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## **Family Plays**

# EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY

Comedy by  
Tim Kelly



# EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY

"Youthful and spirited." "The audience loved it." "Enormously appealing." "Fast-moving dialogue, interesting characters and humor." "Funny." "Makes an audience feel good all over." These are only a few of the raving critical quotes that greeted the arrival of this heartwarming two-act comedy during its West Coast premiere and subsequent tour.

**Comedy. By Tim Kelly.** *Cast: 3m., 3w.* Just a couple of years out of high school, Jim Dandy, a rodeo bronco rider, is convinced the world will soon be his. Why not? He's the first to admit he's got looks, charm and talent. Tired and penniless (again), he returns to the family that took him in when he was deserted as a youngster and proceeds to turn the place into the Fourth of July! He fills the air with fancy conversation culled from the slick magazine advertisements he carries around with him. Adding to the fun, suspense and conflict are his childhood sweetheart, Clarie; her practical ma, Emma; and a rival for Clarie's affection, Warren Claiborne, the town's leading young businessman. Even his rattle-brained sister, Connie, and his sidekick, Percy, a young Indian, can't dampen Jim's enthusiasm. When it finally dawns on Jim that he can't have rodeos and Clarie, too, it's a problem that's too big even for Jim Dandy to handle. This is a comedy of character, filled with the laughter of human foibles and young dreams. As one newspaper critic wrote: "It simply burst its jeans with a youthful outlook that is altogether winning. The audience loved it." *The action of the play takes place in the home of Emma Craig, in a small Arizona town close to Tucson. The time is the present. Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: E77.*

## Family Plays

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Everything's Jim Dandy

**EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY**

**A Comedy in Two Acts**

**by**

**TIM KELLY**

**Family Plays**

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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# EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY

## *Cast of Characters* (In order of appearance)

**Emma Craig**, *practical and wise in a small-town sort of way; in her 30's*  
**Clarie**, *her daughter, 17, enthusiastic, appealing, pretty*

**Percy Tallchief**, *an Indian, 19, Jim's sidekick*

**Jim Dandy**, *a rodeo cowboy, about 20, loaded with charm, charm, charm—and ego*

**Warren Claiborne**, *an up-and-coming businessman, about Jim's age, or a bit older*

**Connie**, *Jim's sister, early 20's, not the brightest one in town*



**Everything's Jim Dandy** was first presented at Theatre Exchange, Los Angeles, California, directed by Stuart Lancaster, setting by Gene Mazzanti, with the following cast:

Emma Craig . . . . .	Mary Tiffany
Clarie . . . . .	Wendy Prindle
Percy Tallchief . . . . .	Alex Kubik
Jim Dandy . . . . .	Mitch Carter
Warren Claiborne . . . . .	Brian Harshman
Connie . . . . .	Jan Burrell



## Synopsis of Scenes

*The action of the play takes place in the home of Emma Craig, in a small Arizona town close to Tucson. The present.*

### ACT I

Scene 1: Early morning

Scene 2: That night

Scene 3: Morning, three days later

### ACT II

Scene 1: Afternoon, later in the week

Scene 2: The following night

Scene 3: A month later

## PRODUCTION NOTES

### Properties

Rodeo trophies and awards—on mantel  
Picture postcard—on mantel

### Act I

Pot of coffee and 2 mugs—Emma	Watch—Warren
Makeup mirror and comb—Clarie	Cup—Emma
Magazine advertisements, handkerchief, wad of money, bracelet in tissue paper—Jim	
Mail—Emma	Shopping bag with canned goods—Warren

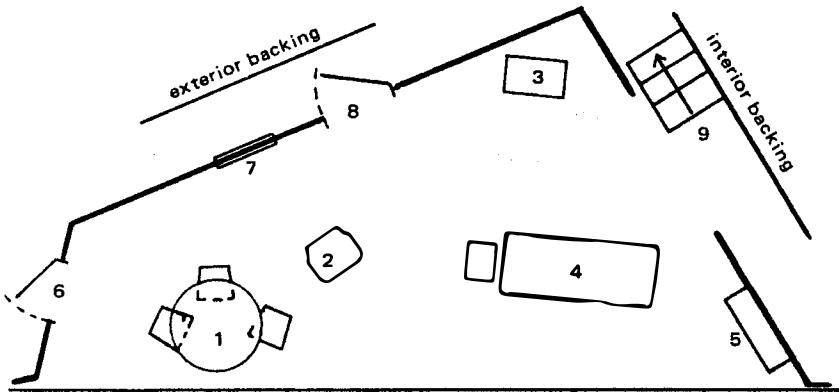
### Act II

Sewing paraphernalia, newspaper—Emma	
Cigars, coins—Jim	Sweater, suitcase, shawl—Clarie
Broom and dustpan—Emma	Gift-wrapped packages—Jim
Battered picture album—Connie	

### Costumes

Costume suggestions are given in the text. Clothing should look Western. Jim should have a good-looking outfit for his return from Oklahoma City.

