

**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.)*

**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!

**[MUSIC NO. 02 "LAUREY'S ENTRANCE"]**

**LAUREY.** *(Offstage.)*

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.)*

Is this all that's come a-callin' and it a'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' nimbly along with Aunt Eller. And heard someone a-singin' like a bullfrog in a pond.

*(Enter ALI HAKIM and AUNT ELLER.)*

**ALI HAKIM.** All right! All right! If the egg-beater don't work  
I give you something just as good!

**AUNT ELLER.** Just as good! It's got to be a thousand million  
times better!

*(ALI puts down his bulging suitcase. He  
rushes over and, to LAUREY's alarm, kisses her  
hand.)*

**ALI HAKIM.** My, oh, my! Miss Laurey! Jippety crickets, how  
high you have growed up! Last time I come through  
here, you was tiny like a shrimp, with freckles. Now  
look at you – a great big beautiful lady!

**LAUREY.** Quit it a-bitin' me! If you ain't had no breakfast go

**ALI HAKIM.** Now, Aunt Eller, just lissen –

**AUNT ELLER.** (*Shouting.*) I ain't yer Aunt Eller! Don't you call me Aunt Eller, you little wart. I'm mad at you.

**ALI HAKIM.** Don't you go and be mad at me. Ain't I said I'd give you a present?

*(Getting his bag.)*

Something to wear.

**AUNT ELLER.** Foot! Got things fer to wear. Wouldn't have it. Whut is it?

**ALI HAKIM.** (*Holding up garter.*) Real silk. Made in Persia!

**AUNT ELLER.** Whut'd I want with a ole Persian garter?

**ADO ANNIE.** They look awful purty, Aunt Eller, with bows onto 'em and all.

**AUNT ELLER.** I'll try 'em on.

**ALI HAKIM.** Hold out your foot.

*(AUNT ELLER obeys mechanically. But when ALI gets the garter over her ankle, she kicks him down.)*

**AUNT ELLER.** Did you have any idy I was goin' ter let you slide that garter up my limb?

*(She stoops over and starts to pull the garter up.)*

Grab onto my petticoats, Laurey.

*(Noticing ALI looking at her, she turns her back on him pointedly and goes on with the operation. ALI turns to ADO ANNIE.)*

**ALI HAKIM.** Funny woman. Would be much worse if I tried to take your garters off.

**ADO ANNIE.** Yeh, cuz that ud make her stockin's fall down, wouldn't it?

*(A slow take, all three looking at ADO ANNIE.)*

**AUNT ELLER.** Now give me the other one.

**ALI HAKIM.** Which one?

*(Picking it out of his case.)*

Oh, you want to buy this one to match the other one?

**AUNT ELLER.** Whut do you mean do I want to *buy* it?

**ALI HAKIM.** I can let you have it for fifty cents – four bits.

**AUNT ELLER.** Do you want me to get that egg-beater and ram it down yer windpipe!

*(She snatches the second one away.)*

**ALI HAKIM.** All right – all right. Don't anybody want to buy something? How about you, Miss Laurey? Must be wanting something – a pretty young girl like you.

**LAUREY.** Me? Course I want sumpin. *(Working up to a kind of abstracted ecstasy.)* Want a buckle made outa shiny silver to fasten onto my shoes! Want a dress with lace. Want perfume, wanta be purty, wanta smell like a honeysuckle vine!

**AUNT ELLER.** Give her a cake of soap.

**LAUREY.** Want things I've heard of and never had before – a rubber-t'ard buggy, a cut-glass sugar bowl. Want things I cain't tell you about – not only to look at and hold in yer hands. Things to happen to you. Things so nice, if they ever did happen to you, yer heart ud quit beatin'. You'd fall down dead!

**ALI HAKIM.** I've got just the thing!

*(He fishes into his satchel and pulls out a bottle.)*

The Elixir of Egypt!

*(He holds the bottle high.)*

**LAUREY.** What's 'at?

**ALI HAKIM.** It's a secret formula, belonged to Pharaoh's daughter!

**AUNT ELLER.** *(Leaning over and putting her nose to it.)* Smellin' salts!

**ALI HAKIM.** *(Snatching it away.)* But a special kind of smelling salts. Read what it says on the label: "Take a deep breath and you see everything clear." That's what