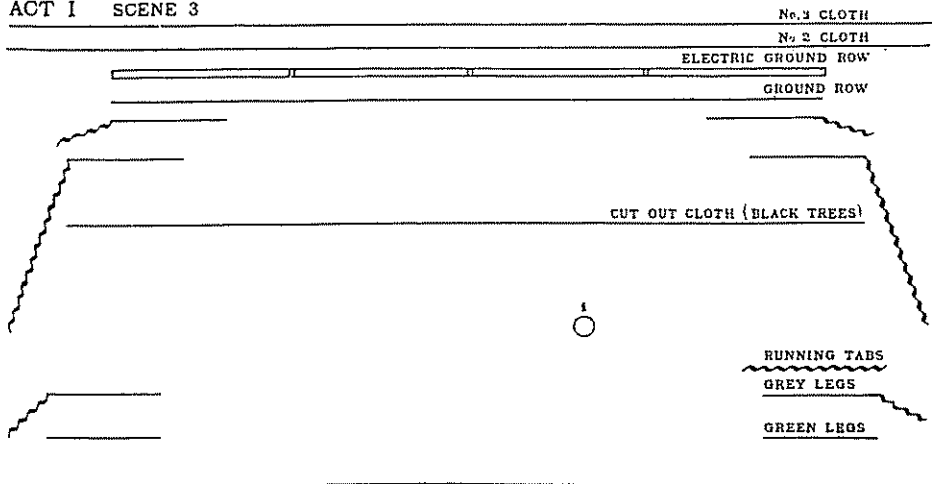
ACT I SCENE 2



On Stage. 1. A nail keg stool. 2. Table with drawer containing:—a loaded revolver, a cleaning rag, some picture postcards. 3. Box stool. 4. Sleeping bunk covered with tattered quilt. 5. Rake, scythe and hoe. 6. 2 partly filled sacks. 7. Post from stage set roof with two hooks, on one is hanging a lariat. 8. Dirty curtains at window. From roof a bunch of red peppers and a bunch of garlic are hanging.

Off Stage P.S. A loaded revolver for Curly. Hakim's walking stick. Hakim's basket containing picture postcards.

ACT I SCENE 3

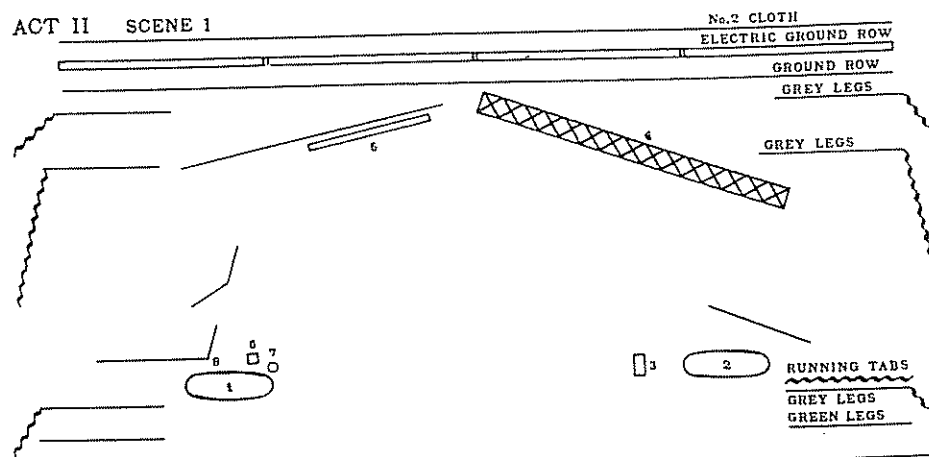


On Stage. 1. Tree trunk. Veil flown on bar C.S. On solenoid or fuse box controlled by switch in P. corner.

Off Stage P.S. Pack of playing cards. Red rose for Pigtales.

Off Stage O.P. Smelling salts bottle for Laurey. Stand by veil for Ballet.

