

ADO ANNIE

IT CAIN'T BE "NOW AND THEN"?

WILL

NO HALF-AND-HALF ROMANCE WILL DO!

ADO ANNIEWOULD YOU BULD ME A HOUSE,
ALL PAINTED WHITE,
CUTE AND CLEAN AND PURTY AND BRIGHT?**WILL**

BIG ENOUGH FER TWO BUT NOT FER THREE!

ADO ANNIE

SUPPOSIN' 'AT WE SHOULD HAVE A THIRD ONE?

WILL*(Barking at her)*
HE BETTER LOOK A LOT LIKE ME!**ADO ANNIE***(Skeered)*
THE SPIT AN' IMAGE!**WILL**

HE BETTER LOOK A LOT LIKE ME!

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

ADO ANNIEWITH YOU IT'S ALL ER NOTHIN'—
ALL FER YOU AND NUTHIN' FER ME!
BUT IF A WIFE IS WISE
SHE'S GOTTA REALIZE
THAT MEN LIKE YOU ARE WILD AND FREE.*(WILL looks pleased)*SO I AIN'T GONNA FUSS,
AIN'T GONNA FROWN,
HAVE YOUR FUN, GO OUT ON THE TOWN,

Laurey + Jud

STAY UP LATE AND DON'T COME HOME TILL THREE,
AND GO RIGHT OFF TO SLEEP IF YOU'RE SLEEPY—
THERE'S NO USE WAITIN' UP FER ME!**WILL**

OH, ADO ANNIE!

ADO ANNIE

NO USE WAITIN' UP FER ME!

WILL

COME ON AND KISS ME.

*(ADO ANNIE happily returns to WILL. They kiss and dance off.)**(Blackout)***MUSIC 23: CHANGE OF SCENE****Scene 2: The Kitchen Porch of Skidmore's Ranch House**

(Scene: The kitchen porch of Skidmore's Ranch House. There are a few benches on the porch and a large coal stove. AT RISE: The music for the dance can still be heard offstage. Immediately after the curtain rises, JUD dances on with LAUREY then stops and holds her. She pulls away from him.)

LAUREY

Why we stoppin'? Thought you wanted to dance.

JUD

Want to talk to you. What made ya slap that whip onto Old Lady, and nearly make her run away? Whut was yer hurry?

LAUREY

'Fraid we'd be late fer the party.

JUD

You didn't want to be with me by yerself—not a minnit more'n ya had to.

LAUREY

Why, I don't know whut you're talking about! I'm with you by myself now, ain't I?

JUD

You wouldn'ta been, if ya coulda got out of it. Mornin's you stay hid in yer room all the time. Nights you set in the front room, and won't git outa Aunt Eller's sight... Last time I see ya alone it was winter, with the snow six inches deep in drifts when I was sick. Ya brung me that hot soup out to the smoke house and give it to me, and me in bed. I hadn't shaved in two days. You ast me 'f I had any fever and ya put yer hand on my head to see.

LAUREY

(Puzzled and frightened)

I remember...

JUD

Do ya? Bet ya don't remember as much as me. I remember eve'ything ya ever done... every word ya ever said. Cain't think of nuthin' else... See?... See how it is?

(He attempts to hold her. She pushes him away)

I ain't good enough, am I? I'm a h'ard hand, got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fitten to tetch ya. You're better, so much better. Yeah, we'll see who's better—Miss Laurey. Nen you'll wisht you wasn't so free with yer airs, yer sich a fine lady....

LAUREY

(Suddenly angry and losing her fear)

Air you making threats to me? Air you standing there tryin' to tell me 'f I don't 'low you to slobber over me like a hog, why, you're gonna do sumpin 'bout it? Why you're nuthin' but a mangy dog and somebody orta shoot you.

~~I can't be much about being a h'ard hand. Well, I'll just tell you sumpin 'bout your brain. Mr. Jud, you ain't a h'ard hand fer me no more. You can just pack up your h'and and scoot. Oh, and I even got better keys'n than you. You ain't to come on the place again, you hear me? I'll send yer stum any place you say, but don't you never set foot inside the pasture gate or I'll sic the dogs onto you.~~

JUD

(Standing quite still, absorbed, dark, his voice low)

Said yer say! Brought it on yerself.

