

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

Wiley and the Hairy Man



Book by Suzan Zeder

Music by Harry Pickens

Lyrics by Suzan Zeder and Harry Pickens

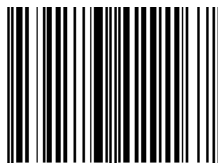
© The Dramatic Publishing Company

Wiley and the Hairy Man

Musical. Book by Suzan Zeder. Music by Harry Pickens. Lyrics by Suzan Zeder and Harry Pickens. Cast: 3m., 1w., 4 either gender; chorus of 4 to 12. Set deep in the Tombigbee swamp, this classic tale of a very young boy with a very big fear is brought to new and vibrant life in this musical version of *Wiley and the Hairy Man*. The story centers around a fatherless boy, his conjure-woman mother, his faithful dog and the hairy man who haunts Wiley's days and dreams. An expandable chorus of swamp creatures suggests various locations with sound and movement as Wiley sets forth alone to face his fears and to conquer his lack of self-confidence. The magic of this play is not fairy dust—it is soil, the magic of survival, the magic of the earth and mud of the swamp. This version gives a sizzling spin to a TYA classic. Louisville jazz legend Harry Pickens' music and lyrics combine with acclaimed playwright Suzan Zeder's lyrics and storytelling in a seamless blend. Mamma reveals how she learned the arts of conjuring from her own Mamma in a music hall number, "Conjure Woman." Wiley and Dog practice chasing the Hairy Man in "Slobber Dance." Wiley reveals his deepest fears in the poignant ballad "Bigger'n Me" as the hairy man stalks him in counterpoint with the chorus in "Gonna Get Wiley." Wiley's battle seems all but lost until he finds a courage born of desperation in the show-stopping, swamp-rap, "Bring it ON!" The addition of music and song deepens the characters, intensifies the excitement and creates the mysterious magic of the swamp with a distinctly bluegrass sound. *Area staging. Accompaniment CD available. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Royalty on application, plus music rental (scores or CD). Code: WG6.*

Photo: StageOne Family Theatre, Louisville, Ky. (l-r)
Paul Kerr, Clara Harris, Tyler Johnson-Campion, Matthew Brennan.
Photo: Hannah Wemitt. Cover design: Susan Carle.

ISBN: 978-1-58342-916-7



9 781583 429167 >

www.dramaticpublishing.com



Dramatic Publishing

311 Washington St.
Woodstock, IL 60098
ph: 800-448-7469



Printed on recycled paper

Wiley and the Hairy Man

Musical Version

Book by

SUZAN ZEDER

Music by

HARRY PICKENS

Lyrics by

HARRY PICKENS and SUZAN ZEDER



Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.dramaticpublishing.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXIV

Book and lyrics by SUZAN ZEDER
Music and lyrics by HARRY PICKENS

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(WILEY AND THE HAIRY MAN)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-916-7

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the musical *must* give credit to the author and composer of the musical in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the musical and in all instances in which the title of the musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the musical and/or a production. The names of the author and composer *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author and composer, if included in the play-book, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

In addition, all producers of the musical must include the following acknowledgment on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the musical and on all advertising and promotional materials:

“The musical version of *Wiley and the Hairy Man* was commissioned and developed in association with The University of Texas at Austin and StageOne Family Theatre in Louisville, Kentucky.”

The musical version of *Wiley and the Hairy Man* was commissioned and developed in association with The University of Texas at Austin and StageOne Family Theatre in Louisville, Ky. It premiered in October 2012 at the Kentucky Arts Center with the following cast and production team:

CAST

Wiley Nick Johnson
Wiley (alternate performances) Tyler Johnson-Campion
Mammy Jamie Lynn Sutton Gilliam
Dog/Chorus Doug Scott Sorenson
Hairy Man Paul Kerr
Chorus Maddie Ballance, Matthew Brennan,
J. Copeland Davis, Peyton Evans,
Jenna French, Clara Harris, Sophie Claire Hill,
Miller Kraps, Terry Schwab