ACT II SCENE 1

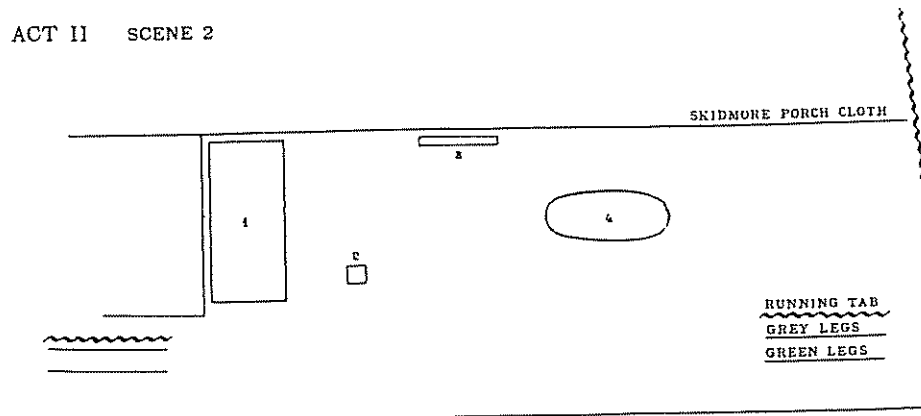


On Stage. 1 and 2. Trees set in seat bases. 3. Ladder leaning to tree. 4. Hitching rails. 5. Grey bench. 6. Picnic hamper, red bow on handle. 7. Kitbag containing:—hotwater bottle, nightdress, corsets. 8. Loaded revolver in holster on tree.

Off Stage P.S. Revolver (empty) for Curly. Picnic hamper, blue bow on handle for Laurey. Saddle for Curly. Revolver (empty) for Carnes. Stage money, coins, etc.

Off Stage O.P. "Little Wonder" for Will Parker. Picnic hamper and open baskets for Chorus Stage money and coins.

ACT II SCENE 2

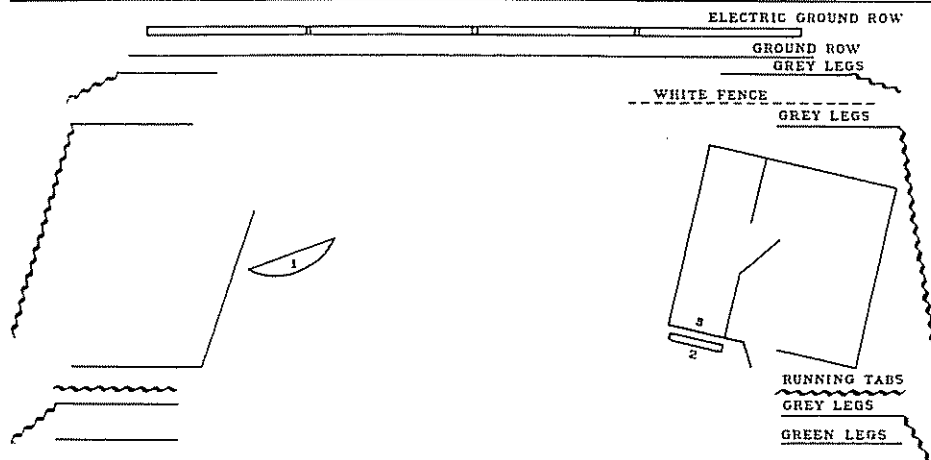


On Stage. 1. Large yellow wood bin. 2. Metal stove. 3. Grey 3 ft. bench. 4. Tree set in seat base.

Off Stage P.S. Hakim's walking stick for tab scene.

ACT II SCENE 3

No 4 CLOTH



- On Stage.* 1. Haystack. 2. White bench. 3. White paper bell and garlands on porch.
- Off Stage P.S.* Rubber Dagger for Jud. 2 Carpet bags for Curly. 2 Small posies of flowers for Pigtails and 'Fall Down' for Finale.
- Off Stage O.P.* 4 hurricane lamps. Victorian posy for Laurey. Carpet bag for Gertie. 5 rag dolls. 8 frying pans. 8 wooden spoons. Straw for Annie. Confetti. Surrey with Fringe on Top Sign "JUST MARRIED" in box at back of Surrey.

LIGHTING PLOT

Preset before rise of Curtain.

Batten 1, 2 and 3, 36 Pink and 51 Gold Full.

Batten 4. 20 Blue, 17 Blue and White Full.

Flood Bar. 20 Blue, 17 Blue Full.

Spot Bar, 36 Pink and 51 Gold Full.

Groundrow Full (1 Circuit, 2 Amber and 31 Frost, 2 Circuits, 3 Amber and 31 Frost)

Pageants U.S. P.S. and O.P. White Full.

