

Revised Draft September 2008

Appalachian Fling

ANOTHER BLUEGRASS COURTROOM MUSICAL

Book by Ben Tarver

Music and Lyrics by John Clifton

Based upon the German classic "The Broken Jug" by Heinrich von Kleist
(in the Public Domain)

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Cast of Characters

ADAM HORACE CULPEPER, *a judge*

HOLLY MITCHELL, *his housekeeper*

CYRUS WHITE, *a court clerk*

MYRTLE HARRIGAN, *a sturdy widow*

PENNY FAY HARRIGAN, *her daughter*

WILLIE BOB MUMPHREY, *a gas station attendant*

WALTER ADAM TRUESDALE, *an earnest Inspector*

RANDOLPH BATTLE, *the Sheriff*

SINGING AND DANCING CHORUS, *Townspeople, Courtroom Spectators, Celestial Voices, etc... (optional)*

Setting

The action of the play takes place in the remote town of Greenmore, tucked somewhere among the Appalachian Mountains.

Time

The present.

Production Requirements

Cast: Principles: Five males and three females. Optional chorus: Six (min.) singer/dancers

Sets: A unit set, as simple or elaborate as desired.

Orchestra: Onstage bluegrass group with optional pit orchestra

Synopsis

Picture a tiny town called Greenmore, tucked away in the mountains of Appalachia and largely isolated from the outside world. The local (corrupt!) judge is one Adam Culpeper. He's a sly old coot, still after the young ladies.

One night there is a disturbance in the bedroom of one of the town's attractive young women, Penny Fay. Her boyfriend, Willie Bob, is passing by her house and hears a commotion. He climbs up to her window and enters her room. There is a man in the room with Penny Fay, but it's too dark to identify him. There's a tussle, then the man jumps out the window and escapes. Penny's boisterous mother, Myrtle Harrigan, enters the room to find Willie Bob with her daughter. She accuses Willie of molesting her daughter and vows to sue him for breaking a "priceless" jug, a family heirloom. She will haul everybody into Culpeper's court first thing in the morning. What we discover, however, is that the man in the room was none other than the Judge himself.

Next morning, when notified of Myrtle's insistence on a trial, the Judge is overcome with the sense of impending disaster. When told that a court inspector will be arriving today to prepare a full report on Greenmore's court, he is near apoplexy.

The Inspector, a young stickler about procedure in both the law and life, arrives. A plot is hatched whereby Holly, the comely housekeeper, will compromise the Inspector, in order that he not witness the trial. The Inspector ultimately sees through the scheme, and the trial goes on. As the evidence mounts against him, the Judge calls a recess and flees. Holly and the Inspector fall in love and run off. Alone, Culpeper considers reforming his sinful ways, but decides against it—life is too short.

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ACT I

Scene 1

The town of Greenmore, West Virginia.
Judicial quarters, informal courtroom and a
local tavern.

An afternoon in late Spring.
A local sits on the steps playing a banjo,
country-style. He is joined by a fiddler. Behind
them, eight of the townspeople (the entire cast)
are talking and drinking. A piano player plays
an old upright at the side. A broken jug sits on
the floor. There is a telephone on the wall.

MUSIC CONTINUES
UNDER...

Song: “Something Went Bump” (Company) CD # 1

ALL

(Singing to the audience)

WE'RE A QUIET LITTLE TOWN
HIGH ABOVE A MOUNTAIN GAP
SITTIN' SO FAR OFF THE HIGHWAY
YOU CAN'T FIND US ON A MAP
FOR WE'RE NOT EXACTLY RICHMOND
JUST A WRONG TURN AT THE FORK
NO COMPARISON TO PARIS 'N
FORGET ABOUT NEW YORK

WE'RE NOT URBAN OR SUBURBAN
ONLY SMOKY HILLS SURROUND US
AND WE DON'T FIND IT DISTURBIN'
THAT MCDONALD'S HASN'T FOUND US
JUST A BACKWARD LITTLE SPOT
THAT THE WORLD HAS LONG FORGOT
WAY BEHIND THE TIMES AND GENTLY OUT OF SIGHT
AN OUTDATED LITTLE TOWN
ISOLATED LITTLE TOWN
IS THAT ALL WE HAVE TO TELL YOU?
WELL, NOT QUITE...
JUST – LAST – NIGHT –

(The locals begin assuming parts in the story, donning costume accessories, etc.)

LAST NIGHT WE HEARD AN AWFUL SOUND
 THAT WOKE US WITH A SHOCK
 IT WAS OVER AT THE HARRIGANS'
 AND AFTER ONE O'CLOCK
 THERE WERE VOICES UP IN PENNY'S ROOM
 THE OPENIN' OF A SASH
 THEN WE HEARD A MIGHTY HOLLER
 AND A MORTIFYIN' CRASH!

SOMETHING WENT—
(ALL clap!)
 SOMETHING WENT—
(ALL stomp!)
 SOMETHING WENT BUMP
(ALL clap/stomp! clap/stomp!)
 IN THE NIGHT!

WHO WAS DOIN' WHAT, WE ASK
 AND DOIN' WHAT TO WHOM?

MYRTLE
 WHAT WAS WILLIE MUMPHREY DOIN'
 IN MY DAUGHTER'S ROOM?

PENNY FAY
 WILLIE DIDN'T TOUCH ME, MA
 YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT RIGHT!

MYRTLE
 WELL, SOMETHING WENT—
(ALL clap!)

ALL
 SOMETHING WENT—
(All stomp!)
 SOMETHING WENT BUMP
(clap/stomp! clap/stomp!)
 IN THE NIGHT!

PENNY FAY
(In her bedroom, getting into bed)
 I WAS SWITCHIN' OFF THE LIGHT
 THINKIN' OF MY BOYFRIEND WILLIE

WILLIE MUMPHREY DOTES ON ME
 BUT SOMETIMES WILLIE CAN BE SILLY!
 NOW, MY ROOM WAS KINDA WARM
 AND SO I LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN
 AND I BARELY FELL ASLEEP
 BEFORE I FELT SOMEBODY GROPIN'!

(SHE screams)

MYRTLE

(Calling from "downstairs")

Penny Fay! You all right? What's goin' on in there?

PENNY MAE

Nothin', Ma – Aghh! Musta been dreamin'!

(The blanket starts moving. A figure sits up in the bed,
 obscured by the darkness)

Oh, it's you! I know you wanted to talk to me, but this is not the time or the place!

Now, now —

(The FIGURE lurches towards her)

Ohh! Eee! No! I say no!

WILLIE BOB

(Appears, walking by the house)

I WAS UP IN PENNY'S ROOM
 IT'S THE TRUTH; I WON'T DENY IT
 I HEARD VOICES COMIN' FROM THE HOUSE
 AS I WAS WALKIN' BY IT

(PENNY FAY giggles, then speaks to the FIGURE)

PENNY FAY

Well, you just get on outta here the same way you got in!

WILLIE BOB

(As he "climbs" up to the window and enters the room
 through it:)

SO I CLIMBED UP TO HER WINDOW
 FOR MY HEAD WAS IN A DITHER
 AND DISCOVERED ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT
 ANOTHER MAN WAS WITH 'ER!

ALL

SOMETHING WENT—

WILLIE BOB

Penny Fay!

ALL
SOMETHING WENT—

WILLIE BOB
Who is that?!

ALL
SOMETHING WENT BUMP
(*ALL clap/stomp! clap/stomp!—while WILLIE BOB says
“What the hell is goin’ on?!!”*)
IN THE NIGHT!

(*The FIGURE, wrapped in a bed sheet, brushes past
WILLIE BOB and runs to the window. WILLIE BOB turns
after him, accidentally knocking a large ornate jug from a
shelf to the floor, where it breaks*)

SOUND: BREAKING
POTTERY

PENNY FAY
Oh, m-god! Mama’s jug! She is gonna have one big fit!

WILLIE BOB
Who was that??

ALL
WHO WAS DOIN’ WHAT, WE ASK
AND DOIN’ WHAT TO WHOM?
NO ONE COULD SEE PLAINLY
IT WAS DARK IN PENNY’S ROOM!

PENNY FAY
(*to WILLIE BOB*)
JUST FORGET ABOUT IT, DEAR
I SWEAR I’M QUITE ALL RIGHT

WILLIE BOB
WELL, SOMETHING WENT—
(*ALL clap!*)

ALL
SOMETHING WENT—
(*stomp!*)
SOMETHING WENT BUMP

(clap/stomp! clap/stomp!)
IN THE NIGHT!

MYRTLE

(Heading towards the room)

Penny Fay! Who is in there? Is that a man's voice? What in the world?!

WILLIE BOB

LOOK, THERE HE GOES!

(Hollering out the window)

COME BACK, YOU FIEND!

YOU'LL GET A MIGHTY FLOGGIN'!

(WILLIE BOB picks up a small geranium pot from a window sill.)

**LOOK OUT FOR THIS FLOWER POT
 I'LL BOUNCE IT OFF YOUR NOGGIN!**

(He throws the pot towards the FIGURE. The FIGURE screams in pain and disappears. MYRTLE bursts in)

MYRTLE

William Robert Mumphrey! Just what are you doin' in my daughter's bedroom?!!

WILLIE BOB

There was a man up here!

MYRTLE

(pointing an accusing finger at WILLIE BOB)

WHEN I CAME IN THE ROOM

YOU WERE THE ONLY MAN IN SIGHT

ALL

SOMETHING WENT—

MYRTLE

And looka that!

ALL

SOMETHING WENT—

MYRTLE

You broke my jug! My priceless jug! A real antique, musta been a hundred years old!

PENNY FAY

It just fell, Mama. It was an accident!

MYRTLE

Smashed to smithereens! Oh, you are going to pay for this, you good-for-nothing little piece o' — ohh! Look at it!

WILLIE BOB

Just an ol' jug.

MYRTLE

Not just any ol' jug, you numbskull. This jug had the entire history of the Civil War on it! All hand-painted! One of a kind! Looka there! The Battle of Bull Run gone forever!

PENNY FAY

I got some Crazy Glue —

MYRTLE

I'll give you Crazy Glue! I am takin' this matter to Judge Culpeper, bless his corrupt hide!

(to WILLIE BOB)

No young jackass like you gonna assault my little girl! First thing in the morning— we will settle this matter in court! Let the Judge decide if it's just any ol' jug! And let the Judge decide if Penny Fay is just any ol' girl!

MUSIC UNDER...

ALL

*WHO WAS DOIN' WHAT, WE ASK
AND DOIN' WHAT TO WHOM?
EVERY MAN IN TOWN, IT SEEMS
WAS UP IN PENNY'S ROOM*

MYRTLE

(Looking out the window)

ALL MY LILIES TRAMPLED DOWN; MY GARDEN IS A SIGHT!

ALL

*WHO WAS IT TOOK LIBERTIES, THEN SUDDENLY TOOK
FLIGHT?
TRUST THE LAW, AND REST ASSURED THE JUDGE WILL SET
IT RIGHT!
SOMETHING WENT BUMP!*

MYRTLE

(Pointing at Willie Bob)

I'LL HAVE HIS RUMP!

ALL

SOMETHING WENT—

*(Clap, stomp, whistle, scream, “ooh!”, whip-crack, sigh, bang
stomp, stomp, stomp)*

IN THE NIGHT!!

MUSIC OUT,
THEN UNDER...

Scene 2

The Judge's Quarters

HOLLY, a bright and lovely thirtyish housekeeper, is dusting a table. RANDOLPH BATTLE, the local Sheriff, comes into the room. SHERIFF is well-built, sure of himself, about HOLLY's age.

SHERIFF

The Judge up yet?

HOLLY

No.

SHERIFF

At his age!

HOLLY

What's he done this time?

SHERIFF

Yours ain't the only drawers he tries to get into.

HOLLY

Sheriff, I've warned you before! Doesn't hurt to be respectful to him.

SHERIFF

That old letch?

(He throws his arm around her. She just as quickly shoves it off.)

HOLLY

Look who's talking. Boy howdy!

SHERIFF

Least I'm young.

HOLLY

That don't, doesn't take brains, which you don't have a plentiful supply of.

SHERIFF

Jes' cause I don't have time to read high-tone newspapers like you do – that ole Washington Post – don't mean I'm dumb. One of these days I'm gonna prove jes' how wrong you are 'bout that.

HOLLY

Oh? Now how many times I got to tell you, we owe our jobs to that old man.

SHERIFF

Ah, you and me could always find work.

HOLLY

In these hills? Fat chance.

SHERIFF

(Putting his arm around her.)

Culpepper's a sound sleeper. Let's you and me take some time off.

HOLLY

Randolph, don't you start!

(A banjo player moves in behind them, to accompany the song.)

Song: "Lovin' In The Mornin'" (Sheriff, Holly) CD # 2

SHERIFF

(Sings.)

*I LOVE LOVIN' IN THE MORNIN'
THAT'S THE LOVIN' TIME OF DAY
THAT'S WHEN I AM UP 'N AT 'EM
RIPE 'N READY COME WHAT MAY*

*WHEN THE SUNRISE PAINTS THE MEADOW
WHEN THE BACON'S IN THE PAN
I GET WARMER THAN MY BREAKFAST
THEN AM I A SIZZLIN' MAN*

*SOME NEED STARS TO SET THE SCENE
CANDLELIGHT AND MOOD SERENE
SOME REQUIRE A DREAMY MOON
I RUN OUT OF STEAM BY NOON*

*COME AND LOVE ME IN THE A.M.
RISE AND SHINE, AND WAKE THOSE EYES
THERE'S NO LOVER QUITE LIKE I AM
SHININ' FOR YOU WHEN I RISE*

*(The phone rings. SHERIFF picks it up
Long enough to say.)*

SHERIFF

Screw off!

HOLLY

*I LOVE LOVIN' IN THE EVENIN'
THAT'S THE TIME I FEEL THE RUSH
CANDLES GLOWIN' GET ME GOIN'
WHEN THE WORLD IS IN A HUSH*

*MORNIN'S OFTEN CAN BE TAXIN'
MAKIN' LOVE SHOULD NOT BE TRIED
AFTER DINNER'S MORE RELAXIN'
WITH THE DISHES WASHED AND DRIED*

SHERIFF

*MUST WE WAIT TILL AFTER DARK?
I'LL GROW TIRED AND LOSE MY SPARK*

(Phone rings. SHERIFF grabs it angrily.)

SHERIFF

Put a sock in it! I'm right busy here.

HOLLY

I AM JUST NO GOOD BY DAY

BOTH

SEEMS AS THOUGH THERE'S JUST NO WAY

SHERIFF

*WAIT, I HAVE A FINE SOLUTION
COMPROMISE WILL SET THINGS RIGHT
I'LL MAKE LOVE TO YOU EACH MORNIN'
YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME EACH NIGHT*

HOLLY

*HERE'S A PLAN THAT I LIKE BETTER
AND THE ANSWER TO OUR PLIGHT
YOU FIND SOMEONE FOR THE MORNIN'
I'LL FIND SOMEONE FOR THE NIGHT*

BOTH
LOVIN' IN THE MORNIN'

SHERIFF
(Speaks)
 Come on, now...

BOTH
(Sing)
LOVIN' AT NIGHT

HOLLY
(Speaks)
 Go on, now...

BOTH
(Sing)
MY TIME IS THE TIME THAT'S RIGHT! MUSIC OUT.

HOLLY
 Who was that on the phone?

SHERIFF
 Some nut wantin' directions how to git here.

(CYRUS WHITE rushes in, out of breath, carries an old briefcase. He is highly agitated.)

CYRUS
(Calling out.)
 Judge! Judge! Where's the Judge?

HOLLY
 In bed.

SHERIFF
 Sleepin' it off – prob'ly.

CYRUS
 Holly, we gotta git him up! There's big trouble!

SHERIFF
 Well, luck to ya – I'm out'a here.

(He pats her on the fanny, exits)

CYRUS
 Some Sheriff! Thinks his badge'll get him anything he wants.

HOLLY

You two were always palling around till you let me get betwixt you.

CYRUS

He ain't fit for you. He ain't blood, not like us two.

HOLLY

Stop it! We gotta work together, hear me?! Tell me exactly – what the Sam Hill is going on?

CYRUS

A court “inspector” is coming here today.

HOLLY

Inspector?

CYRUS

From the state capitol – I swear it! He was in Pinedale yesterday. Clerk over there calls me this mornin', tells me we're next! Dang!

HOLLY

No doubt one a' them bozos from the Attorney General.

CYRUS

Too bad it's not the State Liquor Board inspectin' us. We'd pass with flyin' colors.

