

THE CAPITOL HILLBILLIES

A Musical-Comedy Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre Play
by Butch Maxwell and Bert Furioli

CHARACTERS

Jeb Clampett	President of the United States of America
Daisy Moses (“Grammy”)	Surgeon General
Jethro Bovine	Deputy Attorney General
Jethrene Bovine	Investigative Reporter with <i>The Buggtussel Times</i>
Milburn Dripdrysdaile	Vice-President of the United States of America
Margaret Dripdrysdaile	Ambassador to San Guano
Jane Haveaway	White House Chief of Staff

AUDIENCE CHARACTERS

Belly Mae Clampett	Secretary of Interior, she has lots of “critters”
Reporter 1	
Reporter 2	
Sal	President of San Guano
Secretary of Defense	
Wolfman Blitz	Another reporter

PROGRAM NOTES

In a desire for simpler times, American voters sought to elect a simpler man to be President of the United States – an Ozark hillbilly turned-billionaire. His straightforward honesty and “regular guy” charm made him popular beyond politics as usual. But it has been rumored that Jeb Clampett is merely the good ol’ boy spokesman for the real power broker within the administration – Vice President Milburn Dripdrysdaile.

And since being swept into office, the Clampett Administration has been plagued by misfortune. Recently, a cabinet member has died in an embarrassing scandal. And now a small Central American country has threatened to declare war on the USA. Ambassador Margaret Dripdrysdaile is negotiating a peace treaty – primarily so she can plan a victory party for her society friends in Georgetown.

Still, President Clampett himself is popular beyond these situations and continuing allegations of nepotism – including the appointment of his mother-in-law, Daisy Moses, known as “Grammy,” to the post of Surgeon General and his nephew, Jethro Bovine, as Deputy Attorney General.

The American people trust him. And while the President may not be the brightest bulb in the country, he's a nice guy with a firm sense of right and wrong, and he's hired a skilled administrative team, including White House Chief of Staff Jane Haveaway.

FUN FACTS

Jeb Clampett's administration set its tone early when it put Air Force One up on blocks on the White House lawn.

Grammy has a home remedy capable of curing anything – except death.

Jethro Bovine's resume includes attempts at being a rocket scientist, a “movin’ pitcher” mogul, a fry cook and a sanitation engineer “in one of them spiffy white uniforms.”

Because **Belly Mae Clampett** has so many critters, she's moved in with them to a trailer parked alongside the West Wing.

Jethrene Bovine is not only the star reporter for the *Buggtussel Times*, but she is also the editor, typesetter and paper boy.

It took three cargo planes to fly **Margaret Dripdrysdale**'s wardrobe to San Guano.

Milburn Dripdrysdale loves the power and profit that comes with his position, but he is living proof that power is not an aphrodisiac.

Jane Haveaway has made money in real estate. Her most famous holding is the Frump Tower.

ACT ONE

SFX: Music – “The Beverly Hillbillies Theme Song”

ALL enter.

JANE AND MARGARET

[Singing.]

Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named Jeb
A poor millionaire, thought the country should be led

JEB

[Singing.]

So then one day I decided I would run
And up through the polls I rose until I won.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Singing.]

President, that is, Top Dog, The Big Cheese

GRAMMY

[Singing.]

Well the first thing you know ol' Jeb's the president

JETHRO

[Singing.]

Kinfolk said, “Our taxes bein’ spent,”

JEB

[Singing.]

Said “Washington is the place you oughta be”

JEB, JETHRO AND GRAMMY

[Singing.]

So we loaded up the truck and they moved to D.C.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Singing.]

White House, that is, Lincoln’s Bed, Rose’s Garden.

Everyone except JANE hee-haws and do-si-dos as they exit.

SFX: Music ends

JANE

[Speaking.]

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, may have your attention please? You! From Fox News! Let the CNN reporter out of that headlock! Now, the President will be along shortly. President Clampett is still heartbroken after the tragic death of his Attorney General, Dash Riprock. But I need to correct some erroneous reporting. Dash Riprock did not die in a hot tub with six naked interns. I only counted four interns. That is - I mean - most of them still had their clothes on. I mean - Ladies and Gentlemen - the President of the United States.

JEB enters.