(In a voice harsh with an inner frenzy.)

Cain't he'p it. Cain't never rest. Told ya the way it was. You wouldn't listen—

(He goes out, passes the corner of the house and disappears. LAUREY stands a moment, held by his strangeness, then she starts toward the house, changes her mind and sinks onto a bench, a frightened little girl again. There is a noise offstage. LAUREY turns, startled.)

LAUREY

Who's 'at?

WILL

(Entering.)

It's me, Laurey. Hey, have you seen Ado Annie? She's gone agin.

(LAUREY shakes her head.)

LAUREY

(Calling to him as he is on his way out)

Will!...Will, could you do sumpin fer me? Go and find Curly and tell him I'm here.

(CURLY enters.)

I wanta see Curly awful bad. Got to see him.

CURLY

Then why'n't you turn around and look at you crazy womern?

LAUREY

(With great relief)

Curly!

WILL

Well, you found yours. I gotta go hunt fer mine.

(He exits.)

CURLY

Now whut on earth's ailin' the belle of Claremore? By gum, if you ain't cryin'!

LAUREY

(Leaning against him.)

Curly—I'm afraid, 'fraid of my life!

IN THE SLICKEST GIG YOU EVER SEE!

AUNT ELLER

Land!

CURLY

CHICKS AND DUCKS AND GEESE BETTER SCURRY
WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SURREY,
WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP!

WATCH THE FRINGE AND SEE HOW IT FLUTTERS
WHEN I DRIVE THEM HIGH-STEP 'IN' STRUTTERS!
NOSEY-POKES 'LL PEEK THRU' THEIR SHUTTERS
AND THEIR EYES WILL POP!

THE WHEELS ARE YELLER, THE UPHOLSTERY'S BROWN,
THE DASHBOARD'S GENUINE LEATHER,
WITH ISINGLASS CURTAINS Y'C'N ROLL RIGHT DOWN
IN CASE THERE'S A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—

TWO BRIGHT SIDE-LIGHTS, WINKIN' AND BLINKIN',
AIN'T NO FINER RIG, I'M A-THINKIN'!
YOU C'N KEEP YER RIG IF YOU'RE THINKIN'
'AT I'D KEER TO SWAP
FER THAT SHINY LITTLE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON THE TOP!

(LAUREY still pretends unconcerned, but she is obviously slipping.)

AUNT ELLER

(Parlando)

WOULD Y'SAY THE FRINGE WAS MADE OF SILK?

CURLY

WOULDN'T HAVE NO OTHER KIND OF SILK.

LAUREY

(She's only human)

HAS IT REALLY GOT A TEAM OF SNOW-WHITE HORSES?

CURLY

ONE'S LIKE SNOW- THE OTHER'S MORE LIKE MILK.

(“Milk” is a short word.)

Curley + Laurey

AUNT ELLER

Say y' can tell 'em apart!

*(CURLY and LAUREY cross back to the churn. LAUREY perches on it.
CURLY puts his foot on the stool next to it.)*

CURLY

ALL THE WORLD'LL FLY IN A FLURRY
WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SURREY,
WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP!

WHEN WE HIT THAT ROAD, HELL FER LEATHER,
CATS AND DOGS'LL DANCE IN THE HEATHER,
BIRDS AND FROGS'LL SING ALL TOGETHER
AND THE TOADS WILL HO!

THE WIND'LL WHISTLE AS WE RATTLE ALONG,
THE COWS'LL MOO IN THE CLOVER,
THE RIVER WILL RIPPLE OUT A WHISPERED SONG,
AND WHISPER IT OVER AND OVER:

(In a loud whisper)

DON'T YOU WISHT Y'D GO ON FEREVER?

(Almost involuntarily, AUNT ELLER joins him.)

DON'T YOU WISHT Y'D GO ON FEREVER?

(Likewise LAUREY joins them both.)

DON'T YOU WISHT Y'D GO ON FEREVER

(CURLY alone)

AND UD NEVER STOP
IN THAT SHINY LITTLE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON THE TOP?

(Music continues under dialogue.)

AUNT ELLER

Y'd shore feel like a queen settin' up in that carriage!