HOLLY

That's not funny, Cyrus. Runnin' a saloon in here – That sort of thing could put us all out of work.

(The wall telephone rings. HOLLY picks it up.)

Judge Culpepper's residence...Beg pardon?... I'm sorry, the Judge is in a meeting. I can write down a message for him?

(To CYRUS.)

It's him! He wants directions how to get here.

(Into phone.)

Uh huh...Where are you now?...mm-hm...mm-hm...Route 42 just north of Stinkin' Creek? Go on over to I-81 South. Then just keep headin' on down, till you get to exit—

(To CYRUS.)

What's that exit number again?

CYRUS

One Forty-five.

HOLLY

(HOLLY speaks into the phone.)

Exit One fifty-five.... That's right, one fifty-five, and just follow the signs. Can't miss it.... 'Bye now!

(Hangs up.)

Heavens to Betsy! And the Judge still in bed! I'm goin' in there!

CYRUS

(Blocking her way)

You allus was the smart one, Holly, leadin' the Inspector on thataway.

(Moving towards her.)

Makin' it so's we're alone –

HOLLY

Alone?

CYRUS

You haven't forgot what we done under the apple tree...

HOLLY

(Pulling away.)

They were peaches, not apples, and they were green, gave me the tummy ache.

CYRUS

Holly Mitchell, will you marry me?

HOLLY

Why don't you run off like most of the young men from around here? Join the army or something.

CYRUS

I cain't! I'm blood, I tell you.

(A loud banging on the door is heard.)

HOLLY

Now what?.

(MYRTLE HARRIGAN bursts into the room, dragging PENNY FAY with one hand and WILLIE BOB with the other.)

MYRTLE

Don't you sons-a-devils never open your door no more?

CYRUS

Please, Miz Harrigan. There's no need for—

MYRTLE

Don't "please Miz Harrigan" me, with your fancy gov'ment mumbo-jumbo! I know what goes on down here in these so-called halls o' justice. Justice my rear end!

WILLIE BOB

Miz Harrigan, I took off 'a my job for this. Nobody in Greenmore's gonna git a drop o' gas or a clean windshield long's I'm here. Besides, I didn't do nothin'.

MYRTLE

And after what you didn't do, Willie Bob Mumphrey, you won't be doin' nothin' again—such as marryin' my daughter.

WILLIE BOB

Who'd want to—after what she done?

HOLLY

Miz Harrigan, the Judge is out at the moment.

MYRTLE

Is that the kinda neckline and boob show a judge's chippy wears' nowadays?

HOLLY

Why, you —!

CYRUS

Ladies, please — !

MYRTLE

Put a cork in it, buster! Me and my little girl been victims of insuffer'ble crimes! Willie Bob — He broke my jug!

CYRUS

Simmer down, Myrtle.

MYRTLE

I'll have you know that jug was my retirement income.

(She turns on Willie Bob.)

You better prepare for a big-time cash settlement, Mr. Oil Company Executive.

PENNY FAY

Willie Bob is my fiancé.

WILLIE BOB

I'm not marryin' no loose woman.

(Starts off.)

MYRTLE

(Yells after him.)
You loosened her!

PENNY FAY

Oh, Mama! I declare!
(As MYRTLE exits, pulling PENNY FAY off with her.)

LIVELY MUSIC IN.

HOLLY

I'm afraid so. Myrtle carryin' on is the last thing we need, an Inspector comin' and all. We're in deep doodoo, dum dum.

(sudden realization)

Inspector! What are we doing? Judge!!

Song: "Expecting an Inspector!" (Company) CD # 3 (a)

HOLLY

(Singing.)

WE'RE EXPECTING AN INSPECTOR!

CYRUS

AN INSPECTOR FROM THE CIRCUIT!

ALL

WE'VE DETECTED AN INSPECTION

HOLLY & CYRUS

GOTTA FIND A WAY TO WORK IT!

(The MUSIC suddenly picks up an urgent tempo.)

CYRUS

(To HOLLY)

AN INSPECTOR HAS BEEN SIGHTED

HOLLY

AND THE COURTROOM IS A SIGHT!

CYRUS

HE EXPECTS TO FIND PERFECTION

ALL

THIS INSPECTION IS A FRIGHT!

HOLLY & CYRUS

*JUDGE! JUDGE!
GET UP AND GET ABOUT!*

(HOLLY exits momentarily towards the courtroom.)

ALL

*JUDGE! JUDGE!
THE TIME IS RUNNING OUT!*

*HE'S ACCOUNTING FOR THE COUNTY
HE'S COMPILING HIS REPORT!
AND HE'LL WANT TO SEE THE PAPERS
AND THE RECORDS OF THE COURT*

HOLLY

(Entering, speaking over music)

The courtroom is in its usual shambles, and probably the Judge as well! Any suggestions?

CYRUS

Nary a one, and that's honest injun!

ALL

*WE'VE DETECTED AN INSPECTOR
AN INSPECTOR ON THE LOOSE!
IF YOU'VE COOKED UP ANY DOCUMENTS
HE'S HERE TO COOK YOUR GOOSE!*

ALL

JUDGE! JUDGE!

CYRUS

THE COURTROOM'S IN A HEAP!

ALL

*JUSTICE! TRUST US!
IT'S NOT A TIME FOR SLEEP!*

ALL

*AN INSPECTOR'S BEEN DETECTED
TO CONDUCT A THOROUGH PROBE*

CYRUS

AND LAST NIGHT THE JUDGE WAS DRINKIN'

HOLLY
 ANYBODY SEEN HIS ROBE?

ALL
 SEVEN CASES ON THE DOCKET
 THE INSPECTOR WILL OBSERVE

HOLLY
(Peering out a window.)
 WE EXPECT TO SEE HIM ANY MINUTE
 COMIN' ROUND THE CURVE!

ALL
(Chanting, rhythmically.)
 WHAT DO WE WANT? THE JUDGE!
 WHEN DO WE WANT 'NOW!
 WHAT DO WE WANT? THE JUDGE!
 WHEN DO WE WANT 'IM? NOW! (ETC...)

(The chant repeats and fades into the distance as scene changes...Lights up on the JUDGE in his bed. He gets up, yawns, touches the tender spot on his forehead, takes a deep breath of relief.)

(The music segues...)

Song: "Whereas..." (Judge) CD # 3 (b)

JUDGE
(Sings)
 WHEREAS I FIRST BECAME A JUDGE AT FORTY YEARS OF
 AGE
 AND STUDIED ALL THE LEGAL BOOKS AND MEMORIZED
 EACH PAGE
 WHEREAS THE LETTER OF THE LAW ONCE GOVERNED
 EV'RY CASE
 WHEREAS I RAN MY COURTROOM LIKE A FORTRESS OF A
 PLACE
 NOW THEREFORE, AFTER THIRTY YEARS—NO MORE THAT
 NOBLE CHAP
 IT'S FIRMLY MY OPINION THAT IT'S ALL A LOAD OF CRAP

 WHEREAS I WAS A PATIENT MAN, CONTENT TO
 CONCENTRATE
 ON ENDLESS TESTIMONY, EACH DETAIL TO CONTEMPLATE

DEFENDANTS COULD GO ON AND ON, SUGGESTING THEY
 BE FREED
 AND DRIVERS SWEAR THEIR INNOCENCE AND CLAIM THEY
 NEVER SPEED
 WHEREAS DISPENSING JUSTICE ONCE FULFILLED MY EV'RY
 WISH
 NOW THEREFORE, IF THE TRUTH BE KNOWN, I'D RATHER
 GO AND FISH

SIN AND CORRUPTION WERE MY HOLY CAUSE
 TO SMITE THEM MY PERSONAL WAR
 I FOUGHT HUMAN WEAKNESS, AND FINALLY WON
 FOR IT BOTHERS ME NOT ANYMORE

WHEREAS I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE LAW AND HELD IT HIGH
 ABOVE
 NOW THEREFORE LET ME SUMMARIZE: THERE'S OTHER
 THINGS TO LOVE
 WHEREAS I'VE SAT UPON THE BENCH FOR THIRTY YEARS
 AND MORE
 NOW THEREFORE, AFTER ALL THAT TIME, MY REAR IS
 GETTIN' SORE

NOW THEREFORE, WHILE IT'S OFTEN SAID 'NO MAN'S
 ABOVE THE LAW'
 IT DOESN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT A WOMAN; HA-HA-HA!
 SO THEREFORE I'LL FORGET 'WHEREAS' AS LONG AS I AM
 HERE
 AND SEE THE WORLD NOT THROUGH THE LAW BUT
 THROUGH A GLASS OF BEER
 SO LET'S NOT LINGER OVERLONG IN SOME OLD STUFFY
 COURT
 LET SPEEDY JUSTICE BE THE RULE, FOR LIFE IS JUST TOO
 SHORT
 LET'S GET OUT OF THE COURTROOM EARLY, WHILE
 THERE'S STILL SOME SUN
 THE TIME GOES FASTER THAN WE THINK
 LET'S CELEBRATE AND HAVE A DRINK
 AND DANCE A BIT AND TURN THE TAP
 AND SET A WOMAN ON OUR LAP
 AND LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN!
 AND LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN!

*(By the end of his song, he has freshened up and seems
 ready to face the world. He smiles with contentment as he
 goes into the main room.)*

HOLLY and CYRUS are trying frantically to put things in order.

JUDGE enters. Cyrus leaps as if he's seen a ghost.

CYRUS

Judge!

HOLLY

Where in the world have you been?!

JUDGE

What wouldst you expect? Sound asleep, of course.

CYRUS

You didn't git your head banged up asleep.

JUDGE

As I stepped out of bed – we “trip” into the morning!

HOLLY

Just look at you!

JUDGE

Did I hear that awful Harrigan woman bellowing?

CYRUS

You sure 'nuff did, and she's bound and determined to have her day in court. Not just any day – today!

HOLLY

Judge, you're not going to like this, but we're having a visitor today.

JUDGE

Visitor?

CYRUS

A court inspector. From the Attorney General.

JUDGE

“Inspector?”

CYRUS

Clerk over in Pinedale says they's investigatin' the “legal culture o' corruption” at the local level.

HOLLY

He's due here today.

JUDGE

Today?! Tell me, is his name -- oh vile! -- Is his name Truesdale?

CYRUS

Who that?

JUDGE

Truesdale is young -- and merciless. Positively brilliant, written up glowingly in all legal journals. He is a ruthless crusader with no heart, no humor, no soul. If 'tis he, I am utterly lost!

HOLLY

Why'd they send somebody like that? I bet it's not Truesdale.

JUDGE

Truesdale is on a crusade, and he is very ambitious, and he's -- Oh vile! Perhaps I might be ill? No, I -- Mercy to goodness! He'll want to check the records! The transcripts!

CYRUS

Transcripts?

HOLLY

Maybe we can say they were destroyed or something. Make something up.

CYRUS

(Exiting.)

Tornado took 'em?... The dog ate 'em?...

(He is gone.)

JUDGE

Holly, thank God I have you. I don't know how I wouldst fare otherwise.

HOLLY

Oh, I'm sure there's plenty of good housekeepers who'd do just fine.

JUDGE

Now, you know you're more than a housekeeper. You have the blood, and there's not many of us left who do. 'Tis hard, keeping isolated.

HOLLY

But how long you suppose we can keep that up?

JUDGE

Even in the face of this impending disaster you're so reliable, so steady... And beautiful even in a crisis.

HOLLY

Now, Judge...

JUDGE

And here I am, a lonely old man in his golden years. Still quite spry, mind you.–
Have you a kiss for me?

HOLLY

(Kisses him quickly on the forehead.)

There.

JUDGE

Holly, love of my life! Say you will marry me! Say it!

HOLLY

Judge!

JUDGE

I know young studs abound and all are after you.

HOLLY

They don't "abound" much anymore.

JUDGE

But what have they? Where will you find as comfortable a life as you could have
right here with me?

HOLLY

I'm not exactly after "comfortable," Judge.

JUDGE

You must ponder your life carefully, my dear.

HOLLY

OK, Judge. I'll think about it. But think is all I'll do.
(Casually picks up a brochure.)

JUDGE

If you wouldst only – My God! This Inspector will want to see me in judicial robes!
I'd best –

(Starts off then turns back suddenly.)

I think only of you, my love, you and your future. Assuming we have a future after
today – which we won't have if it's Truesdale! -- What's that you picked up?

HOLLY

Jes' some junk mail lying here.

(Judge Exits.)

HOLLY

(Reads brochure)

A cruise! Now wouldn't that be fun. And it's cheap! – Oh, that's the rate for double occupancy. Double occupancy, sounds fun – I'd need somebody come along with me. But I can't think of a soul.

Song: “Tramp Steamer” (Holly) CD # 4

HOLLY

(Sings.)

SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY'S AFTER MY FUTURE
JUST BECAUSE THEY GOT A LITTLE OF MY PAST
AND JUST 'CAUSE THEY'VE KNOWN ME
THEY ALL THINK THEY OWN ME
TO WHICH I REPLY:
NOT SO FAST!

GIVE ME NO COMPASS
DRAW ME NO MAP
PAINT ME NO PICTURE
SET ME NO TRAP

DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING
ROUND THE OLD BEND
WRITE ME NO OUTLINE
WITH A NICE END

WHAT DO I ASK LIFE?
GIVE ME JUST MORE LIFE
GIVE ME MEN WITH LIFE
NOT A MAN FOR LIFE

GIVE ME SURPRISES
GIVE ME DELIGHTS!
SPEAK NOT OF FUTURES
ONLY TONIGHTS
BRING ME NO SCHEMER
NO GRAND DESIGN
MY SHIP'S A TRAMP STEAMER—
NOT A REGULAR LINE!

SO PLAN ME NO JOURNEY
PLOT ME NO PLAY
DON'T SELL ME TOMORROW—

LET ME RIDE THE WIND
AND FIND A NEW SPOT
WHERE ALL MY OLD ACQUAINTANCE
SHALL BE FORGOT

TURN A NEW LEAF
GO INCOGNITO
SO MANY POSSIBILITIES
WHY BE ILL AT EASE?
SETTLE DOWN, GIRL?
NO!

GIVE ME SURPRISES!
GIVE ME DELIGHTS!
SPEAK NOT OF FUTURES
ONLY TONIGHTS
BRING ME NO SCHEMER
NO GRAND DESIGN
MY SHIP'S A TRAMP STEAMER
NOT A REGULAR LINE

SO PLAN ME NO JOURNEY
PLOT ME NO PLAY
DON'T SELL ME TOMORROW
JUST GIVE ME TODAY!

MUSIC OUT.

(The JUDGE re-enters. CYRUS follows him on.)

JUDGE

Moths destroyed my only robe! But Cyrus saveth the day.

CYRUS

I called the choir mistress down at the Methodists? She's got an extra robe.

HOLLY

What can I do?

CYRUS

Dunno if it'll fit ya; she weighs in at about 280. Lotta material there.

JUDGE

(To HOLLY)

The Inspector will likely desire lunch. Go you to the kitchen and make some nice ham sandwiches.

HOLLY

Already made and in the fridge. Only they're chicken.

JUDGE

Cyrus, where's my collar? Oh! I should change my shoes. These sneakers are not judicial.

HOLLY

Maybe some white wine? They can be right fancy at the state capital.

CYRUS

I think the cat got your collar. Chewed it up real good.

JUDGE

This is a fateful day! I had the most frightening dream the other evening. I found myself in front of a judge, charged with the most appalling crimes. And I was the judge! 'Twas woeful – woeful! In judgment of myself. What did I do to deserve this? Now an inspection! Anyone, pray heaven, but young Truesdale!

(SHERIFF enters.)

SHERIFF

Hi, folks.

JUDGE

Sheriff, we have no time for social calls. An Inspector will be here any moment.

HOLLY

From the state's attorney general.

SHERIFF

My day to shine! He'll be very interested in what I'm doing. That ruckus last night over at the Harrigan house? Lullabell told me her beau saw a man running away from the place, and Willie Bob Mumphrey yelling at him from out Penny's winder. Seems he threw a flowerpot at this bozo and thinks he might've hit him.

JUDGE

A man? A ruckus? A what? I'm, uh, so early to bed I'm usually the last to knoweth of these affairs.

CYRUS

Myrtle Harrigan's already been here. She insists on having the trial today.

JUDGE

Oh, ugly! Ugly!

CYRUS

She blames it all on Willie Bob Mumphrey. He denies the whole thing, of course, and allows as how he'll not marry Penny, her being with another man in her room and all.

SHERIFF

I went over there and did some investigatin'.

HOLLY

Sheriff, you picked the wrong day to be doing your job.