### Set



Scale: 1/8"=1'

- |                               |                         |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1—Table with three chairs     | 5—Fireplace with mantel |
| 2—Armchair                    | 6—Opening to kitchen    |
| 3—Saddle on sawhorse or stand | 7—Window with curtains  |
| 4—Sofa and sidetable          | 8—Front door            |
| 9—Stairs to bedrooms          |                         |

Add rugs, lamps, throw pillows, mirror, pictures, trim props, and other furniture as desired. Western decorations, such as longhorns, rifles, horseshoes, spurs, Indian blankets, rattlesnake skin, potted cacti, etc., will add to the flavor.



### Promotion

Decorate your lobby with rodeo posters and memorabilia. Let members of your organization wear cowboy and cowgirl costumes during a ticket sales campaign. In your newspaper, radio, and TV spots you may want to use some of these excerpts from reviews of the seven productions and 154 performances which preceded publication of EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY:

"EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY is a play that lives up to its name. Too good to be forgotten. Playwright Kelly has written vivid portraits of these people of the Southwest and you learn to care about them . . ."—Eileen Winter, *San Fernando Big Valley Magazine*

"A slice of rawhide, ranch-house Americana . . . fast-moving dialogue, interesting characters and humor."—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*

"EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY concerns the comic missteps of a young rodeo star as he stumbles toward maturity . . . It successfully evokes a side of rural Southwestern life that previously has been all but ignored by American playwrights."—*Footlights Theatre Magazine*

"Kelly has written a play that is . . . comical . . . serious . . . honest"—Davis, *Los Angeles Casting Call*

"The play simply bursts its jeans with a youthful outlook that is altogether winning. The audience loved it."—*Northern Arizona Miner*

"Enormously appealing little play. EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY shines like a fresh-scrubbed face. Makes an audience feel good all over . . . Youthful and spirited."—*Santa Clara Enterprise*

### About the Author

Somebody once remarked that, somewhere in the world, almost every minute of every day there is a play by Shakespeare being performed. It's quite possible that the same thing can be said about Tim Kelly. More than 100 plays, TV scripts, and movie scenarios are credited to Kelly, and most of them are popular with all types of theatres, professional and amateur. He has won innumerable playwriting awards and prizes, including the New England Theatre Conference award, an American Broadcasting Fellowship to Yale University, and the Nederlander competition.

While most Kelly scripts are horror plays (*Dracula, The Vampire Play; The Fall of the House of Usher*), spoofs of horror plays (*The Frankensteins Are Back in Town*), or melodramas (*Sweeney Todd, Demon Barber of the Barbary Coast*), EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY is a realistic play about one of today's most popular hero types, the rodeo performer. *Point West Magazine* noted that no playwright knows the Southwest better than Tim Kelly: "His people are genuine, his ear for their conversation right on target." EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY and Kelly's delightful one-act play about Butch Cassidy's sweetheart ("Lantern in the Wind") prove that this statement is excitingly true.

# EVERYTHING'S JIM DANDY

By Tim Kelly

ACT I

Scene 1

[SETTING: Emma Craig's home in a small Arizona town. The house is about fifty years old, probably built by the original owner. Upstage Center is the front door. Up Right a window with curtains. Up Left are stairs that lead to the bedrooms. Down Left is a fireplace. At Right is an exit into the kitchen. A table with chairs is positioned Down Right. An armchair is left of the table. There's a small sofa Down Left with pillows. In the rest of the room we find a side table, lamp(s), rugs, and a wall mirror. A row of rodeo trophies and awards decorate the fireplace mantel. Somewhere in the room a saddle is on display. Everything is worn but comfortable, with a flavor that is unmistakably "desert country."]

AT RISE: Early morning. EMMA comes from the kitchen, carrying two coffee mugs]

EMMA [Calling upstage] Clarie's after you 'gon be late for the interview [Puts mugs on table] Clarie? [No answer; she moves to stairs] Clarie can you hear me?