JEB

How do, there, all you fine looking members of the press? Ye, doggies, y'all got your Sunday-bests on, don't ya? Yer prettier than a piglet in a mud puddle. Now, I'm fixin' to jaw at ya, so set a spell. Take yer shoes off.

JANE

[Aside to Jeb.]

Mr. President, do you think that's wise? I mean, have you ever smelled Cokie Roberts' feet?

JEB

Now I know yer all hankering to know who's the new Attorney General. Well, I decided my new Attorney General is gonna be - the Deputy Attorney General.

JANE

Mr. President! That's Jethro!

JEB

That's right, Miss Jane.

[To the Press.]

Jethro Bovine is perfect for the Justice Department. He's big, he's got some book-learnin' and he can shoot the tick off a deer at a thousand feet.

JANE

[Confidentially.]

You can't leave the Justice Department in the hands of someone with a sixth grade education.

JEB

Well, I realize Jethro may be a tad over-qualified. But Vice-President Dripdrysdale thinks he'll do a fine job.

JANE

[Aside.]

The Chief! What is he up to?

[To Jeb.]

Mr. President, you must reconsider this ill-advised decision.

JEB

Don't worry, Miss Jane, the boy'll do fine. If'n he don't, I'll have Congress take him out to the wood shed.

JETHRO enters, swatting himself.

JANE

Oh, there's Jethro now. He appears to be practicing to be an umpire.

JEB

Boy, what'r ya flappin' at? Is Belly Mae's ferret down yer pants agin?

JETHRO

No, Uncle Jeb. I's gettin' some honey for my biscuits. Them bees don't like ya sucking on their hive.

JEB

I'm glad yer here, Jethro. I got good news for ya, boy. I've just made ya Attorney General.

JETHRO

Golly, Uncle President! Attorney general? Do I git a un-i-form with medals and ribbons and such?

JEB

It ain't that kind of general, boy.

JETHRO

Kin I have a sword? I kin lead the charge on Belly Mae's horse.

[Romping around the room riding a horse.]

Yeeehaaa!

JEB

Belly Mae ain't got a horse – she's got a jackass. 'Course, I ain't never seen a jackass ridin' a jackass.

JANE

Jethro, my dear boy. You are in charge of the Justice Department.

JETHRO

Yeeee, doggies! I git t' work with Superman!

JANE

No, Jethro. That's the Justice League. As Attorney General you will be in charge of the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service –

JETHRO

Hot Dog! I get to be a double naught spy.

JEB

Now, boy, I don't want ya goin' hog wild. Don't ya be puttin' ejector seats in my truck agin. Grammy still kin't walk straight.

JETHRO

Donchu worry, Uncle President. I'm gittin' me a tank.

JANE

Oh! No tanks!

JETHRO

No, tank you!

JEB

[Aside to Jane.]

Keep an eye on the boy, will ya, Miss Jane? Keep him away from the heavy artillery.

JANE

[Writing on pad.]

Check. Jethro - no weapons of mass destruction.

[To Jethro, exiting.]

Come along, Attorney General Bovine. I'll show you to your new office.

JETHRO

Golly! Do I git a desk and one of them swivelin' chairs? I like to spin 'til I'm all dizzy.

[Exit.]

JANE

[To audience.]

He must have been spinning his whole life.

[Exit.]

JEB

If brains was lard, that boy couldn't grease a pan.

REPORTER #1

[An audience member.]

Mr. President! Mr. President! Yoo-hoo! Remember us? The press. We've got some questions to ask you.

JEB

Well, I'm sorry, Press. I plum fergot all about ya.

REPORTER #1

Mr. President – doesn't that display with your nephew prove that you are engaged in “White House In-Breeding?”

JEB

Well, we are breeding a few sheep in the Rose Garden.

REPORTER #1

No, I mean everyone in your Cabinet is a family member.

JEB

Well, sure. No use in being President if ya kin't help out yer kin.

REPORTER #2

[An audience member.]

Mr. President, there have been rumors that NASA is launching a secret mission.

JEB

Heck, now, it ain't no secret. We've bin sending folks to the moon and space stations and a heap of other places, so I figger it's time to mosy on over to the brightest planet in these parts. That's why we're goin' –

[Pause]

– to the sun. Now, it's pretty hot up there, so I figger we'll have to land at night.