Booms 51 Gold Full.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Cue 1. (<i>Start of Overture</i>) | Floats 20 Blue, 51 Gold, White, 36 Pink Full. F.O.H. 51 Gold Full. |
| Cue 2. (<i>Start of Curtain Music</i>) | House Lights Out. |
| Cue 3. (<i>Start of Surrey</i>) | Check Batten 1, 2 and 3, Spot Bar, Booms, Floats, F.O.H. to †. |
| Cue 4. (<i>End of Surrey</i>) | Lights checked on Cue 3 to Full. |
| Cue 5. (<i>Start of Cain't Say No</i>) | As Cue 3. |
| Cue 6. (<i>End of Cain't Say No</i>) | As Cue 4. |
| Cue 7. (<i>Start of People</i>) | Check everything to †. |
| Cue 8. (<i>As Aunt Eller starts to hum</i>) | Fade to B.O. |
| Cue 9. (<i>When Tabs Closed</i>) | Fade in Blue Float Full Follow Gold †. Preset Dip and Pageant 4 Amber through Door. |
| Cue 10. (<i>When Sc. 2 Set</i>) | Fade out Floats. |
| Cue 11. (<i>As Tabs open</i>) | Fade in 2 F.O.H. 4 amber. |
| Cue 12. (<i>As Tabs close</i>) | Fade out F.O.H. |
| Cue 13. (<i>When Tabs closed</i>) | Fade in Blue Float follow Gold Float to †. Preset Flood Bar and Batten 4. 20 Blue Full Groundrow †. |
| Cue 14. (<i>As the Set Behind</i>) | Fade Out Float. |
| Cue 15. (<i>As Tabs open</i>) | Fade in Pageant D.S.O.P. 7 Pink Full 2 Booms P.S. and 2 Booms O.P. to Full. |
| Cue 16. (<i>To Woo a Waiting Sky</i>)
(<i>Hush of Falling Shadows</i>) | Fade to B.O.
Cue to Limes to pick up Curly O.P. and to Flies for Black Blinder.
(<i>As Dancing Curly and Laurey end First Lift</i>) Cue for Blinder away. |
| Cue 17. (<i>When Blinder out</i>) | Fade in 20 Blues Batten 1, 2, 3, 4, Flood Bar, Spot Bar into Full. Follow Fade in Groundrow †. Follow Fade in Gold, Batten 1, 2, 3, Spot Bar, 17 Blue in Flood Bar, Batten 4 to †. Follow Fade in Groundrows †, Follow Fade 36 Pink in Batten 1, 2, 3, Spot Bar to †. |
| Cur 18. (<i>Beautiful Mornin' life</i>) | All Circuits in Battens 1, 2, 3, 4, Flood Bar, Groundrow, Spot Bar, Booms, Pageants, F.O.H. and Gold in Floats to Full. |
| Cue 19. (<i>Entrance of Postcard Girls</i>) | Check all Lighting to †. |
| Cue 20. (<i>Jud starts to dance with Postcards</i>) | All Lighting to Full |
| Cue 21. (<i>Start of Curly and Jud Fight</i>) | Fade Out Float and F.O.H. Check all other Lighting to †. |
| Cue 22. (<i>As Jud carries Lauey off</i>) | Fade to B.O. |
| Cue 23. (<i>End of 4th Chord of Music</i>) | Fade in 20 Blue in Flood Bar. Groundrow, Booms and Gold in Spot Bar to Full. |

ACT II

Preset before rise of Curtain.
 Blue and Gold in Spot Bar to Full.
 Blue in Batten 1, 2, 3, 4 to Full.
 Gold in Batten 3 Full.
 Booms Full. Flood Bar, 20 Blue Full.
 Groundrow to †.
 Hanging Basket Lamps.

