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The Beverly Hillbillies, The Musical

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The Beverly Hillbillies, The Musical

Book by
AMANDA ROGERS

Music and lyrics by
GREGG OPELKA

Based on the television show by
PAUL HENNING

Dramatic Publishing Company
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Book by AMANDA ROGERS

Music and lyrics by GREGG OPELKA

Based upon the work *The Beverly Hillbillies*

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(THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, THE MUSICAL)

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The Beverly Hillbillies, The Musical

CHARACTERS

ELLY MAY CLAMPETT: 17-year-old daughter of Jed Clampett. She is innocent but tough.

JED CLAMPETT: a hill man in his 50s from the Ozarks.

GRANNY MOSES: an ancient hill woman from the Ozarks and Jed's mother-in-law.

JETHRO BODINE: a huge, strapping young man around 20. He is more brawny than brainy.

JANE HATHAWAY: Mr. Drysdale's invaluable assistant at the bank and Elly May's mentor.

MILBURN DRYSDALE: president of First Commerce Bank. He has never met a dollar he didn't like.

JUSTIN ADDISON: an upper-crust, young L.A. man. He is a handsome, 18-year-old bad boy.

TIFFANY MERIWETHER: an upper-crust, young L.A. woman. She is Justin's friend and also 18 years old.

JUDITH VON VANDERCAMP: a Beverly Hills socialite in her 50s.

LYLE: a simple pig farmer in the Ozarks and Elly May's intended. He is about 18-20 years old.

COUSIN PEARL: Jethro's mother, a hill woman just like Granny except she can read and write. She is 45-55 years old.

OTHERS: Includes Hank, locals, cops, party guests, etc.

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The Beverly Hillbillies, The Musical

ACT I

SCENE 1

SCENE: *The Clampetts' cabin in the Ozark Mountains. The curtain opens only far enough to reveal a small set placed in front of the main set. It is the front porch of a crude but comfortable cabin, cluttered with firewood, an old-fashioned rocking chair and a butter churn. On a table DR is a homemade bench with some wood and whittling tools laid on it. A window C is covered by burlap material, which prevents us from seeing inside the cabin. The porch sits R. Just left of it is a truck, half-loaded with the family belongings. Nearby stands a large "dreamin' tree." The rest of the stage is open to represent the spacious farmland they live on.*

TIME: *The good old days of the 1960s.*

(#1: "We're Movin' West")

AT RISE: *Music plays. JED CLAMPETT, a tall and honest but naïve middle-aged man, stands on the porch supervising the loading of the truck. Sitting beside him in the rocking chair is GRANNY MOSES, a spry, snippy elderly lady. Also, there is COUSIN PEARL, who is the most educated and "citized" of the Clampetts, which doesn't make her too smart, but she can read and write. A few other actors stand in as "town folk." JETHRO BODINE, fantastically strong but not too bright, enters from the cabin holding fishing poles that he loads onto the truck.*

JED. Now, Jethro, you be careful with them poles, we be fishin' fer our supper till we git the lay of the land.

JETHRO. Yes, Uncle Jed.

(JETHRO continues loading the truck as HANK, a local townsman, enters, possibly followed by a small group of locals.)

HANK. Whut's goin' on, Jed?

JED. We's movin', Hank.

HANK. Movin'?

JED. Cain't stay here. I got me too much money now. I got t' go where all them fancy, rich people live.

HANK. Ya mean Hog Wash Falls?

JED. No, Hank ...

WE'RE MOVIN' WEST
TO CALIFORNY.
BETTER CLEAN MY VEST
'FORE THE TRAV'LIN' STARTS.
PACK THE FRYIN' PANS AND RIFLES,
PACK YORE PETTICOATS AND TRIFLES
'CAUSE WE'RE CLEARIN' OUT O' THESE HERE
OZARK PARTS.

HANK. Californy?!

JETHRO. Hot dog, that's right!

JED. A place called, uh ... called ... Pearl!?

PEARL. Beverly Hills, Jed, Beverly Hills! Where all them movie stars live!

ALL *(except GRANNY)*.

GONNA HAVE A NEW LIFE IN CALIFORNY.

PEARL & TOWNSWOMEN.

GONNA HAVE A HOUSE FULL OF THIS-ES AND OF THATS.

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

GONNA WALK A NEW ROAD THAT AIN'T SO
THORNY.

JETHRO.

YEE-HAW!

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

GONNA HAVE A BRAND-NEW PLACE TO HANG
OUR HATS!

HANK. How'd ya git so rich, Jed?

JED. Why a city feller done come by, wantin' to buy the land.

Said it was plum full o' thick, black, greasy oil.

HANK. An' he bought it anyways? Must be a damn fool.

JETHRO (*joining them*). Then Maw loaned 'em her truck and
loaned *me* t' drive it!

HANK. But you be missin' school, Jethro.

JETHRO. It don't matter. They ain't strict in the sixth grade.

JED (*laughing*). It all happ'n'd so fast I swear I dunno whut
I'm doin'.

PEARL.

YORE MOVIN' WEST

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

TO CALIFORNY.

JED.

BUILD A BETTER NEST FROM A SOFTER DOWN.

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

FROM A SOFTER DOWN

JED.

CALL ME CRAZY, CALL ME CRACKPOT,
BUT JED CLAMPETT HIT THE JACKPOT

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

AND I'M/YORE MOVIN' WEST FROM THIS HERE
OZARK TOWN.

JED. Give me a hand, will ya', Hank!

(HANK helps JED load some barrels into the truck, along with the rest of the group of townspeople as lights fade out on them and up on ELLY MAY CLAMPETT. She is wearing pants and a shirt that do not conceal the fact she is a beautiful woman. A real tomboy, she is completely unaware of her beautiful face and figure. She sits in a tree with LYLE, a young and simple pig farmer. The music changes and underscores the following.)

ELLY MAY (*explaining*). It's a new kinda money, Lyle.

LYLE. Well, Elly May, I heer'd o' gold dollars, silver dollars an' paper dollars, but I ain't never heer'd a ... now whut'd you call 'em?

ELLY MAY. *Mill-yun* dollars.

LYLE (*laughs*). Sounds to me like yore pa got slickered, Elly May.

ELLY MAY. No, Lyle. The man said we's gonna git a hundred of these new kinda dollars an' be rich.

LYLE. Well, I dunno why you'd wanna be rich. We already got all the important thangs, an' most of it don't cost one penny.

ELLY MAY. But Lyle, say we's wanted to go travelin' you an' me and see the world.

LYLE (*plain and simple*). Travelin'? Elly May, yore gonna be the wife of a pig farmer one day, perty soon. And together we be devotin' our lives to raisin' healthy, God-fearin' pigs.

ELLY MAY. I know, Lyle.

LYLE.

WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE BUG TUSSELE
WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING THAT WE NEED.
JUST A HILL GIRL IN LOVE
WITH A HILL BOY IN LOVE
AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF PIGS TO FEED.

(ELLY MAY looks up at the sky.)

LYLE *(cont'd)*. Whatcha lookin' at Elly May?

ELLY MAY. See that cloud? *(Pointing up.)* Don't it look like a boat? *(Pointing.)* Look, that there's the poofy sail on top. See it? Lookin' like it's ready t' set out t' sea.

LYLE *(stretching his neck to see)*. Looks like a cloud t' me.

ELLY MAY. Well, not t' me.

LYLE. Say, Elly May, whut's this? *(Touches a hidden part of a tree branch.)* You bin carvin' on this here tree? *(Upset.)* And who's B.H.?

ELLY MAY *(looking at it)*. Gosh, Lyle, I dunno. I swear I ain't ever seen that 'fore. *(Swooning.)* It's awful romantic tho, carvin' someone's initials in a tree.

LYLE. Why I got *me* romance, Elly May. I shore do! I'll show ya. Be right back!

(LYLE rushes down the tree and runs offstage.)

ELLY MAY. Maw? Maw, ya there? I climbed up in the dreamin' tree today t' do some dreamin'. Paw always says you used t' come up here an' dream 'bout big thangs. So, I done me the same. I guess ya heer'd 'bout the money. I know I don't need nothin', Maw, but when I heer'd we wuz rich, I thought maybe me an' Lyle could go explore the world

a teeny bit. See whut's out there. Maw, he don't understand whut my eyes are seein.' I watch them clouds scoot on by, an' I wunder where on earth them clouds is goin'.

THERE I SAT IN THE DREAMIN' TREE JUST A
DREAMIN',
WATCHIN' CLOUDS DRIFT BY AND
SEEMED LIKE YOU WAS RIGHT THERE WITH ME
JUST THE WAY THAT A MAW AND HER DAUGHTER
OUGHTER BE.

(Spoken.) I need help, Maw.

MAW, AM I DOIN' THE RIGHT THING MARRYIN' LYLE?
HE'S GOOD WITH THE PIGS AND THE HOGS
AND HE MAKES ME SMILE.
BUT MAW, THERE'S A WORLD OUT THERE
JUST A-CALLIN' OUT TO ME,
AND I'M DANGED IF I'M GONNA BE NINETY-FIVE
STILL SITTIN' IN SOME DREAMIN' TREE.

SO MAW, IF YORE THERE AND YORE LIST'NIN' TO
ME WHINE,
COULD YA RUSTLE A TWIG
COULD YA GIVE ME SOME KIND O' SIGN
SO I MIGHT KNOW THAT
THIS IS WHAT IS MEANT TO BE.
AM I TIED UP OR AM I FREE?
OH TELL ME, MAW, WHAT ROAD IS RIGHT FER ME?

(The music changes back. Lights fade out on ELLY MAY and come back up on the area in front of the cabin.)

JED. Granny, ya best pack yore rifle. If there ain't no fish we may have to go huntin' possum.

GRANNY. My rifle ain't leavin' my bed and my bed ain't leavin' Bug Tussle.

IF THE GOOD LORD WANTED ME IN CALIFORNY,
HE'D A PUT ME THAYER.
SO I AIN'T GONNA BUDGE. NO, I AIN'T GONNA STIR.
I'M STICKIN' IN MY ROCKIN' CHAIR.

JED. Now, Granny ...

(ELLY MAY comes running on.)

ELLY MAY *(looking around at all the activity)*. Paw, whut's goin' on?

JED *(to ELLY MAY)*. Well, Elly May, looks like we's movin' to a place called—

PEARL *(jumping in)*. Beverly Hills, Californy!

GRANNY. 'Cept I ain't budgin'.

JED. Granny ain't too fond of this here idear.

ELLY MAY. Beverly Hills? B ... H! Why Paw, that's what them initials Maw carved up into the dreamin' tree said. B.H. fer Beverly Hills!

JED. Aw, Elly May, B.H. stood for Bud Heffelfinger. That was yore Maw's childhood crush.

ELLY MAY. No, Paw. Don't ya see? It's a sign from Maw! *(Goes to GRANNY.)* Granny, Maw's wantin' me t' go to Beverly Hills. An' I know she'd want *you* there watchin' over me.

JETHRO. Truck's a-hummin'.

PEARL. Sun's a settin'.

ELLY MAY. Please, Granny.

GRANNY *(looking at ELLY MAY)*. Oh, horsefeathers!

WE'RE MOVIN' WEST TO CALIFORNY.

RECKON I KNOW BEST HOW TO RULE THIS CLAN.

WE'RE A "STICK-THROUGH-THICK-AND-THIN" FOLK,
AND SINCE YORE MY ONLY KINFOLK,

IF YORE MOVIN' WEST, I'D BEST GET WITH THE PLAN.

ELLY MAY. See Paw, we's s'posed t' go! It's whut Maw planned all along!

WE'RE MOVIN' WEST

TO CALIFORNY.
HOW CAN I PROTEST?
HOW CAN I BE GLUM?
MY DEAR MAW SAT IN THAT DREAMIN' TREE
AND CARVED IT OUT FOR ALL TO SEE
SO LOOK OUT, CALIFORNY, HERE WE COME!

ALL.

WE'RE MOVIN' WEST TO CALIFORNY.
AND WE'RE FEELIN' BLEST.
HOPE IS IN OUR HEARTS.
LAND OF FANCY CARS AND MOVIE STARS
AND ALL OF IT WILL SOON BE OURS,
WE'RE MOVIN' WEST.

(LYLE rushes on carrying a big bouquet of flowers. The truck is already pulling away, and he runs alongside it.)

LYLE. Where y'all goin'?

ALL *(except ELLY MAY and LYLE)*.
WE'RE PACKIN' UP

ELLY MAY. I'll be back, Lyle!

ALL *(except ELLY MAY and LYLE)*.
WE'RE DRIVIN' OFF

LYLE. When?

ALL *(except ELLY MAY and LYLE)*.
WE'RE CLEARIN' OUT.

ELLY MAY. I dunno!

ALL (*except LYLE*).

WE'RE MOVIN' WEST FROM THESE HERE OZARK
PARTS!
WE'RE MOVIN' WEST!

SCENE 2

(As the curtain closes on Scene 1, an impressive front door comes in with it from DR. The door is on rollers and can be pushed from behind. It is placed DR a little way toward C. It gives the effect of being the entrance to a magnificent mansion and should be as elaborate as possible ... probably a double door, and it might even have ornamental shrubs at the sides. As this piece comes on, MILBURN DRYSDALE and JANE HATHAWAY enter from DR. He is a dignified, conservatively dressed man. She is an old-maid type secretary, neatly, if severely, dressed.)

DRYSDALE. Now remember, Miss Hathaway, with Jed Clampett's 100 million, Commerce Bank has more cold, hard cash than any other bank in Beverly Hills! So, I want you to do *whatever* it takes to make Jed Clampett feel welcome. You, uh, (*Delicately.*) know what I mean?

JANE. Well, chief, I am afraid I made a vow years ago, due to a ... how shall we say, overwhelming response to my feminine wiles, to never again employ the temptress within me ...