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director Andrew D. Harris
Assistant Director Talleri McRae
Musical Director Chris Bryant
Company Stage Manager Tracy Schwab
Set Designer Nick Passafiume
Lighting Designer Yousif “Joe” Mohamed
Sound Designer Benjamin Marcum
Costume Designer Shana Lincoln
Production Manager Corey Harrison

CREW

Technical Director Duper Berry
Props Master Jeromy Bagan
Scenic Charge Ron Temple
Rigger Keith Kimmel
Flyman Noelle Shotwell

Carpenters	Duper Berry, Jeromy Bagan, Charles Ames, Ron Temple
Wardrobe Coordinator.....	Amanda Peer
Wardrobe Technician	Amanda Peer
Costume Construction.....	Shana Lincoln, Amanda Peer
Wig & Hair Construction.....	Heather Fleming, Custom Wig Company
Master Electrician	Noelle Shotwell, Derek Young (Ogle Center)
Electricians.....	Donald Scobie, Megan de Araujo, James Hayes
Light Board Operator	Tracy Schwab
Sound Board Operator	Allison Sims
Production Assistant.....	Allison Sims
Company Stage Manager.....	Tracy Schwab
Production Manager.....	Corey Harrison

AUTHOR'S NOTES

It all began with Wiley. I wrote the first version of the play *Wiley and the Hairy Man* when I was a graduate student desperately searching for my “voice” as a writer. Not only did I discover my voice in this timeless tale of a very small boy with a very big fear, but the play launched my career of over 40 years writing for and about young people. But there has always been something missing for me; something that has, at last, been found in this brand new musical version.

In 2012, StageOne Family Theatre in Louisville, Ky., helped me celebrate Wiley’s 40th birthday by pairing me with composer Harry Pickens, a gentle and generous musical genius: a world renowned jazz pianist, composer, teacher and humanitarian. Together we found new and exciting emotional and dramaturgical colors and textures in this story. Through the addition of music and lyrics, we deepened the characters, clarified the themes, intensified both the tension of Wiley’s peril and the joy of his victory over the forces of fear. The play *Wiley and the Hairy Man* has always been propelled by the velocity of its plot. In this incarnation, however, there has been a subtle shift in character and theme. This is now a piece about a boy who discovers something about himself that he never knew before—that he is as smart as he is brave!

I believe that this version has more of everything that has made the original play a classic over the past four decades: more danger, more humor, more suspense, more delight in the language of music and in the music of language. I believe this version plays to an even wider audience than before. In Louisville, 26,000 children in grades K-3 were held spellbound. I have marveled at high school students engaged and enthralled. I have watched as adults in the audience became children again. I believe this is what the play always wanted to be.

Wiley has finally found his voice.

—Suzan Zeder, Santa Fe, N.M.

COMPOSER’S NOTES

When originally approached by StageOne Family Theater to contribute a musical underscoring for *Wiley and The Hairy Man*, I refused, because I could not imagine adding one more project to an already packed schedule. The ever-persuasive Peter Holloway, executive director of StageOne, refused to take my initial no for an answer and emailed me a PDF of the script, along with more information on Suzan and on the play’s illustrious 40-year history.

As I began reading, I was absolutely captivated. The musical voices of Wiley, Mammy, the Chorus and the Hairy Man immediately began to come alive within me. I told Peter, “Count me in!” and scheduled a “getting to know you” Skype conversation with Suzan. To say we felt as though we were old friends united after a long separation is an understatement. Suzan’s mastery of the theatrical genre inspired and challenged me in the best of ways; and a mere 6 months later, the musical *Wiley* was born.

Just as each director of *Wiley* conceptualizes the visual world of the swamp differently, in the same manner I invite musical directors to view the printed notes as a guide, a jumping off point. Feel free to arrange the pieces for guitar, banjo, fiddle and/or other instrumentation that matches the mood of Wiley’s world.