SHERIFF

Huh?

HOLLY

Most times you're as useless as a man's titty. Stay that way, please.

SHERIFF

Holly! You hurt my feelings! I'm going to show all you folks what I can do when I put my mind to it.

HOLLY

I like you better without a mind.

SHERIFF

Listen here to me a'fore you think I'm a dummy. With this rain lately, there's a powerful lotta mud. I looked around Myrtle's yard and got me a nice footprint – a big old sneaker!

JUDGE

Arghhfghh! ...

THE SOUND OF A
ROARING
MOTORCYCLE
APPROACHING AND
COMING TO A STOP.

HOLLY

It's him! Listen to that! He's riding on a motorcycle! Can you believe that? He can't be all bad, can he? And look, his saddle bags are absolutely bulging!

JUDGE

Vile – Vile!

Song: “Expecting An Inspector [Reprise]” (Company) CD # 5

ALL
*AN INSPECTOR HAS BEEN SIGHTED
 AND THE COURTROOM IS A SIGHT!
 HE EXPECTS TO FIND PERFECTION
 THIS INSPECTION IS A FRIGHT!*

MUSIC UNDER...

JUDGE

My robe! Cyrus—some kind of a collar!

*(As CYRUS tries to help the JUDGE look presentable,
 HOLLY pulls The SHERIFF aside.)*

HOLLY

Don't say a word about what you think you found out. I want you and Cyrus to confuse the Inspector. These city types all think we're just dumb yokels. Well, that's what we'll be – stupid hicks that don't know nuthin' about nuthin'!

CYRUS

How do we confuse him?

HOLLY

Just bamboozle him!

SHERIFF

(Playing the yokel)

Well, I know a Bam Edwards, but I never met nobody name of Boozle.

HOLLY

That's the spirit! Cyrus, get over here!

*(She grabs CYRUS away from the JUDGE who is having a
 bad time trying to make an enormous robe look
 respectable.)*

I'd like you both to play dumb in front of this Inspector man. Think you can handle that?

CYRUS

Sheriff don't hafta play at dumb, and all I hafta do is imitate him.

SHERIFF

How'd you like a knuckle sandwich?

HOLLY

Stop that, the two you! Most people not from these parts like to think we're all stupid hillbillies, so can you play at that, in front of this Inspector?

CYRUS

Reckon.

SHERIFF

Reckon.

HOLLY

Great. Now, listen -- Cyrus, I've seen you and the Sheriff funnin' with each other when you ain't fighting over me. You gotta do this big time, fellas. Distract the Inspector! Get him thinking of something else. Anything else! Culpepper might not be much of a judge, but he's the only one we have, and we're all beholdin' to him. I'm counting on you two!

(CYRUS and the SHERIFF put their heads together as HOLLY and the JUDGE are frantic with last minute activities—straightening chairs, dusting, hiding bottles, etc. The JUDGE trips over the enormous robe, so long it drags on the floor. He tugs wildly at the ill-fitting collar which chokes him.)

ALL

*HE'S ACCOUNTING FOR THE COUNTY
HE'S COMPILING HIS REPORT!
AND HE'LL WANT TO SEE THE PAPERS
AND THE RECORDS OF THE COURT*

MUSICAL FANFARE,
THEN MUSIC OUT.

(The Reprise ends as HOLLY, CYRUS and the SHERIFF pose in a perfect tableau. The JUDGE ducks into his bedroom. The INSPECTOR enters. He is a firm, impressive man in his late thirties. He wears a gleaming leather jacket and helmet. He makes a ritual of taking off this gear. Underneath he is immaculately dressed in a conservative business suit. He wears glasses and carries a briefcase. They gawk at him as he arranges his tie, etc. Awkward pause before INSPECTOR breaks the tension.)

INSPECTOR

I would like to know who answered my call with a rude request that I do something obscene to myself. This is an office of the people! You do not remonstrate with those we serve!

SHERIFF

Ramon (*accents the first syllable*) Straight? I dunno. Sounds like one of them illegals commencing to come in here. What do you allow, Cyrus?

CYRUS

Naw. He must mean from the Straight family lives over by Cold Water Bottom.

INSPECTOR

Never mind!

(The JUDGE makes a sweeping entrance, considerably hampered by the enormous robe that threatens to trip him.)

JUDGE

Never mind indeed! Trivia, sir. They simply mean to inform. Welcome, sir! Welcome to our fair village of Greenmore! And you must be—

INSPECTOR

Inspector Truesdale, D.O.J., at your service.

JUDGE

What a pleasant surprise! *(Deathly pale on hearing the name, almost goes into faint.)*

(Extends his hand to shake, has difficulty with the long sleeve.)

Who wouldst have thought we'd have such good fortune as an official visit from a distinguished member of the Government of the United States of America!

INSPECTOR

Sir, I'm from the state capital, office of the Attorney General.

JUDGE

Truly? But your appearance, your manner of dress! I would have thought an official of even higher standing!

INSPECTOR

I think you will find I have sufficient "standing" for the task at hand. You may have heard of the Governor's current initiative to improve the administration of courts in the less populated areas of our state.

JUDGE

Of course.

INSPECTOR

I am here to observe and report. If conditions are not entirely up to standard, I will tend to overlook them—unless, of course, they're intolerable.

JUDGE

I trust you'll findeth our office in reasonable order.

INSPECTOR

Is this the court clerk?

CYRUS

Yes, sir! Cyrus White's the name.

JUDGE

Inspector, this man has an encyclopedic legal mind. Positively brilliant.

INSPECTOR

And how long have you worked at this office?

CYRUS

(Counts on his fingers, acting the yokel)

Pert near nine years?

JUDGE

We hear you come by way of Pinedale. Judge Lee is a dear old friend. I trust his inspection went well.

INSPECTOR

It did. From my point of view.

CYRUS

Clerk over in Pinedale says he hanged himself.

INSPECTOR

So I understand.

JUDGE

Hanged himself?!

INSPECTOR

Your friend Judge Lee tied a poor knot, and he survived. I was vastly relieved.

(The JUDGE is so unnerved he staggers back. HOLLY nudges the SHERIFF in the ribs, mouthing "Do something!")

SHERIFF

Your Honor?

JUDGE

– uh, yes?

SHERIFF

It's Myrtle Harrigan, sir. She wants her case to be tried first thing today.

JUDGE

Absolutely not! She is not on the docket.

SHERIFF

Try telling her that – sir.

JUDGE

Oh, very well. Inspector, you will excuse me? Or perhaps you would want to join me?

INSPECTOR

No thank you. You'll not be long, I'm sure. It will give me the opportunity to inspect your chambers, make a few notes.

JUDGE

Ah, yes – uh – indeed yes. Holly, provide the Inspector with anything he may require. Come. Cyrus. You as well, Sheriff. Mrs. Harrigan can be quite difficult.

(The JUDGE, CYRUS and the SHERIFF exit hurriedly)

HOLLY

Mighty fine, that motorcycle! Could've knocked me down with a fly feather when I seen you – shoot! -- saw you draw up all gleaming red. A big Harley, too!

INSPECTOR

I find it convenient on these deplorable back roads. I could hardly believe the state highway that leads here from the interstate is unpaved! The dust is appalling.

HOLLY

Wait'll it rains. Mud's a lot worse.

INSPECTOR

But all our state roads are paved! There were bond issues. Even the principle county roads--

HOLLY

Some of us kinda likes it this way. -- Are you certain you don't want a sandwich?

INSPECTOR

No thank you. It is my practice not to eat lunch when I am at work away from my home base.

HOLLY

And you don't never –that is, ever drink neither? Either? Nothing at all?

INSPECTOR

No, thank you.

HOLLY

I admire a man who can control himself. Yessir, you're a mighty impressive gentleman, Inspector. Only, you need to lighten up. That wine you mentioned – I could get you a glass.

INSPECTOR

No, thank you.

HOLLY

Wooh! – You're a regular saint.

Song: “No, Thank You” (Inspector and Holly) CD # 6

INSPECTOR

(Sings)

*I HAVE MADE MY LIFE A FORTRESS
I HAVE BUILT A MIGHTY WALL
WHERE VICE MAY NEVER ENTER
I BECOME A FIRM DISSENTER
WHEN VILLAINS COME TO CALL
LET ME SHARE WITH YOU THE SECRET OF IT ALL:*

*“NO, THANK YOU”
JUST THREE WORDS
I HAVE COME TO KNOW AS FRIENDS
“NO, THANK YOU”
I SPEAK THEM
AND ALL TEMPTATION ENDS
NO WEAKNESS CAN FOIL ME
NO BRIBERY CAN SOIL ME
I’VE BANNED THEM; I HAND THEM THEIR HAT:
“NO THANK YOU! NO, THANK YOU!”
—AND IT’S JUST AS SIMPLE AS THAT*

HOLLY

(Speaks)

Some coffee?

INSPECTOR

*NO, THANK YOU
NO STIMULANTS FOR ME*

HOLLY

(offering)
Cigarette?

INSPECTOR

*NO, THANK YOU
I REFUSE CONSISTENTLY
ALL HEAVEN CAN CHOKE UP
FROM SMOKE PEOPLE STOKE UP*

HOLLY

Not even just one, to relax?

INSPECTOR

*NO, THANK YOU; NO THANK YOU
AND POLLUTION'S STOPPED IN ITS TRACKS!*

MUSIC UNDER...

INSPECTOR

After polluted air comes polluted minds!

HOLLY

Don't I know it! Boys and girls together, out in the bushes, sharin' a butt...

INSPECTOR

Unsanitary.

HOLLY

First it's cigarettes, then marijuana –

INSPECTOR

You've smoked...marijuana?!

HOLLY

(Sings.)
*NO, THANK YOU! NO, THANK YOU!
I AM SHOCKED!*

INSPECTOR

(Singing.)
*PLEASE UNDERSTAND—
I'M MERELY INQUIRING
YOUR KNOWLEDGE SEEMS FIRSTHAND*

HOLLY

*I JUST VOLUNTEER THINGS
A PERSON CAN HEAR THINGS*

INSPECTOR
*I'M GRATEFUL THAT BOTH OF US SAY:
'NO, THANK YOU!'*

BOTH
*NO, THANK YOU!
AND WE KEEP CORRUPTION AT BAY*

INSPECTOR
*(With growing fervor.)
WHILE SOME MAY LOOK THE OTHER WAY
I SAY TO SMALL INFRACTIONS
'NO THANK YOU! NO THANK YOU!'
INSPECTING IS A FULLTIME JOB
I STAND FOR NO DISTRACTIONS
'NO THANK YOU! NO THANK YOU!*

*ACCEPT THE FACT THE WORLD IS IN A MESS?
'NO THANK YOU!'
IGNORE A HELPLESS VICTIM IN DISTRESS?
'NO THANK YOU! NO THANK YOU!'
LET OUR JUSTICE SYSTEM FALL APART?
'NO THANK YOU!'
LET THE SEEDS OF CHAOS GET A START?
'NO THANK YOU!'*

(Speaks.)
Let no one be exempt from judgment!

(The MUSIC becomes martial, patriotic sounding.)

HOLLY
INSIDE TRADERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
TAX EVADERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
BUM DEALERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
FAKE HEALERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
BRIBE TAKERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
BOOKMAKERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
NON CONFORMERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!

HOLLY
GLOBAL WARMERS?

INSPECTOR
NO THANK YOU!
AND THAT IS WHY I SAY:
WEAKNESS, GO TAKE A HIKE!

HOLLY
ME TOO; WE ARE SO ALIKE!

HOLLY & INSPECTOR
*(The INSPECTOR, without realizing it, clasps HOLLY's hand
to cement their spirit of agreement. HOLLY doesn't retract.)*

NO THANK YOU! NO THANK YOU!
'NO THANK YOU' SAVES THE DAY!

MUSIC OUT.

(The JUDGE enters. HOLLY drops the INSPECTOR's hand and runs off.)

JUDGE

A most delicate situation. The Harrigan woman was positively insistent.

INSPECTOR

I am glad to hear it, for I must also be insistent – that I might observe how you conduct a trial.

JUDGE

There's very little need here for a court of law at all. Greenmore is an exceptional community with a unique, I would say – a fascinating history.

INSPECTOR

I dare say. But a number of disquieting matters have come to my attention.

JUDGE

So soon? That is, have they indeed?

INSPECTOR

Irregularities, rumors of neglect –

JUDGE

I assure you, sir. All shall be made clear. First, uh – you must hear the Legend!

INSPECTOR

Legend? Let us not stray from the point, sir.

SPOOKY, ETHEREAL
MUSIC IN.

JUDGE

It's very much to the point! There was a time when these hills, these mysterious, misty mountains were home to witches and demons of every description.

INSPECTOR

Demons? Surely you, a judge, do not believe such nonsense.

JUDGE

Not one bit, I do promise you. But many in these parts do believe it, Inspector, and if we are to serve them properly, I think it vitally important we understand their beliefs, don't you agree?

INSPECTOR

You might have a point, but I find it quite bizarre.

JUDGE

The older residents of these hills believed in actual demons with such intensity that I find myself caught up in it on occasion. Pay heed, Inspector. In the black of night, they danced their hellish reels atop the crags, just yonder. And when the moon was full, one couldst hear the Devil himself, moaning...moaning through the whispering pines. The voice of Satan!

INSPECTOR

This is ridiculous!

JUDGE

But then, the miracle happened.

INSPECTOR

Miracle?

JUDGE

There was an itinerant holy man who came through, a preacher who caused Divine Intervention. He called for a flock of angels to drive the devils out. And so they did. And they have guarded this town until this very day!

INSPECTOR

And you actually believe this...legend?

JUDGE

Why, yes – as legend, of course.

Song: “The Angels Of Greenmore” (Judge) CD # 7

JUDGE

(sings)

*THE ANGELS OF GREENMORE
HAVE VANQUISHED THE CRAVEN
UNIQUE IN THE SOUTHLAND
OUR GREENMORE’S A HAVEN
SPEED LIMITS ARE FOLLOWED
CURSE WORDS ARE NOT SPOKEN
THE BARS CLOSE AT SEVEN
AND NO LAWS ARE BROKEN*

*LISTEN, CAN YOU HEAR THEIR ANGEL SONG
ECHO THROUGH THE VALLEYS
ALL DAY LONG?
HARMONIZING DAILY DISCOURSE,*

*SIMPLE PASTIMES, NOBLE LABORS
GENERATING RIGHTEOUSNESS
IN PIOUS FOLK AND GENTLE NEIGHBORS*

*WITH EVIL WE SHALL NOT BE SCARRED
WHILE OUR ANGELS STAND ON GUARD
CORRUPTION THEY WILL NOT ALLOW
ONLY THE PURE CAN HEAR THEIR MUSIC
AH, YES! I HEAR IT NOW!*

MUSIC UNDER,
VOICES "OOH"
ANGELICALLY IN THE
BACKGROUND.

(Speaks.)

A useful, healthy legend, I vow. Consider, here there are no dance halls or billiard parlors to foster immorality and sloth. We're a simple, hardworking folk, early to bed and early to rise. Here you'll find no gaudy newsstands spreading poisonous ideas to the populace.

(Sings.)

*THE ANGELS OF GREENMORE
ARE GREENMORE'S PROTECTION
THE ANGELS OF GREENMORE
MAKE GREENMORE PERFECTION
WITH ANGELS TO GUIDE US
WE NEED NO INSPECTION*

MUSIC OUT.

(MYRTLE bursts into the room, pulling PENNY FAY behind her. WILLIE BOB follows, along with the SHERIFF. HOLLY and CYRUS follow a few beats later.)

MYRTLE

What a bunch o' clowns! Why are we wasting time? My beautiful jug!

WILLIE BOB

Aw, I'll pay you for your old jug.

MYRTLE

And what about Penny Fay's honor? The honor of the Harrigan family. How d'you intend to pay for that?

PENNY FAY

Oh, Mama, Willie Bob didn't do nothin'!

WILLIE BOB

It's no use, Penny, not with her. Anyhow, I'll be damned if I'll marry you! I know I'm not your only boyfriend.

PENNY FAY

Willie Bob—

WILLIE BOB

No! Keep away!

PENNY FAY

Willie!

WILLIE BOB

It's over!

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpepper, can you not take charge of this situation?

MYRTLE

Who the dickens are you?

CYRUS

He's an Inspector! You know, like that Dog Leash fella in them books over to –

JUDGE

That will do, Cyrus.

MYRTLE

Inspector, eh? Finally on to you, are they, Judge?

INSPECTOR

I understand you are to have your day in court, Mrs. Harrigan. Shall we schedule for two this afternoon? That will give me time to freshen up.

