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Dramatic Publishing
Wiley and the Hairy Man

Book by Suzan Zeder
Music by Harry Pickens
Lyrics by Suzan Zeder and Harry Pickens

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Wiley and the Hairy Man

Musical. Book by Suzan Zeder. Music by Harry Pickens. Lyrics by Suzan Zeder and Harry Pickens. Cast: 3m., 1w., 4 either gender; chorus of 4 to 12. Set deep in the Tombigbee swamp, this classic tale of a very young boy with a very big fear is brought to new and vibrant life in this musical version of Wiley and the Hairy Man. The story centers around a fatherless boy, his conjure-woman mother, his faithful dog and the hairy man who haunts Wiley’s days and dreams. An expandable chorus of swamp creatures suggests various locations with sound and movement as Wiley sets forth alone to face his fears and to conquer his lack of self-confidence. The magic of this play is not fairy dust—it is soil, the magic of survival, the magic of the earth and mud of the swamp. This version gives a sizzling spin to a TYA classic. Louisville jazz legend Harry Pickens’ music and lyrics combine with acclaimed playwright Suzan Zeder’s lyrics and storytelling in a seamless blend. Mammy reveals how she learned the arts of conjuring from her own Mammy in a music hall number, “Conjure Woman.” Wiley and Dog practice chasing the Hairy Man in “Slobber Dance.” Wiley reveals his deepest fears in the poignant ballad “Biggern’ Me” as the hairy man stalks him in counterpoint with the chorus in “Gonna Get Wiley.” Wiley’s battle seems all but lost until he finds a courage born of desperation in the show-stopping, swamp-rap, “Bring it ON!” The addition of music and song deepens the characters, intensifies the excitement and creates the mysterious magic of the swamp with a distinctly bluegrass sound. Area staging. Accompaniment CD available. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Royalty on application, plus music rental (scores or CD). Code: WG6.

Photo: StageOne Family Theatre, Louisville, Ky. (l-r)
Paul Kerr, Clara Harris, Tyler Johnson-Campion, Matthew Brennan.
Photo: Hannah Wemitt. Cover design: Susan Carle.

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Music and lyrics by HARRY PICKENS

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(WILEY AND THE HAIRY MAN)

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IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

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The musical version of *Wiley and the Hairy Man* was commissioned and developed in association with The University of Texas at Austin and StageOne Family Theatre in Louisville, Ky. It premiered in October 2012 at the Kentucky Arts Center with the following cast and production team:

**CAST**
Wiley .......................................................... Nick Johnson
Wiley (alternate performances) ....... Tyler Johnson-Campion
Mammy ............................................ Jamie Lynn Sutton Gilliam
Dog/Chorus ........................................ Doug Scott Sorenson
Hairy Man ........................................... Paul Kerr
Chorus ................... Maddie Ballance, Matthew Brennan, J. Copeland Davis, Peyton Evans, Jenna French, Clara Harris, Sophie Claire Hill, Miller Kraps, Terry Schwab

**PRODUCTION STAFF**
Director .................................................. Andrew D. Harris
Assistant Director ..................................... Talleri McRae
Musical Director ....................................... Chris Bryant
Company Stage Manager ................................ Tracy Schwab
Set Designer ........................................... Nick Passafiume
Lighting Designer ................................. Yousif “Joe” Mohamed
Sound Designer ....................................... Benjamin Marcum
Costume Designer ............................... Shana Lincoln
Production Manager .............................. Corey Harrison

**CREW**
Technical Director ............................... Duper Berry
Props Master .......................................... Jeromy Bagan
Scenic Charge ....................................... Ron Temple
Rigger ...................................................... Keith Kimmel
Flyman .................................................. Noelle Shotwell

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Carpenters ........................................Duper Berry, Jeromy Bagan, Charles Ames, Ron Temple
Wardrobe Coordinator........................................Amanda Peer
Wardrobe Technician ........................................Amanda Peer
Costume Construction..........................Shana Lincoln, Amanda Peer
Wig & Hair Construction..................Heather Fleming, Custom Wig Company
Master Electrician.................................Noelle Shotwell, Derek Young (Ogle Center)
Electricians........................................................Donald Scobie, Megan de Araujo, James Hayes
Light Board Operator.................................Tracy Schwab
Sound Board Operator ..................................Allison Sims
Production Assistant.................................Allison Sims
Company Stage Manager....................Tracy Schwab
Production Manager...............................Corey Harrison
AUTHOR’S NOTES

It all began with Wiley. I wrote the first version of the play *Wiley and the Hairy Man* when I was a graduate student desperately searching for my “voice” as a writer. Not only did I discover my voice in this timeless tale of a very small boy with a very big fear, but the play launched my career of over 40 years writing for and about young people. But there has always been something missing for me; something that has, at last, been found in this brand new musical version.

