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*Dramatic Publishing*

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

# The Beverly Hillbillies

Based upon the television program  
"THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES"

Created by PAUL HENNING

Adapted by D. D. BROOKE



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES)

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# THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

*A Play in Three Acts*

For Nine Men, Twelve Women, Extras as Desired\*

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## CHARACTERS

GRANNY  
JED CLAMPETT  
ELLY MAY } ..... *the Clampett family*  
GEORGE TURNER }  
BREWSTER } ..... *employees of Midland Oil*  
COUSIN PEARL } ..... *relatives of the Clampetts*  
JETHRO }  
MR. DRYSDALE ..... *a bank president*  
MRS. DRYSDALE ..... *his wife*  
MISS HATHAWAY ..... *his secretary*  
MRS. PENNYWEATHER ..... *from the Pennyweather*  
*Academy*  
PERCY ..... *her son*  
GLORIA MUNDY ..... *a student at Pennyweather*  
*Academy*  
EMALINE FETTY ..... *a country girl*  
FREDERIKA COLLINS ..... *another student at the*  
*Academy*  
COLONEL FOXHALL ..... *a Southern colonel*  
MRS. STOKELY-SMYTHE }  
MR. OGLETHORPE } ..... *Beverly Hills residents*  
MRS. OGLETHORPE }  
GROOVY MONAHAN ..... *another student*  
FRANK RICHARDS ..... *a police detective*  
Firemen, Party Guests

PLACE: *The Clampetts' cabin in the Ozarks and their mansion in Beverly Hills.*

TIME: *The present.*

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\* Cast may easily be made smaller by doubling two men and one woman.

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# ACT ONE

## Scene One

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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 sitting room, kitchen, dining room of a crude but comfortable cabin. Wooden walls, here and there decorated with calendars or pictures clipped from magazines. A home-made looking table at D R has a few home-made stools around it. A window at C is draped with flour sack or burlap material and overlooks a magnificent view of wooded hills. There is an old-fashioned rocker left of the window; another stool beside it serves as a table. At L C there is an old-fashioned wood stove with a stove pipe. There is a door upstage R to the bedrooms and another D L to the outside.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: GRANNY is in the rocker sewing. She is a spry and snippy elderly lady. As the curtain rises she sets down a sock she has been darning and takes a pair of ripped and torn overalls from a sewing basket by her side. She shakes it out, looks at the damage and sighs, as JED CLAMPETT, a tall, honest but naive, middle-aged man enters D L, carrying a shotgun. He heads over R.)

GRANNY (showing him the overalls). Jed, you got-

ta do somethin' bout that young 'un o' yourn.

JED (putting his gun on hooks over the table).

How'd that happen?

GRANNY. Fightin' with a bobcat.

JED. Git hurt?

GRANNY. Ireckon so. It went limp in' off on three legs.

JED (picking up overalls and looking at them). I

swear I don't know what to do about that girl.

(He hands them back to GRANNY.)

GRANNY. Well, the first thing to do, is git her into a dress. She's gittin' too big to be wearin' men's duds. (She holds up a man's shirt from her sewing basket.) Looky here. She popped the buttons off her shirt again.

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

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

ELLY (offstage, from great distance). Paw!

Paw! Where are ya, Paw?

JED (moving to window, yelling). Up to the cabin, Elly.

ELLY (off). I caught me a critter.

GRANNY. What's she doin' now?

JED (pulling his head back in). Climbin' down off that big ol' elm near the sloo.

GRANNY. Climbin'. . . rasslin' bobcats! She's a fully growed up, rounded out, female woman an' she's got to start actin' like one.

JED. Oh, one o' these days some boy'll come a-courtin'.

GRANNY. They come a-courtin' when she was twelve. An' what did she do?

JED. She whupped the tar out of 'em.

GRANNY. An' that's whut she still does . . . only now, she's seventeen. An' she better be a-marryin'. 'Nother year, she'll be too old.

JED. She'll git herself a husband.

GRANNY. She won't git one rasslin'. Ain't no boy

wants a wife that's gonna whup him every day.  
JED. Well, now, I've noticed somethin', Granny.  
It used to rile the boys somethin' awful when  
Elly'd whup 'em rasslin'. But here, lately,  
they been standin' in line to get whupped.