MYRTLE

You got yourself a date!

(She whacks INSPECTOR on the back, grabs PENNY FAY's hand to pull her offstage with her. PENNY FAY gives an urgent look at WILLIE BOB who reluctantly follows.)

JUDGE

Freshen up? Of course! Holly will assist you.

INSPECTOR

Not to bother. I have already booked a room.

JUDGE

I insist!

INSPECTOR

Really, I am quite able to –

JUDGE

One moment, sir. Holly –?

(The JUDGE pulls HOLLY aside as CYRUS and the SHERIFF occupy the INSPECTOR with help he does not need.)

JUDGE

I am counting on you, Holly. Indeed, all in my employ now look to you to save the day!. If 'twere anyone but Truesdale! Be nice to the man – very nice.

HOLLY

Just cause you and me comforted one another a time or two, that don't mean -- I do have my standards, y'know.

JUDGE

Our welfare is at stake, dear girl. Should I end in jail – at my age!

HOLLY

He's one flat-out cold fish.

JUDGE

You don't think he is a match for you? – You with your stout heart – and any other part of your anatomy that comes to mind.

(While this conversation is going on, CYRUS and the SHERIFF distract the INSPECTOR by being overly helpful.)

INSPECTOR

Gentlemen! I am more than capable –

CYRUS

You'll hafta 'scuse the Sheriff. He's a Baptist.

SHERIFF

Looka who's telling fibs!

HOLLY

(She gives the badly shaken JUDGE a comforting pat on the shoulder and goes to rescue the INSPECTOR from CYRUS and the SHERIFF.)

Boys! That's enough of that!

(She manages to get the INSPECTOR out the front door, then turns to CYRUS and the SHERIFF for a final comment before she also exits.)

For now.

JUDGE

Cyrus! Find Penny Fay for me. Only Penny Fay, mind you. That mother of hers must be totally unaware! Sheriff! Follow Holly and the Inspector. Keep him away right up till the time of the trial. Quickly! Time is of the essence!

(CYRUS and the SHERIFF hurry to obey. The JUDGE collapses in a chair.)

END OF SCENE

Scene 3

A Motel Room

Lights up on a cramped area of the stage that represents a small, bottom-of-the-line motel cabin. HOLLY comes on first with the Inspector's suitcase. The INSPECTOR follows, briefcase in hand.

HOLLY

Boy howdy!

INSPECTOR

Really, I should not let you carry my grip.

HOLLY

Shoot, I was the strongest of all us kids. Wanna rattle?

INSPECTOR

Miss – Holly – I do not mind a bit of levity – in its time and in its place. But this is not the time and certainly not the place.

HOLLY

It sure ain't. These guest cabins never get many guests. Most of the time they use 'em just for storin' hay and manure. They got a much better motel over in Pinedale – a Motel Six!

INSPECTOR

This is quite adequate to the purpose. I would not dream of wasting the taxpayers' money on frills.

HOLLY

A nice soft bed is no frill, not to me. Anyway, nobody would mind, 'least not the taxpayers 'round here.

INSPECTOR

I can well imagine – Culpepper said taxpayers here would not even spend money to improve these deplorable roads. Virtually every other county passed that bond issue.

HOLLY

Not us. Let them pave all our roads, folks might flock in, maybe even by the thousands.

INSPECTOR

So? Tourism is a good industry. Heaven knows you people need the income.

HOLLY

I reckon. But jes' think on this – You ever seen the Ahmish – the Mennonites? I was oncet in Pennsylvania, got right into their part of the countryside, and I fell in love with it.

INSPECTOR

They live in the past!

HOLLY

Yeah, hundreds of years in the past. They don't lie. They don't cheat. Not a bad way to live, I think.

INSPECTOR

To cut themselves off from civilization! Not to mention the responsibility of life as it is today --

HOLLY

Some of us look at it different. Me and Judge Culpepper -- Two of us decided 'twould be better cut off from the world today. I help him ever' way I can. The world out there is changin' so fast. Even here in Greenmore. We used to talk durin' dinner. Now some folks watch the news while they eat. All you get is indigestion.

INSPECTOR

Exactly what is your job description?

HOLLY

Oh, I do a little housekeeping – some cooking – most of the shopping –

INSPECTOR

Indeed. But I assume you also have legal duties.

HOLLY

Darn right! I'm, uh, his secretary? I mean, I'm his secretary. Only I gotta be careful so's folks don't think I high hat them. I read some of the Judge's law books on occasion, read a couple of newspapers, you know. And we do get TV when the weather's good. So I kinda know how I should talk, only I don't, not all the time.

INSPECTOR

Your actual job description, I take it, is "Girl Friday."

HOLLY

That's exactly what Judge Culpepper calls me sometimes, his girl Friday – a girl that'd do most anything for him. I mean, almost anything.

(She moves very close to the INSPECTOR , making him uncomfortable.)

INSPECTOR

Thank you for – filling me in. I must ask your indulgence. I need to prepare myself for the concentration required in a court trial.

HOLLY

Take your time! Relax! I 'spect you're not used to the slow pace of things 'round here, you coming from up north and all.

INSPECTOR

(He flounders, distracted by her presence.)

I would prefer – That is, please understand, you need not be intimidated by me. You see, I, uh, I was originally from very near here. In fact the very state that neighbors this part of Appalachia –

HOLLY

No!

INSPECTOR

I was born and raised in Richmond.

HOLLY

I'll be hornswaggled! Inspector! That practically makes you one of us! My pap once took me to Richmond. Boy howdy, that is some beautiful city!

INSPECTOR

Yes – yes, it is – very beautiful. At least it was.

HOLLY

There's a right pretty song about Richmond. You recollect, it was recorded by Wade Skaggs.

INSPECTOR

Yes. An interesting example of the genre.

Song: “Richmond” (Inspector, Holly) CD # 8

HOLLY

(Sings, tentatively at first.)

TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND

TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

I CAN FEEL IT CALLIN', CALLIN' STRONG...

INSPECTOR

*(Trying to remember the words...)**I WAS BORN IN RICHMOND**I WAS RAISED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA**(Not wanting help)*

Don't tell me...

*TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND**TO THE PLACES I KNOW THERE**THIS PLACE IS CLOSE TO NOWHERE**ALL MY ROOTS ARE IN RICHMOND**I'VE BEEN TOO FAR FROM RICHMOND FOR TOO LONG*

HOLLY

(Complimenting his memory)

Excellent!

INSPECTOR

*(Singing more confidently now.)**YOU CAN STRAY FROM RICHMOND**STILL YOU STAY IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA**FOR YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE IT FAR BEHIND**AND ON SUNDAY MORNIN'**ALL THE BELLS RANG ALL OVER RICHMOND**AND I STILL CAN HEAR THEM**I CAN SEE EVERY STEEPLE**I'M GREETIN' ALL THE PEOPLE**IF YOU DON'T GO TO RICHMOND**YOU'RE A STONE'S THROW FROM RICHMOND IN YOUR MIND**I'VE TRIED IT OUTSIDE IT**CAN'T MAKE IT GO*

HOLLY

LORD, DON'T YOU KNOW

BOTH

*LORD, CAN'T YOU SHOW**THE ROAD THAT'S LEADIN' ME RIGHT –*

HOLLY

*–BACK**TO RICHMOND**MAKE A TRACK*

INSPECTOR

*BACK WHERE YOU KNOW**YOURSELF AND**BACK WHERE YOU TRUST**YOURSELF**I'M SO FAR FROM WHAT I**WAS*

TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

IT WAS RIGHT

IN RICHMOND

HERE IT'S WRONG

I WAS—

AND NOT WHAT I REALLY
AM

I NEVER BELIEVED THAT
LIFE HAD

SO MANY COMPLICATIONS

I WANT TO GO WHERE I

WAS

FOR ALL I KNOW IS I WAS—

BOTH

—BORN IN RICHMOND

I WAS RAISED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

TAKE ME BACK WHERE THE STREETS ARE SINGIN'

MY WELCOME SONG

TO THE PLACES I KNOW THERE

THIS PLACE IS CLOSE TO NOWHERE

ALL MY ROOTS ARE IN RICHMOND

I'VE BEEN TOO FAR FROM RICHMOND FOR TOO LONG

HOLLY

IT'S WRONG

BOTH

TOO FAR FROM RICHMOND FOR TOO LONG

MUSIC OUT.

HOLLY

I declare, Inspector – I bet some of the words in that song apply to you.

INSPECTOR

Certainly not! I – uh– I must now ask you to leave. Somebody might have noticed the time you have spent here, in my room, and, well, you are an unusually attractive lady, and – it is a fact that I really must freshen myself, and -

HOLLY

Flip!

*(Lights fade on them as another music theme swells up,
breaking the mood.)*

END OF SCENE

Scene 4

The Judge's Quarters

Lights up on the JUDGE, pacing aimlessly, almost in a panic. PENNY FAY runs on from another direction with CYRUS. At the sight of them the Judge gathers himself, becomes very judicial again)

MUSIC IN SOFTLY.

Song: "Something Went Bump [Reprise]" (Company) CD # 9

ALL

(Singing.)

*WHO WAS DOIN' WHAT, WE ASK
AND DOIN' WHAT TO WHOM?
WHAT WAS WILLIE MUMPHREY DOIN'
UP IN PENNY'S ROOM?
SOME SAY IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE
BUT WHO HAS GOT IT RIGHT?*

WELL, SOMETHING WENT—

(All clap!)

SOMETHING WENT—

(All stomp!)

SOMETHING WENT BUMP

(clap/stomp! clap/stomp!)

IN THE NIGHT!

MUSIC OUT
MUSIC UNDER...

CYRUS

Here she is, Judge.

JUDGE

Penny!

PENNY FAY

Cain't stay! If Ma finds me here –

JUDGE

I have to speak with you!

PENNY FAY

I don't wanna hear it! I only want to to remind you – what you promised? 'Bout Willie Bob? He's awful mad at me.

JUDGE

This will take but a moment.

(PENNY FAY tries to move away from him, but the JUDGE catches her by the skirt, holding her back.)

PENNY FAY

What do you want?! Ma told me stay home! She says this whole town is nuthin' but jiggery-juggery!

(CYRUS immediately starts dancing, as if compelled by duty)

JUDGE

Cyrus! Stop that!

CYRUS

But she said –

PENNY FAY

Why's he dancin'?

JUDGE

Oh, it's just a superstition – goes way back before you were born.

CYRUS

(Stopping his dance)

Yes, ma'am. Back when Greenmore was possessed – by demons! You said the words!!

PENNY FAY

What words?

JUDGE

Jiggery-juggery.

(CYRUS dances again)

Cyrus White!

(CYRUS stops)

You see, my child, Greenmore was once inhabited by evil devils. But the angels drove them out! And the people danced and celebrated. They laughed at the devils and said their evil was nothing but jiggery –

(Stops himself)

PENNY FAY

– juggery?

(There goes CYRUS again)

JUDGE

(Restraining CYRUS)

Exactly. But before they left, the oldest devil put a curse on Greenmore. If anyone so much as spoke the words –

(He mouths “jiggery-juggery”)

they would have to dance, and keep dancing for seven years, else they'd get struck dead by lightnin'!

PENNY FAY

Oh, tush! Just for sayin' –?

(JUDGE claps his hand over her mouth)

CYRUS

I'm gettin' outta here.

(Exits quickly)

JUDGE

Good; he's gone. Now, listen to me! Trial's comin' up. Our stories must coincide. In time I will arrange it so that no harm comes to Willie Bob. And your mother always forgives you, right? But we have to arrive at a proper story – as to last night.

PENNY FAY

Last night! You're shameful, and I —

JUDGE

You do not want to see Willie Bob in jail! While you – in abject misery, crying, weeping bitter tears –!

PENNY FAY

What if they ask me who it was? – in my room, don't you know. Willie's bound to say he seen someone else there.

JUDGE

What? Didn't I just tell you about the evil spirits – high in the Greenmore hills? There are witches! Devils!

SPOOKY MUSIC IN.

PENNY FAY

You don't expect me to believe those old stories – do you?

JUDGE

Sometimes they come down here – right into our town.

PENNY FAY

Now, Judge --

JUDGE

Aye! That explains the entire thing, Penny Fay. It had to be one of the devils – or a demon that you saw!

PENNY FAY

Huh?

Song: “Demons!” (Judge, Penny Fay) CD # 10

JUDGE

(sings)

*DEMONS ALL AROUND!
THEY'VE BEEN LET LOOSE IN THIS TOWN!
AND IT'S DIFFICULT TO KNOW
WHO IS SPEAKING ON THE LEVEL
WHAT YOU'RE HEARING MIGHT BE SO
OR A VOICE THAT'S OF A DEVIL
THERE ARE DEMONS EVERYWHERE!
THERE'S LUCIFER AND BAE
AND BEELZEBUB ON YOUR TAIL
SO BEWARE!
THEY ARE THERE!
VERY LIKELY TO APPEAR
SO DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU SEE
AND EVEN LESS OF WHAT YOU HEAR
DEMONS!
DEMONS ALL AROUND!
THEY'VE BEEN LET LOOSE IN THIS TOWN!*

PENNY FAY

(Speaking over music)

Demons?

JUDGE

Now. repeat after me:

(Sings)

LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB AND BAE

PENNY FAY
LUCIFER AND BUBBA AND BILL

JUDGE
NOT "BUBBA"—BEELZEBUB

PENNY FAY
BEELZEBUB

JUDGE
AND BAEL

PENNY FAY
BALE

JUDGE
LUCIFER—

PENNY FAY
—BEELZEBUB AND BAEL!

Good! JUDGE

Good! PENNY FAY

Good! JUDGE

(sings)

*SAY "MISTER MUMPHREY CAME INTO MY ROOM A-
 SCREAMIN'"*

PENNY FAY
*"MISTER MUMPHREY CAME INTO MY ROOM"
 —SCREAMIN'?"*

(speaks)

Why was he screamin'?

JUDGE
SCREAMIN' BECAUSE HE SAID HE SAW A DEMON

PENNY FAY
*A DEMON?
 DID YOU SEE A DEMON, TOO?*

JUDGE
I WASN'T IN THE ROOM WITH YOU!

PENNY FAY
YOU WEREN'T?

JUDGE
IT WAS A DEMON!

PENNY FAY
YOU MUST BE DREAMIN'!

JUDGE
WILLIE JUST IMAGINED IT!

PENNY FAY
IMAGINED WHAT?

JUDGE
A MAN WAS THERE

PENNY FAY
A MAN WAS THERE? I THOUGHT YOU SAID—

JUDGE
I SAID HE JUST IMAGINED IT

PENNY FAY
IMAGINED IT—IMAGINE THAT!

JUDGE
*AND ON THE STAND, YOU SAY IT FLAT
THERE WAS NO MAN, AND THAT IS THAT
NOW, GET IT STRAIGHT! IT MUST BE PAT!*

PENNY FAY
AND WHO IS PAT?

JUDGE
THERE IS NO PAT!

PENNY FAY
THEN HE'S A DEMON TOO?

JUDGE
*NO MATTER; LET'S REVIEW:
MR. MUMPHREY CAME INTO YOUR ROOM*

PENNY FAY
A-SCREAMIN'!

JUDGE
SCREAMIN' THAT HE THOUGHT HE SAW A WHAT??

PENNY FAY
A DEMON!

JUDGE
LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB—

PENNY FAY
OR BAE—SUCH A TALE!

JUDGE
NOW, REMEMBER, THAT'S WHAT WILLIE MUMPHREY SAID

PENNY FAY
THEN HE THREW A POT AND HIT YOU IN THE HEAD

JUDGE
(Aside, woefully)
I'M DEAD!

PENNY FAY
YES, I'M SURE I'VE GOT IT NOW
AND IT'S REALLY CLEAR AS DAY
WHEN THEY PUT ME IN THE BOX
HERE'S EXACTLY WHAT I'LL SAY:

DEMONS ALL AROUND!
THEY'VE BEEN LET LOOSE IN THIS TOWN!
AND IT'S DIFFICULT TO KNOW
WHO IS SPEAKING ON THE LEVEL
WHAT YOU'RE HEARING MIGHT BE SO
OR A VOICE THAT'S OF A DEVIL

BOTH
THERE ARE DEMONS EVERYWHERE!

JUDGE
THERE'S LUCIFER AND BAE

PENNY FAY
AND BEELZEBUB ON YOUR TAIL

BOTH

SO BEWARE!
 THEY ARE THERE!
 VERY LIKELY TO APPEAR
 SO DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU SEE
 AND EVEN LESS OF WHAT YOU HEAR
 DEMONS!
 DEMONS ALL AROUND!
 THEY'VE BEEN LET LOOSE IN THIS TOWN!