CURLY

(Over-confident)

On'y she talked so mean to me a while back, Aunt Eller, I'm a good mind not to take her.

LAUREY

On'y... on'y there ain't no sich rig. You said you made the whole thing up.

CURLY

Well...

LAUREY

(Crossing to right, CURLY follows her)

Whyd' you come around here with yer stories and lies, gittin' me all worked up that-a-way? Talkin' 'bout the sun swimmin' on the hill, and all- like it was so. Who'd want to ride 'longside of you anyway?

(IKE and FRED enter and stand outside, looking on.)

AUNT ELLER

Why'n't you jist grab her and kiss her when she acts that-a-way, Curly? She's jist a chin' fer you to, I bet.

LAUREY

Oh, I won't even speak to him, let alone 'low him to kiss me, the braggin', bow-legged, wight-he-had-a-sweetheart bum!

(She flounces into the house, slamming the door.)

AUNT ELLER

She likes you—quite a lot.

CURLY

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

IKE

Y'git the wagon hitched up?

AUNT ELLER

Whut wagon?

CURLY

They's a crowd of folks comin' down from Bushyhead for the Box Social.

FRED

Curly said mebbe you'd loan us yer big wagon to bring 'em up from the station.

AUNT ELLER

Course I would, if he'd ast me.

CURLY

(Embarrassed)

Got to talkin' 'bout a lot of other things. I'll go hitch up the horses now 'f you say it's all right.

(As he exits through gate and goes off left, a group of boys run on, leaping the fence, shouting boisterously and pushing WILL PARKER in front of them. WILL is apparently a favorite with AUNT ELLER.)

SLIM

See whut we brung you, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER

Hi, Will!

WILL

Hi, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER

Whut happened up at the fair? You do any good in the steer ropin'?

WILL

I did purty good. I won it.

(The following three speeches overlap.)

IKE

Good boy!

FRED

Always knowed y' would.

AUNT ELLER

Ain't nobody c'n sling a rope like our territory boys.

WILL

Cain't stay but a minnit, Aunt Eller. Got to git over to Ado Annie. Don't you remember, her paw said 'f I ever was worth fifty dollars I could have her?

AUNT ELLER

Fifty dollars! That whut they give you fer prize money?

CURLY

Well, couldn't you maybe think of some reason why you might?

LAUREY

(Crosses LEFT.)

I cain't think of nothin' right now, hardly.

CURLY

(Following her.)

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

LAUREY

(Touched.)

Curly—why, I'll marry you—'f you want me to....

(They kiss.)

CURLY

I'll be the happiest man alive soon as we're married. Oh, I got to learn to be a farmer, I see that! Quit a-thinkin' about throwin' a rope, and start in to git my hands blistered a new way! Oh, things is changin' right and left! Buy up mowin' machines, cut down the prairies! Shoe yer horses, drag them plows under the sod! They're gonna make a state outa this territory, they gonna put it in the Union! Country's a-changin', got to change with it! Bring up a pair of boys, new stock, to keep up 'th the way way things is goin' in this here crazy country! Now I got you to he'p me—I'll 'mount to sumpin yit! Oh, I 'member the first time I ever seen you. It was at the fair. You was a-ridin' that gray filly of Blue Starr's, and I says to someone—"Who's that skinny little thing with a bang hanging down on her forehead?"

LAUREY

Yeow, I 'member. You was riding broncs that day.

CURLY

That's right.

LAUREY

And one of 'em th'owed you.

CURLY

That's—Did not th'ow me!

LAUREY

Curly

CURLY

Shore I jumped off.

LAUREY

Yeow, you shore did.

(He kisses her.)

MUSIC 24: REPRIS: "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE"

CURLY

(Speaking over music.)

Hey! 'F there's anybody out around this yard that c'n hear my voice, I'd like fer you to know that Laurey Williams is my girl!

LAUREY

Curly!

CURLY

And she's went and got me to ask her to marry me!

LAUREY

They'll hear you all the way to Catonsie!

CURLY

Let 'em!

(Singing.)

LET PEOPLE SAY WE'RE IN LOVE!

WHO KEERS WHUT HAPPENS NOW!