Thank you, Peter, for initiating this journey. Thank you, Suzan, for the honor of collaborating with you. Thank you, Dramatic Publishing, for sharing this gift with the world. Thanks also to the incredible staff of StageOne and to the wonderful cast of our first musical *Wiley*.

—Harry Pickens, Louisville, Ky.

To
Harry Pickens
A Man Made of Music

And to
StageOne Family Theatre
For Giving
This Old Play a New Life

Wiley and the Hairy Man

CHARACTERS

WILEY: A small boy with a big fear.

*MAMMY: His Mother, The Best Conjure Woman in the whole Southwest ... County.

DOG: His Dog.

HAIRY MAN: His Fear, Our Fear, All Fear ... but this time it's for real.

CHORUS: Creatures of the Swamp and the Embodiment of Magic. Scored for four but may be more or less.

*Please see page 69 for an additional note about this character's name.

TIME

Then or now.

PLACE

Anywhere there are Swamps.

And Magic.

And Small Frightened Boys.

CHARACTER NOTE

Many things have changed over the past 40 years, not the least of which is an increased political and cultural sensitivity to language. In the original folktale, first set down in *A Treasury of American Folklore*, a collection of stories dating back to the 1930s, Wiley's mother was called Mammy. This was a reflection of a long history of southern folklore and a rich tradition of tales from Appalachia and beyond. The term did not carry the same pejorative weight of racism that it does today.

For 40 years and countless productions, this character has been called Mammy in my play, as well. But in some communities and contexts, this term is offensive, and so I hereby give permission to any potential producer to change the name to Momma, if you feel it will be better for your production to do so. This is also a matter of casting. The term resonates differently depending on the race or the combination of races in a rich multicultural cast. This is a decision that EVERY production team should make for themselves, which is why I have not arbitrarily changed the name for this version. This discussion is simply too important to be circumvented by my choice.

I believe that unexamined or “accidental” racism is as pernicious as intentional bigotry. So I encourage the conversation about how language can hurt or heal to take place in production teams, classrooms, families and communities with children and adults. Then make the choice of character name that suits your community and your production best.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. The Nightmare	11
2. Conjure Woman	18
3. Slobber Dog / Chase #1	21
4. The Swamp	23
5. Hairy Man's A Comin' #1	26
6. Conjure Man	32
7. When the Hairy Man Gets Mad	35
8. The Book	40
9. Bigger Than Me	43
10. Hairy Man's A Comin' #2	45
11. When the Hairy Man Gets Mad (Reprise)	48
12. Chase #2	50
13. Gonna Get Wiley	52
14. Hairy Man's A Comin' #3	54
15. Chase #3	55
16. Hairy Man's A Comin' #4	57
17. Bring It On	60
18. The Final Showdown	64
19. Smart	66
20. Nightmare ... Not!	68

Wiley and the Hairy Man

(As the audience enters, they find themselves in the gloomy mysterious atmosphere of the swamp. The lights are dim and cast strange shadows. Music begins dark and strange as it underscores WILEY's nightmare.)

(#1: "The Nightmare")

(WILEY sleeps fitfully in a shaft of light DC. Dark shapeless figures begin to move and distinguish themselves from the set.

CHORUS I and II run pell-mell, crisscrossing the stage, and disappear.)

CHORUS I & CHORUS II. Wiiiiiiiley ...

Wiiiiiiiley ...

Wiiiiiiiley ...

Wiiiiiiley ...

(Suddenly, WILEY sits bolt upright, his eyes wide with terror. He is still asleep, and we are caught inside his dream. CHORUS III and IV appear from the shadows.)

CHORUS III & IV. Look out, Wiley!

Wiiiiiiiiiiiley ...

Wiiiiiiiiiley ...

(WILEY tries to run in one direction, but CHORUS members block his way.)

CHORUS I & II. He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

(WILEY turns and tries to run in another direction, only to be blocked again.)

CHORUS III & IV. Look out, Wiley!

Wake up, Wiley!

CHORUS III. Haaaaairy Man ...

CHORUS I. ... Wiiiiiley.

(WILEY tries to run but can only move in slow motion.)