In 2012, StageOne Family Theatre in Louisville, Ky., helped me celebrate Wiley’s 40th birthday by pairing me with composer Harry Pickens, a gentle and generous musical genius: a world renowned jazz pianist, composer, teacher and humanitarian. Together we found new and exciting emotional and dramaturgical colors and textures in this story. Through the addition of music and lyrics, we deepened the characters, clarified the themes, intensified both the tension of Wiley’s peril and the joy of his victory over the forces of fear. The play *Wiley and the Hairy Man* has always been propelled by the velocity of its plot. In this incarnation, however, there has been a subtle shift in character and theme. This is now a piece about a boy who discovers something about himself that he never knew before—that he is as smart as he is brave!

I believe that this version has more of everything that has made the original play a classic over the past four decades: more danger, more humor, more suspense, more delight in the language of music and in the music of language. I believe this version plays to an even wider audience than before. In Louisville, 26,000 children in grades K-3 were held spellbound. I have marveled at high school students engaged and enthralled. I have watched as adults in the audience became children again. I believe this is what the play always wanted to be.

Wiley has finally found his voice.

—Suzan Zeder, Santa Fe, N.M.
COMPOSER’S NOTES

When originally approached by StageOne Family Theater to contribute a musical underscoring for Wiley and The Hairy Man, I refused, because I could not imagine adding one more project to an already packed schedule. The ever-persuasive Peter Holloway, executive director of StageOne, refused to take my initial no for an answer and emailed me a PDF of the script, along with more information on Suzan and on the play’s illustrious 40-year history.

As I began reading, I was absolutely captivated. The musical voices of Wiley, Mammy, the Chorus and the Hairy Man immediately began to come alive within me. I told Peter, “Count me in!” and scheduled a “getting to know you” Skype conversation with Suzan. To say we felt as though we were old friends reunited after a long separation is an understatement. Suzan’s mastery of the theatrical genre inspired and challenged me in the best of ways; and a mere 6 months later, the musical Wiley was born.

Just as each director of Wiley conceptualizes the visual world of the swamp differently, in the same manner I invite musical directors to view the printed notes as a guide, a jumping off point. Feel free to arrange the pieces for guitar, banjo, fiddle and/or other instrumentation that matches the mood of Wiley’s world.

Thank you, Peter, for initiating this journey. Thank you, Suzan, for the honor of collaborating with you. Thank you, Dramatic Publishing, for sharing this gift with the world. Thanks also to the incredible staff of StageOne and to the wonderful cast of our first musical Wiley.

—Harry Pickens, Louisville, Ky.
To
Harry Pickens
A Man Made of Music

And to
StageOne Family Theatre
For Giving
This Old Play a New Life
Wiley and the Hairy Man

CHARACTERS

WILEY: A small boy with a big fear.
*MAMMY: His Mother, The Best Conjure Woman in the whole Southwest … County.
DOG: His Dog.
HAIRY MAN: His Fear, Our Fear, All Fear … but this time it’s for real.
CHORUS: Creatures of the Swamp and the Embodiment of Magic. Scored for four but may be more or less.

*Please see page 69 for an additional note about this character’s name.

TIME

Then or now.

PLACE

Anywhere there are Swamps.
And Magic.
And Small Frightened Boys.
CHARACTER NOTE

Many things have changed over the past 40 years, not the least of which is an increased political and cultural sensitivity to language. In the original folktale, first set down in *A Treasury of American Folklore*, a collection of stories dating back to the 1930s, Wiley’s mother was called Mammy. This was a reflection of a long history of southern folklore and a rich tradition of tales from Appalachia and beyond. The term did not carry the same pejorative weight of racism that it does today.