REPORTER #2

Mr. President! Isn't this absurd space mission just to distract from the fact that a small Central American country has declared war on the United States?

JEB

I'm sorry, kin ya say that in English?

REPORTER #2

Sir, is this a case of the tail wagging the dog?

JEB

I'm afraid I'm gonna have to check with Belly Mae. She's our expert on critters.

BELLY MAE

[An audience member.]

Gee, Pa, I ain't never heard tell of a dog wagon. I heard of a chuck wagon.

JEB

These here reporters said some Central American dog is warrin' on us.

BELLY MAE

Must be on of them rat critters. One a them chi-ma-mas. I gots a real nice puppy right here. He don't wag, but he's real friendly.

JEB

[Picking up one of Ellie's stuffed animals.]

That's a real nice critter, Belly Mae –

[Moving the prop appropriately]

– but kin ya tell him to stop doin' that to my leg?

BELLY MAE

I tols ya he wuz friendly. Ain't that sweet? He must really like you.

JEB

Cain't say the feelin's mutual. Kin ya git him offa me?

BELLY MAE

He gits nippy if ya stop him. Best just let him finish, Pa.

JEB

I cain't have a dog datin' my leg at a press conference, Belly Mae.

He takes dog off his leg and gives it to Belly Mae.

BELLY MAE

Okay, Pa, but that ain't no way to treat one of your grand-doggies.

JEB

That's my girl. I sure do love her, but she ain't got the brains the Good Lord gave a slug.

GRAMMY enters running, followed by Jane.

GRAMMY

Jeb! Jeb! Come a'runnin' and bring yer shotgun!

JANE

What is it, Grammy? Should we go to the Code Orange?

GRAMMY

It's them revinoors agin. They bin snoopin' 'round the East Wing lookin' for my still.

JEB

Them ain't revinoors, Grammy. Them's Congressmen. Them boys drink more than a fish with the hiccups.

GRAMMY

Well, they ain't drinkin' my mash. It's only fer medicinal purposes. Now if theys got a touch of rhumatiz...

JANE

[Looking at audience.]

It appears that half our audience has a touch of "rhumatiz."

GRAMMY

[To Jane.]

Miss Jane, git over ta the Pentagon and get me a twenty-aught and a load a buckshot. And hurry! If Ted Kennedy finds my still, it's over!

JEB

Now, Grammy, ya need to be more neighborly. Even to guys that would sell their Grandma's knickers for a vote.

GRAMMY

Jebediah Clampett! Yer talkin' like a Yankee. Yer gittin' soft sittin' in yer Opal Office.

JEB

All right, Grammy. I'll let ya bag a couple a Congressmen, but remember yer limit.

JANE

Mr. President, you can't let Grammy do this. Think of the media. Think of the scandal. Think of the lawsuits.

JEB

Yer right, Miss Jane. Grammy, how ya feel about shootin' some lawyers?

GRAMMY

Well, they ain't got much meat on 'em.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Offstage.]

Mr. President! Mr. President!

DRIPDRYSDALE enters.

Oh, there you are, Mr. President. We must go to the Pentagon immediately. Our war with San Guano is heating up. And nothing smells worse than hot guano.

JEB

[Staring to exit.]

I'd like ta help ya, Mr. Dripdrysdale, but me and Grammy are huntin' fer yellow-bellied Congressmen.

GRAMMY

I'll git my new decoy. It's one a them blow-up dolls.

Jeb and Grammy exit. Dripdrysdale walks around with a big smile on his face.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Singing.]

Hi-ho, hi-ho. It's off to war I go.

JANE

All right, Chief. What are you up to? You only sing Disney songs when you're scheming.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Singing.]

Chim-chimney, chim-chimmey, cim-chim-charee,
Dripdrysdales as lucky, as lucky can be.

JANE

I just want to warn you, Chief. I will kill you if you start singing "It's a Small World After All."

DRIPDRYSDALE

I'm saving that for my big finish. So, Miss Haveaway, how did the media take the good news?

JANE

Which good news? The good news about the war? Or about the illiterate Attorney General? Or about the first man on the sun?

DRIPDRYSDALE

I'm talking about Jethro, of course. That boy's perfect for the job. He's not smart enough to be dangerous.

