

Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's Oklahoma!

This sample is an excerpt of a
Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles
are for perusal and cannot be used for
performance or downloaded, printed,
and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version
of the play currently in print.

concord
theatricals

Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's
Oklahoma!

Music by
Richard Rodgers

Book & Lyrics by
Oscar Hammerstein II

Based on the play *Green Grow the Lilacs* by Lynn Riggs

Original Choreography by Agnes de Mille

concord
theatricals

Copyright © 1943 by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II
Copyright Renewed
International Copyright Secured
All Rights Reserved

OKLAHOMA! is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70890-9

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *OKLAHOMA!* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *OKLAHOMA!* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted third-party materials (e.g., incidental music not provided in connection with a performance license, artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original materials and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music not provided in connection with a performance license.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

OKLAHOMA! premiered on Broadway at the St. James Theatre on March 31, 1943. The production was directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with choreography by Agnes de Mille, scenic design by Lemuel Ayers, costume design by Miles White, and orchestrations by Russell Bennett. The stage manager was Ted Hammerstein. The cast was as follows:

AUNT ELLER	Betty Garde
CURLY	Alfred Drake
LAUREY	Joan Roberts
IKE SKIDMORE	Barry Kelley
FRED	Edwin Clay
SLIM	Herbert Rissman
WILL PARKER	Lee Dixon
JUD FRY	Howard Da Silva
ADO ANNIE CARNES	Celeste Holm
ALI HAKIM	Joseph Buloff
GERTIE CUMMINGS	Jane Lawrence
ELLEN / DREAM LAUREY	Katharine Sergava
KATE	Ellen Love
SYLVIE	Joan McCracken
ARMINA	Kate Friedlich
AGGIE	Bambi Linn
ANDREW CARNES	Ralph Riggs
CORD ELAM	Owen Martin
JESS / DREAM JUD	George Church
CHALMERS / DREAM CURLY	Marc Platt
MIKE	Paul Shiers
JOE	George Irving
SAM	Hayes Gordon
ENSEMBLE	Diana Adams, Elsie Arnold, Bobby Barrentine, John Baum, Harvey Brown, Kenneth Buffett, Margit De Kova, Jack Dunphy, Nona Feid, Gary Fleming, Ray Harrison, Maria Harriton, Rhoda Hoffman, Edmund Howland, Eric Kristen, Ken Leroy, Suzanne Lloyd, Dorothea McFarland, Carl Nelson, Virginia Oswald, Robert Penn, Vivienne Simon, Faye Smith, Vivian Smith, Billie Zay

CHARACTERS

AUNT ELLER
CURLY
LAUREY
IKE SKIDMORE
FRED
SLIM
WILL PARKER
JUD FRY
ADO ANNIE CARNES
ALI HAKIM
GERTIE CUMMINGS
ELLEN
KATE
SYLVIE
ARMINA
AGGIE
ANDREW CARNES
CORD ELAM
MIKE
JOE
SAM

SETTING

Indian Territory (now Oklahoma)

TIME

Just after the turn of the century

INCLUSION STATEMENT

In this show, the race of the characters is not pivotal to the plot. We encourage you to consider diversity and inclusion in your casting choices.

A NOTE ON THE DIALECT

As he crafted *Oklahoma!*, Oscar Hammerstein II sought to capture the way people spoke in the territory when the story takes place. In order to guide the performers – who were schooled in fine elocution in the pre-amplified era – Hammerstein often used dialect. We have maintained the script and lyrics as Hammerstein wrote them, but note that the dialect is meant as a guide rather than as indication of exactly how the words need to be spoken.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

“Opening Act I: Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin’”	Curly
“Laurey’s Entrance”	Laurey
“The Surrey With The Fringe On Top”	Curly, Laurey, Aunt Eller
“Kansas City”	Will, Aunt Eller, Boys
“The Surrey With The Fringe On Top (Reprise)”	Curly
“I Cain’t Say No”	Ado Annie
“I Cain’t Say No (Encore)”	Ado Annie
“Entrance Of Ensemble”	Will, Ado Annie, Ensemble
“Many A New Day”	Laurey & Girls
“Dance & Many A New Day (Reprise)”	Laurey & Girls
“It’s A Scandal! It’s A Outrage!”	Ali Hakim, Boys, Girls
“People Will Say We’re In Love”	Curly & Laurey
“Pore Jud Is Daid”	Curly & Jud
“Lonely Room”	Jud
“Dream Sequence”	Laurey, Girls & Dream Figures
(a) “Melos”	
(b) “Out Of My Dreams”	
(c) “Interlude To Ballet”	
(d) “Dream Ballet”	

ACT II

“The Farmer And The Cowman”	Carnes, Aunt Eller, Curly, Will, Ado Annie, Slim, Ensemble
“All Er Nuthin’”	Ado Annie, Will, Two Dancing Girls
“People Will Say We’re In Love (Reprise)”	Curly & Laurey
“Oklahoma”	Curly, Laurey, Aunt Eller, Ike, Fred, Ensemble
“Oklahoma (Encore)”	Curly, Laurey, Aunt Eller, Ike, Fred, Ensemble
“Finale Ultimo”	Company

ACT I

[MUSIC NO. 00 "OVERTURE"]

Scene One

The Front Lawn of Laurey's Farmhouse

(The front lawn of Laurey's farmhouse. "It is a radiant summer morning several years ago, the kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earth – men, cattle in a meadow, blades of the young corn, streams – makes them seem to exist now for the first time, their images giving off a golden emanation that is partly true and partly a trick of the imagination, focusing to keep alive a loveliness that may pass away.")