CLARIE [Comes down the stairs carrying a makeup mirror and comb] I might be a mama. None of those kids was dead so me - thin'. [She crosses to the table, sits, adjusts mirror, combs out her hair]

EMMA You want any breakfast?

CLARIE Coffee fine.

EMMA [Gives Clarie an admiring glance] Haven't seen that dress before?

CLARIE Wear it again as a special occasion.

EMMA He's not for [Enters the kitchen]

CLARIE So meet me and I'll show you how I take advantage of that man.

EMMA [Offstage] I can't hear you.

CLARIE [Louder still] I said - so meet me at the cafe - that way I take advantage of that man. I'll show you how I take advantage of that man.

EMMA [Offstage] Why are you not going to him?

CLAR I Huh?

EMMA. *[Returns with a coffee pot, pours, takes a chair. They sip as they talk]* Is ai why ar e n' t good t dhi m?

C LAR I Eam good t dWar r e n.

EMMA. That youn gman' s rgar r i iagti e ye s .

CLAR I E. You mē ahas i gn s .

EMMA. You coul d owor s e .

CLAR I EAL he e v e thi nak s uti h i ds ad d yd es par t s nē nt e .

EMMA. He 'gē i p l ace s .

CLAR I E Hi s i d fegai n p' l acē s op e ni an bōt hē t oī d ai Luc-  
s on may b e .

EMMA. You' n a fool i f you d on grab hi m.

CLAR I H. gu e s s .

EMMA. You guess?

CLAR I E A. gi rvan t ss om eom an cā n hel ri fe .

EMMA. You n e v se hrou l d 'ake t nhat r i d Los Ange l e s .

C LAR I E E as stome t hān hāp p e n i n Cāl i forn i da. on wan t  
t e oll et ct av d ld eal s my l i fe .

EMMA. Thi n g hāp p ean oun hē r e .

CLAR I *[Sarcastically]* The d r i v n e ov i op e n i s s umme r .

EMMA. You l i s t you m, h ad y' ou' r a ot fooli n nē on eb i f .  
k n ow why you' r a b p r e t u pi an d d i t r o t s for n o i n v e n t d o w n at  
t hē t ore .

CLAR I E *[Anxious to avoid further conversation]* I b e t b e om my  
way. *[She starts to rise]*

EMMA. You b e t t s e i b t ack d own *[CLARIE sits]* Hon e, y h at e o  
s e you r unni a f t' ear b oy who d on hāv e t i n r o r an yon b uthi m-  
s e l f .

C LAR I E. oud on' und e r s t ān d h.

EMMA. J i m' e s v e t r o o d t i b r i g n ou g h r you t o g e ta good  
l ook I fyous awhi m t we nt y- h ours a d ay, h e ' l d osse om o f hi s  
s p ar k l e .

CLAR I E You d on li t k h i m M a m a. You n e v hāv e .

EMMA. Pr om i s e s b e t b ack for your b i r t h d i a y, h e ?

C LAR I E S ome t h i m n s hāv e o m e up .

EMMA. Wi t h i m t ā l l w a y s b e " s o m e t h i y n ū hāv e n s t e n  
e n o u g h m e n k n o w w h o ' g e n u i a n d w h o ' f a k e .

CLAR I E *[Final sip of coffee]* I b e t t b e g o i n ' .

EMMA. *[Switches tactics, a touch of anger in her voice]* I ' t m e l l i n ' .

you flat out I'm not puttin' up with any of Jim's nonsense. Day your father brought him to this house, I took one look and said to myself he's nothin' but trash. If he had any decency, he'd show some gratitude for us takin' him in.

CLARIE. Could be he's hit it big this time.

EMMA. Don't count on it. Jim Dandy ain't nothin' but a two-bit bronc rider in a ten dollar rodeo. That's all he'll ever be.

CLARIE. I don't want to talk about it.

EMMA. I do!

CLARIE. I don't! *[Angry, CLARIE gets up, runs for the front door]*

EMMA. Don't run off like that. Don't you turn your back on me. *[EMMA stands]* You'll work up a sweat and stain that dress. *[CLARIE is out, slamming the door]* Clarie!

*[EMMA thinks of something, crosses to fireplace and takes a postcard from the mantel, reads. Door into kitchen pushes open and PERCY TALLCHIEF cautiously pokes his head in. He wears a beaded Indian headband]*

PERCY. Mornin', Miz Craig.

EMMA. *[Surprised]* Who's there? *[Sees]* Oh, it's you, Percy.