For 40 years and countless productions, this character has been called Mammy in my play, as well. But in some communities and contexts, this term is offensive, and so I hereby give permission to any potential producer to change the name to Momma, if you feel it will be better for your production to do so. This is also a matter of casting. The term resonates differently depending on the race or the combination of races in a rich multicultural cast. This is a decision that EVERY production team should make for themselves, which is why I have not arbitrarily changed the name for this version. This discussion is simply too important to be circumvented by my choice.

I believe that unexamined or “accidental” racism is as pernicious as intentional bigotry. So I encourage the conversation about how language can hurt or heal to take place in production teams, classrooms, families and communities with children and adults. Then make the choice of character name that suits your community and your production best.
# MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. The Nightmare ................................................................. 11
2. Conjure Woman ............................................................. 18
3. Slobber Dog / Chase #1 .................................................. 21
4. The Swamp .................................................................... 23
5. Hairy Man’s A Comin’ #1 ............................................... 26
6. Conjure Man .................................................................. 32
7. When the Hairy Man Gets Mad ...................................... 35
8. The Book ........................................................................ 40
9. Bigger Than Me ............................................................... 43
10. Hairy Man’s A Comin’ #2 .............................................. 45
11. When the Hairy Man Gets Mad (Reprise) ....................... 48
12. Chase #2....................................................................... 50
13. Gonna Get Wiley ............................................................ 52
14. Hairy Man’s A Comin’ #3 .............................................. 54
15. Chase #3 .................................................................... 55
16. Hairy Man’s A Comin’ #4 .............................................. 57
17. Bring It On ................................................................. 60
18. The Final Showdown .................................................. 64
19. Smart .......................................................................... 66
20. Nightmare … Not! ....................................................... 68
Wiley and the Hairy Man

(As the audience enters, they find themselves in the gloomy mysterious atmosphere of the swamp. The lights are dim and cast strange shadows. Music begins dark and strange as it underscores WILEY’s nightmare.)

(#1: “The Nightmare”)

(WILEY sleeps fitfully in a shaft of light DC. Dark shapeless figures begin to move and distinguish themselves from the set.

CHORUS I and II run pell-mell, crisscrossing the stage, and disappear.)

CHORUS I & CHORUS II. Wiiiiiiiley …

Wiiiiiiiley …

Wiiiiiiiley …

Wiiiiiiiley …

(Suddenly, WILEY sits bolt upright, his eyes wide with terror. He is still asleep, and we are caught inside his dream. CHORUS III and IV appear from the shadows.)

CHORUS III & IV. Look out, Wiley!

Wiiiiiiiiiiiley …

Wiiiiiiiiiiiley …

(WILEY tries to run in one direction, but CHORUS members block his way.)

CHORUS I & II. He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!
(WILEY turns and tries to run in another direction, only to be blocked again.)

CHORUS III & IV. Look out, Wiley! Wake up, Wiley!
CHORUS III. Haaaaaairy Man …
CHORUS I. … Wiiiiley.

(WILEY tries to run but can only move in slow motion.)

CHORUS III & IV. He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!
CHORUS II. WAKE UP, WILEY!
CHORUS I & IV. He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!

(CHORUS members come together making a large menacing shape or shadow. WILEY tries to get away from them, but they seem to be everywhere.)

CHORUS I & III. He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!
He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!

(From far upstage, a shrouded FIGURE with a candle enters and slowly walks toward WILEY.)

CHORUS II & IV. Haaaaaairy Man!
CHORUS III. He done got your Pappy and he’s gonna get you!
CHORUS II. Look out, Wiley.
CHORUS IV. Wake up, Wiley.
CHORUS I. Lookee there, Wiley …

(CHORUS builds into a cacophony.)
ALL CHORUS. Haaairy Man! HAAAAIRY MAN! HAAAA-IRY MAAAAAAAANNN!

(CHORUS moves him toward his bed. He eventually tumbles, in slow motion, onto the bed and under the covers. The FIGURE crosses to the bed.)

FIGURE. Wiley!
CHORUS I (echo). Wiiiiiiiley …

(FIGURE hovers over the bed as CHORUS moves around it.)

FIGURE. WILEY! Wake up, Wiley!

(Nightmare sounds out.