PENNY FAY

(Begging approval)
 HOW'S THAT? HAVE I GOT IT DOWN?

JUDGE

YOU'VE DISPELLED MY GLOOM!

PENNY FAY

I'LL TELL IT WITHOUT A FLAW
 ALL THOSE DEMONS THAT I SAW
 WHEN YOU WERE IN—MY—ROOM!!

(The JUDGE winces painfully)

BOTH

DEMONS ALL AROUND
 THEY'VE BEEN LET LOOSE IN THIS TOWN!

MUSIC OUT.

(INSPECTOR enters, shocked by what he sees. The JUDGE is also shocked – at the sight of the INSPECTOR.)

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpepper! You cannot speak with a litigant before the trial begins!.

JUDGE

Absolutely correct!

(To PENNY FAY.)

Do not ever try that again, young lady! I have told you and told you! Now you hear it from the Inspector himself!

(PENNY FAY runs into the court.)

INSPECTOR

Let us get on with it, Judge Culpepper! I have other counties and municipalities to inspect. Please summon me in fifteen minutes.

(INSPECTOR exits. HOLLY comes on immediately from the other side.)

JUDGE

Fifteen minutes as my life hangs in the balance! Well – ?

HOLLY

He ain't totally cold. But he's a sure 'nuff stickler on most matters. 'Fraid you'll have to wing it.

JUDGE

Is there nothing you can do?

HOLLY

You don't exactly make it easy for us, Judge. Why'd you pick Penny Fay, for crying in a bucket!?

JUDGE

She lured me there, I swear it! But just to ask my advice. Her Ma won't approve of her marryin' Willie Mumphrey, and since her age requires parental permission she wanted me to find some legal way around it.

HOLLY

She's 'bout as ignorant as –

JUDGE

There is nothing for it, my dear. We must find a way to stop this trial. I would be exposed – ruined. Oh, fie! Shabby fie! Double fie!

HOLLY

How you aim to go about it?

JUDGE

You, dear Holly. The Inspector waits in there. Go to the man, compromise him. I will then catch the two of you at the most awkward moment. Please! Do this for me – for all of us!

HOLLY

Seems like a rotten thing to do, even to someone like him. He's not all bad.

JUDGE

Not only is my neck in a noose if this trial proceeds – you, the Sheriff, poor Cyrus, all thrown out of work! All of Greenmore torn asunder!

HOLLY

Reckon I'll have to give it a try.

(The JUDGE plants a hasty kiss on HOLLY then hurries off. HOLLY arranges her dress to better show off her figure, then goes to the liquor cabinet and starts to select the mixings for drinks which she puts in her bag. She then calls off.)

Inspector Truesdale?!

(INSPECTOR comes back on, looks around.)

INSPECTOR

Where is Culpepper? I expected to find this place fully prepared for the trial.

HOLLY

Trial?

INSPECTOR

Certainly.

HOLLY

Oh – Shoot! He had to run off on an errand, won't take him long. You got – You have no idea how busy he is, always in demand.

INSPECTOR

Nothing should take the place of the business I am on!

HOLLY

And – and that's exactly what he's doing. Here – give me your hand.

INSPECTOR

I beg your pardon?

HOLLY

I'm going to tell your fortune! I'm right good at it! Open up your palm and hand it over!

INSPECTOR

This is no time for – You do not seriously believe in fortune telling!?

HOLLY

There you go again, bein' snooty. I swan, I never seen nobody nowhere that don't like his fortune told.

(She grabs his hand, opens his fingers up. Startled, he tries to draw back.)

HOLLY

Jes' look at you! All red in the face. You're embarrassed! – I tell ya what, we'll go back to your motel. It's just down the street a ways – so's nobody can see us.

INSPECTOR

My motel room!? That would not be appropriate – I mean – uh – would it?

HOLLY

I never seen, saw nobody wound up so tight. Come on.

(HOLLY takes the INSPECTOR by the arm and leads him away. He looks about nervously, reluctant to follow, afraid not to follow.)

(As soon as they are out of sight, the JUDGE pokes his head in to see if the coast is clear. He enters, gestures behind him. CYRUS and the SHERIFF follow him on.)

JUDGE

Boys! Keep close to me. We dare not be seen by the Inspector – or anybody, for that matter.

SHERIFF

What in Sam Hill is goin' on, Judge?

JUDGE

Holly has a plan.

CYRUS

He better not try nothin' with Holly! She and me gonna marry!

SHERIFF

Shoot, she'd never have nothin' to do with the likes of you. Holly's my girl!

JUDGE

Do stop scrapping with each other! Holly needs our support.

SHERIFF

She's gonna bamboozle him with her womanly ways, ain't she?

JUDGE

It's splendid of her! Our very survival, depends on her success. But we must make certain nothing foul occurs!

CYRUS

Like maybe one of 'em lettin' out a big old fart?

JUDGE

(Stares at CYRUS a long moment.)

Oh, it's sad when cousins marry. – Follow me!

(Lights dim on the three figures as they exit.)

MUSIC BRIDGE

Scene 5

The Motel Room

Lights up on the motel room. HOLLY, with a degree of firmness, places the Inspector on a chair.)

HOLLY

You look all flustered. I'll whomp up some drinks. It'll relax you.

(She opens her bag, a big one, takes out glasses, a bottle or two, everything needed to mix drinks.)

INSPECTOR

Yes, I noticed you getting the ice. But you brought alcohol with you? No, thank you. I don't drink during the daylight hours.

HOLLY

This is a special occasion. I'm gonna tell your fortune!

(She takes a large pitcher and begins filling it from various bottles.)

INSPECTOR

Truly, Miss – uh – I never have more than a small glass of wine – on rare occasions.

HOLLY

This is a rare occasion. I'll fix my specials.

INSPECTOR

I never touch strong spirits.

HOLLY

Spirits? Never heard likker called that, but I like the sound of it – Spirits! Here—
(Puts a drink in his hand and raises her glass.)
Mud in your eye!

INSPECTOR

Well, I suppose – a sip.
(Takes a tentative taste)
M-m-m. It's tasty..

HOLLY

Drink up, I got plenty more in my thermos here. You ain't gonna – You're not going to believe this, but I come from a long line of teetotalers. My daddy made me promise moonshine would never touch my lips. That's why I use a straw. Here, move over side me on the bed.

(She takes his drink, pulls him to his feet.)

INSPECTOR

Perhaps I had better stay in the chair.

HOLLY

Don't be an old silly. I hafta sit close beside you so's I can read your palm right clear an' all

(He gives in to her insistence. She places him on the bed, then sits next to him.)

INSPECTOR

What do you see?

(During the following, the JUDGE manages to open the door just wide enough to peer in the room. CYRUS and the SHERIFF are right behind him. HOLLY motions for them to keep out. They withdraw and close the door. But then they crack it open just enough for the their three heads, one on top of the other, to peer in. They are careful to stay out of view of the INSPECTOR. When on occasion he makes a sudden move, they quickly back out, then slowly reappear.)

HOLLY

(Reading the INSPECTOR's palm)

This here's your life line. Look how straight and grand! You've a good head for business, I see. I swear I couldst look at your hand all day long.

INSPECTOR

You said "couldst" -- How quaint of you.

HOLLY

Slipped out. Does that on occasion. You shoulda heard my gran-ma. Folks back then all talked that way. The Judge is still bad about it.

INSPECTOR

With you it's more than quaint. It's cute.

HOLLY

Oh! I only know what I see, and if what I see here is true, you've broken hearts in every office in the Guv'ment.

INSPECTOR

I don't believe it.

HOLLY

You must'a never noticed. Here I see girls entering convents, pining away because you denied them a smile. Here's women so charmed by you they considered throwin' themselves in front o' trains. Seems you just create an irresistible urge in girls. A trail of ruined lives!

MUSIC UNDER...

INSPECTOR

Ruined lives!

HOLLY

It's not your fault. It's Nature's fault – for makin' you so – irresistible? Fascinatin', don't ya know.

INSPECTOR

The poor souls!

HOLLY

Probably hundreds.

INSPECTOR

Oh, Holly!—May I call you Holly?

HOLLY

Sholy – It's my name.

INSPECTOR

It's a pretty name...Holly. Do you also feel this – irresistible urge?

HOLLY

I better be goin' –

INSPECTOR

No, stay! How can I go on now—alone—knowing this about myself?

HOLLY

You can't expect any of those poor women to give you any peace—not while you're still single.

INSPECTOR

But who would marry me? I don't even know who they are! What would I say?
How could I propose? I have a very hard time even talking to women.

HOLLY

You know how to talk to me.

INSPECTOR

That's true.

HOLLY

And you could easily propose to me.

INSPECTOR

(alarmed)

What's that?

HOLLY

Oh, nothing.

(She hands him his drink and takes hers.)

Drink up—good for your heart, I hear tell.

INSPECTOR

(Has a good drink. He's a little woozy by now.)

At the moment it's my head I worry about.

HOLLY

Then let it rest right here.

(She makes to draw his head to her bosom. He draws away. She draws him gently back and sings very softly, almost hypnotically.)

Song: "Richmond [Reprise]" (Holly) CD # 14

HOLLY

(Sings)

TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND
TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
I CAN FEEL IT CALLIN', CALLIN' STRONG...
I WAS BORN IN RICHMOND
I WAS RAISED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
TAKE ME BACK TO RICHMOND
TO THE PLACES I KNOW THERE
THIS PLACE IS CLOSE TO NOWHERE
ALL MY ROOTS ARE IN RICHMOND
I'VE BEEN TOO FAR FROM RICHMOND FOR TOO LONG

(She enfolds him with her arms, and his arms gradually, almost somnambulistically surround her.)

*BACK WHERE YOU KNOW YOURSELF AND
BACK WHERE YOU TRUST YOURSELF
I'M SO FAR FROM WHAT I WAS
AND NOT WHAT I REALLY AM
I NEVER BELIEVED THAT LIFE HAD
SO MANY COMPLICATIONS
I WANT TO GO WHERE I WAS*

MUSIC UNDER...

(ALL sing, softly, under the following dialog:)

ALL (EXCEPT HOLLY & INSPECTOR)
*FOR ALL I KNOW IS I WAS
BORN IN RICHMOND
I WAS RAISED IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
TAKE ME BACK WHERE THE STREETS ARE SINGIN'
MY WELCOME SONG
TO THE PLACES I KNOW THERE
THIS PLACE IS CLOSE TO NOWHERE
ALL MY ROOTS ARE IN RICHMOND
I'VE BEEN TOO FAR FROM RICHMOND FOR TOO LONG...*

INSPECTOR

What's happening to me? I can't allow this! This was not on my schedule for today.

HOLLY

This kinda thing is never on anyone's "to do" list.

INSPECTOR

It's simply – not me!

HOLLY

Hesh! I reckon it really is you, a down-home boy who's been too far from Richmond too long.

INSPECTOR

If that is so, I've been stupid.

HOLLY

None o' that, now. Don't be mean to yourself. Give this a try instead.

(She pulls him to her for a long, deep kiss.)

(Music swells as he takes her in his arms and kisses her. The door opens fully. The JUDGE, CYRUS and SHERIFF observe them in their clutch.)

MUSIC OUT.

(The INSPECTOR and HOLLY jump apart.)

JUDGE

(Affecting great indignation.)

Inspector Truesdale! What, may I ask, is this??

INSPECTOR

What is what?

JUDGE

This perversion of hospitality! This abuse of a helpless female employee – shame on you! Drinking, too! Double shame!

SHERIFF

(Obviously in on the act.)

Does the young lady wanna file a charge of assault?

JUDGE

I am certain your superiors at the Capitol would like to see a report on your personal conduct here in the hinterlands. Clerk White! Prepare it! My poor, innocent housekeeper! – overcome by a slick operator! A clear case of sexual harassment..

INSPECTOR

But we were only—

JUDGE

The facts speak for themselves! You, sir, are a cad!

INSPECTOR

And you, Judge Culpepper, are a fraud! I cannot believe that I fell for this, even for a brief second. Young lady, you are shameless!

HOLLY

You got that right! Judge, I can't go along with this. It's wrong! It's worse than wrong.

(She sinks half onto the bed and buries her face on a pillow)

JUDGE

(He bends over her, trying to comfort her)

Holly, my dear!

HOLLY

No, please! I did a bad thing, but –

INSPECTOR

Bad? None of you, not a single one of you, understands the meaning of the word bad. And “bad” hardly describes the despicable acts perpetrated here! I am ashamed of myself. But it is all clear to me now.

(Grabbing the JUDGE's shoulder)

Look me in the eye, Culpeper This will add considerably to the charges against you! Scandalous!

SHERIFF

(Pushes the INSPECTOR, who falls on top of the JUDGE)

Just a damn minute!

INSPECTOR

I include you, Sheriff – everybody here! It will be a clean sweep, I promise you.

HOLLY

Please don't! I didn't mean it. I mean, I did mean it, but –

CYRUS

(Trying to restrain SHERIFF, who is now pummeling the INSPECTOR)

Hold on, Randy! They'll get you for police brutality!

(CYRUS struggles with the SHERIFF, but the SHERIFF falls onto the bed taking CYRUS with him. At this point, ALL are in a pile on the bed.)

(MYRTLE barges into the room followed by PENNY FAY and WILLIE BOB. MYRTLE wears a flowered hat, shawl, and carries a baseball bat,)

MYRTLE

(Astonished at the scene, eyes bulging and mouth agape)

I wondered why you all come over to the motel! Now I know!!

(CYRUS, SHERIFF, INSPECTOR, JUDGE and HOLLY disentangle themselves and stand up.)

What in hell – When in Sam Hill is my trial gonna start!? I ain't waiting any longer.

JUDGE

Myrtle! Not now! Be gone!

INSPECTOR

Mrs. Harrigan, I have been a victim of an extreme case of entrapment, and it is now obvious that you and the charges you have brought are somehow involved. I fully intend to get to the bottom of the whole matter.

MYRTLE

Hmph!

INSPECTOR

Culpepper has gone to extreme measures to prevent your trial from taking place. However, I promise that he and his cohorts will be exposed. Your trial will proceed!

JUDGE

Sir, you fail to comprehend.

INSPECTOR

No more of this nonsense. I order that the trial starts within the half hour! Am I understood? As for you, Miss Holly, be aware that my eyes are now open – fully open!

(INSPECTOR stalks off. HOLLY is crumpled, overcome with grief and tears.)

JUDGE

Myrtle, you do not comprehend the situation, I assure you. If you do not call off this wretched trial, the whole community will be devastated.

MYRTLE

Call it off? You crazy?! You done brought this down on yourself, whatever it is! My only concern is my dear, innocent little girl. And, of course, my jug!

HOLLY

(Tears turn to rage.)

You and your jug. So it's worth money. When money starts to mean more than other things, that's when we lose everything.

CYRUS

We'd all be better off if you'd forget all about it.

MYRTLE

I'm forgittin' nothin'! Not a blamed thing. Call off my trial! You think I'd do that, then you don't know me! You shameless floozy! Just you wait!

Song: "Y'Don't Know Me!" (Myrtle, Inspector, Comp.) CD # 15

(MYRTLE sings)

IF YOU THINK YOU'LL KEEP ME QUIET
 IF YOU THINK YOU'LL TRIM MY SAIL
 THEN Y'DON'T KNOW ME!
 IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BUY IT
 WHEN YER TELLIN' ME A TALE
 THEN Y'DON'T KNOW ME!
 IF YER HIGH AND MIGHTY SELF
 SO SUPERIOR AND WISE
 THINKS I'M GONNA KNUCKLE UNDER
 WHILE YOU CUT ME DOWN TO SIZE
 IF YOU THINK I'LL SIMPLY DISAPPEAR
 YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!
 ANY FOOL CAN SEE—
 Y'DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WHAT
 Y'DON'T KNOW SQUAT
 AN' Y'DON'T KNOW ME!

(Inspector enters at the side of the stage.)

INSPECTOR

IF YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN
 AND YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART
 THEN Y'DON'T FOOL ME

MYRTLE

IF YOU THINK THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN
 THAT YOUR MOTHER WAS A TART
 THEN Y'DON'T KNOW ME
 IF YOU TAKE AWAY MY RIGHTS
 IF YOU THINK I'LL SIT AND WAIT
 IF YOU TRY TO GET ME IN A TRAP
 AND THINK I'LL TAKE THE BAIT

MYRTLE AND INSPECTOR

IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BLUNDER
 WELL, YOU UNDERESTIMATE!
 I CAN GUARANTEE—
 THAT Y'DON'T KNOW BEANS
 AND BY NO MEANS
 D'YOU KNOW ME!!