CHORUS III & IV. He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

CHORUS II. WAKE UP, WILEY!

CHORUS I & IV. He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

(CHORUS members come together making a large menacing shape or shadow. WILEY tries to get away from them, but they seem to be everywhere.)

CHORUS I & III. He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

(From far upstage, a shrouded FIGURE with a candle enters and slowly walks toward WILEY.)

CHORUS II & IV. Haaaaairy Man!

CHORUS III. He done got your Pappy and he's gonna get you!

CHORUS II. Look out, Wiley.

CHORUS IV. Wake up, Wiley.

CHORUS I. Lookee there, Wiley ...

(CHORUS builds into a cacophony.)

ALL CHORUS. Haaairy Man! HAAAIRY MAN! HAAA-
IRY MAAAAAANNN!

(CHORUS moves him toward his bed. He eventually tumbles, in slow motion, onto the bed and under the covers. The FIGURE crosses to the bed.)

FIGURE. Wiley!

CHORUS I *(echo)*. Wiiiiiiiley ...

(FIGURE hovers over the bed as CHORUS moves around it.)

FIGURE. WILEY! Wake up, Wiley!

(Nightmare sounds out.

WILEY wakes up with a jolt, sees the FIGURE and dives beneath the covers with his bottom in the air.)

WILEY. Go 'way, Hairy Man. Leave me alone, Hairy Man.
Don't touch me, Hairy Man!

MAMMY *(taking off the hood)*. I ain't no Hairy Man. I is
your Mammy!

(MAMMY punctuates her sentence with a swat on WILEY's rear.)

WILEY *(up and rubbing his bottom)*. Owweeeee. That sure
is my Mammy.

MAMMY. Wiley, you was just havin' a bad dream.

WILEY. I saw him. I saw the Hairy Man and he was comin'
for me. I was trying to run but I couldn't, and there I was,
starin' right into the Hairy Man's hairy eyeball.

MAMMY. You ain't got no cause to fear. There ain't no Hairy
Man not nowheres near.

WILEY. But I saw him! I saw his hairy hands, and his hairy teeth, and his horrible hairy breath.

MAMMY. You know your Mammy's got more magic than any old Hairy Man.

WILEY. But he done got my Pappy and ...

MAMMY. Looks like I gotta to do a magic spell to get that Hairy Man outta your head.

(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY *(cont'd, conjuring)*. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his head. Go scare yourself a tree toad instead. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his eyes. Listen to me while I conjurize. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his mouth. Git away from here. Go way down south! *(Pause.)* Well, is he gone?

(CHORUS moves like a shadow.)

WILEY. What's that?

MAMMY. Just a shadow on the wall. Sun's comin' up, that's all.

(CHORUS turns threatening.)

WILEY. It's the Hairy Man.

MAMMY. I better hurry up the day and get some light in here.

(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY *(cont'd)*. Rumble, bumble, snider, rup. Sun, sun, hurry it up!

(CHORUS brings up the sun. CHORUS rooster crows.)

WILEY. What's that?

MAMMY. Jest some old rooster.

WILEY. It's the Hairy Man!

(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY. Beetle, tweedle, sneedle, sneak. Rooster, rooster, shut your beak!

(CHORUS stops mid-crow.)

WILEY. I'm gonna get my Dog and bring him right here in bed with me!

MAMMY. You are gonna do no such thing.

WILEY. But the Hairy Man cain't stand no Dogs, everybody knows that.

MAMMY. Wiley, I am the best conjure woman in the whole southwest county. I kin make the sun come up and the moon go down. I kin do spells, an' conjures, an' charms, an' chants; I kin cure a cold or heal a wart 50 miles away. But there are two things I cannot do; I cannot get that fear outta your head, and I cannot stand that Dog slobbering up my house!

WILEY. Mammy, how did the Hairy Man git my Pappy?

MAMMY. He just did, Wiley.

WILEY. People say my Pappy was a bad man and a no count.

MAMMY. People say.