DRYSDALE. Buy him a fruit basket, Miss Hathaway.

JANE. I see. Of course, chief.

(She jots that down in her notes as the sound of JETHRO's truck is heard.)

JANE (*cont'd*). What is that incredible noise?

DRYSDALE (*as they look off L*). It looks like an old truck ...

JANE. I would venture to guess, a garbage collector.

(JED enters. Followed by JETHRO, ELLY MAY and GRANNY.)

DRYSDALE *(to JED)*. You must be the gardener. We would certainly appreciate it if you ... *(Looking at the others.)* and your crew work quickly. The Clampetts are due to arrive any minute.

JED. Well ain't that sump'n! Yore waitin' fer Jed Clampett an' talkin' to 'em at the same time!

DRYSDALE *(in shock)*. You're Jed Clampett?

JED *(introducing her)*. And this here's my mother-in-law, Granny Moses. An' my nephew, Jethro.

(GRANNY nods. JETHRO waves.)

JED. An' this here's my young'un, Elly May.

ELLY MAY. Howdy!

DRYSDALE *(recovering quickly)*. Yes, well I'm Milburn Drysdale.

JED. I reckon you must be the banker we done heard about?

DRYSDALE. Indeed I am. And what's more, I'm your neighbor.

JED. And this must be the little missus.

(JED removes his hat.)

JANE. Oh, dear no.

DRYSDALE. No, my wife is on a weeklong cruise in the Caribbean. This is my secretary, Miss Hathaway.

JANE. Greetings! Salutations! *Bonjour!*

(DRYSDALE elbows her.)

JANE (*cont'd*). Howdy ... doo.

(*GRANNY kneels, picks up some soil and tastes it.*)

GRANNY. This here's dandy soil, Jed. We kin grow us a good stand o' corn here.

JED. Fine. We'll commence plowin' tomorrow.

DRYSDALE. But you can't grow corn here.

JED. Now, don't you worry. If Granny says it's good soil, it's good soil.

(*JETHRO looks over the edge of the stage, as if into water.*)

JETHRO. An' looky here, Granny! A right nice ceement pond. An' it's close by fer you to fish.

DRYSDALE. There's no fish in there.

GRANNY. That's whut they tole me 'bout Pig Wallow Crik, but I found 'em.

DRYSDALE. Yes ... but this is ... uh ... that is ... uh ...
(*Giving up.*) Oh, why don't we look around inside?

(The curtain opens on the reception room of the mansion. This should be as elegant a room as possible. The front door remains DR of C, and all the entrances to the house are made through this door. As the curtain opens, the CLAMPETTS, DRYSDALE and JANE all move through the front door, into the room.

In the mansion, there is a door R, leading to the drawing room and a door opposite, L, leading to the dining room and kitchen beyond. URC, an archway leads to a hall and stairs, which may or may not be visible, and the upstairs. UC there is an elegant pier table, with a vase of flowers. There are two small chairs and a table forming a conversation group.

There can be other decorations and furniture, but not much as this is an entrance hall. If possible, a crystal chandelier hangs C. Whatever furniture there is should look expensive.

They slowly walk in, look around them—not quite sure what to make of it all.)

JED. Well, I'll be.

JETHRO. Hot dog!

ELLY MAY. This here's the biggest bunch of indoors I ever did see!

(JETHRO and ELLY MAY run around the room, peeking through doors, examining everything.)

GRANNY *(unimpressed)*. Hmff! Not whut you'd call cozy. An' them chairs is right spindly. If Jethro set on 'em they'd be kindlin' wood.

DRYSDALE. They're valuable antiques. They were once in Windsor Castle. Henry the Eighth may have sat on them.

GRANNY. Musta been skinnier than Jethro.

JED *(kindly)*. Mr. Drysdale, it's all right, we're jes' plain folks. We don' mind a few thangs bein' secondhand.

GRANNY *(looking around)*. Ain't no stove. I guess I got t' go t' cookin' out back agin.

JANE *(pointing L)*. There's a kitchen out there, and I completely stocked the freezer for you.

GRANNY. I like to cook in the settin' room so's I don't miss nothin'.

JED. Never mind, Granny. We kin move the stove out here.

JANE. Come look at it first, Granny. You'll love it. It's a Whirlpool.

ELLY. A whirl pool! Jethro, we kin go swimmin' in the kitchen!

JETHRO. Hot dog!

(ELLY exits L, followed by JETHRO.)

DRYSDALE. I suppose this is quite different from your former home.

GRANNY. Well, I roughed it b'fore, guess I kin rough it agin.

(GRANNY exits L with JANE.)

JED. Don't you fret none, Mr. Drysdale, This ain't real home-like, but we'll get used to it. I know you tried yore best.

DRYSDALE. Yes, indeed. I worked Miss Hathaway's fingers to the bone, because, well ... I care, Mr. Clampett.

(#2: “Whatever Is Good for You Is Great for Me”)

DRYSDALE *(cont'd)*.

I JUST WANT WHAT'S BEST
FOR YOU AND ALL THOSE MILLIONS.
'CAUSE MY MIDDLE NAME IS GENEROSITY.
I'VE GOTTA CONFESS, MY FRIEND,
I'M WITH YA TILL THE END,
WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR YOU IS GREAT FOR ME.

JUST LOOK AT THAT TABLE.
IT CAME FROM VERSAILLES.
I'LL BETCHA NAPOLEON ONCE TOSSED HIS HAT
THERE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE ONCE SAT THERE.
I THINK YOU'LL AGREE I'M YOURS FINANCIALLY
WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR YOU IS GREAT FOR ME.

(GRANNY enters L, JETHRO and JANE behind her.)

GRANNY. Jed! Cain't start the stove. Cain't find a wood box no place.

JED. Jethro, git the axe from the truck and chop Granny some firewood.

(GRANNY exits L.)

JETHRO. Yes, Uncle Jed. *(Starting to the door DR.)* I saw some dead trees outside, purt near as high as this house.

JANE. But she doesn't need wood for the stove.

JETHRO *(politely)*. I reckon yore one o' them career girls, Miss Hathaway. 'Pears to me, you don't know much 'bout cookin'.

(JETHRO goes through the front door then off L. JANE goes back to the kitchen.)

DRYSDALE.

I'M MORE THAN YOUR BANKER.
I'M YOUR CLOSEST FRIEND,
WHO COUNTS EVERY DOLLAR, NICKEL, DIME,
AND PENNY.
YOU GET MOST BUT I GET MANY.
YES, SIR, MISTER C., IN PERPETUITY
WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR YOU IS GREAT FOR ME.

(Whistle solo/dance.)

DRYSDALE *(cont'd)*.

I BOUGHT YOU A KITCHEN,
A BIG, MODERN STOVE.
A BEAUTIFUL SWIMMING POOL FOR YOU TO
SPLASH IN.
JUST BE SURE YOU LEAVE YOUR CASH IN
MILLBURN DRYSDALE'S BANK.
FOR THAT'S THE WAY YOU THANK
A PERSON WHO'S GOOD FOR YOU AND GREAT
FOR—

I'VE GOTTA REPEAT.

I JUST WANT WHAT'S BEST
FOR YOU AND ALL THOSE MILLIONS.
FOR WHEN YOU INVEST,
YOU WANT SECURITY.
AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT. FOR, JED,
I'M WITH YA TILL YOU'RE DEAD.

(Spoken.) Not for many an interest-bearing year.

WHATEVER GIVES YOU A SMILE
GIVES ME A GRIN.
IF IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE,
THEN COUNT ME IN.
WHATEVER IS GOOD FOR YOU IS GREAT FOR ME.
ME!
*SO THE BOTTOM LINE IS THAT YOU'RE GREAT FOR
ME.*

*(ELLY MAY, carrying a tray of ice cubes, enters L, followed
by JANE.)*

ELLY MAY. Paw! You should see that there kitchen. It's got a icebox big enough fer a whole side o' beef. An' guess what keeps that great big thang cold?

JED. Whut?

ELLY MAY *(holding up ice tray)*. Three or four li'l' bitty ol' pans o' ice like this.

JED. Well, I'll be.

(JETHRO enters the mansion DR, carrying one or two logs and the top of a telephone pole with some wire still attached going toward the kitchen door.)

JETHRO *(calling)*. Granny! Got the firewood. Them dead trees was strung together with black ropes so if you cut one, the others kep' it from fallin'.

(He exits L to kitchen.)

JANE *(watching him go)*. Chief? Did I just see ... ? Was that a ... ?

DRYSDALE *(moving right along)*. Well, Miss Hathaway—next on the agenda?

JANE. But ... *(Pointing toward the kitchen.)*

DRYSDALE. Miss Hathaway ...

JANE. Yes, of course. *(She consults her list, clears her throat and addresses JED.)* Mr. Clampett, I want to assure you, that I am at your service, and I shall emulate the ant, ready to move mountains to help you and your family acclimate to your new domicile within this new social milieu.

JED *(slowly)*. Uh-huh.

(JETHRO re-enters from the kitchen followed by GRANNY.)

JANE. Now Jethro, I've made a list of social organizations you might be interested in ... all the young Beverly Hills bachelors belong ... there's the Beverly Hills tennis club, the equestrian club, the golf club and of course, polo.

GRANNY. Jethro ain't got no polio. He ain't bin sick a day in his life!

JANE. You misunderstand, Granny ...

GRANNY. 'Sides, Jethro won't be stayin' here long. That boy's got to be gettin' back t' Oxford where he goes t' school regular.

JANE & DRYSDALE. Oxford!

JANE. He attends Oxford University?

JED. Well, it's the school in Oxford. His paw went there too.

JANE. Oh, yes, the old school tie. I suppose he went to Eton as a boy.

JED. Jethro went to eatin' the minute he was born.

JANE. Of course. As soon as he was born his father matriculated him.

JED. I kinda think it was his maw.

JANE. Well, no matter. At any rate, he's an Eton man.

JED. That he is. As a matter of fact, Jethro won the eatin' championship.

JANE. How marvelous. What was he champion of?

JED. Eatin'.

JANE. Yes, I know. But what was it? Cricket?

JED. Oh, no, no. It was crawdad.

JANE. Crawdad?

JED. I don't think even Jethro'd eat crickets.

JANE. But ... but ...

DRYSDALE (*pointing to her notes*). If you'll please continue, Miss Hathaway ...

JANE. Fine. Well, I assure you, Granny, that by joining the polo club, Jethro will be associating with educated young men who will challenge his intellectual prowess.

JETHRO (*to GRANNY*). I got t' keep my brain t' clickin'. It'd be a shame t' let a intellect like mine git to rustin'.

GRANNY. Oh, suit yourself. But don't go t' showin' off.

JETHRO. Hot dog!

JANE. Jethro, I will personally teach you the finer moves of the sport. (*Turning to ELLY MAY*.) And Miss Elly May, the timing of your arrival in Beverly Hills could not be more perfect. The Debutante Ball is in three weeks.

ELLY MAY. Who's Debbie Tant, an' whut kinda ball's she throwin'? I can chuck a slug near two hundred yards.

JANE. No, the Debutante Ball is a formal dance.

ELLY MAY. Oh. So Debbie's one of them fancy girls? Well I ain't wearin' no fancy dress to go play ball with her.

JED. Now Elly May ...

JANE. The Debutante Ball is a rite of passage for a young lady—

DRYSDALE. Who's family is loaded—

JANE. Who has reached the age of maturity and, as a new adult, is introduced to her peers at a formal “debut” presentation. You are displayed to the finest people in high society.

JED. Well now, Elly May, might be a good thing fer ya.

ELLY MAY. Shoot, Paw, I don't like someone tellin' me I gotta wear me a fancy dress. T' ain't right.

GRANNY. Elly May seems like you got no choice. You've gone through all yore shirts but the one ya have on. You done popped all the buttons off 'em.

JED. Well Elly May carries herself proud ... with her shoulders throwed back.

GRANNY. It ain't her shoulders that's poppin' them buttons.

JED. Elly May, maybe Granny's right. You're gettin' too big to be wearin' men's duds. Yore a fully growed-up, rounded-out female woman an' yous ought to start dressin' like one.

ELLY MAY. Oh all right, Paw. But I ain't gonna like it.

(She crosses to the bay window and sulks.)

DRYSDALE. Well, Mr. Clampett, perhaps it is time to discuss financial matters in the *privacy* of the study?

JED. Good idea.

(DRYSDALE outstretches his hand to JED, who crosses in front of him, exiting through the archway toward the study.)

As DRYSDALE is about to follow him, JETHRO walks past his still extended arm.)

JETHRO. Good idea!

DRYSDALE. But ...

(Before he moves, GRANNY slips past him.)

GRANNY. I reckon you can come too, Mr. Drysdale.

(She walks through the archway as well. DRYSDALE shakes his head in frustration as he follows them out of the room. JANE approaches ELLY MAY, who sits slumped on the duvet.)

JANE. Would you mind standing up young lady, so I can get an accurate quantitative assessment of your dimensions?

(ELLY MAY stands. JANE walks around ELLY MAY—jotting things down in her notepad.)

JANE. Well, it appears to me you're ... *(Estimating.)* thirty-six ... twenty-six ... thirty-two.

ELLY MAY. Gosh no, ma'am, I'm only seventeen.

JANE. I was referring to your measurements. For your dress size.

ELLY MAY. My dress size? Back home I ain't never wore no dress. Shoot, I couldn't race Lyle to the crik in a dress. That's fer shore.

JANE. Is Lyle your dog?

ELLY MAY. No, ma'am. He's my fiancé.

JANE. Your fiancé? My! I had no idea.

ELLY MAY. Ya didn't have to. Lyle and me had the idea ourselves.

JANE. Well, where is Mr. Lyle now?

ELLY MAY. Back home with the pigs. An' I guess it weren't right fair, but I kinda left him in the lurch.