MYRTLE

(To JUDGE)

MISTER SMUG AND PLUTOCRATIC,
 YOU'VE GOT SECRETS IN YER ATTIC
 AND DIRTY LINEN ON YOUR LINE
 I DON'T STAND FER ANYBODY
 WHO IS ACTIN' LAH-DEE-DAH-DEE
 IF IT'S TOES YER STEPPIN' ON
 YOU BETTER STAY OFF MINE!

(To HOLLY)

I HAPPEN TO KNOW ABOUT YER MA
 AND HOW SHE HAD TO MARRY PA

(To CYRUS)

AND, THOUGH IT WAS WRAPPED IN SECRECY,
 YER SISTER HAD AN S. T. D.

(To SHERIFF)

YOUR AUNT WAS ARRESTED BY THE COPS
 FOR LIFTIN' THINGS FROM ALL THE SHOPS

(To ALL)

SO DON'T GIMME ALL THAT BULL!
 I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT'S IN YOUR CLOSETS
 AND THEY'RE PRETTY FULL!

ALL (EXCEPT MYRTLE)

MYRTLE'S A HARRIGAN!
 HARRIGANS AIN'T SHY FOLKS
 WATCH OUT FOR HARRIGANS!
 YOU MESS WITH THEM, IT'S GOOD-BYE, FOLKS!

ALL (WITH MYRTLE)

(Simultaneously:)

MYRTLE

IF YER UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN
 AND YOU THINK YER PRETTY SMART
 THEN Y'DON'T FOOL ME
 IF YOU THINK THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN
 THAT YOUR MOTHER WAS A TART
 THEN Y'DON'T KNOW ME

OTHERS

MYRTLE!
 MYRTLE!
 SHE'S GOT THE DIRT!
 MYRTLE!
 MYRTLE!
 WE'LL ALL GET HURT!

ALL

IF YOU TAKE AWAY HER RIGHTS
 IF YOU THINK SHE'LL SIT AND WAIT
 IF YOU TRY TO GET HER IN A TRAP
 AND THINK SHE'L TAKE THE BAIT
 IF YOU THINK SHE'S GONNA BLUNDER

WELL, YOU UNDERESTIMATE!
I CAN GUARANTEE—
SHE WILL SPILL YOUR BEANS
AND BY ALL MEANS
WHEN SHE'S OUT FOR BLOOD
YOUR NAME IS MUD!
THOUGH SHE'S TOTALLY OFF HER ROCKER NOW
IF YOU THINK I WOULD BLOCK 'ER NOW—
Y'DON'T KNOW—

MYRTLE

Don't try to slight me or you're gonna fight me!

ALL

Y'DON'T KNOW—

MYRTLE

If you don't get it you're gonna regret it!

ALL

Y'DON'T KNOW—

MYRTLE

Here is the ticket; ya know where to stick it!

ALL

Y'DON'T KNOW
NO, NO NO, Y'DON'T KNOW –

JUDGE

(Appearing at the side, on the phone)

Hello, Greyhound? How much is a one-way ticket to Disney World?

ALL

Y'DON'T KNOW ME!!

MUSIC OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

Scene 1

Just Outside the Courtroom

The trial participants are filing past the SHERIFF and the clerk CYRUS and into the courtroom. HOLLY goes by, and the SHERIFF's admiring eyes follow her. As she disappears, the lights focus in on the SHERIFF as he fantasizes about a future life with the woman of his dreams..

Song: "Holly and Me" (Sheriff, Cyrus) CD # 16

SHERIFF

(Sings, dreaming of his future with HOLLY.)

*ALL THE BOYS'VE GOT A 'THING' FOR MY GIRL,
BUT MY GIRL'S ONLY GOT IT FOR ME.
ONE DAY THERE'LL BE A HITCHIN',
OH, I CAN HEAR THEM BITCHIN',
AND IN MY MIND I SEE IT JUST THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE. . .*

*WHO IS THAT HANDSOME PAIR
WITH THE JUST-MARRIED AIR?
THAT'S
HOLLY AND ME!
BRIDE A-BLUSH, GROOM A-GRIN
SHE'S IN WHITE; HE IS IN
SPATS –
HOLLY AND ME!*

*WHAT A SPECTACULAR SCENE!
WHO'S IN THAT BIG LIMOUSINE?
GLAD THEY WERE BORN
TOOTIN' THEIR HORN
I'M THE MAN; SHE'S THE MISS
HEADED OFF FOR WEDDED BLISS*

*MOVIN' WAY OUT OF TOWN
NOTHING CAN KEEP US DOWN
NOW
HOLLY AND ME!
HOUSE THAT'S ALL GINGERBREAD*

WITH OUR OWN FEATHERBED
 WOW!
 MY HOLLY!
 OH! OH! WHAT A PICTURE!
 WE'RE SOMETHING TO SEE!
 OFF OF OUR TROLLEY IN LOVE
 IT'S JUST HOLLY AND ME!

(A separate spot on the JUDGE; he joins in the song; does not relate to SHERIFF. They are each in their own light.)

JUDGE AND SHERIFF

(Sing)

STEPPIN' OUT, FANCY FREE
 HEADS WILL TURN WHEN THEY SEE
 IT'S
 HOLLY AND ME!
 ALL THE GUYS STOP AND STARE,
 ENVIOUS OUT OF THEIR WITS
 HOLLY AND ME!
 WE NEVER GIVE THEM A GLANCE
 POOR GUYS, THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE
 HOLLY PREFERS
 ME TO BE HERS
 I'M THE ONE HOLLY CHOSE
 SMELLIN' LIKE A RAMBLIN' ROSE

NONCHALANT'S WHAT I AM
 WHEN WE DANCE WE ARE CHAMPAGNE
 HOLLY AND ME!
 MOVIN' LIKE SATIN
 JUST HAND ME MY HAT'N
 MY CANE!
 SWEET HOLLY!
 OH! OH! WHAT A TWOSOME!
 WE'RE SOMETHIN' TO SEE!
 LOOKY, BY GOLLY
 THERE'S ONLY ONE HOLLY AND ME!

(They dance, with hats and canes)

SHERIFF AND JUDGE

HOLLY AND ME!

(More dance. CYRUS appears in a third spot)

CYRUS

HOLLY AND ME!

(ALL THREE dance. THEY do the same steps, but are unaware of each other.)

ALL THREE

(Sing)

MOVIN' WAY OUT OF TOWN
 NOTHIN' CAN KEEP US DOWN NOW!
 HOLLY AND ME!
 HOUSE THAT'S ALL GINGERBREAD
 WITH OUR OWN FEATHER BED
 WOW!
 MY HOLLY!
 OH! OH! WHAT A PICTURE!
 WE'RE SOMETHIN' TO SEE!
 OFF OF OUR TROLLEY
 JUST LOVIN' THAT HOLLY!
 SWEETER THAN LOLLY
 IT'S JOLLY OLD HOLLY AND ME!
 JUST ME!
 JUST ME!

MUSIC OUT.

(The number ends, spotlights out.)

Scene 2

The Courtroom

Full stage opens up, and the “chambers” are now the courtroom.

(The JUDGE’s chair has been elevated, now the bench. At one table are MYRTLE and PENNY FAY. At another and alone is WILLIE BOB. The SHERIFF stands at attention on one side of the JUDGE, CYRUS on the other. HOLLY has a stool between the SHERIFF and the JUDGE, slightly behind them.)

CYRUS

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! (Mispronouncing badly.) The court of the Honorable –

(Hisses to HOLLY)

Holly, what in blazes is old man Culpepper’s first name? I forgot.

(HOLLY mouths “Adam Horace”)

– the Honorable Madam Whore-ass Culpepper is now in session. All rise! – Myrtle, git off your rump! – Judge, I didn’t mean you to stand up.

JUDGE

(He gives a weak gesture with his hand.)

Cyrus, fetch a chair for the Inspector. I’m sure he’d be more comfortable over by the window.

(While CYRUS and the SHERIFF fuss over the very annoyed INSPECTOR, the JUDGE takes the opportunity to whisper urgently to HOLLY.)

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpepper – again I ask for your assistance. Preserve me from these assistants!

CYRUS

OK, y’all can sit down.

(ALL sit. CYRUS organizes his papers. The JUDGE tries to adjust his sleeves, etc.)

JUDGE

Inspector, this trial is one of a simple domestic dispute. A serious criminal case wouldst, of course, require the presence of our circuit prosecutor. It has been some time since we have needed his services, ours is such a peaceful, law-abiding community.

INSPECTOR

I have studied the records of every one of our judicial districts. I was astonished to discover there has not been a major criminal case here in some eight years.

JUDGE

(Chuckles.)

You find that difficult to believe?

INSPECTOR

No, sir. I find it impossible to believe.

JUDGE

Then I can only hope we may change your mind. Hmm – ? To proceed! The plaintiff has accused that young man of destroying a valuable object, an old jug.

MYRTLE

You're damned right it's valuable. And that ain't all – The young crook not only broke it, he –

CYRUS

Sit down and shut up, Myrtle.

MYRTLE

No one's shuttin' me up! I got my rights!

JUDGE

Madam! I remind you this is a court of law, and we shall have dignity! State your name.

MYRTLE

Shoot, you know my name as well as ever'body.

JUDGE

If you do not cooperate I shall be forced to hold you in contempt.

MYRTLE

I got contempt enough already.

CYRUS

Myrtle, behave yourself! You do 'xactly what the Judge says to do. Say your name – for the record, don't ya know.

MYRTLE

Shoot – name's Myrtle Harrigan.

JUDGE

Do not grumble. Speak loudly and clearly.

INSPECTOR

I dislike interrupting, but concerning "the record" – I notice the court clerk is not keeping one.

JUDGE

Cyrus, what has come over you? You must write down what is said during the trial.

CYRUS

Write it? All of it?

JUDGE

Well –

INSPECTOR

Every word, exactly as stated.

(CYRUS is panicked. HOLLY quickly finds an old pencil. The only paper she can come by is a stack of small bar napkins. The INSPECTOR shakes his head in annoyance, takes out a steno pad and fountain pen, begins to take notes.)

JUDGE

Are you prepared? Very well. Mrs. Harrigan, tell the court in your own words exactly what constitutes your complaint.

MYRTLE

Why'd I want to use some other person's words? That young scoundrel there, Willie Bob, not only broke my antique side-show jug, he went after my sweet innocent little girl, right in her own room!

(WILLIE BOB jumps up.)

WILLIE BOB

I never done no such thing!

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpepper! If this young man is the accused, he must state his name and how he wishes to plea.

JUDGE

Inspector, make allowances, I beg you. All of us, myself included, are so overcome and impressed by your presence here that, I must confess, we are somewhat – rattled? Willie Bob, state your name for the record.

WILLIE BOB

Willie Bob Mumphrey.

CYRUS

How you spell Mumphrey?

WILLIE BOB

Jes' like it sounds, Cyrus. Mum like keep your mouth shut, then "p" like in "Peter" —

CYRUS

Peter?? I though you was Willie Bob.

JUDGE

And your plea? Willie Bob! Up here! Pay attention.

WILLIE BOB

Why, I'm innocent, and you know it.

MYRTLE

Liar liar, pants on fire! Innocent, is he? Breakin' into young girls' rooms after midnight? Real innocent!

*(HOLLY notices that the INSPECTOR is making rapid notes.
She leans over to poke CYRUS, hisses at him.)*

HOLLY

For cryin' out loud, Cyrus. Write!

CYRUS

Myrtle, would you repeat that, please?

MYRTLE

Repeat what?

CYRUS

You know – that part about your pants being on fire.

MYRTLE

This clear enough for you? He's a dirty liar.

JUDGE

Language, Madam! Language! I would not want to fine you.

(Puts his feet up on the desk, revealing large white sneakers)

MYRTLE

I got no money for fines, as you well know. But I know my rights. You make Willie Bob pay me for my jug, then throw him in jail for what he done to Penny.

WILLIE BOB

I done nothin' to her!

INSPECTOR

If I might again interject – I am given to understand there was an investigation by an officer of the law. Would it not help clarify matters if we had this officer's report?

SHERIFF

You bet your sweet patooty! *(Comes forward with a big smile on his face.)* I know who done it! And I got the proof—the “smokin' gun.” Looka here, my tracing of a footprint I found right under Penny Fay Harrigan's winder! Comes from a big old sneaker, a white one, size thirteen-and-a-half.

HOLLY

(Warning) Randy – !

(JUDGE puts his feet down, out of sight.)

SHERIFF

'Course there's quite a few sneakers 'round about these parts.

INSPECTOR

If I might inquire, how do you know it to be white?

SHERIFF

Uh – I know – Ain't most of 'em white?

INSPECTOR

Is that the sum and substance of your investigation?

SHERIFF

(After a painful silence.)

I reckon.

INSPECTOR

Oh dear.

MYRTLE

My jug ain't what it used to be!

(Holds up one piece.)

This here is 'bout all that's left of it. You'll hafta ask my girl as to what's left of her.

JUDGE

Surely you do not want the poor victim to testify.

INSPECTOR

The daughter's testimony is mandatory.

MYRTLE

Bingo! Penny, stand up and tell what awful things Willie Bob done to you.

PENNY FAY

It weren't Willie Bob. I love Willie Bob. He'd never do nothing bad.

MYRTLE

She don't know what she's saying. I saw him, right there in her room and Penny with nothin' on but her shift, all messed up, half off her titties, and she crying and carrying on something awful!

CYRUS

Would you repeat that, please.

HOLLY

Write faster, Cyrus.

CYRUS

I'm doing my best!

JUDGE

Penny Fay – Though 'twas inappropriate for you to approach me in my chambers, I recall that you wished to make a statement regarding – certain parties. Do you not remember?

PENNY FAY

You mean, what you told me to say?

JUDGE

No, no! Uh – I mean what you actually witnessed in your room that night! You remember –

INSPECTOR

Sir! It sounds as if you are leading this witness.

PENNY FAY

Hold on! I do remember! The demons and devils and all!

MYRTLE

Hog wash!

INSPECTOR

I am inclined to concur.

JUDGE

Merely attempting to get at the facts, Inspector.

MYRTLE

Facts, baloney! I'm not a'gonna have it! Why, Willie Bob's nothing more than a scoundrelly, horse thieving, double dealing, moon-shine swilling, child molesting, scum bagger, lust master an' original sinner!

CYRUS

Would you repeat that, please.

INSPECTOR

Really!

JUDGE

Temper, temper, Myrtle.

WILLIE BOB

It's a lie! All she says is lies! After I seen her with somebody else up in her room, and then always hearing about her and the other guys 'round here.

MYRTLE

You was the one in the room! You was the guilty party! Do you deny that?

(To the crowd)

Look at 'im! It's written all over him! Guilty as sin! Guilty! Guilty!

JUDGE

(Rapping gavel, with finality)

Guilty it is.

ALL

Guilty! Guilty!

WILLIE BOB

No-o-o-o!

Song: "Guilty Of Love" (Willie Bob) CD # 17

(sings)

*THE WORLD HAS DONE ITS WORST ON ME,
AND TRIED TO TURN ME OUT
I STAND ACCUSED, A SHATTERED MAN
WITH ALL MY DREAMS IN DOUBT
IF I MUST SAY "GOOD-BYE" TO HAPPINESS
BEFORE I GO, ALLOW ME TO CONFESS:*

ALL

Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

(sings)

*GUILTY OF LOVE!
GUILTY OF LOVE!
SAY WHAT YOU WANT, BUT LOVE'S MY ONLY CRIME
BIND ME AND CHAIN ME
ARREST ME; ARRAIGN ME
THEN HAND MY SENTENCE DOWN; I'LL DO THE TIME*

*BECAUSE I'M GUILTY OF LOVE!
GUILTY OF LOVE!
THAT'S NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME GOD!
FOR HER ONE LOVE SHE TOOK ME
SO HAUL ME IN AND BOOK ME
AND STAND ME UP BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD*

(The courtroom joins in the song.)

WILLIE BOB	ALL OTHERS
GUILTY OF LOVE!	GUILTY! GUILTY!
GUILTY OF LOVE!	GUILTY! GUILTY!
SAY WHAT YOU WANT, BUT	GUILTY! GUILTY!
LOVE'S MY ONLY CRIME	GUILTY OF LOVE!
BIND ME AND CHAIN ME	OOH——
ARREST ME; ARRAIGN ME	
THEN HAND MY SENTENCE	GUILTY!
DOWN; I'LL DO THE TIME	
	DO THE TIME!
BECAUSE I'M —	

(OTHERS point fingers at him and sing)

OTHERS

GUILTY! GUILTY!