JANE

Putting Jethro Bovine in charge of Intelligence is the ultimate oxymoron.

DRIPDRYSDALE

I'm not sure about the "oxy" part, but otherwise, I think he's perfect. It's a great time to be in power!

[Singing.]

Zip-a-dee-doo-da, Zip-a-dee-a, My, oh, my, what a wonderful day!

JANE

Oh, by the way, your wife is on her way to see you.

DRIPDRYSDALE

There goes my wonderful day. What is she doing here? She's supposed to be in San Guano. I sent her off to that godforsaken country for a reason! To get her out of my hair!

JANE

But she has good news. Mrs. Dripdrysdale may have brokered a peace treaty between San Guano and the United States.

DRIPDRYSDALE

What? She was just supposed to be shopping!

JANE

Well, she did pick up a rather attractive sombrero.

DRIPDRYSDALE

This is a disaster!

JANE

Surely the notion of avoiding a war is good news.

DRIPDRYSDALE

No! We want them to declare war on us! Do you know how much stock I have in military supplies and support services? Why, I could make millions just selling t-shirts. We're fighting this war for traditional American values! Truth! Liberty! And a tidy profit!

JANE

As the great thinker Daffy Duck once said – "You're despicable." I should report you to the Attorney General.

[Pause.]

Oops, that's Jethro.

MARGARET

[Offstage.]

Milburn! Where are you?

DRIPDRYSDALE

Oh, no, it's the Creature from San Guano.

[Starting for exit.]

Tell her I had to go - kiss some babies.

Jane stops Mr. Dripdrysdale, who has his back to the entrance.

JANE

Oh, no, Chief. You're staying! Mrs. Dripdrysdale may have stopped a war.

MARGARET enters behind Mr. Dripdrysdale unseen.

DRIPDRYSDALE

That old battleaxe! I had the perfect scheme going and then my wife had to go Ghandi all of a sudden. She's a real pain in my as –

[Realizing Margaret is there.]

– ophagus. My esophagus! I get choked up when you're not around.

MARGARET

[Advancing on him.]

When I get my hands around your neck, you'll be choked up.

Jane steps between them and blows a whistle.

JANE

[Using hand gestures.]

Illegal use of hands – Mrs. Dripdrysdale – Fifteen yards – First down – Mr. Dripdrysdale.

MARGARET

Milburn, why did you send me to that horrible country? It was positively primitive.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Your idea of primitive is anyplace without a wine list. It wasn't that bad.

MARGARET

Is that so? Well, when I dined at San Guano's only four-star restaurant, I asked for cream for my coffee - and they brought a goat to the table. I asked for the house special - and they brought a goat to the table. I asked for directions to the bathroom - and they brought a goat to the table.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Margaret, I sent you to San Guano to do your part for the war effort. I was hoping you'd nag their President like you nag me. What went wrong?

MARGARET

El Presidente was very charming.

[To Jane.]

Muy Macho.

JANE

Muy?

MARGARET

Muy muy. More muy than I get at home.

DRIPDRYSDALE

If this El Presidente is so macho, why is he stopping the war?

MARGARET

Oh, El Presidente was very angry when you said San Guano was part of the Axle of Evil.

JANE

How did you get El Presidente to stop the war?

MARGARET

I told him we were sorry and it would never happen again. And I told him we'd let San Guano join the Axle of Goodness.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Great! No war!

[Pouting.]

Now I'm stuck with five thousand "San Guano Sucks" t-shirts.

JANE

Oh, don't pout, Chief. I know what will cheer you up. Let's go downtown and find a homeless person for you to taunt.

MARGARET

Before you go, Milburn, I want the keys to the Rolls and your wallet. I feel a payback coming on.

JANE

[Raising fist in solidarity.]

Right on, sister.

Dripdrysdales glares at Jane. She sheepishly puts down her fist.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Margaret, my little roadblock, there's no payback until you finish the job. I sent you to San Guano to fuel the flames of

war, not be Smokey the Bear. So, I want you to go back to San Guano and start nagging.

MARGARET

Milburn, really! I am not a tool of the military-industrial complex. I'm too rich to go to war!

DRIPDRYSDALE

Come on, Margaret, it'll be easy. Do something that insults their national pride.

JANE

Such as kicking their goat.