- Cue 1. (Start of Entract Music) Floats to Full and Fade House Lights.
 Cue 2. (At Rise of Curtain) Fade Floats to †.
 Cue 3. (Start of Farmer Dance) Pink in Spot Bar and White Float to Full.
 Cue 4. (As crowd exit) Fade out Pink and Gold in Spot Bar, Gold in Batten 3.
 Fade White Float to †.
 Cue 5. (Re-entrance of crowd) Fade in Gold in Batten 3 and Spot Bar to Full White Float to Full.
 Cue 6. (As Tabs close) Spot Bar, Batten 1, Floats, Boom, F.O.H. all Full.
 Cue 7. (As Annie and Will start to exit) Fade Spot Bar, Batten 1, Floats, Booms, F.O.H. to B.O.
 Cue 8. (As Tabs open) Fade in Blue in Batten 1 and 2, Spot Bar, Float to Full.
 Gold Booms and 2 F.O.H. to Full. Flood 20 Blue P.S. to Full.
 Cue 9. (As Tabs close) Spot Bar, Batten 1, Floats, Booms, F.O.H. all to Full.
 Preset behind Tabs. Flood Bar 20 Blue Full, Groundrow †, Batten 2, 3 Blue Full. Light in House P.S. Full, Spot on Window of Flat O.P. Amber †.
 Cue 10. (Hullo Will) B.O. Spot Bar, Batten 1, Floats, Booms and F.O.H.
 Cue 11. (As Tabs open) Fade in Blue in Float, Batten 1, Spot Bar to Full 2 O.P.
 Booms, 1 Gold Spot on Spot Bar to †.
 Cue 12. (Drunk as a Lord) Fade in Gold in Spot Bar, Booms, Batten 1, 2, 3, Floats to †, White Float to †.
 Cue 13. (Chorus We Know We Belong the Lord) White Float to Full quickly.
 Cue 14. (As end of 1st Oklahoma Chorus) Fade White Float to †.
 Cue 15. } Repeat of Cues 13 and 14 in second Oklahoma Chorus.
 Cue 16. }
 Cue 17. (Mind Your Own Business) Fade to Blue Lighting leaving Lights in Houses P.S. and O.P.
 Cue 18. (When Aunt Eller appears at window) Fade into same Lighting as before Cue 17.
 Cue 19. (Shut up about being Federal Marshal) Start very slow build up of all Lighting to Full.
 Cue 20. (As Surrey is brought on) Completion of Lighting to Full.

P.S. LIME

ACT I. Scene 1.

S of Conductor Double 51 throughout Overture.
 White Spot Aunt Eller until Laurey enters--Cut off and Spot Laurey until exit.
 Spot Aunt Eller again until exit.
 Spot Ado Annie until Ali Hakim enters. Spot Ali Hakim until exit.
 Spot Ado Annie until exit.
 Spot Laurey until she sits on chair, pick up again when she starts to sing, follow until exit.
 Spot Annie until exit.
 Spot Laurey until exit.

ACT I. Scene 2.
 Double 51 Spot Jud. Cut off as Tabs close.

ACT I. Scene 3.
 Double 51 Spot Laurey as she starts to sing. Take in Laurey's double when she enters and follow her until she falls at Curly's feet.
 Double 51 Spot Postcard Girls. Flood when Men and Girls dance. Fade out at exit of Male Dancers.
 When Jud chokes Curly Double 51 Spot Curly until Jud carries Laurey off.
 At Cue, Double 51 Spot Laurey take in Jud and follow Jud off.

ACT II. Scene 1.
 Double 51 Spot Conductor for Entract Music.
 7 Pink Flood Stage until chorus exit.
 White Spot Ali Hakim until chorus re-enters.
 7 Pink Flood Stage. Fade out with Tabs.
 Tab Scene. White Spot Will Parker until exit.

ACT II. Scene 2.
 Nil to open at Cue "I'll Marry You If You Want Me To". Double 51 Spot Laurey, Fade as Tabs close.
 Tab Scene. White Spot Ali Haki until exit, then White Spot Will Parker, Black Out with Stage.

ACT II. Scene 3.
 Nil to open. When crowd enter Double 51 Flood Centre Stage. In "Oklahoma" change to White Flood when crowd comes downstage and change back to Double 51 at end of number as crowd breaks upstage. Repeat for encore.
 13 Magenta Spot Jud for fight with Curly. Fade out as they carry him off. White spot Will and Annie as they enter downstage O.P. Flood White as Surrey is brought on.

O.P. LIME

White Spot Curly as he enters upstage P.S. Follow until exit.
 White Spot Will Parker, follow till he shakes hands with Curly. Stop on Curly, and follow him until exit.
 White Spot Laurey on house O.P. and follow. Cut off during "Cain't Say No".
 Pick up Laurey at end of number, and follow until exit.
 White Spot Annie until Will enters. White Spot Will until exit.
 White Spot Curly, follow until exit.
 Double 51 Flood centre stage for "Many a New Day" dance.
 White Spot Ali Hakim as he enters from house O.P. Follow until exit.
 White Spot Curly until exit.
 Double 51 Spot Aunt Eller when she sits in rocking chair.
 As lights fade close up to pin spot on her face. Fade out as Tabs close.