LAUREY

JUST KEEP YOUR HAND IN MINE.
YOUR HAND FEELS SO GRAND IN MINE—

BOTH

LET PEOPLE SAY WE'RE IN LOVE!

STARLIGHT LOOKS WELL ON US,
LET THE STARS BEAM FROM ABOVE,
WHO CARES IF THEY TELL ON US?
LET PEOPLE SAY WE'RE IN LOVE!

JUD

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

CURLY

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

JUD

That warn't no accident. A feller told me—the h'ard hand was stuck on the Bartlett girl, and he found her in the hayloft with another feller.

CURLY

And it was him that burned the place?

JUD

(Nodding)

It tuck him weeks to git all the kerosene—buying it at different times—feller who told me made out it happened in Missouri, but I knowed all the time it was the Bartlett farm. Why a liar he was.

CURLY

A kind of a murder, too. Wasn't he?

(CURLY rises, goes over to the door and opens it)

Git a little air in here.

JUD

You ain't told me yet whut business you had here. We got no cattle to sell ner no cow ponies. The oat crop is done spoke fer.

CURLY

You shore relieved my mind consid'able.

JUD

(Tensely)

They's on'y one other thing on this farm you could want—and it better not be that!

CURLY

(Closing the door deliberately and turning slowly, to face JUD)

But that's jist whut it is.

JUD

Better not be! You keep away from her, you hear?

Curly + Jud

CURLY

(Coolly)

You know somebody orta tell Laurey whut kind of a man you air. And fer that matter, somebody orta tell *you* onct about yerself.

JUD

You better git outa here, Curly.

CURLY

A feller wouldn't feel very safe in here with you... 'f he didn't know you.

(Acidly)

But I know you, Jud.

(CURLY looks him straight in the eye. As he continues, he crosses upstage behind JUD, slowly closing in on him.)

In this country, they's two things you c'n do if you're a man. Live out of doors is one. Live in a hole is the other. I've set by my horse in the bresh som'eres and heard a rattlesnake many a time. Rattle, rattle, rattle!—he'd go, skeered to death. Somebody comin' close to his hole! Somebody gonna step on him! Git his old fangs ready, full of pizen! Curl up and wait!—Long's you live in a hole, you're skeered, you got to have pertection. You c'n have muscles, oh, like arn—and still be as weak as a empty bladder—less'n you got things to barb yer hide with.

(Suddenly, harshly, directly to JUD)

How'd you git to be the way you air, anyway—settin' here in this filthy hole—and thinkin' the way you're thinkin'? Why don't you do sumpin healthy onct in a while, 'stid of stayin' shet up here—a-crawlin' and festerin'!

(JUD's polishing of his gun has turned into a kind of desperate frenzy. In a reflex action he raises his arm and the gun goes off.)

JUD

Anh!

(Luckily the gun is pointed toward the ceiling.)

CURLY

(Reacting to the shot, he draws his own gun.)

You orta feel better now. Hard on the root, though. I wisht you'd let me show you sumpin.

(JUD doesn't move, but stands staring into CURLY'S eyes)

They's a knot-hole over there about as big as a dime. See it a-winkin'? I jist want to see if I c'n hit it.

LAUREY

How much?

ALI HAKIM

Two bits.

(She pays him and takes the bottle.)

AUNT ELLER

Throwin' away yer money!

LAUREY

(Holding the bottle close to her, thinking aloud)
Helps you decide what to do!

ALI HAKIM

Now don't you want me to show you some pretty dewdads? You know, with lace around the bottom, and ribbons running in and out?

AUNT ELLER

You mean fancy drawers?

ALI HAKIM

(Taking a pair out of pack)
All made in Paris.

AUNT ELLER

Well, I never wear that kind myself, but I shore do like to look at 'em.

(ALI takes out a pair of red flannel drawers.)

ADO ANNIE

(Dubiously)

Y-yeah, they's all right—If you ain't goin' no place.

AUNT ELLER

Bring yer trappin's inside and mebber I c'n find you sumpin' to eat and drink.

(AUNT ELLER exits. ALI starts to repack. The two girls whisper for a moment.)

LAUREY

Well, ast him, why do 't you?

(She giggles and exits into the house.)