MARGARET

[Thinking.]

I could do that. That horrid little beast! Its utters leaked all over my new shoes.

[Snapping out of it.]

No! I can't start a war! Even over spilt milk!

DRIPDRYSDALE

You are going to San Guano, Margaret.

MARGARET

I am going to Tiffany's, Milburn.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Over my dead body!

MARGARET

What a splendid idea.

[Going to Dripdrysdale, kissing him on cheek.]

Milburn, you think of everything.

[Starting to exit.]

Ciao! Oh, and by the way...

[Holding up a wallet.]

...thanks for the wallet.

[Exit.]

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Patting his pockets.]

What?

[To Jane.]

Don't just stand there, Miss Haveaway. Stop her!

JANE

You can't stop Mrs. Dripdrysdale. That's like trying to stop Mama Cass from taking seconds. That's like trying to stop Michael Jackson from having sleepovers. That's like trying to stop...

DRIPDRYSDALE

Stop!

[Backing Jane around room.]

Miss Haveaway, you will put my wife on the next plane to San Guano or I will tell the press about your affair with Jethro Bovine.

JANE

Chief! I would never! He's just a boy! A big, man-sized hunk of boy, I'll admit.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Oh, I know you've never had carnal knowledge with Jethro. But the media doesn't care about facts. I can see the headlines now. "Chief of Staff in White House Love Nest" – "Jane Swings with Her Hillbilly Tarzan" – "President's Kin Plows Haveaway's Field."

JANE

All right, all right, you win, Chief.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Of course I win.

[Chanting.]

I'm Number One! USA! USA! USA!

JANE

[Starting to exit.]

But I'm doing this over your dead body.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Oblivious.]

That's nice. Now, on your way.

He walks around, smiling and preening.

JANE

I think you are a pompous ass with the morals of a ten-cent lap dancer.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Polishing his shoes; still oblivious.]

Uh-huh.

JANE

[To audience.]

Quick! If you want extra rolls, ask him now while he's in his trance.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Singing to himself.]

It's a small world after all, it's a small world after all.

Jane puts her hands over her ears and runs from the room screaming.

[Singing.]

It's a small world after all, it's a small, small world.

GRAMMY

[Entering, carrying a jug.]

What's all the commotion in here? Sounds like a raccoon dyin'.

DRIPDRYSDALE

No, Grammy that was just my singing!

GRAMMY

Is that what ya calls it?

[Aside.]

I heard pertier sounds from a pregnant cat with a hernia.

DRIPDRYSDALE

That's what I like about you, Grammy. Your colorful colloquialisms.

GRAMMY

Thank ya kindly.

[Twirling her skirt.]

I got this 'un at the Stears and Rosebud's.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Grammy, have all those reporters gone? Such a nuisance – always asking me questions! Who do they think they are?

GRAMMY

I chased them reporter fellas out with them Congressman. A couple a rounds a buckshot and they's runnin' like rats from a burnin' outhouse. They's just one reporter left.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Yet another reporter? Those scandal-sniffing rogues are everywhere!

GRAMMY

Don't get yer long johns in a bunch. This here reporter is just Jethro's twin sister, Jethrene. She's doin' what 'cha call a feature story for the *Buggtussel Times* back ta home.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Oh, just the hometown hicks, not the hardcore hounds. I thought I was going to have to hide in the bunker again.

GRAMMY

So, there ain't no critters hereabouts need some doctorin'? I brung my home remedy.

[To Dripdrysdale.]

Mr. Dripdrysdale, you feelin' poorly?

DRIPDRYSDALE

Well, I do feel a pain where my wallet used to be.

GRAMMY

[Handing Dripdrysdale the jug.]

Take a snort o' this. It'll kill what ails ya.

He brings the jug up to his nose and sniffs, then chokes.

DRIPDRYSDALE

It smells like turpentine.

GRAMMY

Give t'here.

[Taking jug and sniffing.]

Lucky ya didn't drink this, Mr. Dripdrysdale. This here's my varmint poison. One drop a this and yer deader than a possum on the Interstate.

DRIPDRYSDALE

If Margaret doesn't go back to San Guano, I'll be taking a drink of that varmint poison.

GRAMMY

[Starting to exit.]