WILEY. People say he slept while the weeds grew higher than the cotton, that he used to git himself hog drunk and chicken wild, and that he never even spit lessen someone else did it for him.

MAMMY. People say.

WILEY. Was my Pappy a bad man?

MAMMY *(with respect)*. Wiley, he was your Pappy!

WILEY. But people say he'd never cross the Jordan, 'cause when he died the Hairy Man'd be there waitin' for him.

MAMMY. When he fell into the river near Tombigbe ... they never did find him. They jest heard a big man laughin' across the river.

WILEY. Do I gotta go to the swamp today?

MAMMY. You have got to build a hound house for that Dog of yours.

WILEY. I'm jest gonna sit here and do nothin' jest like my Pappy.

MAMMY (*angry*). Wiley, don't you ever say that! Now get yourself up and wash.

(WILEY dives back under the covers.)

WILEY. I'm tired. That Hairy Man scared all the restin' outta me.

(MAMMY crosses into the kitchen.)

MAMMY. Breakfast ...

(Conjure sounds. She conjures.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Ashes, embers, soot on my face. Make me right there a fireplace.

(CHORUS forms a fireplace with a cauldron.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Wiley, I want to hear feet on that floor and washin' in those ears right now!

WILEY (*in a gruff voice*). There ain't no Wiley here. He's been ete all up by the Hairy Man.

MAMMY. I ain't foolin'.

WILEY (*lumping about*). I tol' you, Mammy, there ain't no Wiley here. Jest an old ugly Hairy Man with 14 toes and a bone in his nose.

MAMMY. You get up and put on your clothes!

WILEY. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, comin' through the trees; stampin' and a squishin' everything he sees. (*Realizing what he has just said.*) Hairy Man?

(WILEY dives under the covers.)

MAMMY. What are you doing?

WILEY (*in a small voice*). I jest skeered myself all over again.

MAMMY. There is only one way to get you outta that bed, and boy you asked for it!

(MAMMY storms in and douses WILEY with a wash basin of water.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Now git up!

WILEY. I am up, I'm up, I'm up!!!

(MAMMY scrubs him with a cloth.)

MAMMY. I swear you are the dirtiest boy I ever laid eyes on. Open up them ears. Hold still.

Now come eat!

(MAMMY returns to the kitchen.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Now where was I? Breakfast.

(Conjure sounds. She conjures.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Pot, pot, get yourself hot!

(CHORUS/cauldron make bubbling sounds. WILEY enters kitchen.)

WILEY. Mammy, I think tomorrow's a better day for goin' to the swamp.

MAMMY. No! Today is the day. I told you that. But maybe after breakfast I ought to teach you a conjure or two to keep you safe from the Hairy Man.

WILEY. You know I ain't no good at conjurin' no way no how.

MAMMY. Wiley, you hesh and come here now.

(MAMMY sits WILEY down and hands him a bowl of breakfast she has scooped from the cauldron.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Wiley, you knows I's the best, the best conjure woman in the whole southwest county.

(#2: “Conjure Woman”)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). But I used to be skeered, just like you.

Now you eat your breakfast and listen to me good!

WHEN I WAS A GIRL I WAS SCARED OF THE WORLD.

I SAW MONSTERS AND BEASTS ALL AROUND

I'D TREMBLE AND QUAKE, I'D SHIVER AND SHAKE

WHEN I'D HEAR THE TINIEST SOUND.

MY MAMMY WOULD WRAP HER ARMS AROUND ME

AND I'D WHIMPER, “OH, WHAT CAN I DO?”

SHE TOLD ME THERE WAS JUST ONE WAY OUT,

I SHOULD BECOME A CONJURER TOO.

SEE MY MAMMY—OH WILEY—

SHE WAS SOMETHING ELSE,

SHE COULD TURN THE OCEAN TO STONE.

SHE COULD CONJURE THE MOON,

SHE COULD CONJURE THE WIND,

SHE COULD CONJURE A FEAST FROM A BONE.

SHE TAUGHT ME TO LOOK AT A RATTLESNAKE

AND FREEZE HIM WITH MY ICY STARE.