ACT I. Scene 2.
 Double 51 Spot Curly, follow until exit. Pick up Ali Hakim and follow until exit.

ACT I. Scene 3.
 At cue from Stage Manager, Double 51 Spot Curly, take in Curly's double, and follow him until exit.
 White Spot Pigtales until she joins in dance with other dancers, then Flood centre stage Double 51.
 When Postcard Girls enter, Flood Focus them Double 51. Flood stage when men and girls dance, fade out as male dancers exit.
 When Jud chokes Curly Double 51 Spot Jud, and follow him until exit.
 At cue from Stage Manager, Double 51 Spot Curly. Fade out with Tabs.

ACT II. Scene 1.
 White Spot Carnes when he sings, and follow until Aunt Eller sings. White Spot her until dance starts. White Spot solo dancer until exit.
 As chorus exits Double 51 Spot Will Parker. As chorus re-enters, Double 51 Spot Aunt Eller until she gets off tree, then Spot Curly until Tabs close.
 Tab Scene. White Spot Ado Annie until exit.

ACT II. Scene 2.

Nil to open. At cue "Why I'll Marry Yer if You Want me to" Double 51 Spot Curly until Tabs close. *Tab Scene.* White Spot Ado Annie B.O. with stage.

ACT II. Scene 3.

Nil to open. As crowd enters Double 51 Spot Curly until end of his "Oklahoma" chorus, then take in centre group. Change to White as crowd come downstage and change back to Double 51 as crowd break upstage. Repeat for Encore. Continue to follow Curly until he exits into house P.S. Leave Spot on man looking through keyhole, then take in group round door, then stop on Carnes as boys exit. When Carnes exits cover group of girls and change to White as Gertie enters. Pin Spot Gertie's hand on "Been Havin' One of My Own". As Annie points off stage slowly open out and move to O.P. and pick up Ali Hakim follow until exit.

Pin Spot Aunt Eller Double 51 at window.

Double 51 spot Curly until Jud strikes him, change to 13 Magenta, until Jud falls. Change back to Double 51 and follow to exit.

Double 51 Spot Curly as he re-enters and follow until exit. Flood White as Surrey is brought on White Flood for finale.

WARDROBE PLOT

PRINCIPAL LADIES

Aunt Eller		White spotted brown skirt, yellow blouses, pink wool shawl, white apron, brown kid lace-up boots.
Act I.		
Act II.	Scene 1.	Brown braided embroidered lime green dress, white frilled front collar and cuffs, black brooch at neck, repeat boots.
Act II.	Scene 3.	Plum coloured dress, plum straw hat, plum gloves, fob brooch, repeat boots.
Laurey		
Act I.		White calf length dress, blue pinafore, blue belt and hair bow, black patent tie shoes.
Act II.	Scenes 1 and 2.	White and pink organdie dress, pink sash, pink neck band, pink roses for hair, white kid shoes, green wool shawl.
Act II.	Scene 3	
	1st entrance	White embroidered cage bustle wedding dress, white gloves, blue and white floral head wreath and veil, white Victoria posy, repeat white shoes.
	2nd entrance	Grey cloth coat, white collar, cuffs and bow, white straw hat, trimmed with feathers, repeat white gloves and shoes.
Laurey in Ballet		Replica "Laurey" dress with shorter skirt of organdie, blue belt, and hair bow, beige elastic hose, beige flat ballet shoes.
Annie		
Act I.	1st entrance	Pink and white dress, pink coatee, rose petal hat, pink and white sunshade, pink lace-up boots.
	2nd entrance	Remove coatee.
Act II.	Scenes 1 and 2.	Blue and green dress, green shoes, blue flowers for hair, green gloves, neck band.
Act II.	Scene 3.	Lime green dress, green cape, white flowers for hair, repeat green shoes.
Gertie		
Act I.	Scene 1.	Pink skirt trimmed large green buttons, green edged white organdie blouse, pink lace-up boots, green and white parasol. White straw hat trimmed feather and flowers.
Act I.	Scene 3.	Repeat costumes, flowers in hair, replace hat.
Act II.	Scene 1.	White embroidered lime green dress, pink neckband, sash and gloves, white flowers for hair, green shoes.
Act II.	Scene 3.	Repeat Act I, Scene 1, costume with short cape to match skirt.
Pigtails		
Act I.	Scene 1.	Yellow below knee length skirt, yellow spotted white organdie blouse, large straw hat trimmed water lilies, yellow lace-up boots, yellow bows for plaits.
Act I.	Scene 3.	Knee length blue ribbon trimmed white dress, black stockings, flat black ballet shoes, blue coatee with sailor collar, and large round blue hat to match.
Act II.	Scene 1.	White below knee length dress trimmed broderie Anglaise, yellow stockings, hair bows and broad sash, black patent tie shoes.
Act II.	Scene 3.	Repeat Act I, Scene 1, costume with jacket to match, with white collar and cuffs, small straw hat, yellow feather trimmed.