Ado, Will, + Ali:

ADO ANNIE

Ali, Laurey and me've been havin' a argument.

ALI HAKIM

About what, Baby?

ADO ANNIE

About what you meant when you said that about drivin' with me to the end of the world.

ALI HAKIM

(Cagily)

Well, I didn't mean really to the end of the world.

ADO ANNIE

Then how fur did you want to go?

ALI HAKIM

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

ADO ANNIE

Whut's at the hotel?

ALI HAKIM

(Ready for the kill)

In front of the hotel is a veranda—inside is a lobby—upstairs—upstairs might be Paradise.

ADO ANNIE

I thought they was jist bedrooms.

ALI HAKIM

For you and me, Baby—Paradise.

ADO ANNIE

Y'see! I knew I was right and Laurey was wrong! You do want to marry me, don't you?

ALI HAKIM

(Embracing her impulsively)

Ah, Ado Annie!

(Pulling away)

What did you say?

WILL

Whut I got is worth more'n the cash. Feller who sold me the stuff told me!

ADO ANNIE

But, Will...

WILL

Stop sayin' "But Will" —When do I git a little kiss?... Oh, Ado Annie, honey, y'ain't been off my mind since I left. All the time at the fair grounds even, when I was chasin' steers.

(Mimicking the actions as he speaks them)

I'd rope one under the hoofs and pull him up sharp, and he'd land on his little rump...

(He looks lovingly at the imaginary steer's rump.)

Nen I'd think of you.

ADO ANNIE

Don't start talkin' purty, Will.

WILL

See a lot of beautiful gals in Kansas City. Didn't give one a look.

ADO ANNIE

How could you see 'em if you didn't give 'em a look?

WILL

I mean I didn't look lovin' at 'em—like I look at you.

(He turns and leans into her, slowly and deliberately, giving her an adoring and pathetic look.)

ADO ANNIE

(Backing away)

Oh, Will, please don't look like that! I cain't bear it.

WILL

(Advancing on her)

Won't stop lookin' like this if you give me a little ole kiss.

ADO ANNIE

Oh, whut's a little ole kiss?

WILL

Nothin'—less'n it comes from you.

(Both stop.)

ADO ANNIE

(Sighing)

You do talk purty!

(WILL steps up for his kiss. She nearly gives in, but with sudden and unaccounted-for strength of character she turns away)

No, I won't!

MUSIC 8: ENTRANCE OF ENSEMBLE**WILL**

(Singing softly, seductively, "getting" her)

S'POSIN' 'AT I SAY 'AT YER LIPS'RE LIKE CHERRIES,
ER ROSES ER BERRIES,
WHUT YOU GONNA DO

(Putting her hand on his heart)

CAIN'T YOU FEEL MY HEART PALPATIN' AN' BUMPIN',
A-WAITIN FER SUMPIN,
SUMPIN NICE FROM YOU?

I GOTTA GIT A KISS AN' IT'S GOTTA BE QUICK
ER I'LL JUMP IN A CRICK AN' DIE.

ADO ANNIE

(Overcome)

WHUT'S A GIRL TO SAY WHEN YOU TALK THAT-A WAY?

(They almost get to kiss, but on the downbeat of the next bar of music they are abruptly interrupted by a loud commotion off-stage. The boys and girls and CURLY and GERTIE enter with lunch hampers, shouting and laughing. WILL and ADO ANNIE run off. AUNT ELLER and LAUREY come out of the house. GERTIE laughs musically, an arpeggio up and down. LAUREY, unmindful of the group of girls she has been speaking to, looks across at CURLY and GERTIE and boils over. All the couples and CURLY and GERTIE waltz easily, while they sing.)

ALL

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN',

CURLY

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN'
EV'RYTHIN'S GOIN' MY WAY.

(CURLY comes up behind AUNT ELLER, leans over and startles her with a poke in the ribs and shouts in her ear)

Hi, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER

Skeer me to death! Whut're you doin' around here?

CURLY

Come a-singin' to you.

(Strolling a few steps away)

ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE EARTH ARE LIKE MUSIC—
ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE EARTH ARE LIKE MUSIC.
THE BREEZE IS SO BUSY IT DON'T MISS A TREE,
AND A OL' WEEPIN' WILLER IS LAUGHIN' AT ME!