JANE. I see. Perhaps you got cold feet?

ELLY MAY (*checking her feet*). No, ma'am, theys fine.

JANE. My dear, you will meet so many eligible young men at the ball that Lyle and his porcine pets will be but a distant memory.

ELLY MAY. I ain't gonna fit in, Miss Jane.

(#3: “The Belle of the Debutante Ball”)

ELLY MAY (*cont'd*). Theys gonna be talkin' all puffy, lookin' all poofy, and dancin' all stuffy.

JANE. Why no, Elly May. The Debutante Ball won't be like that at all. It'll be magical.

YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A QUEEN AS YOU ENTER THE
ROOM,

AGLOW IN YOUR GLIMMERING GOWN.

YOUR HAIR WILL BE NOTICED AS WILL YOUR
PERFUME,

THE NEW GIRL WHO JUST CAME TO TOWN.

HOW THEY'LL OOH AND AH, OOH AND AH,
AND WON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

YOU'LL HEAR OOM-PA-PAH, OOM-PA-PAH
AS THE BAND STARTS TO PLAY.

(The music hits tempo.)

JANE (*cont'd*).

YOU'LL WALK THROUGH THE CROWD WITH
YOUR HEAD CARRIED HIGH,
A LADY OF WONDER AND GRACE.

AND TONGUES WILL BE WHISP'RING AS YOU
FLUTTER BY,

“JUST WHOSE IS THAT BEAUTIFUL FACE?”

AND THEY’LL SIGH A SIGH, SIGH A SIGH,
FOR THEY WON’T HAVE A CLUE
AND THEY’LL TRY AND TRY, VIE AND VIE TO
START DANCING WITH YOU.

AND SLOWLY YOU’LL CONQUER THEM ALL.
MISS ELLY MAY CLAMPETT, THE BELLE OF THE
DEBUTANTE BALL.

ELLY MAY. But Miss Jane, no one ever learned me how to
dance fancy b’fore!

JANE. Oh come on now. It’s easy. I’ll show you. Give me
your hand.

YOU JUST FOLLOW ME,
ONE, TWO, THREE.
SIMPLE MOVEMENTS ARE BEST.
NOW WE STEP AND GLIDE, SIDE TO SIDE.
LET YOUR FEET DO THE REST!

ELLY MAY. Hey, look, Miss Jane!

I’M DANCIN’, I’M PRANCIN’, I’M WALTZIN’ ON AIR.
MY FEET’S BARELY TOUCHIN’ THE FLOOR!
I’M SWIRLIN’, I’M TWIRLIN’. HEY LOOK AT MY
HAIR.
I’VE NEVER GONE FLOATIN’ BEFORE!

JANE.

IT’S JUST OOM-PA-PAH, OOM-PA-PAH.
IT’S AS EASY AS THAT.

ELLY MAY.

OR IT’S TRA-LA-LA, TRA-LA-LA
AND HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT!

Come on, Miss Jane!

(They dance.)

JANE.

YOU WILL CHARM THEM ALL.

ELLY MAY & JANE.

EVERYONE WILL FALL
FOR MISS ELLY MAY CLAMPETT,
THE BELLE OF THE DEBUTANTE BALL!

(There is a knock at the door, which was left ajar. In walks JUDITH VON VANDERCAMP, dressed Beverly Hills upscale with a large, gaudy, absurd-looking hat on her head.)

JUDITH. Hello?

ELLY MAY. Howdy!

JANE *(not happy)*. Judith.

JUDITH *(with equal disdain)*. Hello, Jane. *(Phony politeness.)*
And you must be Elly May.

ELLY MAY. Yes, ma'am. *(Staring at her hat.)* Well I'll be! If that ain't a hot-dogger of a hat.

JANE. Yes, a hot-dogger. Indubitably.

JUDITH *(touches her hat protectively)*. It's my newest creation from my fall line of hats. *(She looks ELLY MAY over, disgusted.)* I'm Judith von Vandercamp and not only do I own a successful hat business in town, but I sit on many boards in Beverly Hills.

ELLY MAY. Granny sat on many boards in Bug Tussle, but it warn't good for her piles.

JUDITH *(confused)*. Bug Tussle?

ELLY MAY. Yes, ma'am, that's where we comes from.

JUDITH. Sounds divine. Well one of my affiliations is with the Debutante Ball, and it's come to my attention that you are planning to attend, my dear.

ELLY MAY. Yes, ma'am.

JUDITH (*with a sinister smile*). Well, I'm sure you'll fit right in. In attendance this year will be the granddaughter of Lady Bird Johnson, the great niece of Golda Meir and Phyllis Diller's second cousin, once removed.

ELLY MAY. Gosh.

JUDITH. So, tell me Elly May, what is *your* lineage?

ELLY MAY. My "lineage?"

(*JED, JETHRO and GRANNY enter followed by DRYSDALE.*)

JED. Well, looky here. Seems we got us some company!

(*JED takes off his hat.*)

JUDITH. And whom might you be?

JED. Jed Clampett, ma'am. Elly May's paw.

JUDITH. I see. Well that explains everything. (*Formally.*) Miss Clampett, on behalf of the debutante committee I regret to inform you that you will not be eligible to attend the ball.

ELLY MAY. Why ain't I?

GRANNY. Yeah, why ain't she?

JUDITH. Only aristocratic young women from distinguished families are accepted. It's quite obvious by the look of things, the girl is a ...

GRANNY (*rolling up her sleeves*). A whut?

JUDITH (*distastefully*). A hillbilly.

GRANNY (*in her face*). We's all Americans Miss Vanderhoosy—'cept some of us look better in hats than others.

JANE (*stepping in between them*). Judith, Elly May is attending the ball because I spoke to the director, Lois Davenport, who, as you know, is in charge of the selection, and she has given us her full approval.

JUDITH. Well, I am head of the finance board, and we cannot jeopardize losing our donations because of a ...

DRYSDALE (*quickly*). I'll show you out, Ms. von Vandercamp.

JUDITH. She needs an escort, you know! And I am certain there is not a young man in all of Beverly Hills who will take an Ozark turnip to the most distinguished gathering of the year!

DRYSDALE (*hurries her out the door*). I'm sure this can all be sorted out.

JANE. Elly May will see you the night of the ball, Judith!

(JANE slams the door. ELLY MAY gives JANE a grateful hug as the lights fade in the mansion.)

JUDITH now stands in front of the mansion, alone.)

JUDITH (*a snide laugh*). I don't think so.

(#4: "All We Don't Need")

JUDITH (*cont'd*).

ELLY MAY, I COULD SAY
FIFTY THINGS TO RUIN YOUR DAY
AND EVERY ONE OF THEM WOULD BRING ME
BLISS.

BUT HONEY, LET'S JUST LEAVE IT AT THIS:

YOU WON'T BE GETTIN' YOUR THRILLS
OUT HERE IN BEVERLY HILLS.

YOU WON'T BE DANCIN' AT OUR BALL.

WE'VE GOT A STANDARD OR TWO

AND IF YOUR BLOOD ISN'T BLUE,

THEN WE'VE NO USE FOR YOU AT ALL.

HEY, LITTLE HILLBILLY, DON'T BE SAD.

YOU'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO GO:

BACK TO ALL YOUR CRITTERS AND YOUR KITH
AND KIN,
STRUMMIN' ON THAT GOD-FORSAKEN MANDOLIN.

I'VE ONLY ONE THING TO ADD:
TAKE GRANNY, JETHRO AND DAD,
AND GET THE HECK OUT OF THIS TOWN.
CUZ WE'RE NOT LOOKIN' FOR STRAYS
AND WITH YOUR HILLBILLY WAYS
YOU'LL MAKE A WRECK OUT OF THIS TOWN.

SO, DARLING ELLY MAY,
COME BACK ANOTHER DAY.
MAYBE IN A CENTURY OR TWO?
CUZ ALL WE DON'T NEED OUT HERE IS YOU!

(Musical interlude.)

JUDITH (*cont'd*). Who names their daughter “Elly May”?

(Musical interlude.)

JUDITH (*cont'd*). She thinks a rope is a belt!

THIS TOWN CAN ONLY HAVE ONE QUEEN BEE.
AND THAT QUEEN BEE IS ME!
SO IF YA WANNA LIVE UNTIL YOU'RE TWENTY-
FIVE,
BETTER LOOK FOR HONEY IN ANOTHER HIVE.
IF THAT'S TOO SUBTLE, MY DEAR,
LET ME BE PERFECTLY CLEAR:
PACK YOUR VALISE AND HIT THE TRAIL.
SOMETIMES YA JUST GOTTA SAY,
“IT'S TIME TO CALL IT A DAY.”
EVEN THE BEST OF US CAN FAIL.
YOU'LL BE A SOCIALITE,
ONCE YOU CAN READ AND WRITE.
LEARN THAT THING THEY CALL THE ALPHABET.

BUT HONEY, YOU'RE NOT THERE YET.
SO HONEY, DO NOT FORGET.

THE ONLY STATUS WE KNOW
IS THAT OLD STATUS CALLED "QUO."
WE DON'T GO KICKIN' APPLE CARTS.
WE LIKE THINGS PROPER AND PRIM.
WE DON'T GO OUT ON A LIMB.
WE DON'T LIKE NOUVEAU RICHE UPSTARTS.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR TIME TO BROWSE.
GO BACK TO MILKIN' COWS.
DO THAT LITTLE COUNTRY THING YOU DO.
CUZ ALL WE DON'T NEED OUT HERE
IS ONE SAD, DISGUSTING, GRIMY HILLBILLY,
YES, ALL WE DON'T NEED OUT HERE IS YOU!
TA-TA!

SCENE 3

(Lights up on JED. He is taking down off the wall a formal French portrait of Marie Antoinette, circa 1786. In its place, he hangs a big mounted fish. He steps back to admire it.

GRANNY and JETHRO enter from the kitchen.)

JED. Well, where've you two been this mornin'?

JETHRO. Why Granny was gonna cook me some stomach mash, but she ain't got no goat's milk.

JED. Well, I reckon Jethro can borrow some. Well-to-do neighborhood like this. Folks are bound to keep goats.

GRANNY. Ev'rybody 'cept us. We ain't even got a cow.

JETHRO. Nor pigs, neither.

GRANNY. Nor chickens.

JETHRO. We ain't even got nothin' to pull a plow.

GRANNY. Yore s'pposed to be so dang blame rich, I bet we's the only family in Beverly Hills that ain't got a mule.

JED. Well, I been thinkin' it's about high time I bought me some cattle. Even Mr. Drysdale's been tellin' me to put my money in stock.

GRANNY. Well, good fer him.

(Doorbell rings a little tune.)

JETHRO. Uncle Jed ... Did ya hear that? Someone's playin' with sum bells.

JED. I done heard that too.

(The doorbell rings again.)

JETHRO. There it goes agin! Uncle Jed, we best go 'vestigate where that sound's a-comin' from.

DRYSDALE *(from offstage)*. Hello?

JED. Well, I cain't just now, someone's at the door.

(JED opens the door. DRYSDALE is there with TIFFANY MERIWETHER, a young woman, poised and pretty and perfectly coiffed.)

JED. Why, Mr. Drysdale, I warn't 'specting you. An' looky here, ya brought a friend.

DRYSDALE. Yes, I'd like you to meet Tiffany Meriwether. She's here to see Elly May.

TIFFANY. It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Clampett.

(JETHRO takes off his hat and gets up close to her.)

JETHRO. It's a pleasure t' meet you too! A doggone mighty fine pleasure!

JED. You'll have to excuse my nephew here, Ms. Tiffany. He's a bit excited. He ain't had his stomach mash yet this mornin'.

TIFFANY (*with obvious distaste*). Yes, that does put him at a disadvantage, doesn't it?

(*DRYSDALE tries to step between the two of them.*)

DRYSDALE. Tiffany is actually here to see Elly May, Jethro. We were to meet Miss Hathaway and Elly May for a formal etiquette tutorial in preparation for the Debutante Ball.

GRANNY. Mr. Drysdale, we don't know nuthin 'bout this Debbie. We don't want our Elly May fraternizing with some jizzybel.

JED (*interrupting*). Now Granny, I'm shore the Tant family is good folk.

ELLY MAY (*from offstage*). Paw! Paw!

(*ELLY MAY runs on carrying bags and boxes followed by JANE.*)

ELLY MAY (*cont'd*). Miss Hathaway and me's been shoppin'.

DRYSDALE. Did you find what you needed for Elly May?

JANE. Aided and abetted by the gossamer garments, exotic lotions and other feminine appurtenances within these cartons, I am ready to conduct a metamorphosis of mythical proportions and transform this barefoot Galatea into a striking and sophisticated paragon of Beverly Hills couture.

DRYSDALE (*to JED*). That's yes the hard way.

JANE (*noticing TIFFANY*). Well, I see you've made the acquaintance of Ms. Tiffany Meriwether.

JETHRO. And how!

JANE. Elly May, I asked Ms. Meriwether to instruct you on social comportment, conversational decorum and executing the curtsy.

ELLY MAY. Gosh. Whut's a curtsy?

TIFFANY (*correcting JANE*). It's the St. James Bow, actually. And it's quite simple. (*While demonstrating, she speaks rhythmically.*) Down on two, (*She curtsies down to the floor.*) wait two, head bowed for two, then up on two. (*She stands again with her head raised up.*)

ELLY MAY (*doubtful*). I dunno ...

TIFFANY. And then you hold out your hand, like this, and say, "Good evening. I am Elly May Clampett, and it is a distinct pleasure and honor to make your acquaintance."

ELLY MAY. Boy, wouldn't Lyle be laffin' at me now!

(NOTE: Though DRYSDALE and JANE get unwillingly seduced by the fun during the song, TIFFANY remains a bit horrified by the whole thing. Possible interjected gasps of disapproval from her.)