PERCY. Mornin'.

EMMA. *[Noncommittal]* Mornin'.

PERCY. Figured I'd come in the back in case no one was up and about.

EMMA. I'm always up by six. You know that. *[Holds up the postcard]* Is he with you?

PERCY. Jim?

EMMA. Who else would you be travellin' with? Don't stand there, half-in and half-out. Makes me nervous.

PERCY. Yes, ma'am. *[PERCY steps inside, feeling awkward]*

EMMA. Postcard came yesterday from Albuquerque.

PERCY. Yes, ma'am.

EMMA. The stamp fell off. I had to put a handful of pennies in the mailbox for the postage due.

PERCY. Jim didn't want to show up all of a sudden . . . Figured you might not be ready for a visit.

EMMA. I'm always ready for him. What he do—send you in first to make sure it was safe? *[PERCY smiles boyishly]* Go on, fetch him in.

PERCY. Yes, ma'am. *[He hurries out. EMMA studies the card again]*

EMMA. *[Reads]* “Headin’ home—See you on Thursday—Guess who.” *[She slams the postcard to the mantel, moves back to the table, starts to pour another cup, visibly annoyed]* In and out . . . no better than a hound . . . *[She crosses again to the mantel, angrily grabs at the postcard, reads]* “Headin’ home—See you on Thursday—Guess who.”

*[She tears up the postcard as JIM, all toothy smile, arms wide and radiating youthful ego, bursts through the kitchen door, overhearing]*

JIM. Jim Dandy, that’s who! *[His smile doesn’t fade in spite of her cold reception. His arms remain spread wide. He’s dressed in Western work clothes and cowboy hat. If there’s anything that summarizes this young bronco—it’s charm, charm, charm. He has enormous faith in his dreams, and a way with him that most people find awfully appealing—for a while, at least]* Come on, Em, give us a great big kiss. *[Grinning, he starts to advance on her]*

EMMA. Don’t try to sweet talk me.

JIM. Give me a sugar.

EMMA. No. I’m tellin’ you—no. *[Completely ignoring her protests, JIM chases EMMA around the sofa]* Stop it, I say.

JIM. Where’s my kiss? *[They go around the sofa another time. Finally, EMMA is out of breath]*

EMMA. Got to catch my breath. Whee. *[When she stops, JIM kisses her loudly on the cheek]*

JIM. Good to be home.

EMMA. *[Touches the spot where he planted the kiss. Her iciness melts. Wistful]* Same trick you pulled ever since you was a li’l boy. Chase me around this sofa askin’ for a kiss. *[Shift in tone]* You got manure on them boots?

JIM. Would I come into this house with manure on my boots?

EMMA. I’m askin’ the questions.

JIM. *[Another grin]* Why, my boots are as clean as the love in your heart, Emma. *[EMMA sighs. He’s a master at con]* And you got enough love in your heart for the whole wide world. Ev’rybody knows that.

EMMA. *[She really wants to be angry with him, but it’s not easy]* Take your hat off when you’re inside the house.

JIM. *[Dutifully]* Yes, ma’am.

EMMA. Where’d you spend the night?

JIM. *[Sees the coffeepot]* That hot?

EMMA. He l y o u r s e C f l e c a n p i s n h e u p b o a r d .

JIM. I d o n' t n e e n l o c l e a n p [He sits at the table, wipes a cup's rim with his handkerchief]

EMMA. [Slowly moving toward him] I a s k e y o u w h e r y o u s p e n t t h e i g h t .

JIM. D r o v a l t h o w a y f r o n F l a g s t a f f .

EMMA. A l t h o w a y f r o n F l a g s t a f f ?

JIM. [Pours coffee] U h - h u h .

EMMA. T h e n h a t c o u l d h' e y o u r j a l o p y t h a s p a r k e i d t h e a l f a l f a f i e l l n i g h t .

JIM. A l h i g h t ?

EMMA. Y o u h e a r n d e W e g o t y o u n e a r f r o m A l b u q u e r P u e . u r e o f a g i a n t a c k r a b l e a t i a n g a c o .

JIM. T h o u g h t w o u l d h a n d y o u a l a u g h .

EMMA. I t d i d n t T h e s t a m p e l o f f . I h a d t o e a v a e h a n d f o r p e n - n i e i s n h e n a i l b o x .

JIM. W a s n' m y f a u l t l . i c k e g o o d . I t f e h o u g h t t o a t n t s , a i n i' t ?

EMMA. W h a t w e r y o u d o i n s i t t o u t t' h e f o r h o u r s t u i l d u p' c o u r a g e a i , t f o n C l a r t i d e a v e f o r y o u s n u c k i n ?

JIM. I d o n' t s n e a k . J i W i l d a m d y w a n t t o c o m e i n a p l a c e . . . [grin] h e j u s t e p e r t s h e o o r a n d w a l k s i n .

EMMA. A n d p r o b a b l y g e t t h e r o w n o u t .

JIM. I f e d o e h e p i c k s m e u l f a n d p u s h e b a c k i n w i t a s m i l e o n h i s f a c e M i g h a s w e l t r y o s t o p a t u m b l e w f r e n d t u m b l i n' . [EMMA laughs at this, despite herself]

EMMA. Y o u g o t a w a y a b o u t y o u N o d e n y i n t .

JIM. M Y e a h F o l k s e r i e t h a t .

EMMA. K e e r p g h t o n b e l i e v' i l t' b e s t t t h a n c h e c k b o o k Y o u b r i n g b a c k h a t r o p h y k y o u s a i y o u w o u l d ?

JIM. [Sips coffee] Y o u k n o w h o w i g o e s W i s o m e j o s e s o m e I t ' s r o u g h k e e p i p r s p e n d o s t o f m y t i m e n o v i f i' o m n e r o d e t h e x t .

EMMA. Y o u t a l k h e a m e w a y R a w l e y i d .

JIM. H e c o u l d d e e n i g h t t h e r b a g f h a b l a p p a l o o s e d i d n' s i o n h i n a n d f i n i s b o t h h i h i p s .

EMMA. W a s n' a h o r s e h a t o o k h i n o u t o f t h e u n n i n' t w a s w h i s k e y W h a t y o u c o m e b a c k f o r ?

JIM. I t o l d l a r i e b e b a c k f o r h e b i r t h d a y .

EMMA. Her birthday was last month.

JIM. I couldn't make it then.

EMMA. I figured that out all by myself. [*Watching closely for his reaction to what she is about to say*] Warren Claiborne and Clarie have been seein' each other.

JIM. Warren Claiborne, Warren Claiborne—that's all the mothers in this town talk about.

EMMA. You don't like him because he's got a position, friends who count, and he's respected.

JIM. I'm not back in this house five minutes before you're flamin' my ear off.

EMMA. Jus' tellin' you how things stand. [*Another shift of gears; again she watches for his reaction*] Man from the gas people wants to put up a station here. Says with the new highway it'd do good business. I could do with some help.

JIM. You got ole man Chavez to help out, ain't you?

EMMA. He's so ole he can't tell what year it is.

JIM. Guess Clarie's down at the store, huh?

EMMA. [*Turns serious, sits at the table*] Never you mind about Clarie.

JIM. All I done was ask.

EMMA. All I done was tell you.

JIM. You don't give me credit for nothin'.

EMMA. You'd be surprised what I give you credit for.

JIM. I'm not goin' to be jus' a rodeo star all my life.

EMMA. Star? You said you was a star?

JIM. I sing purty good, y'know. There's money in country music. Blue grass, rock-a-billy.

EMMA. There's money in gas. You can pump it.

JIM. Might even have a western clothin' outfit of my own. Western-cut shirts with my name on the labels.

EMMA. You sure can spin a web of fancy.

JIM. I've been around. I can take advantage of what I've seen. I wouldn't accept a million dollars for the experiences I've had.

EMMA. I wouldn't give you fifty cents.

JIM. I'm tellin' you, Emma, one of these days, you're goin' to see me sittin' in a room of . . . of . . . [*He breaks off trying to recall the rest of the sentence, which is plainly something he's memorized*]

EMMA. Go on.

JIM. Of . . . of . . .

EMMA. Of what? What's the matter with you?

JIM. [*Annoyed with himself, he takes a folded magazine page from his shirt pocket, finds what he's looking for. Reads*] "... of comfy leather and masculine elegance." [*He starts to fold the page, but EMMA takes it from him, scans, points*]

EMMA. I guess this is supposed to be you—the gentleman wearin' the scarf—pourin' the refreshments for his friends.

JIM. Associates.

EMMA. Huh?

JIM. You said friends. They're not his friends. They're his associates.

EMMA. [*Hands him back the page*] That's quite a future you've got mapped for yourself.

JIM. I'm the boy that can make it happen.

EMMA. Folks do say miracles happen. I wouldn't buy any comfy leather chairs jus' yet.