Fall Down Girl

- Act I. Scene 1. Red skirt trimmed pink, embroidery Anglaise blouse, red trimmed straw hat, red lace-up boots.
- Act I. Scene 3. Cerise chiffon pleated skirt, cerise and black drapery, sequined bodice, pink tights, violet panties, black can-can boots, long black gloves, sequin necklet and earrings, black feather and cerise headdress.
- Act II. Scene 1. Red frilled dress, lime green neckband, stockings and gloves, red roses for hair, black patent tie shoes. Repeat Act I, Scene 1, skirt and boots with matching jacket, small straw hat trimmed to match, red gloves.
- Act II. Scene 3.

8 Singing Ladies

- Act I. Scene 1. Various pastel shade skirts differently trimmed, either embroidery Anglaise or organdie frilled blouses, lace-up boots to match skirts, large straw hats trimmed to match, parasols to match, repeat costume with flowers in hair instead of hats.
- Act I. Scene 3. Frilled pastel shade dresses variously trimmed, matching gloves, hair bows, stockings, and neckbands, black patent tie shoes.
- Act II. Scene 1.
- Act II. Scene 3. 4 pink and white bridesmaid dresses, 4 straw hats lined pink, 4 pairs pink shoes, 4 girls repeat Act I, Scene 1, skirts and boots with matching jackets, 4 small straw hats, gloves to match.

9 Dancing Ladies

- Act I. Scene 1. Various pastel shade skirts differently trimmed, organdie frilled blouses, lace-up boots to match, straw hats trimmed to match.
- Act I. Scene 3. 4 differently coloured pleated chiffon skirts with sequined bodices, 4 pairs black can-can boots, 4 pairs long black gloves, 4 pairs pink tights, 4 pairs contrasting frilled panties, 4 black feather head-dresses, 4 sequin necklets, 4 pairs sequin earrings, 5 pastel shade dresses with white collars, 2 small capes, 5 small straw hats variously trimmed, 5 pairs black stockings, 5 pairs flat ballet shoes.
- Act II. Scene 1. Pastel shade frilled dresses variously trimmed, contrasting gloves, stockings, hair bows, matching neckbands, black patent tie shoes.
- Act II. Scene 3. Repeat Act I, Scene 1, skirts and boots with matching jackets, small straw hats.

General Notes for Wardrobe

All ladies have white cotton frilled petticoats, chemises, pantalets, and small flat bustles, fawn lisle stockings. Unless otherwise stated in plot all ladies costumes should be made of cotton or linen material, and skirts should be two inches from ground except dancing ladies, and their skirts can be ankle length. Also cotton gloves.

PRINCIPAL MEN

- Curly
- Act I. Brown trousers, white spotted brown cowhide chaps, green shirt trimmed white braid, pink scarf, gun belt and holster, brown suede boots, brown hat, yellow hatband.
- Act II. Scenes 1 and 2. Blue trousers, white braid trimmed yellow shirt, light blue scarf, jewelled gun belt and holster, black suede boots.
- Act II. Scene 3. Repeat blue trousers, belt, holster and black boots. Blue braid trimmed pink shirt, dark blue scarf.
- Curly in Ballet. Duplicate of Curly in Act I costume.

Will Parker

- Act I. Fawn braided jacket, brown trousers, lime green shirt, pink tie, grey suede tap shoes, grey suede boots, belt, fawn hat with yellow hat band.
- Act II. Repeat slacks, boots, hat. Mauve braided jacket, pink shirt, green tie.