[MUSIC NO. 01 "OPENING ACT I - OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'"]

(AUNTELLER MURPHY, a buxom, hearty woman about fifty, is seated behind a wooden, brass-banded churn, looking out over the meadow [which is the audience], a contented look on her face. Like the voice of the morning, a song comes from somewhere, growing louder as the young singer comes nearer.)

CURLY. *(Offstage. He sings casually, with a smile in his voice.)*

THERE'S A BRIGHT, GOLDEN HAZE ON THE MEADOW,
THERE'S A BRIGHT, GOLDEN HAZE ON THE MEADOW.
THE CORN IS AS HIGH AS A ELEPHANT'S EYE,
AN' IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S CLIMBIN' CLEAR UP TO THE SKY.

*(On this last line, **CURLY** saunters on and stands outside the gate to the front yard. He is joyful and happy.)*

CURLY.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN',

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN'

EV'RYTHIN'S GOIN' MY WAY.

*(He opens the gate and walks over to the porch, obviously singing for the benefit of someone inside the house. **AUNT ELLER** looks straight ahead, elaborately ignoring **CURLY**.)*

ALL THE CATTLE ARE STANDIN' LIKE STATUES,

ALL THE CATTLE ARE STANDIN' LIKE STATUES.

THEY DON'T TURN THEIR HEADS AS THEY SEE ME RIDE

BY,

BUT A LITTLE BROWN MAV'RICK IS WINKIN' HER EYE.

*(He crosses to up right of **AUNT ELLER**.)*

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN',

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

I GOT A BEAUTIFUL FEELIN'

EV'RYTHIN'S GOIN' MY WAY.

*(He 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 OLE 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** 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!

[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 heared my voice and knowed it
was me.

LAUREY. I heared a voice a-talkin' nimbly along with Aunt
Eller. And heared 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 bridles 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 acrost 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 NO. 03 "THE SURREY 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
IN THE SLICKEST GIG YOU EVER SEE!

AUNT ELLER. Lands!

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 THET FRINGE AND SEE HOW IT FLUTTERS
WHEN I DRIVE THEM HIGH-STEPPIN' 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 unconcern, 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.

AUNT ELLER. So 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 HOP!

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.)

CURLY & AUNT ELLER.

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

(Likewise, LAUREY joins them both.)

LAUREY, CURLY & AUNT ELLER.

DON'T YOU WISHT Y'D GO ON FEREVER

CURLY.

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. 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!

(He jumps the fence to save himself. LAUREY turns her back to him and sits down. CURLY comes up behind her. The music, which had become more turbulent to match the scene, now softens.)

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.

*(AUNT ELLER beams on them as CURLY sings
very softly.)*

I CAN SEE THE STARS GITTIN' BLURRY
WHEN WE RIDE BACK HOME IN THE SURREY,
RIDIN' SLOWLY HOME IN THE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP.

I CAN FEEL THE DAY GITTIN' OLDER,
FEEL A SLEEPY HEAD NEAR MY SHOULDER,
NODDIN', DROOPIN' CLOSE TO MY SHOULDER
TILL IT FALLS, KERPLOP!

(He places his hand on LAUREY's cheek and nudges her head to his shoulder. As he continues singing, he smiles at AUNT ELLER, enjoying his success.)

THE SUN IS SWIMMIN' ON THE RIM OF A HILL,
THE MOON IS TAKIN' A HEADER,
AND JIST AS I'M THINKIN' ALL THE EARTH IS STILL,
A LARK'LL WAKE UP IN THE MEDDER..

(Parlando.)

HUSH!

(Sung.)

YOU BIRD, MY BABY'S A-SLEEPIN' -
MAYBE GOT A DREAM WORTH A-KEEPIN'

(Soothing and slower.)

(Parlando.)

WHOA! YOU TEAM,

(Sung.)

AND JIST KEEP A-CREEPIN'
AT A SLOW CLIP-CLOP.
DON'T YOU HURRY WITH THE SURREY
WITH THE FRINGE ON THE TOP.

(There is silence and contentment, but only for a brief moment. LAUREY starts slowly to emerge from the enchantment of his description.)

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?

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

AUNT ELLER. Whyn't you jist grab her and kiss her when she acts that-a-way, Curly? She's jist achin' 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, wisht-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 the 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.

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?

WILL. That's whut!

AUNT ELLER. Lands, if Ado Annie's paw keeps his promise we'll be dancin' at yer weddin'.

WILL. If he don't keep his promise I'll take her right from under his nose, and I won't give him the present I brung fer him.

(He takes "The Little Wonder" from his pocket. This is a small, cylindrical toy with a peep-hole at one end.)

Look, fellers, whut I got for Ado Annie's paw!

*(The **BOYS** crowd around.)*

'Scuse us, Aunt Eller.

*(Illustrating to the **BOYS**, lowering his voice.)*

You hold it up to yer eyes, like this. Then when you git a good look, you turn it around at th' top and the pitcher changes.

IKE. *(Looking into it.)* Well, I'll be side-gaited!

*(The **BOYS** line up and take turns, making appropriate exclamations.)*

WILL. They call it "The Little Wonder"!

AUNT ELLER. Silly goats!

*(But her curiosity gets the better of her. She yanks a **LITTLE MAN** out of the line, takes his place, gets hold of "The Little Wonder," and takes a look.)*

The hussy! ...Ought to be ashamed of herself.

*(Glaring at **WILL**.)*

You, too! How do you turn the thing to see the other pitcher?

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals