

AVAILABLE JONES/MARRYIN' SAM/LOUELLA

LOUELLA: Marryin' Sam! Marryin' Sam! Mammy Yokum says for you to head right on over for a business conference of enormous magnitude.

SAM: I'll be right there, child. Oh, by the way, how's your dear mother?

LOUELLA: She's out a-hunting.

SAM: And your dear father?

LOUELLA: That's what she's a-hunting for! (Giggles and runs off)

SAM & AVAILABLE JONES: Lovely child.

AVAILABLE JONES: Think there's a chance we could marry her off this year?

SAM: Sure is, soon as her divorce is final!

SCIENTIST/DAISY/SAM/ABNER/LONESOME POLECAT/HAIRLESS JOE/ZSA-ZSA

SCIENTIST: Now, that's enough. The evacuation will proceed immediately.

DAISY: Meaning there's just nothing about us that's necessary?

SCIENTIST: I'm afraid not. And I should think you'd be delighted at a chance to get out of a place like this.

DAISY: You don't rightly understand, mister. It may not look like much to you, but this here's our land, our soul.

ABNER: Where we was raised.

HAIRLESS JOE: Where our kinfolk was born and hung.

LONESOME POLECAT: Where our ancestors took their bare hands and built all of this out of the wilderness.

MAMMY: Our beautiful skunk works.

PAPPY: West Pork Chop Railroad.

AVAILABLE JONES: That beautiful intersection of Hog Fat Boulevard and Sheep Dip Drive.

SAM: Where we was planning to build our new hotel, the Dogpatch Hilton.

ZSA-ZSA: Not to mention, Cornpone Square!

PAPPY/MAMMY

MAMMY: I done it. It was all my fault. I ruined my own boy.

PAPPY: Mammy, I got something to say.

MAMMY: Hush. I never should've given Abner that tonic. I should've known--

PAPPY: Now, Mammy, I'm gonna be heard.

MAMMY: I said, hush. Why didn't I have more sense? Why didn't I realize--?

PAPPY: Well, you gonna listen to me.

MAMMY: Would you hush up?

PAPPY: You little pipsqueak. You hush up.

MAMMY: What?

PAPPY: For once, you gonna hush and stay hushed! I got some private talking to do with my boy, and by gum, I'm going to do it.

MAMMY: But, Pappy, I was only gonna try—

PAPPY: Now you get, woman, get! I'll see when you when I get back in Dogpatch. If I takes a notion to!

MAMMY: But, Pappy, I--

PAPPY: Get! I has spoken! (*Mammy is gobsmacked, but she does as she is told. Pappy celebrates his bravery*)

GOV. MAN/MOONBEAM/WIVES

GOVERNMENT MAN: Attention, everyone. (Pulls out a written order) All residents of Dogpatch are hereby ordered to return home immediately and resume their orderly evacuation.

WIFE 1: Evacuation?

MOONBEAM: Are you crazy, man?!

GOVERNMENT MAN: The evacuation and the bombing will be concluded tomorrow.

WIFE 2: But, Mr. Army-Man, what about our Yokumberry Tonic?

GOVERNMENT MAN: I'm sorry, the tests have been declared a total failure. Now, attention. All you women whose husbands have been used as guinea pigs, a special bus will take you to the laboratory immediately. And, Yokum, I'm afraid you'll have to come along with them.

BULLMOOSE/MAMMY

BULLMOOSE: (in a trance) Would you repeat the question?

MAMMY: Is you or is you not a no-good, dirty, double-crossing, finagling crook?

BULLMOOSE: Yes, madam, I am.

MAMMY: And just what did you intend doing with Abner Yokum?

BULLMOOSE: Subject him to Evil Eye Fleagle's truth whammy.

MAMMY: So he'd tell you...

BULLMOOSE: The secret formula of Yokumberry Tonic.

MAMMY: Then you intended to...

BULLMOOSE: Further use the nefarious E.E. Fleagle.

MAMMY: The purpose being...

BULLMOOSE: Put a suicidal whammy on the gullible Yokum.

MAMMY: Then the poor fool would...

BULLMOOSE: Jump in my fastest sports car.

MAMMY: And subsequently...

BULLMOOSE: Drive himself over the nearest cliff.

MAMMY: Making it appear like...

BULLMOOSE: Accidental death.

MAMMY: When for real and true, it was...

BULLMOOSE: Cold-blooded, premeditated m*rder.

MAMMY: There you has it, a confessed m*rder*r. Take him away.

ROMEO SCRAGGS/PAPPY/MAYOR/DAISY

PAPPY: Romeo Scragg?!

ROMEO: That's me. Big and brassy, fat and sassy, fit as a fiddle and ready for love.

MAYOR: Romeo Scragg, you claims you Daisy Mae's kith and kin?

ROMEO: I is, and that's the whole trouble.

MAYOR: Trouble?

ROMEO: I'd like to kith her, but I don't think I kin.

PAPPY: BOOO!

MAYOR: Quiet now. Now, Daisy Mae, is Romeo Scragg your kinfolk, or ain't he?

DAISY: Well, yes, but they from a side of the family I never socializes with except for weddings and hoedowns!

ROMEO: Ain't no use you fighting it, honey child. You're pure Scragg from the top of your scraggy head to the bottom of your scraggy toes, and that's a mess of Scragg.

DAISY: But we don't consider ourselves--

MAYOR: Quiet. Quiet. Now, Romeo Scragg, is it true that you gave Daisy Mae to Earthquake McGoon?

ROMEO: Cor-rect.

DIASY: How could you make such a miserable decision?

ROMEO: Because Earthquake here, he's a fine man. He's a good man. He put love in his heart, he put faith in his country... and he just put \$4 in my back pocket. Bless you, my children. (Joins Earthquake and Daisy by the hands. Earthquake leans down to kiss Daisy's hand, but Scraggs stops him.) Nuh-uh. That'll be \$4 more.

PAPPY: Let me at him! Let me at him!

ROMEO: Didn't I shoot you last week?

PAPPY: Did you hear what he said to me?

MAYOR: Quiet, everybody! Now, let's get on with the plans for the evacuation.

MAYOR/PHOGBOUND/MAMMY/PAPPY/EARTHQUAKE

MAYOR: My fellow citizens of Dogpatch, our distinguished senator, the Honorable Jack S. Phogbound.

PHOGBOUND: Mayor Dawgmeat and my beloved constituents of Dogpatch, I could stand here and bask in the sunshine of your warm greeting forever.

MAMMY: Bask on your own time, Phogbound.

PAPPY: Yeah, get to the point!

PHOGBOUND: Now, I bet you all wonder what I've been doing down in Washington these last 18 years.

MAMMY: We didn't care just so long as you was there and we was here.

EARTHQUAKE: Quiet! Senator, tell them what you done-done for us down there in Washington.

PHOGBOUND: I done got the United States Senate to pass the Jack S. Phogbound Bill!

EARTHQUAKE: There's no Jack S. like our Jack S.!

PHOGBOUND: That's right! Through my efforts, little old Dogpatch, obscure, unknown, poverty-stricken Dogpatch is gonna be world-famous.

DAISY: And just what for is we gonna be famous for? What for?

PHOGBOUND: You is gonna save the lifeblood of a vigorous, thriving American industry, that's what for.

ABNER: And what industry is that, senator?

PHOGBOUND: My boy, a glorious young industry devoted solely to the stimulation and relaxation so necessary for the American businessman. An industry known as Las Vegas.

DAISY: Ain't that where they do all that gambling?

PHOGBOUND: Yes, Daisy Mae, and right there's their problem. You see, in the desert nearby, the government's a-shooting off certain nuclear weapons of war. A-tom bombs!

PHOGBOUND: Now pay attention, you lovable citizens! You all is gonna be moved out of here by order of the United States government. And here's the fine government scientist who will supervise your evacuation. First detonation will be on Wednesday, but the evacuation will start immediately! My dear constituents, as I bid you farewell, I beg you, don't let me down. Just remember— your government is spending \$1 million on one b*mb just to blow your homes off the face of the earth! So show your appreciation!

AVAILABLE JONES/DAISY

DAISY: Available, I was just wondering if you could fix— I mean, arrange to make the Sadie Hawkins Day Race...come out right?

AVAILABLE JONES: So that you catches Li'l Abner.

DAISY: (sweetly) Naturally.

AVAILABLE JONES: Daisy Mae Scragg, does you realize what you's asking? That I betray my neighbor, sell out my fellow man. What is there in this whole world makes you think that I could sink to such slimy depths of moral depravity and human degradation?

DAISY: Fifty cents.

AVAILABLE JONES: Could you make that a dollar?

DAISY: Maybe I could.

AVAILABLE JONES: You has a deal. Abner will be stopped in that race today by the only diabolical device in creation fully guaranteed to freeze a fear-crazed bachelor in full flight.

DAISY: Namely?

AVAILABLE JONES: Stupefyin'... (puts on glasses) ...Jones. (Gestures towards wherever Jones will appears. She poses in a glamorous way, stunning everyone, then approaches the two)

AVAILABLE JONES: Deal?

DAISY: Deal.

AVAILABLE JONES: Lets shake on it.

(Stupefying Jones shimmies her shoulders, misunderstanding him)

AVAILABLE JONES: Not you, girly. (Shakes Daisy's Hand)

SAM/AVAILABLE JONES

AVAILABLE JONES: Well, howdy, Sam. Welcome home!

SAM: Well, howdy, Available! My, sure is good to see you and it's good to be back here in a metropolis.

AVAILABLE JONES: You always was a city boy at heart...

SAM: Yeah. I likes the hustle and the bustle and... Say, what you working on?

AVAILABLE JONES: Greatest piece of merchandise I ever had— for the Sadie Hawkins Day Race! It's my I-C-B-M.

SAM: ICBM? What's that mean?

AVAILABLE JONES: "I Catches Bachelor Men."

SAM: Sounds promising. How does it work?

AVAILABLE JONES: Top-secret. Patent already been promised to a matriarchal head of one of Dogpatch's first families.

SAM: You mean Pansy Yokum?

AVAILABLE JONES: No comment.

SAM: Now, don't tell me that Mammy's fixing to trap Li'l Abner so Daisy Mae can catch him this year?

AVAILABLE JONES: Can't discuss it.

SAM: Why not?

AVAILABLE JONES: You knows my integrity, my sense of honor. When I makes a confidential deal for a price, my lips is sealed, and they stay sealed.

SAM: Till you gets a better price.

AVAILABLE JONES: (nods) Naturally.

AVAILABLE JONES/BULLMOOSE/FLEAGLE/APASSIONATA

AVAILABLE JONES: Well, welcome to Dogpatch, general. I'd say, "What's your pleasure, sir?" But I see you've done brought it with you.

BULLMOOSE: Jones, we've got to stop Abner Yokum dead in his tracks this afternoon so that Appassionata here can catch him.

AVAILABLE JONES: Naturally. And there's only one man for the job. A refugee from justice who's hiding out in these hills. A man whose name comprises the three foulest words in the English language, namely Evil Eye Fleagle.

BULLMOOSE: Evil Eye Fleagle? What's he like?

AVAILABLE JONES: Picture the warm friendliness of a rattlesnake. Picture (insert height) of menacing manhood. Picture a hat covering a face of sinister rapacity. Picture two eyes peering out with supernatural powers of malevolent intent.

FLEAGLE: (enters, flying from offstage feet first performing a strange shuffling dance) Someone call me?

AVAILABLE JONES: Sashay on over here and meet the general.

FLEAGLE: (Begins shuffling and hopping erratically across the scene until he comes to abrupt stop in front of BULLMOOSE) Evil Eye Fleagle at your service. (Hands Bullmoose a card)

BULLMOOSE: (reads card) You actually paralyze with your eyes?

FLEAGLE: It is known in paralyzing circles as Fleagle's Famous Fabulous "Fracturizing" Whammy.

BULLMOOSE: Can you put that whammy in Abner Yokum long enough for Miss Von Climax to catch him?

FLEAGLE: (Nods, and begins his pitch, very animated) Get the picture. Sadie Hawkins Day begins. The gun goes off. Bachelors running. Maidens pursuing. Yokum comes dashing by. I jumps up and down. Rotates my eyeballs. Rears back and lets fly a triple whammy, which hits the fleeing Yokum smack in the back.

BULLMOOSE: And then?

FLEAGLE: His bone marrow freezes. His pancreas petrifies. All of his red corpuscles, white corpuscles suddenly stand stock-still and stupidly stare at each other. Whereupon who dashes up and claims the body, but this superbly stacked young lady.

ABNER & DAISY 1

(Daisy is pretending to have difficulty stepping over a downed fence post, she holds her arms out towards Abner for help)

DAISY: Abner, help me!

ABNER: Come on, Daisy.

DAISY: Abner, let's stop and talk for a while.

ABNER: This ain't no time to do any talking.

DAISY: But, Abner, don't you realize what you've just done? You've finally asked me to marry you.

ABNER: Yeah, I know.

DAISY: (enamored) Why did you do it?

ABNER: Well, I don't know. I just did, that's all.

DAISY: But why?

ABNER: (matter-of-factly) Well, there you was, your usual sweet self, and there was old Earthquake, a-panting, a-puffing, a-wheezing and a-snorting at you. I ain't gonna let no one like McGoon puff, pant, wheeze and snort at you. So I just ups and done it, that's all. (Smiles)

DAISY: Does that mean you aims to let me catch you if we has Sadie Hawkins?

ABNER: I reckon so.

DAISY: Oh, Abner. What took you so long?

ABNER: Well, I don't know, Daisy. Some years, I wanted you to catch me awful bad, but I just couldn't. I don't know why I couldn't, but I couldn't.

DAISY: There must've been a reason. But what was it?

ABNER: Take last year's race for instance. There I was, loping along with my usual burst of brilliant speed, and I turned around and seen you, sweet and purty, reaching out your hand to grab me for life. And suddenly, a voice inside of me hollered, (suddenly yelling) "Abner, boy, take off!"

And I took.

DAISY: Oh, but that's all behind us now.

ABNER: You really reckon?

DAISY: And life's gonna be full of so many wonderful things...

ABNER & DAISY 2

DAISY: Well, has you figured out how I'm gonna catch you, I mean, so it won't be too embarrassing to your masculine pride and then so we both knows what we's doing?

ABNER: Well, not exactly.

DAISY: I has.

ABNER: You has?

DAISY: Yes, I has. Now, just close your attractive eyes and see if you can't visualize it. (Abner closes his eyes) There we is at the starting line. The mayor shoot off his gun, and you takes off with your usual burst of brilliant speed.

ABNER: Naturally.

DAISY: I hightails it right after you.

ABNER: I got you.

DAISY: Now, I takes the shortcut over Hog Fat Boulevard.

ABNER: I likes it.

DAISY: You sees me coming, so you ducks down through Sow Belly Lane.

ABNER: I ducks.

DAISY: Now I'm gaining on you, and we's heading for the Promised Land.

ABNER: Goose Grease Gulch.

DAISY: Right.

ABNER: I sees it now. As my feet starts slipping on them goose feathers, you starts gaining, a couple feet behind. You reaches out your hand. You spread your fingers to grab me.

DAISY: I'm grabbing!

ABNER: And then-- And then— I'm sorry, Daisy.

DAISY: What happened?