[*PERCY sticks his head in from the kitchen*]

PERCY. Miz Craig, I was wonderin' if it would be okay to scramble some eggs? I'm so hungry my shirrtail's nibblin' my backside.

JIM. Come on in. She won't bite you.

EMMA. Percy's got manners.

JIM. [*Waves him in*] You're among friends.

EMMA. Why Percy lets you drag him around the country is beyond me.

JIM. [*Motions PERCY to sit at table*] Percy's the best hazer a man could find. He keeps that steer runnin' in a straight line. That takes special talent. Me—I never could decide what I was best at. Ropin' or saddle-back. [*JIM rises, takes his hat, crosses to the mantel*] Look at all these trophies Rawley won. Revives my spirit to see them.

EMMA. I can't keep them clean. Polish only wears away the shine. I've worn my arms down waxin' his ole saddle. Some of the leather's split.

JIM. [*Runs his hand over the saddle*] He sure did love this ole saddle.

EMMA. More than an automobile, I think.

JIM. Rawley said a rodeo man ought to have at least two new cars a year.

EMMA. [*Unimpressed*] Did he? You aimin' to follow his advice?

JIM. I knowed you don't have much faith in me, Emma, but one of these days, you're goin' to be surprised.



EMMA Surprised

JIM *[Announcement of great importance]* I made \$2,700 in my last  
two rounds. All but a quarter.

EMMA *[Incredulous]* You made what?

JIM *[Beaming]* I still must be the first to beat the Oklahoma  
City men's top. I must have offered a rope to the gable com-  
pete.

EMMA \$2,700 in money? Unbelievable!

JIM The money's paid off in advance. See All-Ar Gowby Cham-  
pion's eye row. For sure.

EMMA You could almost convince me.

JIM Ah! *[He digs into a pocket and comes out with a  
wad of bills. EMMA reacts]* How's that?

EMMA Is that yours?

JIM The perfect coin, tell me.

EMMA. Is that a wad of money, Jim?

PERCY Yes, sir.

EMMA. Let me see.

PERCY Let me see.

EMMA. *[To Jim]* You're sure?

JIM *[Moves to her, peeling off some bills]* Here's the money for you . . .  
and another . . . and another. And the rest of the money that came from  
Percy and me is paid for our board and the advance.

EMMA *[Stands, takes the money]* I do believe in miracle. You  
sleep back, as usual. It's a miracle of "masculine elegance," but  
it's wonderful.

JIM *[Steps to sofa]* Percy and me are obliged.

PERCY Thank you, Jim.

EMMA. This money is mine. I can't see a bundle of money  
before me. Jim, I must have a hand in this. It's a full under-  
stand?

JIM. 'Tis a good thing you won't know I'm here. *[Crosses his  
heart]* Word of honor.

EMMA I'm flying over the kitchen, stops.  
*[To Percy]* You see, let me see.

PERCY. *[Nods]* Let me see.

*[EMMA looks at the money as if she felt it might change shape,  
pockets it, exits. JIM is delighted]*

JIM *[Whispers]* I got the money to my hand.

PERCY. Now you've done it. [*Stands, moves to Jim*] How much of our money you got left?

JIM. [*Counts off a few twenties*] Twenty—forty—sixty—and a few thousand in “play store” greenbacks.

PERCY. Ought to be ashamed of yourself walkin' around with a wad of toy money.

JIM. It's not all phony.

PERCY. Hundred and twenty of it was real and you gave half of that to Miz Craig. How we gonna get along on sixty?

JIM. [*Puts on hat*] Don't you worry none. Jim Dandy here is bringin' home the bacon.

PERCY. Where you gonna get it?

JIM. Stop worryin'.

PERCY. I hope you know what you're doin'.

JIM. I can't let 'em think I'm broke again. Ev'ry time I come home, I don't have a penny. It's embarrassin'.

PERCY. Shouldn't keep tellin' people you're gonna hit it big—then you wouldn't have to worry.

JIM. [*Insistent*] I am gonna hit it big. It won't be so bad here.

PERCY. Least we'll eat. I'll see if I can give Miz Craig a hand.

JIM. You do that. She'd appreciate it. [*PERCY goes into kitchen. JIM takes a trophy from the mantel, stands by the saddle and effects a pose, staring into the mirror as if it were an adoring television camera. He looks as if he's won some big rodeo event. He waves*] Howdy, folks. Hear the news? [*Grins*] Jim Dandy's back in town.

BLACKOUT