Ali Hakim

- Act I and Act II. Scenes 1 and 2. Black and white check suit, white shirt, pink scarf, fawn hat, black side button boots.
- Act II. Scene 3. Repeat suit, boots, and shirt with stiff collar and bow tie, straw hat.

Jud

- Act I. Black braided green breeches, red vest, torn fawn shirt, black boots, belt.
- Act II. Scenes 1 and 2. For entrance at end of ballet, Act II, Scene 1, costume is worn. Red striped black trousers, grey shirt with white striped sleeves, black waistcoat, black ribbon tie, brown side button boots. Repeat Act I costume.
- Act II. Scene 3. Duplicate of Jud Act I costume.

Jud in Ballet

Andrew Carnes

Brown suit, black braided red shirt, belt, gun belt and holster, black field boots, large round straw hat, red handkerchief.

Cord Elam

White striped grey trousers, white spotted yellow shirt, grey suede waistcoat with Sheriff star, black boots, gun belt and holster, fawn hat with mauve band.

Ike Skidmore

Blue trousers, grey coat, pink striped grey waistcoat, white shirt and wing collar, grey ribbon tie, grey hat, black boots.

Slim

- Act I. Blue side striped grey trousers, fawn suede waistcoat, lime green shirt, mauve suede chaps, grey suede boots, belt, blue scarf, fawn hat.
- Act II. Repeat trousers and boots, with pink scarf and blue shirt, mauve suede jacket.

8 Singing Men

- Act I and Act II. Grey trousers, various coloured shirts, grey suede boots, grey hats, various coloured scarves.

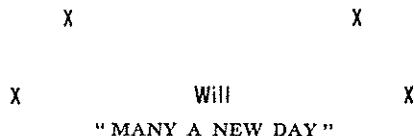
8 Dancing Men

- Act I. Scene 1. 4 pairs tan trousers with leather thonging at sides. 4 pairs braided tan trousers, various coloured shirts, trimmed leather fringe, various coloured scarves, fawn hats, various coloured braid bands, brown suede tap boots.
- Act I. Scene 3. Various coloured braid trimmed black trousers, various coloured embroidered shirts, various coloured scarves, black gauntlet gloves, black kid boots, repeat hats.
- Act II. Various striped grey trousers, various coloured shirts, various coloured scarves. Repeat Act II, Scene 3, boots.

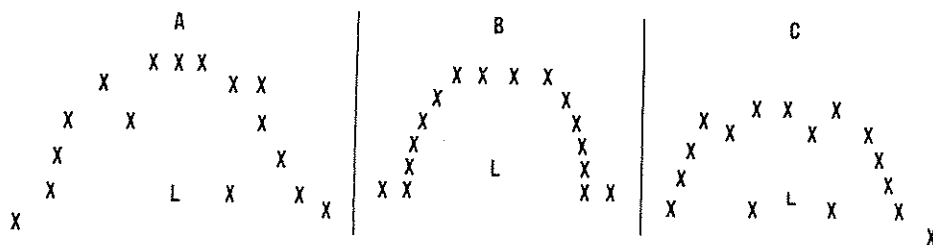
CHOREOGRAPHIC NOTES

" KANSAS CITY "

This tap dance is performed by Will Parker, dancing solo for the first 54 bars of music, and then joined by four boys. It is an attempt to copy the "Ragtime" introduced by the coloured people in America at this time. The general pattern of this dance when the boys join "Will" is thus:—



After the boys exit, the girls gather round "Laurey" talking. "Laurey" says "No! No!" and the girls move back into a semi-circle round her, kneeling, standing and sitting in various poses as diagram A. Diagram B shows the positions, all standing, in which girls sing chorus whilst "Laurey" dances. Diagram C are positions for girls whilst "Laurey" sings last verse and chorus.



After applause for song "Laurey" moves to rocking chair and sits on the arm. The singing girls move and group themselves on the porch. All dancers except one exit O.P.