ALL (INCLUDING JUDGE)

GUILTY OF LOVE!

OTHERS

GUILTY! GUILTY!

ALL

GUILTY OF LOVE!

WILLIE BOB

*TAKE MY TESTIMONY; WRITE IT LARGE!
I'M INNOCENT OF EV'RY OTHER CHARGE!
I'M ONLY GUILTY—
GUILTY OF LOVE!*

ALL (EXCEPT WILLIE BOB)

(Simultaneous while WILLIE BOB holds his last note, "love")

*GUILTY! GUILTY!
GUILTY OF LOVE!!!*

MUSIC OUT.

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpeper! I cannot believe what I'm hearing in this courtroom!

JUDGE

Recall, I did ask that you make allowances.

INSPECTOR

Believe me, sir, I have done so! But some attempt at court protocol should also be made!

JUDGE

Certainly, certainly – Uh – Mrs. Harrigan, perhaps you could – uh – tell the court about your jug?

WILLIE BOB

Ah, hell, I'll pay for the old jug! I broke the darn thing when I scuffled with 'im. 'Cause I'm here to tell you, somebody else was up there in Penny's room. I was protecting Penny, not molesting her. And iffen I git my hands on the –

PENNY FAY

It were demons! Ain't that right, Judge?

JUDGE

Quite right, my dear! If that is what your testimony is.

INSPECTOR

You cannot be serious, sir!

MYRTLE

Willie Bob was in your room! I seen him!

PENNY FAY

He come when I yelled out – 'bout all them demons and devils, like the Judge tells about.

CROWD REACTS.

MYRTLE

Is this a court o' law or what? Sounds to me like nothing but jiggery-juggery!

(On the words "jiggery-juggery," the band on the veranda begins playing some up-tempo bluegrass music. Everyone, except the INSPECTOR and JUDGE immediately stand up and begin dancing.)

JUDGE

Order!

(Bangs gavel. ALL sit down. The MUSIC stops.)

INSPECTOR

What was that?

JUDGE

Difficult to explain, Inspector. There happens to be a term peculiar to this region. They call it "jiggery-juggery."

(ALL begin dancing again, until JUDGE bangs gavel. ALL sit.)

INSPECTOR

What does this term actually mean – as used by the plaintiff?

JUDGE

It signifies a form of – uh – tipsy confusion, along with a proliferation of romantic activity.

INSPECTOR

Tipsy confusion? Romantic activity? Jiggery-juggery?

Song: "Jiggery Juggery" (Company)

ALL

(Immediately singing and dancing)

JIGGERY JUGGERY GOES UP AND DOWN
AND AROUND AND AROUND
AND THERE'S JUST NO STOPPIN' IT
JIGGERY JUGGERY IS ALL OVER TOWN
AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

A BOY AND GIRL GOTTA TIP AND TWIRL
A TOE AND HEEL GOTTA JIG AND REEL
THE OL' BANJO GOTTA GO, GO, GO
AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

(THEY dance)

INSPECTOR

Your Honor, the defendant is dancing!

JUDGE

(Bangs gavel.)

Order! Order! Cease all this jiggery-juggery!

(ALL dance more vigorously; JUDGE covers his mouth at his verbal error.)

ALL

JIGGERY JUGGERY IS OUT THE JUG
IF YOU POP THAT CORK
THEN THERE'S JUST NO STOPPIN' IT
EV'RYBODY'S GOT THE JIGG'RY BUG
AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

OFF YER SEAT, GOTTA MOVE THOSE FEET
THE WHOLE JUG BAND'S GOTTA CLAP-A-THEIR HANDS
HEY, DIDDLE-DIDDLE! GOTTA JAM THAT FIDDLE
AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

(THEY dance)

INSPECTOR

Judge! Rap the gavel!

HOLLY

Can't fight it, Inspector. Best join it!

(HOLLY tries to engage the INSPECTOR in the dance.)

ALL

JIGGERY JUGGERY GOES UP AND DOWN

(DANCE break)

JIGGERY JUGGERY IS ALL OVER TOWN

(DANCE break)

A BOY AND GIRL GOTTA TIP AND TWIRL

A TOE AND HEEL GOTTA JIG AND REEL

THE OL' BANJO GOTTA GO, GO, GO

AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY *(DANCE)*

YA CAN'T STOP A-JUGGERY *(DANCE)*

YA CAN'T STOP A JIGGERY JUGGERY NOW!

MUSIC OUT.

JUDGE

Inspector, under the circumstances, perhaps we should call it a mistrial.

INSPECTOR

Mistrial?! You have yet to finish with the primary witness – the young lady the plaintiff said was assaulted. Come, sir – let us complete the testimony of the daughter!

JUDGE

Very well – I hereby formally call Penny Fay Harrigan to the stand. Young lady, whatever you testify – uh – I put my trust in you.

WILLIE BOB

Trust?! I dunno 'bout trusting her, Judge Culpepper.

PENNY FAY

That's an awful thing to say to me. Take it back!

(Cries and mutters of anger against Willie Bob.)

HOLLY

Shame on you!

WILLIE BOB

Shame on me is right! I done a bad thing, falling in love with a girl don't deserve no love. Oh, I'm sure 'nuff guilty of that!

PENNY FAY

That's not the way it is!

INSPECTOR

This is all very strange. And it has nothing to do with the point at issue.

WILLIE BOB

Why would I trust you now?

JUDGE

Just continue with your testimony, my dear – about the demons –?

MYRTLE

Tell about what Willie Bob done to you!

PENNY FAY

Hesh! All you – jes' hesh! I cain't hardly think! I don't know what – what the Judge wants, what Ma wants, what you want! –! What about me!?

MUSIC IN: HARD ROCK
STYLE.

Song: "It's Hard Being Me" (Penny Fay) CD # 19

PENNY FAY

(Sings, while pulsating to the rock beat.)

OH, IT'S HARD BEING ONE SO ATTRACTIVE
AND CONSIDERED ROMANTICALLY ACTIVE
SO ADMIRERED, SO DESIRED
TO SUCH A DEGREE
YES, IT'S HARD, OH, IT'S HARD BEING ME!

MUSIC CONTINUES
UNDER...

WILLIE BOB

She's got admirers all right. Go on, you ask her about Luther Wainwright.

INSPECTOR

Judge Culpepper! Are any of these people capable of keeping to the point?

HOLLY

Iffen you listen hard, Inspector, you'll soon git the point.

WILLIE BOB

(Singing.)

*I SPEAK OF A PERSON THAT PENNY SHOULD KNOW.
I'M SUGGESTIN', YOU SEE, THE MAN IN THE ROOM
WAS NONE BUT LUTHER, LUTHER THE SHOE-MAN!*

JUDGE

(Desperate to clutch at any straw.)

Luther the shoemaker – Then he was the one in the room!

INSPECTOR

Delivering shoes, I suppose?

WILLIE BOB

(Singing, insinuating)

AND WAS HE ONLY THERE TO DELIVER SHOES?

PENNY FAY

(sings)

*ALL THE BOYS SAY I'M LUSCIOUS AND DREAMY
WHAT CAN I DO IF THAT'S HOW THEY SEE ME?
I'M DISCUSSED! IT'S UNJUST!
I'VE NO PRIVACY—
OH, IT'S HARD—*

ALL

OH, IT'S HARD!

PENNY FAY

IT'S SO HARD—

ALL

*IT'S SO HARD!
BEING ME!*

PENNY FAY

*'CAUSE I KNOW I'M A GOOD GIRL
BUT THEN, WHAT'S THE USE?
WHEN SO MANY WANT YOU
THEY ALL THINK YOU'RE LOOSE!*

MUSIC UNDER...

WILLIE BOB

Luther's been after Penny for a long time! I never liked that creep. Him – all them boys hangin' around her house all the time.

PENNY FAY

I never had no truck with Luther! But, o' course, no one ever believes me.

(Sings. ALL sing a background vocal: "Doot, doo-doot, doot, doo-doot, etc.)

*IF I ONLY COULD MAKE MYSELF PLAINER
MY PHYSIQUE A LESS LOVELY CONTAINER
I COULD STILL BE AS SWEET
AND A LOT MORE DISCREET
AH, BUT WOULD IT BE FUN
TO BE DRAB AS A NUN?
AND WOULD MY CHOSEN ONE
THEN BE OFF ON THE RUN?
THIS DILEMMA IS MY TRAGEDY!
IF YOU'RE CUTE, YOU'RE A TART
IF YOU'RE NOT, THEY DEPART
YOU'D THINK LIFE WOULD BE BLISS
WITH A BODY LIKE THIS!*

BUT IT'S HARD—

ALL

BUT IT'S HARD!

PENNY FAY

YES, IT'S HARD—

ALL

*YES, IT'S HARD
BEING ME!*

BIG MUSICAL FINISH.

JUDGE

And so, we have determined that it was indeed Luther Wainwright who was in Penny's room, and it was he who broke the jug.

INSPECTOR

We have determined nothing of the kind!

PENNY FAY

It weren't Luther Wainwright – It were – ah, jes' leave me alone!

CYRUS

Hold on!

JUDGE
Cyrus?

CYRUS
(Writing frantically)
Things are goin' kinda fast, here—gimme a minute!

WILLIE BOB
Penny Fay! You could end all this right now, just by tellin' the truth! Who was it up in your room last night? Who? Who?!

PENNY FAY
I remember now! It were Lucifer!

WILLIE BOB
You mean Luther!

PENNY FAY
No, Lucifer! And Beelzebub! And somebody else! Judge! Help me! – Oh, now, I 'member – Yeah, and Bael! He was there, too!

WILLIE BOB
What?! You was with three guys?

PENNY FAY
That's right! Jes' ask the Judge iffen you don't believe me!

INSPECTOR
Judge Culpepper? Would you care to explain why this witness keeps calling on you personally?
(Angry grumbling. The whole courtroom reacts. Everyone stares at the JUDGE who is now close to panic, desperately tries to control the situation.)

JUDGE
Order! Hear ye! This court is now in recess!

MUSIC UNDER

INSPECTOR
We were right at the moment of truth! This is no time to halt proceedings!

JUDGE
I am only trying to spare this witness a total nervous collapse. Surely her state of emotion renders her totally unfit to testify at this time.

(Attempts to stand)

INSPECTOR

(Pushing JUDGE back into his seat)

Miss Harrigan, you've admitted someone was in your room last night. Was it in fact Luther – the shoemaker?

PENNY FAY

(Near tears)

No! I already said – like I was supposed to.

MYRTLE

It were Willie Bob and only Willie Bob! Case closed!

PENNY FAY

No! Willie was just protectin' me!

INSPECTOR

From whom? Who else was in your room?

JUDGE

Inspector! I can't allow badgering the witness. Look at the poor dear. Penny Mae, we're being too hard on you.

PENNY FAY

Yes!

(sings)

*OH, IT'S HARD BEING ONE SO ATTRACTIVE
AND CONSIDERED ROMANTICALLY ACTIVE
SO ADMIRER, SO DESIRED
TO SUCH A DEGREE—*

INSPECTOR

I must demand an answer.

PENNY FAY

I was told that if I said ...

INSPECTOR

Never mind what you were told. Answer my question. Who was in your room?

MUSIC SUDDENLY OUT

PENNY FAY

It was the ...

JUDGE

(Clears his throat loudly, bangs gavel)

Might I suggest that this line of questioning is getting us nowhere?

INSPECTOR

But I must demand an answer to my question. She was about to give that vital answer.

(ALL murmur noisily. JUDGE bangs gavel)

I demand an answer!

(To PENNY FAY)

Who else was in your room that night?

PENNY FAY

Oh, do stop! I can't – I can't. Willie, my love, believe me! I am innocent. But he came to my room and — oh God!!

JUDGE

(To INSPECTOR)

Confusing and leading the witness in this fashion strikes the court as nothing but — nothing but...

(Standing, raising his hands to all in a prompting gesture)

Jiggery Juggery!!

(All automatically rise and irresistibly begin to dance. MUSIC IN)

Song: “Jiggery Juggery – Reprise” (Company)

ALL

(singing and dancing)

JIGGERY JUGGERY GOES UP AND DOWN
AND AROUND AND AROUND
AND THERE'S JUST NO STOPPIN' IT
JIGGERY JUGGERY IS ALL OVER TOWN
AND YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY JUGGERIN' NOW

(They continue dancing, unable to stop)

JUDGE

(speaks)

One o'clock. Time for lunch!

ALL

... YA CAN'T STOP A JIGGERY JUGGERY NOW!

MUSIC UNDER
DANCING CONTINUES...

INSPECTOR

Now! Tell this court the truth!

PENNY FAY

He came to my room to help us get married, Willie! He promised to help! —But then he had his hands under my shift, and I —

JUDGE

(The INSPECTOR is near the JUDGE. The JUDGE takes up the gavel as if to bang PENNY FAY on the head. A quick glance from the Inspector changes his mind; he bangs it on his desk instead.)

This Court stands adjourned until two o'clock!

INSPECTOR

Who was it? Out with it, Miss!

PENNY FAY

It was he!

(Points)

The Judge himself!!

(Chaos erupts, shouting along with the dance. The JUDGE makes a hasty exit in the confusion.)

ALL

YA CAN'T STOP A-JIGGERY (DANCE)

YA CAN'T STOP A-JUGGERY (DANCE)

YA CAN'T STOP A JIGGERY JUGGERY NOW!

(ALL suddenly register shock at PENNY FAY's revelation.)

MYRTLE

(NOTICING that the JUDGE's empty bench)

Hey, where's the Judge?!!

(ALL stop dancing)

He run out on us! After 'im!!

MUSIC BUILDS

(The room clears: MYRTLE runs off looking for the JUDGE, INSPECTOR follows her. HOLLY, unable to restrain them, desperately follows them, hollering for them to stop. SHERIFF and CYRUS chase after HOLLY.

PENNY FAY and WILLIE BOB are left alone.)

PENNY FAY

You do believe me, don't you?

WILLIE BOB

Sholy, but when I come by your house and heard a man's voice up there in your room –

PENNY FAY

I couldn't let you go to jail, could I?

WILLIE BOB

Reckon I better tell ya though, I am guilty o' one thing!

MUSIC IN.

PENNY FAY

I sure hope 'tain't nothin' serious.

WILLIE BOB

It is serious, real serious.

Song: “Guilty Of Love [Reprise]” (Willie Bob) CD # 21

(Sings, slowly and romantic)

BECAUSE I'M GUILTY OF LOVE!

GUILTY OF LOVE!

THAT'S NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME GOD!

FOR YOUR ONE LOVE YOU TOOK ME

SO HAUL ME IN AND BOOK ME

(MYRTLE re-enters; she carries a wicked bullwhip.)

MYRTLE

Come on, Willie Bob! I'm ready for him!

PENNY FAY

Ma, no! That ain't the way!

MYRTLE

You jes' watch my smoke! Come on, Willie Bob, show yourself a man!

WILLIE BOB

Penny's all upset, Miz Harrigan.

MYRTLE

Reckon I'll hafta go 'er alone then.

PENNY FAY

All by yourself?! You cain't!

MYRTLE

If you think that, little girl, you jes' don't know your old mama!

WILLIE BOB

I guess there's no stoppin' her, Penny.

MYRTLE

Bingo! And I'm here to tell the world! Come on!

(Brandishing her bullwhip MYRTLE charges off. PENNY FAY and WILLIE BOB follow, urging restraint.)

Scene 3

A Woodshed

Fade up, a yellowish light. The Judge sits on a crude bench in the “woodshed,” wrapped in his own thoughts.)

Song: “Demons” [Reprise] (Judge) CD # 22

JUDGE

(Sings.)

*... DEMONS EVERYWHERE!
THERE'S LUCIFER AND BAE!*

(Speaks.)

There are demons in this town—a regular lynch mob...

*SO BEWARE!
THEY ARE THERE!
VERY LIKELY TO APPEAR...*

(Speaks.)

All this because of two minutes of... They'll have the dogs on me...

(HOLLY comes in silently. She stands a moment looking at the JUDGE with love and sadness before she speaks.)

MUSIC OUT.

HOLLY

Judge?

(HE cowers, not daring to answer.)

Judge, it's Holly. You all right?

JUDGE

Holly! Just you, I trust?

HOLLY

Jes' me.

(She enters. He secures the door behind her.)

JUDGE

I heard Myrtle shouting violence against me. I suppose I cannot blame the woman.

HOLLY

It's not just her. The whole town's up in arms. A man your age, they say. The elders are voicin' some pretty strong concerns.