I'll fetch the right jug.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Grammy, you *will* get the right jug this time.

GRAMMY

Ya polecat! Ya think I don't know my own fixin's?

[Advancing on Dripdrysdale.]

In the hills, them's fightin' words.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Running away from Grammy.]

Grammy! Please! Let's not go to war over this. There's no profit in it. I mean –

[Putting hand to ear and listening.]

Listen! I think I hear an ailing critter.

GRAMMY

[Starts to exit.]

Prob'ly Belly Mae's pig, droppin' her litter. I's got a medical emergency. But I ain't forgettin' what ya said. Ya best be gettin' ya some lead underdrawers.

[Exit.]

DRIPDRYSDALE

Women! They're so – so – female! Why can't I meet a passive, demure, beautiful woman? When will such a woman coming walking into my life?

JETHRENE enters. She is played by the same actor as Jethro.

JETHRENE

[Looking around the room in awe.]

Gollll-lllee!

DRIPDRYSDALE

Obviously, not today.

JETHRENE

Gosh! Is this here the Orville Office?

DRIPDRYSDALE

You must be Jethrene!

[Aside.]

Then again, it could be Boris Yeltsin in drag.

JETHRENE

Howdy, Mr. Dripdrysdale!

[Giving him big bear hug.]

Or should I call you Mr. Vice President?

She laughs nervously and snorts.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Walking around, hunched over.]

Call me a chiropractor.

[Straightening up, awkwardly.]

I do hope you're here to do a favorable story on the President.

JETHRENE

Landsakes, yes, Mr. Dripdrysdale! Everyone back ta home loves Uncle Jeb. We done named a trailer park after him.

[Laughing nervously and snorting.]

Kin I ask ya a few questions afor he gits here?

DRIPDRYSDALE

Of course, my dear, of course! What do the folks in Buggtussel want to know? My daily routine? How the Clampetts are taking to running water in the White House? How the fish are biting in the Potomac?

JETHRENE

We was wonderin' 'bout all them stocks ya have in them their big de-fence man-a-facturers.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Aside to audience.]

Suddenly, this ignorant hillbilly has turned into Bob Woodward.

JETHRENE

- an' also if'n it's true that Uncle Jeb does jus' what ya tells him ta do.

DRIPDRYSDALE

Why, of course not! Jeb Clampett is a man of fine moral principles! Do you think for a minute he would knowingly listen to me?

[Realizing.]

Er – I mean – I just advise the President.

JETHRENE

Did ya advise him ta go ta war with Santa Claus?

DRIPDRYSDALE

No! No! We're warrin' with San Guano!

[Aside to audience.]

How much does this Sherlock Hick know? Does she know about my secret plan to control the World Bank?

JETHRENE

[Aside to audience.]

Doesn't he reckon I kin hear him?

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Oblivious to her, aside.]

And does she know I'll then take over the World Economy?

JETHRENE

[Writing on notepad.]

Take - over - world - e-com-et-ry.

DRIPDRYSDALE

And after the economy – World Domination!

JETHRENE

[Writing.]

World - dumb - a - na-tion.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Still aside.]

But I will be a benevolent dictator. I'm going to make great social changes! Bring some class back to the United States. And I'm starting by banning – pork rinds!

JETHRENE

Pork rinds? Now this Yankee's gone too fer. That's really gonna rile Uncle Jeb!

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Still aside.]

Pork rinds! Greasy guts fried in fat for simple-minded sheep!

JETHRENE

I gotta tell Uncle Jeb 'bout this varmint lickety split.

DRIPDRYSDALE

What?

[Pause.]

Oh, I'm sorry. I was - just thinking about government business.

JETHRENE

[Aside to audience.]

He's givin' us the business, all right.

[To Dripdrysedale.]

I mean – I gotta go to the ladies outhouse. Where tis it?

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Ushering her out.]

Just down the hall and two doors the left. Now, ignore the sign on the door that says “Elevator Out of Order.” Just plunge right in.

Jethrene exits.

[Aside to audience.]

That was close.

[Listening at the exit]

Hmm. No crash.

He turns away.

JETHRENE

[Offstage.]
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

The sound of her falling fades out.

DRIPDRYSDALE

[Yelling offstage.]
Drop in again sometime.

END OF EXCERPT