(ELLY knocks open the door D L and enters. She wears pants and shirt and slouch hat which do not conceal the fact that she is a beautiful woman. A real tomboy, she is completely unaware of her beautiful face and figure. If physically possible, she carries a young man slung over her shoulder and sets him down at C. If that is not possible, she drags him in C. He is GEORGE TURNER, a young geologist, dressed in riding pants, boots and shirt. He is unconscious.)

ELLY. Howdy, Paw.

JED. What you got there?

ELLY. A stranger.

GRANNY. Where'd you git him?

ELLY. Beaned him with a rock.

JED. What fer?

ELLY. So he'd be easier to tote. He was skulkin'  
'round, down by the sloo with another one.

GRANNY. Same kind?

ELLY. No. T'other one had a fancy city suit and  
a leather satchel. When I tried to bean him,  
he put the satchel on his head an' run. Sorry  
I missed him. They'd a made a nice pair.

JED. Elly May, you can't keep him.

ELLY. I caught him! You don't like him, I'll keep  
him out'n the smoke house. He won't bother  
you none.

JED. Elly May, you don't keep people like they was  
a dog or a cat.

ELLY. I had me dogs and cats. I never had me a  
stranger. Look at him, Granny. He's cute.



GRANNY (approaching body and looking). That there's no stranger. That's the fella from the peetroleum company was 'round here last week.

JED. What's a peetroleum?

GRANNY. Dunno. He come up here, asked me could he do some wildcattin' down by the sloo. I says, "He'p yoreself, we're glad to git rid o' the critters."

ELLY. Whut he say?

GRANNY. He jes' kinda laughed . . . But the laugh's on him. They ain't no wildcats in that sloo.

JED. Heck, no! It's too full o' oil.

GRANNY. Well, he come back 'bout a hour later talkin' all crazy.

ELLY. Like whut?

GRANNY. He asked me for a . . . I fergit whut he called it but he said it was a box on the wall you could talk into an' they kin hear you in Oklahoma.

JED. Pore feller must be outa his head.

GRANNY. Then he asked fer the nearest airfield an' when I tol' him I couldn't recollect no field settin' up in the air, then he said the craziest thing.

ELLY. Whut?

GRANNY. Said he was gonna fly to Tulsa. Now you know that man ain't got wings. It's a bad thing to do, Elly. Beanin' one o' God's critters that ain't right in the head to start with.

TURNER (coming around, groaning and looking up). What happened? Where am I? (He sits up.)

JED. This here's the Clampett place.

ELLY. I'm right sorry, stranger. I wouldna beaned ya, if I knowed you was crazy.  
(TURNER, reacting to her, leaps up and

cowers behind JED.)

TURNER. Get him away from me! I never saw a guy could pitch a rock like that! What is he?

The mountain Mickey Mantle?

GRANNY (that confirms it). See? Teched.

ELLY (pleased). I ain't no guy, but thankee jes' the same.

TURNER (to JED, amazed). That's a girl?

(Looks more closely at ELLY, then appreciatively.) That's a girl!

BREWSTER (off L, calling). Turner! Turner!

(BREWSTER enters L, a stuffy executive carrying a brief case, conservatively dressed.)

BREWSTER. Ah, there you are. (To JED.) I tike it, you're the owner. I'm John Brewster, chief counsel for Midland Oil.

ELLY. You don't look like a chief. Where's yore feathers?

JED. M'name's Clampett. My young 'un, Elly May, an' Granny Moses.

BREWSTER (amazed). Granny Moses! You're not the Granny Moses who paints primitives?

GRANNY. Well, I've whitewashed ours a time er two.

BREWSTER. Mr. Clampett, my company is prepared to make you a very generous offer for your land.

GRANNY (shocked). Sell our home?

BREWSTER. You can keep the house -- (Looking around.)--if that's what this is. . . . We just want the swamp. We'll raise so many derricks down there . . .

JED. Mr. Brewster, I got to be honest with you. You couldn't raise turnips down there.

GRANNY. He's right. That ground looks black 'n' rich, but it's so greasy you kin just squeeze the oil out of it.

BREWSTER (anxious). I noticed! I noticed!

TURNER. Mr. Clampett, don't you understand that's what we want? You're a very rich man.

GRANNY (to ELLY). How big a rock you bean him with?

ELLY (making grapefruit size with her hands). No bigger'n a pawpaw.

JED. Stranger, if money was skunk oil, a hound couldn't smell me.