JUDGE

(With contempt)

Concerns!

HOLLY

Ah, Judge, when you gonna learn? See where your antics have got you? Hidin' out in an old woodshed!

JUDGE

I know, I know. Is it not the woodshed where the father brings the naughty child? I admit to being naughty, my dear, very naughty.

HOLLY

Look on the bright side.

(The INSPECTOR comes into view. He starts to charge into the woodshed but stops short when he hears voices. He listens intently.)

JUDGE

Thank you, my dear. I would be lost without you. Holly! I am going to reform! Turn over a new leaf, a complete makeover.

HOLLY

Makeover? Y'mean like on Oprah?

JUDGE

No more late nights. No more drinking. No more—
(Can't think of anything else.)
—other bad things.

HOLLY

You really gonna do all that?

JUDGE

That and more. I am a fraud, my dear. Never even finished law school. If the Inspector truly inspects my framed degrees, he will discover they are cheap forgeries.

HOLLY

I kinda figured you were no real judge. You are much too good for that – too human. Mercy! You surely in a pickle.

JUDGE

But I refuse to give up! I am still in good health! Life is not over for me.

HOLLY

'Course it ain't.

JUDGE

I worry about you, Holly dear. You're alone! It is not good being alone in this world. We could get married, and – despite my age – have a wonderful new life together.

HOLLY

Married? Boy howdy. Ever' girl likes a proposal. But you know it'd never work.

JUDGE

What is age? A mere number.

HOLLY

But your number is good bit larger than mine. I've got my whole life ahead of me. And you've got – a very high number. Why is it that some men just never grow up? Why is that? And why can't you?

Song: "Your Mama's Eyes" (Judge) CD # 23

JUDGE

(Sings.)

*SWEET HOLLY, I KNEW YOUR MA
WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG AS YOU
SHE HAD A FRESH AND WINSOME WAY
AND CHARM ENOUGH FOR TWO
HER FACE WAS FAIR AND SMOOTH AS AIR
HER LIPS COULD HYPNOTIZE
THAT'S LONG AGO—BUT, DO YOU KNOW?
YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAMA'S EYES*

*AND LATELY I SEE YOUR MA
JUST AS SHE IS TODAY
THE YOUTHFUL CHARMS, THE GIRLISH WAYS
HAVE ALL BEEN WORN AWAY
NO MORE THE MAID, HER EYES HAVE GRAYED
HER BROW LOOKS ALL TOO WISE
IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT ONE DAY YOU
WILL HAVE YOUR MAMA'S EYES*

*FOR WOMEN GROW RESPECTABLE
AND MATRONLY AND STOUT
AND AS FOR GIRLISH MEMORIES*

*THEY ALL BUT SHUT THEM OUT
WHILE MEN, UPON THE OTHER HAND,
LIVE ALL THEIR LIVES AS BOYS
CREATING SOME FRUSTRATIONS
BUT OCCASIONALLY SOME JOYS*

*THOUGH SLIGHTLY GRAY, I'LL NOT YET PRAY
REPENTING ALL MY PAST MISDEEDS AND LIES
LET THOSE COTTON-PICKERS HAVE CONCERNS!
FOR, WHILE MY CANDLE FLICKERS—IT STILL BURNS!
AND YOU SHOULD REALIZE
IT'S REALLY NO SURPRISE
IT'S ALL BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAMA'S EYES*

MUSIC OUT.

HOLLY

I'll tell you what I will do. I'll do what I can to get you out'a this pickle.

JUDGE

I fail to see how.

HOLLY

It ain't gonna be easy. Specially now, after the way I done, leading him to think – Oh, what a fool I was, Judge! I said awful things to him!

JUDGE

You had words with the Inspector!?

HOLLY

I lost control of myself. That's what happens, I 'spose, when you fall in love.

JUDGE

In love!? Do I hear right?

HOLLY

You hear perfect. In love big time. I cain't explain it, cain't hardly believe it myself. But there it is. He's in my thoughts, Judge, all the time in my thoughts.

JUDGE

You mean you'd give up all we have established here? He is that important to you?

HOLLY

I mean exactly that. All the time I was so blamed angry! Flat out furious at him! I was kidding myself, don't ya know. There's something about that man. I never knew anyone like him.

(The INSPECTOR enters, clears his throat. The JUDGE and HOLLY jump, frightened and startled.)

INSPECTOR

If I might intrude.

HOLLY

You been out there all this time – listening to us?

INSPECTOR

Yes. –

(Looking at her tenderly)

And I heard everything.

JUDGE

Well, you know these women. Prone to silly schoolgirl crushes. Actually, she knew you were there all the time. All her talk was just to butter you up and get you off my back. Isn't that right, Holly?

INSPECTOR

I don't believe you. And, after your disgraceful performance today it is unlikely that you will ever again be believed by anybody.

HOLLY

(She speaks in a rush, breathless, excitable, harried.)

Listen here to me, Mister Inspector man! You don't know the Judge the way all us here knows him. Shoot, we wouldn't have no court a'tall if it weren't for him, hear me! So what if he has to sell some shine on the side to bankroll this place. He don't put up with rowdiness, not here, not by a long shot. Why, I seen the Judge give his last dollar to some poor old man –

INSPECTOR

This is not the conversation I was –

HOLLY

Hesh! You listen here. You think he was taking advantage of Penny Fay? Why, I know for a fact she's dropped her bloomers in the bushes plenty of times.

INSPECTOR

Holly, if you would only –

HOLLY

I told you to hesh! I can hardly get a word in sideways without you cutting in. Now, don't you be writing mean things about Culpepper in that report of yours, hear me?. I'll not have it! You don't understand a thing 'bout him. There's jes' so darn many things I want you to know about him, so many things I aim to git in that thick head of your'n. I git so mixed up at times, and I –

(The INSPECTOR cuts her off by taking her in his arms and kissing her passionately. It's a long kiss; he has HOLLY bent backwards until they finally fall on the straw mat the JUDGE was using as a seat. A long moment.)

HOLLY

(In soft wonderment.)

Boy howdy! I never counted on nothin' like this.

(The INSPECTOR lets out a deep sigh.)

INSPECTOR

Boy howdy –

JUDGE

Boy howdy.

INSPECTOR

I love the way you two have turned this place into a Shangri La.

HOLLY

A Shangri how much?

INSPECTOR

An isolated valley high in the Himalayas --

HOLLY

Uh-huh – Lost Horizon by James Hilton.

INSPECTOR

Why, you little darling – Boy howdy!

HOLLY

Now you're talkin' my language.

INSPECTOR

I only wish I could find it that simple, that I could find just the right words.

MUSIC UNDER

HOLLY

You don't need special words. There ain't no rule.

JUDGE

All you have to say is "Run away with me right now. Far, far away from here – and marry me."

(Winks at HOLLY)

INSPECTOR

Will you –

HOLLY

I thought you'd never ask.

INSPECTOR

You're every girl I ever dreamed about. Could that be – love?

HOLLY

I ain't sure what to call it.

INSPECTOR

Does it make any difference?

Song: "We'll Call It Love" (Holly, Inspector) CD # 24

HOLLY

(Sings)

*BEWILDER ME
BEMUSE ME
MYSTIFY
CONFUSE ME
SEE THE ME THAT I DON'T SEE
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE*

*BEFUDDLE ME
BEWONDER ME
PULL THE RUG
FROM UNDER ME
CLEAN MY SLATE
AND SET ME STRAIGHT
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE*

*YOU'RE NOT WHAT I THOUGHT I SOUGHT
BEFORE I THOUGHT OF YOU
NOW I KNOW THAT WHAT I THOUGHT
I ONLY THOUGHT I KNEW*

SO STARTLE ME
AND SHATTER ME
THE FORMER ME
THE LATTER ME
WE'LL CALL YESTERDAY A DAY
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE

INSPECTOR

RUFFLE ME
REFUTE ME
PETRIFY
POLLUTE ME!
MY BUBBLE'S BURST
SO DO YOUR WORST
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE

DECIMATE
DISHEVEL ME
CONTAMINATE
BEDEVIL ME
WHAT A FALL!
WELL, DAMN IT ALL—
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE

BOTH

HAVE IN MIND A LOVING THOUGHT
AND LOVE IS WHAT YOU'LL FIND
THEN YOU FIND THAT LOVE IS NOT
JUST WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND

HOLLY

YOU FRIZZLED ME

INSPECTOR

YOU FRAZZLED ME!

HOLLY

YOU DIZZIED ME!

INSPECTOR

YOU DAZZLED ME!

BOTH

OUR FORMER LIVES IN DISARRAY—
WHAT GOOD WERE THEY, ANYWAY?
THOUGH NO WORDS EXPRESS
THIS DELIGHTFUL MESS

*THOUGH NO DEFINITION FITS
WE WON'T CALL IT QUILTS*

HOLLY
WE'LL CALL IT—

INSPECTOR
WE'LL CALL IT—

BOTH
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE!

MUSIC UNDER.

INSPECTOR
I find my heart is no longer in my tour of inspection.

JUDGE
Bravo!

INSPECTOR
Holly! We will leave this place. You will come with me, will you not?

HOLLY
I will on one condition, that we leave tonight — and never come back here again. I know now, trying to keep Greenmore isolated and special just won't work forever. 'Sides, I got me a better project to work on — you!

INSPECTOR
I suppose I shall have to submit some sort of report — in time.

HOLLY
Forget all that. We'll git on that big old cycle o' yourn an' — we'll ride the wind of a dream!

BOTH
*THOUGH NO WORDS EXPRESS
THIS DELIGHTFUL MESS
THOUGH NO DEFINITION FITS
WE WON'T CALL IT QUILTS*

HOLLY
WE'LL CALL IT—

INSPECTOR
WE'LL CALL IT—

BOTH
WE'LL CALL IT LOVE!

(Another passionate kiss – but this time interrupted by the entrance of the SHERIFF and CYRUS.)

MUSIC OUT

CYRUS
 Would you jes' looka here, Sheriff. Caught 'em again!

SHERIFF
 This time he ain't gittin' away with it. He's a prevert right enough.

HOLLY
 Don't you dare talk to him that way! I'll not have it! He's my *fiancé* now. We're leaving town – together!

CYRUS
 Oh, we know that now. Sheriff and me was jes' funnin'.

SHERIFF
 Yeah, looks as if you've found your man, but iffen he ever gives you trouble, you know who to yell for.

HOLLY
 Thanks, fellas.

(MYRTLE enters with PENNY FAY and WILLIE BOB, her bullwhip held ready. The JUDGE seems calm, cool and collected.)

MYRTLE
 There's the old scoundrel!
(She brandishes her whip.)

PENNY FAY
 Ma, this ain't the way. Put that durn thing down!

MYRTLE
 Time to settle up! You ain't squirming out of this here! You're a'gonna pay up!

JUDGE
 Pay up?

MYRTLE

My jug! These two younguns might've saved you from a hiding, but you'll pay for my jug or suffer the consequences.

WILLIE BOB

I keep telling you, I broke the old jug. I'll pay for it.

MYRTLE

You broke it on account of this old coot, and he's a' gonna pay. A priceless antique, that's what he destroyed. How 'bout it, Judge?

JUDGE

I'll pay for your jug, Myrtle. It's the least I can do.

WILLIE BOB

How 'bout that!

MYRTLE

You mean it?? – honest injun?

JUDGE

What is more – “to boot,” as the saying goes – since the young folk are to marry, I shall be more than happy to perform the ceremony – Further, I will finance the their complete honeymoon. All expenses paid to the destination of their choice.

WILLIE BOB

Whoo!! Feels like we're on “Wheel o' Fortune!”

PENNY FAY

Heavens to Betsy! I got me a heap more out'a lettin' him in my room than I ever planned on.

MUSIC IN

(MYRTLE grabs the Judge and pinches both of his cheeks, kisses him wetly. He stiffens in revulsion but manages to smile.)

(There is general hubbub all around as HOLLY, CYRUS and the SHERIFF give hugs and handshakes to the happy young couple, even a nod of approval to MYRTLE.)

INSPECTOR

You have an odd way of dispensing justice, Culpepper – but justice it most assuredly is. I am closing down this tour of inspection. There shall be no report. Now, if you two gentlemen would assist me with my luggage – I am quite ready to say – Good-bye to all!

JUDGE

Godspeed to the happy couple! Both happy couples!

(Applause and cheers. The JUDGE beams as MYRTLE, PENNY FAY and WILLIE BOB exit, MYRTLE and PENNY FAY blowing kisses at the JUDGE.)

(INSPECTOR exits with CYRUS and SHERIFF carrying his luggage, files, etc.)

HOLLY

(Calling off.)

Be right there!

(To the JUDGE.)

'Bye, Judge. You be good, hear? I hope never to git any bad news 'bout you, 'cause I ain't gonna be around to hep you. So you behave yourself!

JUDGE

To think—all I ever wanted was a kiss.

(SHE kisses him on the cheek.)

HOLLY

There. Now! Good-bye – and good luck!

(Hurries off.)

JUDGE

Good-bye, dear Holly. There shall never be another you.

SOUND OF THE
INSPECTOR'S
MOTORCYCLE
REVVING THEN
DEPARTING. . .

MUSIC BUILDS

(The JUDGE becomes thoughtful and brightens a bit.)

But perhaps there could be another me! Why not!!

Song: “Maybe It’s Not Too Late” (Judge) CD # 25 (a)

JUDGE

(Sings, earnestly)

MAYBE IT’S NOT TOO LATE
FOR A NEW DAY
MAYBE I’LL CLEAN MY SLATE
FIND A NEW WAY
THOUGH I’VE BEHAVED OUTSIDE THE NORM,
COULD I BE SAVED? COULD I REFORM?
NEWLY CONTRITE,
COULD I RE-WRITE MY FATE?
MAYBE IT’S NOT TOO LATE

MAYBE IT’S NOT TOO SOON
IN THESE LATE YEARS
MAYBE I’LL CHANGE MY TUNE
FOR SEDATE YEARS!
LIVING A GAMBLE, ON THE EDGE
MAYBE IT’S NOT TOO LATE TO HEDGE
I’VE BEEN A SKUNK!
I’LL BE A MONK! – JUST WAIT!
MAYBE IT’S NOT TOO LATE
TO UNWEAVE IT ALL,
RE-CONCEIVE IT ALL
IN A FLASH, IN A WHIRL, IN A WHIZ!!
MAYBE! MAYBE...

(He falters, reconsiders, then suddenly beams. Spoken:)

Maybe it is!

MUSIC UNDER

(His old glow returns)

What was I thinking?? ...Now – who can I get to take care of my humble “chambers?”

(He finds his address book and thumbs through it.)

Hmm...Tina?...Too old...Tammy?...Far too plain...Ursula? Body by Fisher, brain by Tinker Toy — Verna! Verna Lou Beauchamp. Perhaps a perfect choice!

(Goes to the phone and dials number from the book.)

Hello? Verna Lou Beauchamp?... Verna Lou, this is Judge Culpepper. Fine, my dear, just fine. – Now, the reason for my call – Happenstance requires that I “employ” a new – how to put it? – a new “girl Friday” and I remembered you had once expressed interest in that “position.” Yes, my dear, I recall that position as well! And a most charming position it was... I feel the same about you, most fond indeed.... You would? Well then, I thought perhaps you could come over and discuss it... Later this evening?... That would be fine. Fine!

(A broad smile comes over his face.)
 Yes. This evening will be just fine!
(Hangs up the receiver.)

MUSIC SWELLS...

Song: "Whereas – Finale" (Judge, Company) CD # 25 (b)

(The JUDGE beams devilishly and sings. The setting gradually becomes the tavern, as in the opening:)

SO THEREFORE I'LL FORGET 'WHEREAS' AS LONG AS I AM
 HERE
 AND SEE THE WORLD NOT THROUGH THE LAW BUT
 THROUGH A GLASS OF BEER
 SO LET'S NOT LINGER OVERLONG IN SOME OLD STUFFY
 COURT
 LET SPEEDY JUSTICE BE THE RULE, FOR LIFE IS JUST TOO
 SHORT

(The COMPANY appears, in the tavern.)

LET'S GET OUT OF THE COURTROOM EARLY, WHILE
 THERE'S STILL SOME SUN

JUDGE & COMPANY
 THE TIME GOES FASTER THAN WE THINK
 LET'S CELEBRATE AND HAVE A DRINK
 AND DANCE A BIT AND TURN THE TAP

JUDGE
 AND SET A WOMAN ON OUR LAP
 AND LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN!

ALL
 AND LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN!!!

MUSIC CLIMAXES AND
 THE CURTAIN FALLS