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN',
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN'
EV'RYTHIN'S GOIN' MY WAY...
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

(AUNT ELLER resumes churning. CURLY looks wistfully up at the windows of the house, then turns back to AUNT ELLER.)

AUNT ELLER

If I wasn't a ole womern, and if you wasn't so young and smart-alecky—why, I'd marry you and git you to set around at night and sing to me.

CURLY

No, you wouldn't neither. Cuz I wouldn't marry you ner none of yer kinfolks, I could he'p it.

(He crosses up to the porch.)

AUNT ELLER

(Wisely)

Oh, none of my kinfolks, huh?

CURLY

(Raising his voice so that LAUREY will hear if she is inside the house.)

And you c'n tell 'em that, all of 'm includin' that niece of your'n, Miss Laurey Williams!

Aunt Eller & Curly I-1-3

(AUNT ELLER continues to churn. CURLY comes down to her and speaks deliberately.)

Aunt Eller, if you was to tell me whur Laurey was at—whur would you tell me she was at?

AUNT ELLER

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

CURLY

So, she don't take to me much, huh?

(He crosses up left behind AUNT ELLER.)

Whur'd you git sich a uppity niece 'at wouldn't pay no heed to me? Who's the best bronc buster in this yere territory?

AUNT ELLER

You, I bet.

CURLY

And the best bull-dogger in seventeen counties? Me, that's who! And looky here, I'm handsome, ain't I?

AUNT ELLER

Purty as a pitcher.

CURLY

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

(He bows his legs.)

AUNT ELLER

Couldn't stop a pig in the road.

CURLY

Well, whut else does she want then, the damn she-mule?

(He crosses down left.)

AUNT ELLER

I don't know. But I'm shore sartin it ain't you. Who you takin' to the Box Social tonight?

CURLY

Ain't thought much about it.

AUNT ELLER

Bet you come over to ast Laurey.

CURLY

Whut 'f I did?

AUNT ELLER

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

CURLY

Yeow, you too.

MUSIC 2: LAUREY'S ENTRANCE

LAUREY

(Singing off stage)

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'

(CURLY crosses to the edge of the porch steps and leans against the porch post. LAUREY enters, carrying an apron.)

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY

(Spoken as she gives CURLY a brief glance.)

Oh, I thought you was somebody.

(She resumes singing, crosses to clothesline and hangs up the apron.)

I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN'

EV'RYTHIN'S GOIN' MY WAY.

(Spoken as she comes down to AUNT ELLER)

I this all that's come a-callin' and it's ready ten o'clock of a Sattidy mornin'?

CURLY

You knowed it was me fore' you opened the door.

LAUREY

No sich of a thing.

CURLY

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

LAUREY

I heard a voice a-talkin' rumbly along with Aunt Eller. And heard someone a-singin' like a bullfrog in a pond.

CURLY

You knowed it was me, so you set in there a-thinkin' up sump'n mean to say I'm a good mind not to ast you to the Box Social.

(AUNT ELLER rises, crosses to clothesline, takes down quilt, folds it, puts it on porch.)

LAUREY

If you did ast me, I wouldn't go with you. Besides, how'd you take me? You ain't bought a new buggy with red wheels onto it, have you?

CURLY

No, I ain't.

LAUREY

And a spankin' team with their biddles all jinglin'?

CURLY

No.

(AUNT ELLER crosses to rocker and sits.)

LAUREY

'Spect me to ride on behind ole Dun, I guess. You better ast that ole Cummin's girl you've tuck sich a shine to, over across the river.

CURLY

If I was to ast you, they'd be a way to take you, Miss Laurey Smarty.

LAUREY

Oh, they would?

MUSIC 3: "THE SUREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

(CURLY now proceeds to stagger LAUREY with an idea. But she doesn't let on at first how she is "tuck up" with it. AUNT ELLER is the one who falls like a ton of bricks immediately and helps CURLY try to sell it to LAUREY.)

CURLY

WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT TONIGHT WITH ME,
HONEY, HERE'S THE WAY IT'S GOIN' TO BE;
YOU WILL SET BEHIND A TEAM OF SNOW-WHITE HORSES