SHE SHOWED ME A SNAP OF MY FINGERS

COULD MAKE IT LIKE I WASN'T THERE.

I'M THE BEST,

CHORUS.

YES, THE BEST.

MAMMY.

THE BEST CONJURE WOMAN AROUND!

MAMMY & CHORUS.

YOUR MAMMY'S THE BEST
IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST,

MAMMY.

A CONJURING WOMAN I AM.

She promised one day I would conjure like her. You know
what? She was right ... I CAN!!!

I'M THE BEST

MAMMY & CHORUS.

YES, THE BEST!

MAMMY.

THE BEST CONJURE WOMAN AROUND!

MAMMY & CHORUS.

YOUR MAMMY'S THE BEST
IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST,

MAMMY.

A CONJURIN' WOMAN I AM.

(Music out.)

WILEY. You is what you is,

but I ain't what I ain't.

I know what I can do,

and I know what I cain't!

MAMMY. You are my son and my only child and you are gon-
na learn. This here's a spell for changin' stickers and prickers
and bonkers and briars into rubber so they cain't hurt you.

WILEY. I cain't learn it.

MAMMY. It jest goes ... "Chip, chop, chum, blubber. Turn
this tree trunk into rubber.

WILEY (*carelessly*). Chip, champ, chomp, grubber, blubber, drubber, scrubber, flubber ...

MAMMY (*furious*). Wiley! You gotta listen to the conjure words, 'cause when they are outta your mouth there ain't no takin' them back!

WILEY. But I cain't keep it all in my head. Powders, 'n potions, 'n magic, 'n charms. An' raising' the spirits, 'n wavin' my arms. An' screechin', an' stampin', an' mutterin' low! I jest cain't do it, the answer is no!

MAMMY. Well someday you gotta learn.

WILEY. Well someday ain't today!

MAMMY. You better get yourself goin', ya hear? If'n you take your hound Dog, you got nothin' to fear.

WILEY. 'Cause the Hairy Man sure can't stand no Dogs.

MAMMY. Everybody knows that.

(MAMMY hands him a small bag.)

MAMMY (*cont'd*). Take this here bag. It's got some magic on it. It'll catch up the wind and hold it for you till you let it go.

WILEY (*taking the bag*). Thanks, Mammy.

(WILEY turns to go.)

MAMMY. And Wiley, take some of this here powder. Jest a pinch will make every livin' creature your friend ... except the Hairy Man.

WILEY (*taking the powder*). Thanks, Mammy.

(WILEY turns to go.)

MAMMY. And Wiley? You be sure to take your hound Dog.

WILEY. Yasum ... YASUM!

(WILEY crosses out of the house, and MAMMY watches.)

MAMMY (*muttering to herself*). He done got his Pappy.

CHORUS I & II. Said Mammy, said she ...

MAMMY. And he better be keerful ...

WILEY. Or he's gonna get me.

(As WILEY crosses, MAMMY exits.)

CHORUS IV. So Wiley ...

CHORUS II & III. Wherever he goes ...

CHORUS I. Takes his Dog.

WILEY (*calling*). Dog!

CHORUS IV. 'Cause the Hairy Man sure cain't stand no dogs ...

CHORUS I & III. Everybody knows that. Everybody knows that.

(WILEY whistles, and DOG enters. He is a big sloppy bloodhound. He is old but not geriatric.)

(#3: "Slobber Dog / Chase #1")

(WILEY scratches DOG's ears, and DOG's back leg banjos. WILEY scratches DOG's back, and DOG shakes his head from side to side, slobbering all over WILEY. Maybe they do a little slobber dance together.)

WILEY. Ewwwww! You slobbered me from head to toe.

Come on, boy. We've got to go.

(DOG keels over and goes to sleep.)

WILEY (*cont'd*). We got no time for sleeping in the sun!
Come on, Dog, let's have some fun.

(DOG opens one eye.)

WILEY (*cont'd*). Fetch, Dog, fetch!