

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S OKLAHOMA!



CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

SIDE	CHARACTERS (LISTED ALPHABETICALLY)
#1	AUNT ELLER, CURLY
#2	CURLY, LAUREY
#3	ADO ANNIE, WILL
#4	AUNT ELLER, LAUREY
#5	ADO ANNIE, ALI HAKIM, CARNES
#6	CURLY, JUD

(SIDES BEGIN ON NEXT PAGE →)

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 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. Whuff I did?

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

CURLY. Yeow, you too!

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. Ain't said I was goin'!

CURLY. (*The fool.*) Ain't ast you!

LAUREY. Whur'd you git sich a rig at? (*With explosive laughter, seeing a chance for revenge.*) Anh! I bet he's went and h'ard a rig over to Claremore! Thinkin' I'd go with him!

CURLY. 'S all you know about it.

LAUREY. Spent all his money h'arin' a rig and now ain't got nobody to ride in it!

CURLY. Have, too! ...Did not h'ar it. Made the whole thing up outa my head.

LAUREY. What! Made it up?

CURLY. Dashboard and all.

LAUREY. (*Flying at him.*) Oh! Git offa the place, you! Aunt Eller, make him git his-se'f outa here.

(*She picks up a carpet beater and chases*
CURLY.)

Tellin' me lies!

CURLY. (*Dodging her.*) Makin' up a few – look out now!

Makin' up a few purties ain't agin' no law 'at I know of.
Don't you wisht they was sich a rig, though?

(*Winking at AUNT ELLER.*)

Nen y'could go to the play party and do a hoe-down till
mornin' if you was a mind to...

(*He gradually works his way down to the*
churn and sits on stool beside LAUREY.)

Nen when you was all wore out, I'd lift you onto the
surrey, and jump up alongside of you – and we'd jist
point the horses home... I can jist pitcher the whole
thing.

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.*) Why'd 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?

ADO ANNIE. Look, Will –

WILL. Look, Will, nuthin'. Know whut I got fer first prize at the fair? Fifty dollars!

ADO ANNIE. Well, that was good...

(The significance suddenly dawning on her.)

Fifty dollars?

WILL. Ketch on? Yer paw promised I cud marry you 'f I cud git fifty dollars.

ADO ANNIE. 'At's right, he did.

WILL. Know whut I done with it? Spent it all on presents fer you!

ADO ANNIE. But if you spent it you ain't got the cash.

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.

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 till you give me a little ole kiss.

ADO ANNIE. Oh, whut's a little ole kiss?

WILL. Nuthin' – 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!

LAUREY. (*A strange, sudden panic in her voice.*) Aunt Eller, don't go to Skidmore's with Curly tonight. If you do, I'll have to ride with Jud all alone.

AUNT ELLER. That's the way you wanted it, ain't it?

LAUREY. No. I did it because Curly was so fresh. But I'm afraid to tell Jud I won't go, Aunt Eller. He'd do sumpin turrble. He makes me shivver ever' time he gits clost to me... Ever go down to that ole smokehouse where he's at?

AUNT ELLER. Plen'y times. Why?

LAUREY. Did you see them pitchers he's got tacked onto the walls?

AUNT ELLER. Oh, yeah I seed them. But don't you pay them no mind.

LAUREY. Sumpin wrong inside him, Aunt Eller. I hook my door at night and fasten my winders agin' it. Agin' *it* – and the sound of feet a-walkin' up and down there under that tree outside my room.

AUNT ELLER. Laurey!

LAUREY. Mornin's he comes to his breakfast and looks at me out from under his eyebrows like sumpin back in the bresh som'eres. I know whut I'm talkin' about.

(Voices offstage. It's ADO ANNIE and the PEDDLER.)

AUNT ELLER. You crazy young 'un! Stop actin' like a chicken with its head cut off! Now who'd you reckon that is drove up? Why, it's that ole peddler! The one that sold me that egg-beater!

LAUREY. (*Looking off.*) He's got Ado Annie with him! Will Parker's Ado Annie!

AUNT ELLER. Ole peddler! You know whut he tol' me? Tol' me that egg-beater ud beat up eggs, and wring out dishrags, and turn the ice-cream freezer, and I don't know whut all!

LAUREY. (*Calling offstage.*) Yooahoo! Ado Annie!

AUNT ELLER. (*Shouting offstage.*) Hold yer horses, Peddler-man! I want to talk to you!

ADO ANNIE. Ali Hakim –

ALI HAKIM. Hello, kiddo.

ADO ANNIE. I'm shore sorry to see you so happy, cuz whut I got to say will make you mis'able... I got to marry Will.

ALI HAKIM. (*Faking despair.*) That's sad news for me.

(*Noble.*) Well, he is a fine fellow.

ADO ANNIE. Don't hide your feelin's, Ali. I cain't stand it. I'd rather have you come right out and say yer heart is busted in two.

ALI HAKIM. Are you positive you got to marry Will?

ADO ANNIE. Shore's shootin'.

ALI HAKIM. And there is no chance for you to change your mind?

ADO ANNIE. No chance.

ALI HAKIM. (*As if granting a small favor.*) All right, then, my heart is busted in two.

ADO ANNIE. Oh, Ali, you do make up purty things to say!

CARNES. (*Offstage.*) That you, Annie?

ADO ANNIE. Hello, Paw.

(**ANDREW CARNES** enters. *He is a scrappy man, carrying a shotgun.*)

Whut you been shootin'?

CARNES. Rabbits. That true whut I hear about Will Parker gittin' fifty dollars?

ADO ANNIE. That's right, Paw. And he wants to hold you to yer promise.

CARNES. Too bad. Still and all I cain't go back on my word.

ADO ANNIE. (*Glancing at ALI HAKIM.*) See, Ali!

CARNES. I advise you to git that money off 'n him before he loses it all. Put it in yer stockin' er inside yer corset where he cain't git at it...or can he?

ADO ANNIE. But, Paw – he ain't exackly kep' it. He spent it all on presents...

(**ALI** is in a panic.)

CARNES. See! Whut'd I tell you! Now he cain't have you. I said it had to be fifty dollars cash.

ALI HAKIM. But, Mr. Carnes, is that fair?

CARNES. Who the hell are you?

ADO ANNIE. This is Ali Hakim.

CARNES. Well, shet your face, er, I'll fill yer behind so full of buckshot, you'll be walkin' around like a duck the rest of yer life.

ADO ANNIE. Ali, if I don't have to marry Will, mebbe your heart don't have to be busted in two like you said.

ALI HAKIM. I did not say that.

ADO ANNIE. Oh, yes, you did.

ALI HAKIM. No, I did not.

CURLY. *(Sitting down.)* Mebbe... Le's see now, whur did you work at before you come here? Up by Quapaw, wasn't it?

JUD. Yeah, and before that over by Tulsa. Lousy they was to me. Both of 'em. Always makin' out they was better. Treatin' me like dirt.

CURLY. And whut'd you do – git even?

JUD. Who said anythin' about gittin' even?

CURLY. No one, that I recollect. It jist come into my head.

JUD. If it ever come to gittin' even with anybody, I'd know how to do it.

CURLY. *(Looking down at gun and pointing.)* That?

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

CURLY. Shore do. 'Bout five years ago. Turrble 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. Whut a liar he was!

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

(He 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. *(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.