BREWSTER (pulling JED to table R as he takes contract from his brief case). My company will change all that, Mr. Clampett. Just sign this contract and you'll be rich . . . beyond your wildest dreams. (JED sits turning the pages of the contract, which means nothing to him, as TURNER and BREWSTER hover around him.)

GRANNY. Don't sign nothin', Jed. My ol' Uncle Ferdinand Sloat, one time he signed a paper, next thing he knew, he was runnin' up a hill in Cuba, behind that feller with a mustache yellin' "Charge." (Suddenly the terrible racket of an old engine in a rickety truck is heard offstage. BREWSTER and TURNER cover JED and continue selling him, though we can't hear them.)

TURNER. Good heavens. What's that?

ELLY (used to it, walking to the window). It's jes' Cousin Pearl 'n' Jethro in their ol' truck. (Looking out.) Grab somethin' an' holt on, they's headed right fer us!

GRANNY (running to window, calling). Jethro! You stop pointin' that truck at my cabin! An' slow down!

JETHRO (off). I'm a-tryin'. I'm a-draggin' both my feet. (There's a scream from PEARL off. GRANNY turns away from the window.)

GRANNY. I cain't look! (There is the sound of a crash, another scream from PEARL and a lot of clucking from chickens.) Did they hit us?

ELLY. No. But you shoulda seen the chicken house a sailin' 'cross the yard. (How pretty.) Looked like a fallin' star dribblin' chicken mash.

GRANNY (starting out the door, angry). Jethro! You jes' pick up that chicken house an' put it back where it b'longs! (She exits L.)

ELLY (following her). But, Granny, mebbe the chickens'd like it better t'other side. Chickens like a change now 'n' then, too. (She exits L. BREWSTER moves from in front of JED and we see JED holding Brewster's pen, which he returns to him.)

JED. Yore shore that was the fittin' thing to do?

BREWSTER. I assure you, Mr. Clampett, you'll never regret it. Why, just by putting that mark on that piece of paper, you're a millionaire.

TURNER. Congratulations, sir.

BREWSTER. Come on, Turner. I want to go back to that swamp and squish my feet around in that beautiful slime again! (He exits, followed by TURNER. JED stares at the contract, wondering what he's done.)

(COUSIN PEARL enters L, looking over her shoulder at the departing men. She is middle-aged, the most educated and "citified" of the Clampetts, which doesn't make her too smart, but she can read and write.)

PEARL. Jed, I saw that duded-up city feller totin' a satchel comin' over here, so, naturally, I came a-runnin'. Never trust a feller totes a satchel. They'll slicker you every time.

JED. Hello, Pearl. That was Mr. Brewster, the chief counsel for Midland Oil.

PEARL. Counsel? That's a fancy name for lawyer. Them's the worst kind. They go to

school an' study how to slicker you. Granny said he wants to buy the ol' swamp. You didn' sign nothin', did you?

JED. Well . . . yeah . . . I guess I did.

PEARL. What are they gonna pay you?

JED. Well, now, Pearl, that ol' swamp ain't no good fer . . .

PEARL. Jed Clampett! You got slickered and yore ashamed t'admit it!

(GRANNY enters L.)

GRANNY. I tol' him, don't sign no papers. My cousin, Hubert Quagmire, lived over to the Tennessee Valley . . . he signed a paper, next thing he knowed, his house was covered by the biggest lake you ever did see. No, paper signin' is burnin' yore bridges afore they's hatched!

PEARL. How much, Jed?

JED. Well . . . he said . . . dependin' on how much oil they could pump out . . . it'd run somewheres between twenty-five and a hundred.

PEARL. Twenty-five and a hundred!

JED. I know it don't sound like much, but that Mr. Brewster seemed to set a great store by the fact that he's gonna pay me in some new kinda dollars.

PEARL. Oh, Jed, they ain't no new kinda dollars.

JED. Well, they's new to me. I heard of gold dollars, silver dollars an' paper dollars but he's payin' me . . . now whut did he call 'em? (Remembering.) Millyun dollars.

PEARL (can't believe it). Million dollars! (Calls.) Jethro!

JED (handing her contract). Well, it's wrote right here on the paper. You kin see for yoreself.

PEARL (seeing it in contract). Saints alive! Yore a millionaire! (She faints.)

GRANNY. Pearl!

(JETHRO enters at the same moment. He is a huge, muscular boy about twenty, fantastically strong and not too bright. He is followed by ELLY.)