ABNER: I puts on a brilliant burst of speed and dashes out of sight.

DAISY: You means you still ain't gonna let me catch you?

ABNER: Well, I don't know, Daisy, I sure intended to, but now I just don't know.

DAISY: Abner Yokum!

BULLMOOSE & APASSIONATA

BULLMOOSE: (begins a rant, growing with dramatic intensity) Don't you "dear General Bullmoose" me, you bumbling, incompetent hillbilly creep. Do you realize what you've done? If I owned that tonic, I could make all the money in the world.

And I need it.

Ever since I was a little child, I had a dream. A simple child's dream. And all that simple child ever wanted was to get his hands on all the money in the world before the greatest broker of them all called him to that big stock market in the sky. And you, you imbecile, you've shattered a little child's dream.

(Apassionata enters with flair)

APASSIONATA: Bullsie? Bullsie, sweetie, lower your voice. You know what the doctor said. You mustn't get so excited, you'll lower your blood sugar.

BULLMOOSE: I don't have blood sugar anymore. I sold it to my Cuban interest.

PASSIONATA: Oh, Bullsie.

BULLMOOSE: Appassionata, you should've been here an hour ago. Why are you so late?

APASSIONATA: I had to make up.

BULLMOOSE: Your face?

APASSIONATA: No, with the chauffer. We had a little fight.

BULLMOOSE: Remind me to fire that chauffer. Now, Appassionata, that Yokum yokel is coming here today. He wants to give his drug to the government. Now, Appassionata, listen carefully. You've got to do everything you can to help. If this bumpkin gives his drug to the government, he threatens the whole free-enterprise system.

APASSIONATA: What's in it for me?

BULLMOOSE: This could destroy capitalism.

APASSIONATA: What's in it for me?

BULLMOOSE: You've got to think of yourself as a super patriot doing a super patriotic duty.

APASSIONATA: What's in it for me?

BULLMOOSE: A million bucks.

APASSIONATA: Call me Betsy Ross.

EARTHQUAKE/SAM/DAISY/MAMMY:

DAISY: Mammy, I'm scared. I never said I'd "nuptialize" with a lout like Earthquake McGoon!

EARTHQUAKE: Did I hear my name? (Audience boos) Morning, ladies. Howdy, Sam. My, Daisy Mae, you looking special purty this morning. Glad I ran into you, Sam. Tell me, what has you in a \$4 wedding?

MAMMY: And just what, may I ask, would a rat varmint like you want with information about a \$4 wedding?

EARTHQUAKE: Could be I'm fixing to get myself married, since just returning home with my newly acquired title, namely 'The World's Dirtiest Wrestler' I am particularly well-heeled.

MAMMY: Is you inferring you has money?

EARTHQUAKE: Lady, I is filthy with it.

SAM: (under his breath) Mister, you was filthy without it.

EARTHQUAKE: Naturally, I intend to wed a certain Dogpatch gal.

SAM: McGoon, you crazy or something?

DAISY: You knows a man can't claim a gal for marriage down here unless she catches him herself on Sadie Hawkins Day!

EARTHQUAKE: If you have any questions about that, I suggest you perambulates on down to the fall-about meeting, which is about to be held at Cornpone Square!

DAISY/MAMMY/SAM: Cornpone Square?

DAISY: You mean there's gonna be a Cornpone meeting?

EARTHQUAKE: By direct request of my very good friend the Honorable Senator Jack S. Phogbound.

SAM: But we only has Cornpone meetings for events of national importance!

MAMMY: Or a hideous change in the Dogpatch way of life!

EARTHQUAKE: There gonna be a hideous change, all right! Come on, Sam. Now, tell me about your \$8 wedding...

SAM: Well, I don't crave your business, but I can't discriminate. Now, first I clips your toenails, gives you a quick shave and a sponge bath if you needs it, and frankly, I'd say you needs it—

EARTHQUAKE: Well that's alright for a start!