(#5: "Howdy")

ELLY MAY (*cont'd*).

NOW YOU FOLKS SHORE TALK FUNNY
HERE IN THESE BEVERLY HILLS.
CUZ BACK IN THE HILLS WHERE I COME FROM,
THE FOLKS DON'T USE SUCH FANCY FRILLS.

NO "HOW DO YOU DO?"
AND ALL THAT KIND O' STUFF.
WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE LITTLE WORD
BUT SO FAR ONE'S ENOUGH.

WE SAY "HOWDY."
WE SAY "HOWDY."
AND THEN WE GIT A LITTLE ROWDY!
NO BETTER WORD TO BREAK THE ICE
OR TELL YA IF A FELLER'S NICE
THAN HOWDY, HOWDY, HOWDY!

JED.

WHOLEHEARTEDLY I MUST AGREE
THE WORD SHE LEARNED AT GRANNY'S KNEE
WAS HOWDY, HOWDY, HOWDY.

GRANNY.

THAT'S RIGHT!

JETHRO.

YOU SAY IT TO YOUR MAW-IN-LAW,

ELLY MAY.

YOU SAY IT TO YOUR PAW-IN-LAW.

JED.

TO HARD-O'-HEARIN' GRANNY SAY IT LOUD'Y.

JETHRO, ELLY MAY & JED.

HOWDY!

ALL CLAMPETTS.

AND HOWDY'S SUCH A SUCH A PURTY WORD
THAT EVEN THAT OLD MOCKIN'BIRD
HAS GIVEN UP HIS MOCKIN'
THE ONLY WORD HE'S STOCKIN' NOW IS

HOWDY!—YEE-HAW

HE SAYS HOWDY!

JANE (*imitating as best she can*).

YEE-HAW!

ALL CLAMPETTS

IT MAKES A RAINY DAY LESS CLOUDY.

BACK HOME NO MATTER WHERE YA GO
THE ONLY WORD YA NEED TO KNOW IS
HOWDY, HOWDY, HOWDY.

(Dance break.)

ALL CLAMPETTS *(cont'd)*.

YOU'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF ME.
YOU'LL MAKE A LIFELONG FRIEND OF ME
WITH HOWDY, HOWDY, HOWDY.

ELLY MAY. Whaddya say, Mr. Drysdale?

DRYSDALE.

HOWDY, ELLY MAY
HOWDY, HATHAWAY.

HATHAWAY.

HOWDY, EVERYBODY,

ALL.

HOWDY!

ELLY MAY.

SO WHETHER YOU'RE THE GRAMMAR TYPE
OR JUST THE SAW-AND-

ALL.

HAMMER TYPE,
YOU ALWAYS WILL FIT IN
AND PRACTIC'LY BE KIN
IF YOU LEARN TO BEGIN WITH

ELLY MAY.

HOWDY,

ALL.

HOWDY, HOWDY, HOWDY.
HOWDY!

TIFFANY (*finding it all very uncouth*). That must be fun down on the farm. But in Beverly Hills society, people don't speak like that.

(*There's a knock at the door. ELLY MAY opens it. Standing there is JUSTIN ADDISON, handsome, aristocratic-looking and charming.*)

JUSTIN. Howdy!

(*Everyone pauses in amazement. They look to TIFFANY and back to JUSTIN. ELLY MAY is instantly intrigued. She moves close to him.*)

JUSTIN (*cont'd*). You must be Elly May.

ELLY MAY. Shore as eggs is eggs.

JUSTIN. Well, it's a pleasure to meet you.

JED. Come on in, boy. Whut's yore name?

JUSTIN. I'm Justin Addison.

JED. Well don't feel bad, I'm just a Clampett. In this here house, everybody's welcome!

JETHRO. Uncle Jed, Justin's my new buddy from the polo club.

JUSTIN. Hello, sir. I've come by to pick Jethro up. (*Turns back to look at ELLY MAY.*) Jethro, you didn't tell me your cousin was the most beautiful woman in all of Beverly Hills.

JETHRO. Why would I do that?

JUSTIN. Only because she's breathtaking.

ELLY MAY (*bashful*). Gosh, no I ain't.

JUSTIN (*just noticing TIFFANY*). Tiffany, what are you doing here?

JETHRO (*sliding up next to TIFFANY, just to get closer*). You two knows each other?

TIFFANY (*scootching away from him*). Yes, we two “knows” each other. Justin and I went to high school together. (*To JUSTIN.*) I heard you were traveling to Europe after graduation.

JUSTIN. Yes, I hope to be leaving soon. (*He looks at ELLY MAY.*) Maybe not *too* soon.

ELLY MAY. Miss Tiffany’s helpin’ me to git ready fer Debbie Tant’s Ball.

(*JUSTIN looks confused.*)

TIFFANY (*exasperated*). This year’s Debutante Ball at the Langlin Hotel.

ELLY MAY. Miss Jane done said everybody’s gonna be there, kickin’ up their heels and havin’ one humdinger of a supper.

JANE. That’s not a direct quote.

ELLY MAY. Will you be goin’ too?

TIFFANY (*laughing*). Justin would never—

JUSTIN. Decline an invitation from a young woman such as yourself, new to town and in need of an appropriate escort.

JANE. Well, isn’t this a fortuitous and splendid surprise?

JETHRO (*stepping in close to TIFFANY*). Will you be needin’ an escrow too? Cuz I can dance faster than a chicken with no head!

JED. W-e-l-l doggy, won’t that be nice. Jethro takin’ Ms. Tiffany t’ the ball.

GRANNY (*to TIFFANY*). Don’t you worry, I kin teach ya how to scoot ’round his big feet so ya don’t git hurt.

TIFFANY. I can say in no uncertain terms that I will be unavailable to go with Jethro. I am merely here to instruct Elly May, and this seems like an appropriate place to end our first lesson. Mr. Drysdale, I’m ready to leave.

DRYSDALE. But you've hardly begun.

TIFFANY. We'll reschedule when there aren't so many *(She looks at JETHRO.)* big feet around.

JED. Well, we wuz hopin' you'd stay fer supper, Miss Tiffany.

TIFFANY *(to JED, dismissively)*. I'll take a rain check.

JED. We need a rain check, Granny.

GRANNY *(stomps her foot)*. Light showers, heavy winds, low of sixty-two.

JED. Granny's never wrong. Best t' keep inside tonight.

(With an audible grunt of frustration, TIFFANY marches over to the front door.)

DRYSDALE. Yes, we'll take her advice. I will drop Miss Tiffany home on my way to the bank. *(Sternly.)* Where I expect to see you, Miss Hathaway, finishing the filing.

(DRYSDALE and TIFFANY exit. JANE runs to the front door and calls out to him.)

JANE. I'm coming, chief! Don't go gettin' yore britches in a bunch!

(Amused with herself, JANE exits.)

GRANNY. And thar they go. I swear, these Beverly Hills folk are awful jumpy. Always got someplace more important t' git to.

JED *(putting on his hat)*. Ain't that the truth. Well, I got to start buildin' us a fence fer that livestock Mr. Drysdale wants me to buy.

JETHRO. Uncle Jed, yore gonna need some extry muscle fer all that liftin'.

JED. Jethro, yore right. Sometimes I forgit which one of us got the strength of an ox.

GRANNY. Oh, all right, I'm a-comin'.

(GRANNY and JED exit through the kitchen door.)

JETHRO. Well, Justin, you ready to go polo-in'?

JUSTIN *(eyes on ELLY MAY)*. Why don't you go ahead and take my wheels for a spin around the block. I'll be right out.

(JUSTIN tosses JETHRO his car keys.)

JETHRO. Does your car have one of them ceilings on top?

JUSTIN. Of course.

JETHRO. Imagine that!

(JETHRO exits. ELLY MAY and JUSTIN remain, alone onstage.)

JUSTIN. I just wanted the opportunity to be alone with you, Elly May, so I could properly say goodbye.

ELLY MAY. OK. Well, bye!

JUSTIN. Oh, well, I thought maybe we'd have a chance to get to know each other a little better. I mean I *am* escorting you to the ball.

ELLY MAY. OK. Well, *(She thinks hard.)* were it true whut Miss Tiffany said 'bout you goin' to travel and seein' lotsa faraway places?

JUSTIN. Sure is. I just need to ... tie up a few loose ends before I go.

ELLY MAY. Gosh. Imagine that. Just pickin' up and goin' anywheres ya please. Back home in Bug Tussle, late at night after feedin' the pigs and the chicks, I went to dream 'bout doin' that up in my dreamin' tree.

JUSTIN. Well, you should never leave your dreams stuck up in a tree.

ELLY MAY. I didn't. I come all the ways out here t' Beverly Hills to see the world and have me some adventures.

JUSTIN. Oh, Elly May, Beverly Hills is nothing to dream about. In fact, this place is ... well, it's *my* Bug Tussle.

(#6: "I Wanna See the World")

JUSTIN (*cont'd*). I can't wait to get out and see the *real* world.

DON'T YOU SEE, ELLY MAY?

THERE'S A WORLD OUTSIDE L.A.

JUST BECKONING TO BE EXPLORED.

CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT "ALL ABOARD?"

WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG THAT'S THE TIME

TO GIVE MOUNT EVEREST A CLIMB.

YOU JUST GOTTA HAVE THE HUNGER.

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER.

I WANNA SEE THE WORLD.

I WANNA DANCE ALONG THE SEINE.

I WANNA GET NEAR A PYRAMID

AND PEER AT OLD BIG BEN.

I WANNA CRUISE THE NILE,

AND SEE OLD MONA LISA'S SMILE.

THERE'S GOT TO BE A REASON WHY WE'RE HERE.

MY FEET ARE GETTIN' RESTLESS

TO BE ON SOMEBODY'S GUEST LIST

ANYWHERE, I DON'T CARE.

GOT MY SUITCASE. I'LL BE THERE.

I WANNA SEE IT ALL:

THE COLOSSEUM, TAJ MAHAL.

SO IF YOU LOVE ADVENTURE AND YOU'RE FREE,

COME AND SEE THE WORLD WITH ME.

ELLY MAY. You shore talk purty, Justin!

JUSTIN.

I WANNA SMELL THE RAIN
SOAKIN' THE SERENGETI PLAIN.
I WANT TO RIDE TO MARRAKESH
ABOARD A WOODEN TRAIN.
HOW I AWAIT THE DAY
WHEN I AM WAND'RING THROUGH POMPEII.
MY WANDERLUST GETS RUSTY AROUND HERE.

NO PLACE TOO FAR OR SCARY
FOR MY ITINERARY.
TAKE A CHANCE. DON'T THINK TWICE.
PACK YOUR BAGS FOR PARADISE.

I'M ON A ONE-WAY TRIP.
SO BON VOYAGE AND LET 'ER RIP.
AND, ELLY, IF YOU'LL JOIN ME ON MY SPREE,
WHAT A GREAT WIDE WORLD WE'LL SEE.

ELLY, ELLY!

(JETHRO pops his head in the front door.)

JETHRO. Hey Justin, ain't ya comin'? We'z gonna be late!

JUSTIN. See ya, Elly May.

ELLY MAY. See ya.

(JUSTIN pauses to look at her for just a moment before he runs out the front door after JETHRO.)

(Alone onstage, ELLY MAY practices.)

ELLY MAY *(cont'd)*. Down on two, *(She curtsies down to the floor.)* wait two, head bowed for two, then up on two. *(She stands again with her head raised up.)* Hot doggedy!

(ELLY MAY gives a loud down-home squeal of excitement. Blackout.)

Scene 4

(The Clampett's mansion a few days later. Some or all of the furniture in the reception room has been removed and replaced with GRANNY's rocker and the table and stools from the cabin set. A gun case with several rifles hangs on a wall.

GRANNY is seated on the edge of the stage fishing into the cement pond with a plain old stick strung with a fish line.

JED enters from the mansion through the doors DR.)

JED. You seen Elly May?

GRANNY. Oh, she's out hidin' in the bushes, huntin' wild turkey.

JED *(shaking his head)*. That young 'n oughta know by now, there ain't no wild turkey out there in them Beverly Hills. Why, it's skunk season. What're *you* doin', Granny?

GRANNY. Fishin'.

JED *(sympathetic)*. Granny, whut d'ya think y' gonna catch in a cement pond?

GRANNY. I ain't fishin' fer catchin', Jed. I'm fishin' fer figgerin'.

JED. What kind of figgerin' you fishin' fer?

GRANNY. I'm fishin' fer to figger how to git home.

JED. This *is* home, Granny. Give it time. We only been here a week 'r so. A new place takes gettin' used to.

GRANNY. I got used to real home my whole life. Cain't do nothing' here. Cain't raise corn, 'r keep chickens 'r pigs. 'Sides this ain't no place fer Jethro. Spendin' all his time at that polio club. He's a gonna get sick!

JED. Granny, I'd a thought you'd be glad Jethro was makin' friends. 'N Elly May too! She done got a sophisticated boy like Justin who fancies her. Takin' her places. Showin' her things she ain't never seen before.

GRANNY. She done got a husband back home.

JED. Now Granny, theys ain't tied the knot yet. Elly May— why she's jes' figgerin' it all out.

GRANNY. Bug Tussle boys was good enough fer her maw and me. An' that ain't all. I'm lonely here. Without that ol' whinin', pushy, nosy-as-a-hog-in-a-trash-pile neighbor, I got me no one to trade recipes with.

JED. You talkin' bout Essiebelle Gooch?

GRANNY. It ain't easy to find quality friends like her.

JED. Anythin' else?

GRANNY. Dang sure there's somethin' else. I ain't got me my sun hat. Darn'd if we hadn't hightailed it outta that cabin so fast, I'd a remembered my hat.