This dance is performed by "Fall Down", "Pigtails" and 6 dancers, in it the girls portray to the audience the tremendous heat of the afternoon, they show off the frilled blouses they wear. They gossip. The dancer left on stage dances a few steps and exits D.S.P.S. Two dancers and "Pigtails" enter U.S.O.P. and dance off D.S.P.S. one girl remaining behind to execute a single and double turn before following them—A girl who wears a red petticoat runs across showing this to the audience from U.S.O.P. to D.S.P.S.—the singers laugh at her. 3 girls enter U.S.P.S. and are joined by "Fall Down" from U.S.O.P. "Fall Down" tries to copy their step and falls down. All exit D.S.P.S. "Pigtails" and two friends enter U.S.O.P. "Fall Down" enters D.S.P.S. and three other dancers enter from P.S. to join in the dance. "Fall Down" shows off the frill of her pantalets and in the dancing falls again. The girl with the red petticoat twice more runs among the dancers showing off the petticoat before making her exit. "Laurey" joins in the dancing as they make a circle C.S. at the end of the dance.

THE BALLET

As "Laurey" sings last note of song the dancing figures come to C.S. and the speaking characters back off. "Curly" and "Laurey" dance together portraying their great love for each other. At the end of their dance they stand facing each other U.S. centre. "Pigtails" runs across shielding here eyes from the sun and seeing the lovers, exits to tell the other girls. "Laurey's" girl friends dance across the stage shielding their eyes from the sun, portraying their happiness at this great romance found among them and the wonderful day that it is. Two

cowboys stroll across the stage and wave to the lovers. "Curly" exits U.S.P.S. "Pigtails" dances on with a red rose but as she gives it to "Laurey" bursts into tears. Three girls, having put on hats, dance on from D.S.O.P. holding hands in a circle and move to C.S., their dance portrays the excitement of going to a wedding. They are joined by two girls, wearing small capes and hats, from D.S.P.S. who embrace "Laurey". All dance into a circle and "Pigtails" points up and a veil floats down. "Pigtails" and the two Cape girls dance whilst the others move U.S.O.P. and dress "Laurey" in the veil. "Pigtails" and the two girls join "Laurey" group and "Curly" and four cowboys dance on portraying the movements of riding a horse. The girls form an aisle C.S. and Laurey walks down to "Curly", and "Jud" walks on from P.S. As "Jud" removes veil from "Laurey" all freeze except "Laurey" who runs to her friends in despair but gets no response, and finally falls at "Curly's" feet. All back to O.P. Girls and "Curly" exit, "Jud" moves to "Laurey" and drags her across stage to P.S. and drops her as three Postcard girls enter—they dance, "Jud" and the boys watch fascinated, "Laurey" backs away into a corner. At the end of their dance they are joined by two more Postcard girls and they all dance with "Jud" and the boys. At end of dance girls exit P.S. and boys run off ashamedly to O.P.

"Curly" enters U.S.O.P. and a fight ensues between the two men—"Laurey" tries desperately to stop them. "Laurey's" friends and the boys run on, a girl faints, the boys try to stop the fight but to no avail. "Jud" finally chokes "Curly" D.S.O.P. and carries "Laurey" off U.S.P.S. as lights fade to B.O. The others watch helpless.

FARMERS DANCE

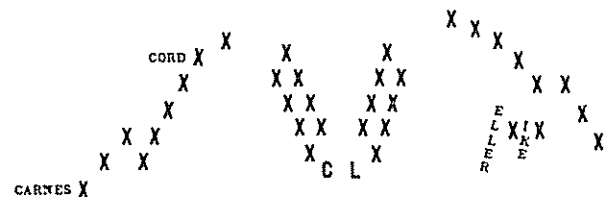
This is a fast moving period "square dance" adapted for the stage danced by 7 boys and 7 girls. During the dance the ensemble clap and shout encouragement to the dancers. At the end of the dance one boy does ten character cabrioles increasing in size. After the solo dancer's exit the other dancers form circle and boys lift girls onto left shoulder for picture.

" ALL ER NUTHIN' "

Two girls dance on from O.P. and try to attract "Will" away from "Annie" who does a series of kicks in an endeavour to hold his attention, this fails and "Will" continues to watch the girls. "Annie" tries again by doing some exotic steps "Will" says "That's Persian" and dances with the girls. "Annie" is furious and after watching for a little pushes the girls away from "Will"—the girls exit P.S. and "Annie" drags "Will" backwards to the O.P. and sings her refrain.

" OKLAHOMA "

After "Curly" has sung first refrain the ensemble form themselves into group below. All singers in the centre wedge, boys inside, girls outside led by "Curly" and "Laurey".



In first Chorus the first time "We know we belong to the land" is sung the boys either side of wedge move down to floats and kneel—the second time it is sung the girls move forward and the boys stand behind them. In the second chorus all move forward on this line of song.