JETHRO (seeing PEARL). Maw!

JED. She fainted!

JETHRO. I guess she's still flustricated 'cause we hit the chicken coop.

GRANNY (pulling small bottle from her pocket). Here's the smellin' salts. (She waves them under Pearl's nose. PEARL groans, begins to come to.)

PEARL (not sure where she is). Did we hit the chicken coop?

JETHRO. Yup . . . but nothin' broke but a coupla eggs. Nothin' fer you to faint about.

PEARL. I never fainted before when you hit the chicken coop. No . . . no . . . (Remembering.) No. I fainted 'cause yore Uncle Jed's a . . . millyunaire. (She faints again.)

ELLY. There she goes again! (GRANNY waves the smelling salts under Pearl's nose.)

JETHRO. Gee, iff in it's that bad, I'm sorry fer yore trouble, Uncle Jed.

JED. Thank you, Jethro. (PEARL comes around again.) Is it that bad, Pearl?

PEARL. Is what that bad?

JED. Bein' a millyunaire. (PEARL, about to go again, grabs the bottle from GRANNY and swallows the contents.)

GRANNY. Them's fer smellin', not drinkin'.

PEARL. Jed, it means yore rich.

JED. Me?

PEARL. The richest man in these hills. Maybe in the whole state. You can have anything you

want. Do anything you want! Live any place you want!

JED. That's whut Mr. Brewster said. Pearl, you think I oughta move?

PEARL. Jed, how can you even ask? Look around you. You're eight miles from the nearest neighbor. You're overrun with skunks, possums, coons, and bobcats. You got kerosene lamps for light . . . a wood stove to cook on winter and summer . . . you wash with homemade lye soap and your bathroom is fifty feet from the house. And you ask should you move!

JED. Yeah, I guess yore right. A man'd be a dang fool to leave all this.

JETHRO (pointing out the door). Hey, lookee there! Stranger out by the pig pen. I'm a-gonna git him! (He dashes out L.)

ELLY. You cain't have him, Jethro. He's mine! (She rushes after Jethro.)

GRANNY (at door, yelling off). Don't belong to neither one o' you. Jethro, put that rock down! (A cry from TURNER off.) Durn! Whut are them furriners goin' to think o' our manners?

(JETHRO enters carrying TURNER as Elly carried him before. ELLY follows him on. JETHRO sets TURNER down at C.)

ELLY. Jethro, you give him back! He's mine!

JETHRO. He ain't neither!

ELLY. Is too!

JETHRO. Ain't!

ELLY. Is! You wanna rassel?

JETHRO. Durn tootin'! (They assume wrestling poses, start to move toward each other.)

JED. Now, here, here! You two young 'uns stop that b'fore I whomp you both! (JETHRO and ELLY drop battle plans.)

JETHRO. Coulda whopped ya!

ELLY. Couldn't!

JETHRO. Could!

JED (taking ELLY to table and sitting her on stool).

Elly May, yore gittin' too big to be rasslin' with boys. You got to start mendin' yore manners . . . an' fixin' yoreself up nice an' wearin' dresses.

ELLY (shocked). Paw! Folks'd call me a sissy!

JED. It ain't sissy fer girls to act like girls. Elly, I reckon ever' man wants a son an' you was my only young 'un . . . so . . . after yore maw passed away . . . I was wrong, but I just sorta turned you into a boy. By the time yore Granny came to he'p out, you was already too wild to tame. But it ain't fittin'. Nature made you a girl an' here, lately, she's been gittin' more an' more positive about it. Yore right purty, Elly.

ELLY (toeing the ground). Aw, Paw . . .

JED (embracing her). Yore the livin' picture of yore Maw.

(BREWSTER enters.)

BREWSTER. Turner! Turner, are you in here again? (Seeing him.) Turner! What's happened?

JETHRO. You can't have him. He's mine! I caught him fair an' square!

BREWSTER (kneeling beside TURNER). He's out again. (To GRANNY.) Do something! Help him!

GRANNY. Cain't do nothin'. Pearl drank up the smellin' salts.

TURNER (coming around, groaning). That girl hit me again?

BREWSTER (nodding at JETHRO). No. This one got you this time.

TURNER (looking up at JETHRO). They sure grow powerful girls up in these hills.

PEARL. You shouldn't oughta done that, Jethro. You gotta start mindin' yore manners, too.