JED. Well now Granny, we got plenty'a stores here in Beverly Hills. You got yore pick of all the sun hats there is.

GRANNY. It were the one I fished in and it smelled jes' like home. Ain't gonna find nothin' like that here.

JETHRO (*calling from the house*). Help, Uncle Jed! It happened agin'!

JED (*off to JETHRO*). I'm a-comin'! (*To GRANNY*) That boy done got his toe stuck in the bathtub agin'. Now, Granny, things is gonna feel better in no time. You jes' wait 'n see.

(*JED exits into the house while yelling to JETHRO.*)

JED (*to JETHRO*). I told ya after the third time, take a bath with yore shoes on!

GRANNY (*sotto voce*). I wanna go home.

(#7: “My Little Ozark Home”)

GRANNY (*cont'd*).

WHEN I THINK OF WHERE WE ARE,
AND I THINK OF WHERE WE BIN,
AND I PONDER ALL THE PLACES WE MIGHT
ROAM.

EVERY NIGHT THAT SUN GOES SETTIN'
IS A NIGHT THAT I'M REGRETTIN'
LEAVIN' MY LITTLE OZARK HOME

IT WAS BARELY JUST A SHACK
WITH A DRIED-UP CRICK OUT BACK.
BUT TO ME IT WAS A CASTLE BY THE SEA.
I CAN SMELL THEM APPLE BLOSSOMS,
I CAN EVEN SMELL THE POSSUMS.
MY OZARK HOME KEEPS CALLIN' ME.

I MISS THE PLOWIN' AND THE PLANTIN' AND THE
SPINNIN'.

BOY, HOW I'M WISHIN'
THAT I WAS FISHIN'.
AND THOUGH THIS CALIFORNY LIFE IS JUST
BEGINNIN'

WITH MY MISSOURI KIN,
I'D NOT BE WORRYIN'.

I DON'T KNOW JUST HOW IT ENDS,
BUT I MISS MY MOUNTAIN FRIENDS.
IN THE MOONLIGHT HOW WE'D WATCH OUR
MOONSHINE FOAM!

IT'S A RIGHT PECULIAR FEELIN',
BUT I MISS THAT SIX-FOOT CEILIN'
BACK IN MY LITTLE OZARK HOME.

(During the music break, GRANNY gives up on the fishing, tossing aside the fishing pole and walks around the cement pond. She continues singing.)

GRANNY (*cont'd*).

I MISS THE HORSES AND THE HUNTIN' AND THE
HAYIN',
THE ROOSTER'S WARNIN',
"GET UP! IT'S MORNIN'."
AND THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMEWHERE'S NEAR A
BANJO PLAYIN'.
WE'D SING "GOOD NIGHT, IRENE,
NOW YOU SLEEP TIGHT, IRENE."
IT'S AS CLEAR AS YESTERDAY
AND A THOUSAND YEARS AWAY.
WE WOULD JAR THE HONEY RIGHT THERE WITH
THE COMB!
I AIN'T GIVEN MUCH TO WHININ'.
BUT THERE'S ONE PLACE I'D SURE FEEL FINE IN.

(ELLY MAY crawls out from behind a bush by the side of the house with her hunting rifle. She has heard it all.)

GRANNY (*cont'd*).

I MISS EACH SUNUP, SUNDOWN
IN MY RUN-DOWN
HOME SWEET OZARK HOME.

ELLY MAY (*sotto voce, just after the song ends*). Oh, Granny.

SCENE 5

(In front of the curtain, the bank is set. DRYSDALE sits at his desk, holding a newspaper, hands trembling.)

DRYSDALE. Miss Hathaway!!!!

(JANE rushes in.)

JANE. Chief, whatever is the matter?

(DRYSDALE holds his chest, trying to breathe.)

JANE *(cont'd)*. You're having another anxiety attack! Fear not, soldier! I will play the role of Florence Nightingale and like the lionhearted lady with the lamp, I will pass through the glimmering gloom ...

(He bangs on the desk with his fist. She grabs a white box from a shelf, pulls out a stack of money, which she holds, fanning it under his nose. He sniffs it. He breathes again.)

JANE *(cont'd)*. It's a good thing I moved the first-aid kit into your office. *(She replaces the money and puts the box away.)* Whatever has your respiratory system in such turmoil?

DRYSDALE. Today's news! Don't you read the paper, Miss Hathaway?

JANE. On occasion, when I'm not buttering your morning toast.

DRYSDALE *(waves the newspaper at her)*. This bank has just been named the wealthiest bank in Beverly Hills, and I have been inducted into the Western Regional Banker's Association.

JANE. Well chief, is that not a *good* thing?

DRYSDALE. On the outside, yes, a good thing. But the more money I have, the more I have to lose. It's very stressful.

(ELLY MAY pokes her head through the open door.)

ELLY MAY. Yoo-hoo! S'cuse me? I shore hate t' interrupt yore work, but I be needin' t' talk to ya.

JANE. What is it dear? Come in.

ELLY MAY. Well, I jes' found out that Granny ain't so happy here in these Beverly Hills. An' I'm awful 'fraid that I'm t' blame. I done talked her inta movin' out here. And shore enough, she's just sadder than an old cucumber.

JANE. Oh, dear. That is quite a pickle. (*Suddenly hearing what she said, she laughs.*) Sorry. What can we do?

ELLY MAY. There be only one thang kin be done, an' I'm the only one who kin do it.

DRYSDALE (*distracted*). Good. We all want Granny happy. Now if you'll excuse us ...

ELLY MAY. All right then, thank ya, Mr. Drysdale. I guess I jest needed to hear that. I'll be on my way. It wuz shore nice knowin' y'all. (*She starts to leave.*)

JANE. Wait, where are you going?

ELLY MAY. I gotta go pack. It's like Mr. Drysdale said, we all want Granny happy. Bug Tussle is the only thang that's gonna put a smile back on her face.

DRYSDALE (*suddenly focusing*). W—w—wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. You say Granny's unhappy?

ELLY MAY. Yes, sir. She ain't got no friends here in these Beverly Hills an' she's jest dyin' to be back home in Bug Tussle with Essiebelle Gooch, an' Gertrude Sumpmeyer an' Frieda Boggs ...

DRYSDALE. Are those real names?

ELLY MAY. Why, yes sir.

DRYSDALE. Hathaway, call Byron Bobbinbagel in Burbank, tell him I'll never make fun of his name `again. (*Back to ELLY MAY.*) But Elly May, you musn't do anything rash. We can fix this. We can help Granny. You and Miss Hathaway. We would hate to lose your funds, I mean finances, I mean family!

JANE. If Beverly Hills friends is what she needs than that is what she shall get. We'll plan a gathering. At the mansion.

ELLY MAY. A gatherin'? Oh, Miss Jane, that sounds like somethin' Granny would jes' love! Thank ya! Thank ya! I got t' go tell Paw!

(ELLY MAY exits.)

JANE. What a sweet girl. She was willing to let her dream go to make her granny happy.

DRYSDALE. Whatever. If Granny heads back, the whole Clampett clan follows, and I'm out a hundred million dollars. Miss Hathaway, plan a backyard barbecue!

(She salutes him and starts to leave.)

DRYSDALE *(cont'd)*. But first, Miss Hathaway ...

JANE *(turning back)*. Yes, chief?

DRYSDALE. My toast!

(She grunts and exits.

Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(Inside the mansion. JUSTIN waits by the stairs. JED sits, whittlin'. GRANNY busies herself folding laundry but keeps a watchful eye on JUSTIN.)

JED *(to JUSTIN)*. Elly May should be down any minute. Ya know how these girls fuss n' such.

GRANNY. Can I fix ya a snack while yous a-waitin'? Some groundhog goulash 'r fricassee of barn owl?

JUSTIN. Thank you just the same, Granny. Suddenly I'm feeling a bit queasy.

GRANNY. Why that's the same as whut happens when a feller is *(Looking for a reaction.)* lovesick.

JUSTIN. Huh?

(GRANNY clears her throat, giving JED a cue.)

JED. Uh ... so, young man, I guess it's only right I should be askin' ya what yore intentions are with my daughter?

JUSTIN (*nervous*). My intentions?

JED. I suppose I should be a-meetin' yore paw.

JUSTIN. My paw? Eh ... he's dead. I mean out of town.

GRANNY. Well which one is it? Pushin' up daisies or kickin' up dust?

JUSTIN. Uh ... the second option.

(JETHRO enters from the kitchen wearing a traditional polo uniform: jodhpurs, riding boots, polo shirt, helmet, gloves, etc., and eating a large turkey leg.)

JETHRO. Howdy there, Justin! (*Calling upstairs.*) ELLY MAY, WE GOTTA HURRY NOW! I'M A-GONNA BE LATE FER THE GAME!

JUSTIN (*quickly*). Yeah! We better go!

(ELLY MAY enters through the front door in her boy clothes.)

ELLY MAY. I'm right here!

JED. Why, I thought you wuz upstairs gettin' ready.

ELLY MAY. No, Paw, I wuz outside tryin' out my new slingshot Miss Jane bought me.

(She holds up a bra. JED takes it.)

JED. W-e-l-l doggy! Would ya looky here. A store bought, lace trim, double barrel slingshot!

(He holds the bra like a slingshot, pulls back the strap and snaps it.)

ELLY MAY. Ain't it a doozy?! I cain't aim it too good, but it shore throws a heap o' rocks.

JETHRO (*taking it from JED*). Hey! I want me one of those!
ELLY MAY. Well shore! I can ask Miss Jane t' pick one up
fer ya!

JETHRO. Maybe she can find me one with *three* barrels!

ELLY MAY. I dun' see why not! (*Turning to JUSTIN, coyly.*)
I'm a ready t' skedaddle.

JUSTIN (*checks his watch*). Yes, I do believe it's ...
skedaddling time.

ELLY MAY. Bye, Paw!

*(ELLY MAY grabs JUSTIN's arm and pulls him out the
front door.)*

JED. You young'ns have a good time!

JETHRO. See ya, Uncle Jed! See ya, Granny! (*Studies the
cups of the bra as he exits.*) I'm a gonna find me some nice
round boulders fer this thang.

GRANNY. Ya hear that, Jed? That Justin boy got all
squeamish when ya asked 'bout his intentions with Elly
May. That ain't right.

JED. Now, Granny, poor boy don't know if his paw is dead 'r
alive. He don't know the proper way t' be.

GRANNY. Well, if he's gonna be courtin' and sparkin' a
young girl, the proper thang is fer him to have a good, old-
fashioned man-to-man with her paw.

JED. That's true. I had me a man-to-man with Rose Ellen's
paw 'fore I proposed.

GRANNY. Ya shore did. An' I wuz mighty impressed by that.

JED. An' I'm supposin' Bud Heffelfinger done that too. I
know he wuz mighty sweet on Rose Ellen.

GRANNY. That he were, since they was jes' knee high to a
grasshopper. But he weren't the right one fer my Rose Ellen.

JED. I ain't sayin' this Justin's the right boy fer our Elly May.

An' I know she's got her Lyle back home waitin' on her.

GRANNY. That's right.

JED. But I know Rose Ellen would be wantin' her t' figger out her own heart. So Granny, ya got to be promisin' me yous gonna let Elly May figger this out on her own. Ya cain't be tellin' her what she oughta do.

GRANNY. I reckon yore right.

(#8: "Soft Hearts")

JED.

SHE'S YOUNG, SHE'S STRONG, SHE'S AGILE
BUT HER HEART'S STILL FRAGILE.
SHE'S HALFWAY 'TWEEN A KID AND FULLY GROWN.
AND THOUGH I TRY TO TRAIN HER,
YA JUST CAN'T RESTRAIN HER.
SHE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT HER BATTLES ON HER OWN.

GRANNY.

WHEN YA SEE A KITTEN PLAYIN' WITH A
RATTLESNAKE,
YOU CAN BET IT'S GONNA GET HURT.

JED.

OR TAKE A BABY ROBIN, JUST LEARNIN' TO FLY,
IT WINDS UP WITH ITS BEAK DOWN IN THE DIRT.

JED & GRANNY.

THAT'S OK. THAT'S ALL RIGHT.
SOMEDAY THAT BIRD'LL TAKE FLIGHT.
SOFT HEARTS NEED TO LEARN HARD LESSONS
AND EVEN A WISE MAN CAN BE A FOOL.
NATURE'S OUR GREATEST TEACHER,
AND EVERY DAY WE BREATHE, WE'RE IN SCHOOL.

GRANNY.

NOW EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WITH A BEATIN'
HEART
THINKS THAT IT'S UNBREAKABLE AND YET

JED.

GIVE IT TO A STRANGER, THEY'LL TEAR IT APART.

JED & GRANNY.

YOUR BLEEDIN' HEART WILL NEED A
TOURNIQUET.
BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THAT'S OK.
YOU'LL FIND YOUR TRUE LOVE SOME DAY!
CUZ SOFT HEARTS NEED TO LEARN HARD
LESSONS
AND MOST OF LIFE'S LESSONS ARE CRUEL.
NATURE'S OUR GREATEST TEACHER,
AND EVERY DAY WE BREATHE, WE'RE IN SCHOOL.

JED.

SO LET HER FIND HER WAY IN LIFE
AND LET'S NOT INTERFERE.
SHE AIN'T THE TYPE YOU'LL BE COMPELLIN'.
SHE'S TOO MUCH LIKE MY ROSE ELLEN.

JED & GRANNY.

SOFT HEARTS NEED TO LEARN HARD LESSONS
AND EVEN A WISE MAN CAN BE A FOOL.
NATURE'S OUR GREATEST TEACHER,
AND EVERY DAY WE BREATHE, WE'RE IN SCHOOL.
YES, EVERY DAY WE BREATHE—
READIN', WRITIN', 'RITHMETIC AND LOVE—
WE'RE IN SCHOOL.

SCENE 7

(Outside, on the grounds of the polo match before it has started. Just a somewhat mangled wire fence denotes the area. TIFFANY stands, looking out over the audience through a pair of binoculars that she wears around her neck. ELLY MAY, JUSTIN and JETHRO enter.)

ELLY MAY. Why howdy, Miss Tiffany! Fancy seein' you here!

TIFFANY. Not really. As a former Rose Bowl Princess, it is my responsibility to make an appearance at these social gatherings.

JETHRO *(taking a step closer to her)*. Gee golly, I had no idea you wuz royalty.

TIFFANY *(taking a step away from him)*. Well, I certainly don't like to flaunt it. *(Looking JETHRO over.)* Don't tell me they're actually going to let *you* play?

JUSTIN. Jethro's our new number one offensive player.

JETHRO. Ya hear that?! I'm offensive!

TIFFANY. That's an understatement. You do realize some of the finest athletes in Beverly Hills are competing today. Young men who have won national championships. Men like ... well, like Chad Bartholomew.

JETHRO. Oh, I know, ma'am. An' Chad, why he's a mighty dandy player. Say, why are ya over here all scrunched up behind the fence while everybuddy's over on the lawn to watch the game?

TIFFANY. I sometimes need to keep a low profile. I wouldn't want my presence to draw attention away from the game. *(Quickly.)* What about *you*, Justin, why are you so far away from everyone?

JUSTIN. I thought being next to the stables would be a ... well, an interesting and familiar perspective for Elly May.

ELLY MAY. Heck, I ain't seen me a horse since back home! Oh, Jethro, I'd give anything to give one a brushin'.

JETHRO. Well, they be gettin' em ready now. Come on, Elly May, we got t' hurry.

ELLY MAY. Do ya mind, Justin?

JUSTIN. Of course not. Go and enjoy ...

(ELLY MAY and JETHRO run off.)

TIFFANY. So, Justin ... why aren't *you* playing?

JUSTIN. Came to watch Jethro. He's a natural.

TIFFANY. Why are you in a corner where no one can see you?

JUSTIN. I could ask you the very same question.

TIFFANY. Are you hiding from your friends?

JUSTIN. Are you hiding from Chad?

TIFFANY. What's that supposed to mean?

JUSTIN. Well, Chad told me you two broke up.

TIFFANY. Broke up? Not at all. What he meant was we decided *mutually* to take a little hiatus.

JUSTIN. So you're not here to watch him play?

TIFFANY. Of course not! *(Pause.)* What's going on between you and Elly May?

JUSTIN. Nothing. I'm just ... I'm taking her to the ball, you know, doing a good deed.

TIFFANY. People are talking, you know.

JUSTIN. What do I care? What are they saying?

TIFFANY. That you've got a new hick girlfriend from the Ozarks.

JUSTIN. They're just jealous 'cause I'm gonna travel the world while they're stuck at school.

TIFFANY. I thought your father wasn't going to let you go.

JUSTIN. Sometimes a man has to take control of his own destiny. And that's what I'm doing.

TIFFANY. Listen, I need you to promise that you won't tell Chad I'm here to see him play.

JUSTIN. So I was right. Well, at least we're well hidden. There's nothing way out here to draw anyone's attention.

(ELLY MAY comes running on and points at the field.)

ELLY MAY. Look, Jethro jes' scored a point right off the top!

(ELLY MAY puts her fingers to her mouth and lets out a LOUD whistle. She waives her hat high in the air.)

ELLY MAY *(cont'd)*. YEE-HAW!!! WOO-HOO!!!
WEELL-DOGGY!!!

(JUSTIN and TIFFANY look at one another, and take one large step away from ELLY MAY, pressing themselves up against the fence and out of sight.

Blackout.)

SCENE 8

(Back in Bug Tussle.

The lights come up on DL, revealing PEARL, who is sitting outside, rocking in a chair; sewing a new dress by hand. LYLE enters the scene.)

LYLE. Howdy, Ms. Pearl.

PEARL. Why mercy me, Lyle, where have you bin? I ain't seen you since Elly May done took to them Beverly Hills.

LYLE. I knowed. I guess I bin spendin' most my time with the pigs. They shore bin some kinda comfort t' me.

PEARL. The pigs?

LYLE. Yep.

PEARL. Seems to me you and I oughta have a talk.

(PEARL lays down her sewing.)

LYLE. Ms. Pearl I'm just awful lonesome fer Elly May. I find myself talkin' to them li'l' porkers 'bout Elly from sunup till sundown. When I feed them their slop, when I'm trimmin' their hooves, scrapin' fer lice, checkin' fer worms, shovelin' their ...

PEARL. I git yore point. Well, young man, I'm gonna talk to ya real serious, like ya wuz my own son. Ya need to write to Elly May an' tell her whut's in yore heart.

LYLE. Well I dun thought 'bout that, Ms. Pearl.

PEARL. Good.

LYLE. But I dunno how t' write. 'Sides I wouldn't know whut to say. I ain't got the words.

PEARL. Well, ya don't need the words. Ya jes' need the feelins. I'm gonna help ya. Now you wait right here whiles I grab me a pencil and a piece o' fancy paper from inside.

(Before she stands up, LYLE takes off his hat and pulls out a pencil and paper and offers them to her. She smiles.)

PEARL *(cont'd)*. Now you jes' say all them nice thangs you done said to them li'l' porkers.

(Lights fade out on PEARL and LYLE and go up on JUSTIN and ELLY MAY as they enter R and walk toward the front entrance doors of the mansion.)

JUSTIN. Well, you must admit, Jethro played a pretty impressive game.

ELLY MAY. Heck, he ain't so strong 'n brave as ya think.

JUSTIN. No?

ELLY MAY. Jethro 'n I used to ride 'round on horses, hittin' each other with sticks all the time. We didn't need no ball. An' I'd whoop 'm ev'ry time!

JUSTIN. I see.

ELLY MAY. An' he only *thinks* he kin spit further than me, but that ain't true. I kin spit near twenty feet. Wanna see?

JUSTIN. No, that's quite all right. Obviously you're a woman of many charms.

ELLY MAY. That's fer shore. *(She pulls a small cloth pouch from her pocket.)* I got me my sack a crawdad bones, my buckeye an' my rabbit's foot. Them's all the charms I need fer good luck! But ... heck, I'm gonna need me somethin' more than luck fer Debbie Tant's ball. Paw done tole me I gotta learn how to be more like a girl.

JUSTIN. Elly May, your lucky charms are working at this very moment.

ELLY MAY. They are?

JUSTIN. You see, I can teach you a few things about how to be a girl.

(He steps toward her and puts his arms around her. She seems to melt into them.)

JUSTIN *(cont'd)*. I don't suppose you're familiar with Shaw's *Pygmalion*?

ELLY MAY *(breathless)*. Heck, I don't even know Shaw, let alone his pig.

JUSTIN. Well one thing *I* know, is dancing. You need to pull your partner in real close and hold on tight.

ELLY MAY (*melting*). Oh? But Justin there ain't no music playin'.

JUSTIN. We don't need any music. Just pretend it's a nice, slow waltz. You can count to three, Elly May, can't you?

(As they begin to move slowly against each other, the lights come back up DL. We see PEARL sitting in her rocker and LYLE standing up facing out. PEARL writes down what LYLE sings.)

PEARL. Go on. Tell her what's in yore heart.

(#9: "When Ya Comin' Home?")

LYLE.

I GOT CHICKENS AND HOGS
 AND A HOUSE BUILT FROM LOGS
 AND RICH CREAMY BUTTER I CHURN EVERY DAY.
 BUT THERE'S ONE THING STILL MISSIN'
 THE GIRL I WAS KISSIN'.
 I DON'T KNOW WHAT DROVE HER AWAY.
 WHEN YA COMIN' HOME, MY ELLY, ELLY?
 WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU CHANGE YORE MIND?
 I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT NO OTHER GIRLS.
 YORE THE ONE I PINE FOR
 THE ONLY VALENTINE FOR
 THIS BOY WHO'S SAD AND LOST WITHOUT YOU,
 ELLY.
 GAZIN' ON THEM FIELDS OF HAY.
 WE COULD MAKE PLAY STACKS
 OUT OF THEM THERE HAYSTACKS
 IF YOU WEREN'T SO DANG FER AWAY.

PEARL. That's a mighty fine letter, Lyle.

ELLY MAY. You're a mighty fine dancer, Justin.

JUSTIN. I know.

LYLE. Pearl ... would ya ... mind readin' it back to me? Just wanna make sure ya didn't leave nothin' out.

PEARL. You got it bad, don't ya? (*Searching for the beginning.*) Hmm ... let's see.

I GOT CHICKENS AND HOGS
AND A HOUSE BUILT FROM LOGS
AND RICH CREAMY BUTTER I CHURN EVERY DAY.
BUT THERE'S ONE THING STILL MISSIN'

(*Moved by his own words, LYLE joins in.*)

PEARL & LYLE.

THE GIRL I WAS KISSIN'.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT DROVE HER AWAY.

LYLE.

WHEN YA COMIN' HOME, MY ELLY,

PEARL & LYLE.

ELLY.

LYLE.

NIGHT IS LONGER THAN THE DAY.

PEARL (*writing*).

DAY.

(*JUSTIN, holding ELLY MAY's hand, walks her to the front door as the song plays out.*)

LYLE.

WITHOUT MY BLONDE CHARMER
I'M JUST A PIG-FARMER
WHO'S WAITIN' FOR HIS ELLY MAY.

PEARL (*finishing the letter*).

HIS ELLY MAY.

(As the song ends, JUSTIN kisses ELLY MAY long and hard. When he finally pulls away, she's still leaning into his imaginary embrace.)

JUSTIN. This evening's been, exquisite. See ya, Elly May.

ELLY MAY (*still in a trance*). See ya.

(ELLY MAY hurries inside the mansion. When the door closes, we hear clapping from far R. JUSTIN turns and sees JUDITH, who's been watching them, unbeknownst to him.)

JUSTIN (*startled*). Aunt Judith. What're you doing here?

JUDITH. I came to see if you were keeping your side of the bargain. That little spectacle was quite convincing. She appears to have taken the bait.

JUSTIN. Well, she's simple ... she's trusting.

JUDITH. Good God, what kind of society would it be if everyone just ran around trusting each other? Pure chaos.

JUSTIN. I was thinking ... instead of, ya know, standing her up the night of the ball, how about I just tell her I'm sick? Tell her I'm really sorry, but I can't take her to the dance.

JUDITH. No, we will stick to the plan you agreed to. You will stand her up. That way, tomorrow night, she'll wait for you to pick her up, and by the time she figures out you're just a wolf in Pierre Cardin trousers, the dance will all but be over, and hopefully she'll be so heartbroken she'll want to return from whence she came ... Bug ... Haven.

JUSTIN (*correcting her*). Tussle.

JUDITH (*pulls a ticket out of her bag, offering it to him*).
Here's the ticket.

JUSTIN (*looking at the ticket, not moving*). But ... I can't just ditch her with no explanation. I don't want to break her heart. I just want to make it so she misses the dance. Isn't that the whole point?

JUDITH. No, the point, Justin, is that she does not belong here. Look, these hillbillies threaten to dilute our cultural mores. And once you let one of them in, you've opened a flood gate. They are uneducated, crude, lazy people, who have no regard for others.

JUSTIN. She's not like that. (*He looks away.*)

JUDITH. Don't tell me you've fallen for her? Justin, don't be stupid. You know your father's not going to make you this offer. My brother will never finance a trip abroad for you. He wants you to go directly to college.

(*JUDITH thrusts the ticket at JUSTIN. He steps back.*)

JUDITH (*cont'd*). I'm giving you an opportunity here. To live out your dream. The ship leaves port at 7:30 tomorrow night. You decide what it's worth to protect an Ozark girl from some temporary heartache. Justin, take the ticket.

(*He hesitates.*)

JUDITH (*cont'd*). Very well, this offer expires in ten minutes. Figure it out. Don't be stupid.

(*JUDITH exits R. JUSTIN walks off L as the lights come up in the mansion.*)

ELLY MAY has been seated, dreamily resting her chin in her hands. We see GRANNY sitting in her rocking chair. Finally, GRANNY clears her throat.)

ELLY MAY (*startled*). Why Granny, I jes' ... I jes' come from Jethro's game.

GRANNY. That's funny, Jethro bin home near four hours.

ELLY MAY. Boy, time shore do fly. Were ya watchin' me from the winder?

GRANNY. I don't spend my time lookin' out 'a winders. I jes' come down fer some buttermilk. Now I know yore safe, I'm a headin' t' bed.

ELLY MAY. Granny, don't go. Stay up an' talk to me, will ya? Granny, I just had me the most exkweez-it evenin' of my life.

GRANNY. Them's some mighty fancy words, Elly May.

ELLY MAY. An' we just had us a mighty fancy dance.

GRANNY. I didn't hear no music playing.

ELLY MAY. I did. Wonderful sweet music in my head. (*Confiding.*) Granny, did you know that when yore dancin' real close up against a boy, ya kin kinda feel ...

GRANNY (*cutting her off*). Yes, I have me some recollection of that. Now when yore body is uh ... takin' in its surroundings ... don't you be forgittin that dancin' is all 'bout whut the *feet* 'r doin'. The feet. Concentrate on them feet.

(*GRANNY stamps her foot really loudly, startling ELLY MAY.*)

GRANNY (*cont'd*). Go on. Give it a try.

(*ELLY MAY stamps.*)

ELLY MAY. That feels good too. In a diff'rent sorta way.

GRANNY. Course it does. That's 'cause we hill folk like to make some noise! Tell it like it is! We's proud 'a who

we are. An' if ya ever wanna take a moment an' remind yoreself where's ya come from, ya take yore foot high up in the air, like this. *(She demonstrates.)* An' you stamp that puppy down. Jes' feels good. Feels right.

(ELLY MAY stamps again.)

ELLY MAY. Shore does.

(GRANNY stamps again. As does ELLY MAY. Soon they're joyfully stamping around the stage until JED staggers sleepily out of the mansion. He wears a man's nightgown, and his hair is ruffled.)

JED. What in Sam Hill is goin' on out here?

ELLY MAY *(joyfully)*. We're stampin', Paw! Come on!

(She takes his hand, and he joins in. JETHRO wanders on unnoticed and starts in stamping as well.)

JETHRO. Why we doin' this?

GRANNY & ELLY MAY. 'Cause we're Clampetts!

(#10: “Stamp It Like a Clampett”)

GRANNY *(cont'd)*.

YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT.

YA GOTTA BOOT YORE CARES AWAY.

JED, JETHRO & ELLY MAY.

YA GOTTA SHAKE YORE FANNY

JUST LIKE GRANNY

DID BACK IN THE DAY.

GRANNY, JED, JETHRO & ELLY MAY.

YA GOTTA GIVE A LITTLE KICK
WHILE THE BANJO'S PICKIN'.
DO A LITTLE SPIN THEN A SWAY.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT
IN THE GOOD OLD OZARK WAY.

(DRYSDALE and JANE enter from next door.)

DRYSDALE *(in a loud whisper)*. Mr. Clampett!

JED. Howdy there! What're you all doin' up so late?

JANE. Mr. Drysdale and I were working late on the monthly reports. We heard the noise and thought you might be in some kind of trouble. We called the police!

JETHRO. We're stampin'! Mr. Drysdale, Miss Jane. Come on!
YA GOTTA START THEM ELBOWS MOVIN',

ELLY MAY.

YA GOTTA LIMBER UP YORE KNEES.

JETHRO & ELLY MAY.

TRY TO KEEP YOUR HAT
RIGHT WHERE IT'S AT
AS YA DO A DIP AND FREEZE.
THEN YA MOVE A LITTLE CLOSE TO YORE
PARTNER'S CHEEK
LIKE THERE'S SOME'IN' KIN' O' PURTY YOU
MIGHT SAY.

JED, GRANNY, ELLY MAY & JETHRO.

YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT
IN THE GOOD OLD OZARK WAY!

GRANNY. Looky here! *(Demonstrating.)*

YORE GONNA HIKE YORE SKIRT UP SLIGHTLY.

JETHRO (*enthused at the demonstration*).

WOO!

GRANNY.

WE'RE GONNA SHOW THEM ANKLES OFF.

(All the other women hike up their skirts, imitating GRANNY.)

JED, JETHRO & ELLY MAY.

BETTER HIKE IT UP POLITELY

OR YORE NEIGHBOR'S WIFE MIGHT SCOFF.

JED, JETHRO, GRANNY & ELLY MAY.

THEN YA DO A SIMPLE DO-SI-DOS,

FOLLOWED UP BY A PEE-ROU-ETTE.

CUZ WHEN YA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT,

THAT'S CALLED HILL FOLK ET-EE-KET.

ELLY MAY. Take it, Mr. Drysdale.

DRYSDALE. Don't mind if I do!

YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT.

YA GOTTA CLAP YOUR HANDS AND SHOUT.

YA GOTTA FIND YOUR INNER HILLBILLY

AND LET THAT SUCKER OUT.

THEN YA DO A LITTLE JIG

WHILE THE JUG BAND'S BLOWIN'

GIVE YOU'RE FAV'RITE GIRLIE A SPANK.

'CAUSE WHEN YA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT

IT'S LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK.

(A group of police officers enters.)

HEAD COP. Police officers! We got a phone call. What seems to be the problem?

ELLY MAY. There ain't no problem. We's stampin'! Come on!

GRANNY. All right now, all o' youse!

ALL (*a cappella clap chorus for eight measures*).

YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT.
YA GOTTA BOOT YORE CARES AWAY.
YA GOTTA SHAKE YORE FANNY
JUST LIKE GRANNY
DID BACK IN THE DAY.

(*The a cappella section ends.*)

ALL (*cont'd*).

YA GOTTA GIVE A LITTLE KICK
WHILE THE BANJO'S PICKIN'.
DO A LITTLE SPIN, THEN A SWAY.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT
IN THE GOOD OLD OZARK WAY.

(*Dance break.*)

ALL (*cont'd*).

YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT.
YA GOTTA CLAP YORE HANDS AND SHOUT!
YA GOTTA FIND YORE INNER HILLBILLY
AND LET THAT RASCAL OUT.
THEN YA THROW YORE ARMS UP TO THE SKY
LIKE YA WOULD ON JUDGMENT DAY.
YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT

(Short musical figure for stomping or other choreographic business.)

ALL *(cont'd)*.

COME ON AND STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT

(Another short musical figure.)

ALL *(cont'd)*.

YA GOTTA STAMP IT LIKE A CLAMPETT

GRANNY. Holy smokes, Elly May! I think you've got it!

(As the number comes to an end, we see JUDITH come down R. JUSTIN enters and approaches her.)

JUSTIN. OK, I'll do it.

(JUDITH hands him the ticket and he runs off. JUDITH exits R.)

ALL.

IN THE GOOD OLD OZARK WAY! YEE-HAW!

(Blackout.)

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE 1

(Curtains open outside the Clampetts' mansion. Early evening, the following day. GRANNY's still is set up DL. There are benches arranged for seating as well as GRANNY's rocker. GRANNY stands at the still filling jelly jars with moonshine. She hands them to JETHRO, who at one point tries to sneak a taste. GRANNY knocks him on the head—he hands the glasses out to the guests. JED stands at a barbecue, the surface of which is concealed by the open lid. It appears, however, that he is turning meat with a poker. ELLY MAY is fixing a fallen decoration. JUSTIN helps her. DRYSDALE stands DR, having a drink. JANE stands beside him.)

DRYSDALE *(quietly to JANE)*. I must say, I'm impressed.

Where did you find all these guests?

JANE. They're your bank tellers, chief.

DRYSDALE. They are? How did you ...

JANE. It was easy, they're on the clock.

DRYSDALE. What?!

JANE. I gave them time and a half.

DRYSDALE. Good God ... *(Nearly faints.)*

JANE. Stay calm. I forgot to bring the first-aid kit, so unless you're carrying a sizeable amount of cash in your wallet, you're going to have to quell your anxiety by other means.

DRYSDALE. You're right. *(Downs the drink in his hand.)*
Jethro, fill 'er up!

JETHRO. Yes siree, Mr. Drysdale!

(DRYSDALE crosses to the still.)

JANE. Chief, that wasn't what I had in mind.

(JETHRO pours DRYSDALE another drink of moonshine.)

GRANNY. What the heck, Jethro, give 'm a double dose!
After all, we be havin' a party.

JETHRO. Yes, ma'am!

JANE. Oh, dear.

JED *(to DRYSDALE)*. It's a doggone shame Mrs. Drysdale cain't be joinin' us tonight.

DRYSDALE. Yes, well, the cruise ship is stuck on a sandbar somewhere in Barbados. It'll be a few days before they can haul such a heavy tank back to shore. I mean the boat, of course. Cheers! *(He takes a drink.)*

JED. Did ya invite that Miz von Vanderwhoozy?

JANE. Why no, I certainly didn't think you'd want her at your gathering after her first visit.

JED. Oh, we don't pay no mind to people gettin' their girdle in a knot. 'Pears to me, she's jest a lonely old mare.

ELLY MAY. Poor thing.

JUSTIN. Don't feel sorry for her, Elly May. If she's lonely, I'm sure there's good reason for it. And she's far from poor. She made a fortune in her hat business. Why those things must be flying off the shelves the kind of money she's making. But, she's not a nice woman, Elly May.

ELLY MAY. Justin, you oughtn't be too hard on her.

JUSTIN. And you shouldn't be too easy. You're so goodhearted, you don't see the bad in anyone.

GRANNY. Well, with or without that old crow, this here was a mighty fine idea you done had, Mr. Drysdale.

DRYSDALE. A real hometown welcome! Makes you feel welcome, right Granny? And homey, right Granny? And welcome ...

JANE. Here, chief, drink up.

(JANE hands him a drink to shut him up.)

GRANNY. Now, how do ya like yore possum, Miss Jane?
Fallin' off the bone or with a little fight left in it?

JANE. I ...

GRANNY. Say no more. *(To JED.)* Jed, fix it so Miss Jane kin still git in the ring with it, an' go a round 'r two.

JED *(from behind the grill)*. All right, Granny!

JANE *(to DRYSDALE)*. What happened to the olive p \hat{a} te and Beluga caviar we had sent over?

JED. Them's wuz vittles? We thought them was some kind of fancy fertilizer. We had Jethro spread 'em out over the daisy patch.

(JANE crosses to DRYSDALE as he downs another glass of moonshine.)

DRYSDALE *(getting everyone's attention)*. I'd like to make a toast. To all of you Clampetts! *(Laughing.)* Who would have thought just three weeks ago, that I would be here, drinkin' moonshine with a gaggle of possum-eatin', banjo-pickin' hillbillies!

JANE *(horrified)*. Chief! *(Quickly stops DRYSDALE from drinking and tries to quell the situation.)* Mr. Clampett, please forgive Mr. Drysdale, he didn't mean ...

JED. Now hold on. Let me tell ya somethin', Miss Hathaway. Any man that rears up at bein' called a hillbilly, just plain ain't one. I don't like t' call myself a proud man, but I'm downright pleased of where I come frum. I'm a feller frum the hills. Not unlike yoreself, Mr. Drysdale. You an' me got that in common. An' we got t' feel proud of that thar fact.

(#11: “Hillbilly Pride”)

JED (*cont’d*).

SOME PEOPLE FROWN ON HILL FOLK.
THEY THINK WE ALL IS ILL FOLK.
BUT WE DON’T RIGHTLY PAY ’EM ANY MIND.
WE GOT OUR OWN AMBITIONS,
OUR MUSIC AND TRADITIONS
AND A HILLBILLY WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU KIND.

HILLBILLY PRIDE
IF YA GOT IT DEEP INSIDE.
IT’LL SOFTEN UP LIFE’S BUMPY BUGGY RIDE.
WHEN TIMES GET TOUGH AND WINDS GET
ROUGH
WE TAKE IT ALL IN STRIDE
CUZ WE GOT GOOD FRIENDS AND HILLBILLY
PRIDE.

HILLBILLY STYLE
IT’LL MAKE A MEAN MAN SMILE.
IT’LL KEEP AWAY THE JACKALS FOR A WHILE.
WHEN SOMEONE IS UNKIND TO YOU,
DON’T PUT THAT MAN ON TRIAL.
YOU JUST WIN HIM OVER HILLBILLY-STYLE.

(JED gets swept up and does a short impromptu dance.)

JED (*cont’d*).

A HILLBILLY WILL GIVE YOU THE BOOTS RIGHT
OFF HIS FEET.
A HILLBILLY CAN MAKE THE FOULEST VINEGAR
TASTE SWEET.
SO WHETHER YOU’S JUST PASSIN’ THROUGH
OR STAYIN’ FOR A WHILE,
WE’LL FIX YOU UP IN HILLBILLY STYLE.

ELLY MAY, JETHRO & GUESTS.

HILLBILLY JOY
COMES TO EVERY GIRL AND BOY
CUZ THE BANJO IS OUR FAV'RITE CHILDHOOD TOY.

ELLY MAY, JETHRO, DRYSDALE, JUSTIN & GUESTS.

YOU STRUM A BIT, THEN HUM A BIT.
NO NEED TO BE TOO COY
CUZ THERE AIN'T NO JOY LIKE HILLBILLY JOY.

JED.

HEY, EVERYBODY LOOK THIS WAY.
MIZ HATHAWAY HAS SOM'IN' TO SAY.

JANE.

HILLBILLY PRIDE.
IT'S A FEELIN' YOU CAN'T HIDE
ONCE YA LET YOUR CITY INHIBITIONS SLIDE.
THE MORE I GET TO KNOW YOU FOLKS,
THE MORE I'M ON YOUR SIDE.
I'M BANKIN' BIG ON HILLBILLY PRIDE.

GRANNY.

HILLBILLY GRIT
JUST AS SURE AS I KIN SPIT,
IN THIS BIG OL' WORLD THERE AIN'T ENOUGH OF
IT.

ELLY MAY.

YOU TELL 'EM, GRANNY!

GRANNY.

WHEN EVERY BONE IS ACHIN'
AND YORE BODY FEELS LIKE—

JETHRO (*shouting*).

GRANNY!

GRANNY.

YA JUST SUCK IT UP WITH HILLBILLY GRIT.

ALL.

HILLBILLY PRIDE IF YA GOT IT DEEP INSIDE.
IT'LL SOFTEN UP LIFE'S BUMPY BUGGY RIDE.
WHEN TIMES GET TOUGH AND WINDS GET ROUGH
WE TAKE IT ALL IN STRIDE
CUZ WE GOT GOOD FRIENDS AND HILLBILLY
PRIDE.

A HILLBILLY WILL HELP YOU AND NEVER ASK
YOU WHY.

A HILLBILLY WILL BE YORE FRIEND WHEN
OTHERS SAY GOODBYE.

SO WHETHER YOU'S JUST PASSIN' THROUGH
OR FIXIN' TO ABIDE,

YOU NEVER HAVE TO FEEL SILLY—

GRANNY.

BROKE-DOWN MARE

ALL (*except GRANNY*).

OR YOUNG FILLY—

ALL.

IF YOU GOT THAT HILLBILLY PRIDE.
HILLBILLY PRIDE!

(The lights change and the party quietly disperses. GRANNY heads into the mansion but pokes her head out the front door, watching ELLY MAY and JUSTIN kiss good night. As ELLY MAY turns, GRANNY jumps away from the door so as not to be seen. ELLY MAY enters the mansion.)

The rest of the scene is played inside the mansion.)

ELLY MAY. Watcha doin', Granny? Gettin' some buttermilk?

GRANNY (*defensive*). Ya got any objection t' that?

ELLY MAY (*sitting*). Come sit with me, Granny.

GRANNY (*sitting with her*). I guess I oughta give ya this 'fore I head upstairs. Came in the mail today.

(GRANNY takes a letter from her pocket.)

ELLY MAY. Whut is it?

GRANNY. Now you know I cain't read. But Miss Jane done tole me it were a letter to ya. (*Sniffs it, smiling.*) An it smells jest like home.

(GRANNY hands the letter to ELLY MAY.)

GRANNY (*cont'd*). I'll be upstairs if ya need me. (*Starts to exit.*)

ELLY MAY. But Granny, ya fergot yore buttermilk.

GRANNY. I didn't fergit the buttermilk'. I done changed my mind 'bout the buttermilk. But there's a diff'rence 'tween buttermilk an' people. And when ya go t' fergettin' people', it can make them people go t' wonderin' if they was ever sumptin' worth rememberin' in the first place. Hmph.

(GRANNY exits. ELLY MAY sits down then slowly opens the letter from LYLE and begins to read.)

(#12: "When Ya Comin' Home?" [Reprise #1])

ELLY MAY.

WHEN YA COMIN' HOME, MY ELLY, ELLY
WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
I DON'T GIVE A HOOT 'BOUT NO OTHER GIRLS

YORE THE ONE I PINE FOR
THE ONLY VALENTINE FOR
THIS BOY WHO'S SAD AND LOST WITHOUT YOU,
ELLY.

NIGHT IS LONGER THAN THE DAY
WITHOUT MY BLONDE CHARMER
I'M JUST A PIG-FARMER
WHO'S WAITIN' FOR HIS ...

(GRANNY comes back into the room and watches from a distance.)

ELLY MAY *(cont'd)*. Oh, Lyle. Oh, Maw.

(Upset, ELLY MAY runs out of the house, passing JED as he enters through the front door.)

JED. Well, whar's she off to so fast? Don't tell me she's gone chasin' wild turkey agin.

GRANNY. She got herself a decision need t' be made.

JED. Granny, ya promised me you was gonna let her figger this thang out on her own.

GRANNY. I didn't say nothin'. But Jed, I bin whatchin' that girl, an' I seen her lookin' up at the sky an' talkin' to her maw, askin' fer help.

JED. She goes to talkin' to Rose Ellen?

GRANNY. She's lookin' fer answers, Jed. Same answers her maw wuz lookin' to git from me, long time ago. When yore a young 'n, with yore whole life ahead a' you, it be hard choosin' 'tween thangs.

JED. So I reckon Rose Ellen needed help choosin' tween me an' Bud?

GRANNY. Oh, no Jed. It warn't Bud.

JED (*surprised*). Ya mean there were someone else?

GRANNY. No, not someone Jed, *somethin'*. Rose Ellen come to me when she wuz Elly's age with some crazy notion of goin' to Timbucktu. Leavin' Bug Tussle an' lookin' fer, fer God knows whut.

JED. I see. An' you ... you told her to stay an' marry me, huh?

GRANNY. By God no, Jed. I tole her to go.

JED. Whut?

GRANNY. I said, "Listen to whatever that voice inside o' you is sayin'. No matter how timid 'r scared that voice might be, it's tellin' ya where to put yore faith." She went out back, an' she climbed that ol' dreamin' tree fer the last time. That's when she done realized it wuz you she was dreamin' of. She wuz the one picked ya Jed, not me. An' she never looked back.

JED (*smiling*). Hmm. Always said she wuz a smart woman.

SCENE 2

(At the bank. ELLY MAY is seated in a chair across from DRYSDALE's desk. At opening, JANE is dusting the desk as they speak with a feather duster, dusting the phone, the fountain pen, etc. Throughout the scene, JANE is doing a series of ridiculous jobs for DRYSDALE, from sewing his jacket, cleaning the coffee pot, brushing his hat, shining his shoes and at one point, hammering the chair leg.)

JANE (*while dusting the various items on the desk*). You see, Elly May, you just have to look at each one of these suitors and weigh his assets and his liabilities.

ELLY MAY. His whut?

JANE. His assets ...

ELLY MAY (*quickly closing the office door*). Why, Miss Hathaway! You oughtn't ter use that kin' o' language.

JANE. No, no, Elly May, an "asset" is an accounting term. It means, the good qualities. The pluses.

ELLY MAY. And whut's that other thang then? The liabilities.

JANE (*saying it slow*). Liabilities. Those are all the drawbacks ... the minuses. So, you just add up all the assets on this side and all the liabilities on that side and see what you have left.

ELLY MAY (*starting to get it*). Oh, ya mean, like when Paw an' me goes fishin'. He totes up how many fish he caught an' how many worms he had t' use. Ya mean like that?

JANE. Well, that's a little more colorful, but yes ...

ELLY MAY. Gosh, this could be awful hard. I mean Justin wears his hair real nice an' neat an' covers his mouth when he coughs. But Lyle, why he can throw a toad further than any man, woman or child I ever knowed. But Justin's got feet itchin' to travel, an' he's got them pearly white teeth. But Lyle's got a heart so big, he done gave his own bed one time to a sickly goat that the doc said wuz showin' signs of depression. An' Lyle's hands are mighty special too. Why he could pull ten piglets breech right out of a sow an' she wouldn't even know it.

JANE (*stunned*). I can see your dilemma.

(DRYSDALE rushes in.)

DRYSDALE. Miss Hathaway! I have a meeting with the board of trustees in five minutes and I need the ... (*JANE rips a piece of paper out of the typewriter that sits on the desk and hands it to him.*) and I can't find the ... (*JANE hands him a file of papers.*) and ... (*He feels his front shirt pocket, JANE hands him a pen.*) Well then ...

(He starts to leave.)

JANE *(calling him back)*. Chief ...

(As he turns back to her, she pulls out, as if from midair, his eyeglasses and puts them directly on him.)

DRYSDALE *(noticing ELLY MAY, he nods to her)*. Miss Clampett. *(As he exits.)* Finish the filing, Hathaway!

ELLY MAY. Golly, Mr. Drysdale shore needs you to keep his head on straight. Paw always said Maw had to do that fer him. But workin' fer a man is a whole lot diff'rent than bein' married to one, ain't it?

JANE. In theory.

ELLY MAY. So did ya' ever add up Mr. Drysdale's liabilities an' *(Saying it carefully.)* assets, Miss Jane?

JANE. Well with an employer as demanding as Mr. Drysdale, I'm afraid there are a lot more liar—liabilities than assets.

ELLY MAY *(carefully)*. Then how come ya keeps on workin' fer him?

JANE. Well Elly May, I believe it is a sense of duty. *(She pulls a hammer out of the desk.)* Mr. Drysdale runs the most prominent bank in Beverly Hills and has entrusted me with the responsibility of maintaining that distinction of excellence. *(She turns the desk chair over on it's side.)* He relies heavily upon me to oversee highly technical and complicated tasks. *(She hammers the leg of the desk chair securely with a couple of blows.)* Now run along, I still have to shellac the desk.

ELLY MAY. All right, Miss Jane. I got me lots o' addin' up to do. I best git started. *(She starts to leave but stops.)* Ya know whut I think, Miss Jane? I think with you workin' fer him, Mr. Drysdale's luckier than a sick goat sleepin' in a warm bed.

JANE. I have that same thought every day.

(ELLY MAY runs off, passing DRYSDALE, who runs back in.)

JANE *(cont'd)*. Did you forget something, chief?

DRYSDALE. Yes, YOU! Boardroom in five minutes!

JANE *(saluting him)*. Yes, chief. No doubt you need me to provide a valuable perspective on some intricate financial matters.

DRYSDALE. I need you, Miss Hathaway, to provide coffee for six.

(DRYSDALE exits.)

(#13: “Girl Friday”)

(JANE’s song should be played throughout as a sincere ballad to elicit sympathy for the woman-behind-the-man faithful secretary.)

JANE.

HE NEVER SEES THE THOUSAND THINGS I DO
TO HELP HIM MAKE IT THROUGH
EACH DAY.

I’M NOT MACHIN’RY HERE,
I’M NOT PART OF THE SCEN’RY HERE,
AND IF I EVER CATCH HIS EAR,
I KNOW JUST WHAT I’LL SAY

WHO PAYS THE BILLS?
WHO BUYS YOUR INDIGESTION PILLS?
GIRL FRIDAY, AKA JANE!

WHO STRAIGHTENS UP FOR YOU?
WHO FILLS YOUR COFFEE CUP FOR YOU?
WHO KEEPS YOU HALFWAY SANE?
WHO NEVER PRIES?
WHO CLEANS THE MUSTARD OFF YOUR TIES?
GIRL FRIDAY. SO TRIED AND TRUE.

WHO SCREENS YOUR CALLS FOR YOU?
WHO PACES IN THE HALLS FOR YOU
WHEN YOU ARE THREE HOURS LATE?
GIRL FRIDAY, THAT'S WHO!

(Imitating DRYSDALE.)

“TAKE A LETTER, MISS HATHAWAY.”

(Herself, enthusiastic.)

YES CHIEF.

(Imitating DRYSDALE.)

“AND DO IT BETTER THAN YESTERDAY.”

(Herself, deflated.)

YES, CHIEF.

IF I EVER QUIT THIS JOB,
I KNOW HE'D LOSE HIS MIND!
WHERE ELSE ON THIS PLANET COULD HE FIND
ANOTHER?

I'LL SAY IT FRANK:
WHO RUNS THE MAN WHO RUNS THE BANK?
GIRL FRIDAY. DON'T YOU AGREE?

TAKE ALL THE MATH AWAY,
AND LOOK, IT'S MISS JANE HATHAWAY
WHO RUNS THE WHOLE DARN SHOW.
WITHOUT ME HE'D NOT KNOW

WHICH DAY IS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SUNDAY,

(Imitating DRYSDALE in all his manic bluster.)

“WHERE'S MY BRIEFCASE? CANCEL MONDAY!
GET THAT TYPING! QUIT YOUR GRIPING!
CHECK THE FOYER! CALL MY LAWYER!

(Going crazy.)

MISS HATHAWAY, I NEED YOU NOW!”

(Herself, calmer.)

GIRL FRIDAY, THAT'S ME!

SCENE 3

(Back in Bug Tussle.

The lights come up on DL, revealing PEARL, just as before, sitting outside, rocking in a chair, sewing a dress by hand. LYLE enters the scene, looking somber.)

LYLE. Howdy, Ms. Pearl.

PEARL. Lord have mercy, Lyle, you ain't lookin' so good.

LYLE. I come t' see if Elly May done wrote me back.

PEARL. I ain't seen nothin' in the post agin fer ya, Lyle.

LYLE. My heart's jes' hurtin' somethin' awful. I guess the pigs an' me is gonna grow old together an' die alone, together.

PEARL. Lyle, you cain't give up on bein' happy. Look around, there's a whole world out there jes' waitin' fer ya.

(#14: “Raspberries in the Patch”)

PEARL *(cont'd)*.

THERE ARE RASPBERRIES IN THE PATCH.

YA GOTTA GRAB YORESELF A BATCH.

YA GOTTA DRAG YORE SORRY SELF OUT OF THAT
PIGPEN.

THERE'S A BIG PEN O' GIRLS OUT THERE.

THERE LOTS O' CATFISH IN THE BROOK.

JUST GOTTA LEARN YORESELF TO SNAG ONE
WITH YORE HOOK.

YA GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE FISHIN' EXPEDITION—
GIVE THE WHOLE DARN LAKE A LOOK.

LYLE.

BUT ELLY MAY IS ALL I GOT,
SHE'S PURTY AS AN APRICOT.

PEARL.

BUT IF THAT APRICOT TAKES ROT,
YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER ON THE SPOT.

LYLE.

NOT.

THOUGH I KNOW IN MY HEAD YORE RIGHT.
I GUESS I AIN'T GOT MUCH APPETITE.
I SEEN A LOTTA JUICY APPLES IN THE ORCHARD
BUT I DON'T WANNA TAKE A BITE.

I GUESS I'M REALLY JUST A ONE-PIG KIND O' GUY
WHO IN THE END WANTS ONLY ONE GIRL IN HIS
STY.

CUZ WHEN I THINK O' LOSIN' ELLY MAY
FOREVER
I JUST CURL RIGHT UP AND DIE.

PEARL.

I KNOW IT'S TRUE
YA HAD A GOOD THING GOIN' THERE WITH ELLY
MAY.

NOW THAT'S ALL THROUGH
IT'S TIME TO BE LOOKIN' OUT FOR PIG NUMBER
ONE, THAT'S YOU.

SO GRAB THOSE RASPBERRIES IN THE PATCH.
I KNOW EVENTUALLY YOU'LL FIND YORE
PERFECT MATCH.
YORE GONNA SETTLE DOWN WITH HER ONCE
AND FOREVER.

LYLE.

MARRY SOMEONE ELSE? NO, NEVER!

LYLE.

I WILL NEVER GIVE UP MY
LITTLE ELLY MAY.

PEARL.

YOU JUST GOTTA GIVE UP
YORE ELLY MAY.

PEARL.

RASPBERRIES IN THE PATCH

LYLE.

DON'T WANT NO FRUIT.

PEARL.

CATFISH IN THE BROOK.

LYLE.

DON'T WANT NO FISH.

PEARL.

RASPBERRIES,
DELICIOUS
RASPBERRIES.

PEARL & LYLE.

RASPBERRIES IN THE PATCH.

LYLE.

NO THANKS!

SCENE 4

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