WILEY wakes up with a jolt, sees the FIGURE and dives beneath the covers with his bottom in the air.)

WILEY. Go ’way, Hairy Man. Leave me alone, Hairy Man. Don’t touch me, Hairy Man!

MAMMY (taking off the hood). I ain’t no Hairy Man. I is your Mammy!

(MAMMY punctuates her sentence with a swat on WILEY’s rear.)

WILEY (up and rubbing his bottom). Owwweeeeee. That sure is my Mammy.

MAMMY. Wiley, you was just havin’ a bad dream.

WILEY. I saw him. I saw the Hairy Man and he was comin’ for me. I was trying to run but I couldn’t, and there I was, starin’ right into the Hairy Man’s hairy eyeball.

MAMMY. You ain’t got no cause to fear. There ain’t no Hairy Man not nowheres near.
WILEY. But I saw him! I saw his hairy hands, and his hairy teeth, and his horrible hairy breath.

MAMMY. You know your Mammy’s got more magic than any old Hairy Man.

WILEY. But he done got my Pappy and …

MAMMY. Looks like I gotta to do a magic spell to get that Hairy Man outta your head.

(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY (cont’d, conjuring). Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his head. Go scare yourself a tree toad instead. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his eyes. Listen to me while I conjurize. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, git outta his mouth. Git away from here. Go way down south! (Pause.) Well, is he gone?

(CHORUS moves like a shadow.)

WILEY. What’s that?

MAMMY. Just a shadow on the wall. Sun’s comin’ up, that’s all.

(CHORUS turns threatening.)

WILEY. It’s the Hairy Man.

MAMMY. I better hurry up the day and get some light in here.

(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY (cont’d). Rumble, bumble, snider, rup. Sun, sun, hurry it up!

(CHORUS brings up the sun. CHORUS rooster crows.)

WILEY. What’s that?

MAMMY. Jest some old rooster.

WILEY. It’s the Hairy Man!
(Conjure sounds.)

MAMMY. Beetle, tweedle, sneedle, sneak. Rooster, rooster, shut your beak!

(Chorus stops mid-crow.)

WILEY. I’m gonna get my Dog and bring him right here in bed with me!

MAMMY. You are gonna do no such thing.

WILEY. But the Hairy Man cain’t stand no Dogs, everybody knows that.

MAMMY. Wiley, I am the best conjure woman in the whole southwest county. I kin make the sun come up and the moon go down. I kin do spells, an’ conjures, an’ charms, an’ chants; I kin cure a cold or heal a wart 50 miles away. But there are two things I cannot do; I cannot get that fear outta your head, and I cannot stand that Dog slobbering up my house!

WILEY. Mammy, how did the Hairy Man git my Pappy?

MAMMY. He just did, Wiley.

WILEY. People say my Pappy was a bad man and a no count.

MAMMY. People say.

WILEY. People say he slept while the weeds grew higher than the cotton, that he used to git himself hog drunk and chicken wild, and that he never even spit lessen someone else did it for him.

MAMMY. People say.

WILEY. Was my Pappy a bad man?

MAMMY (with respect). Wiley, he was your Pappy!

WILEY. But people say he’d never cross the Jordan, ’cause when he died the Hairy Man’d be there waitin’ for him.

MAMMY. When he fell into the river near Tombigbe ... they never did find him. They jest heard a big man laughin’ across the river.
WILEY. Do I gotta go to the swamp today?
MAMMY. You have got to build a hound house for that Dog of yours.
WILEY. I’m jest gonna sit here and do nothin’ jest like my Pappy.
MAMMY (angry). Wiley, don’t you ever say that! Now get yourself up and wash.

(WILEY dives back under the covers.)

WILEY. I’m tired. That Hairy Man scared all the restin’ outta me.

(MAMMY crosses into the kitchen.)

MAMMY. Breakfast …

 Conjure sounds. She conjures.

MAMMY (cont’d). Ashes, embers, soot on my face. Make me right there a fireplace.

(CHORUS forms a fireplace with a cauldron.)

MAMMY (cont’d). Wiley, I want to hear feet on that floor and washin’ in those ears right now!
WILEY (in a gruff voice). There ain’t no Wiley here. He’s been ete all up by the Hairy Man.
MAMMY. I ain’t foolin.
WILEY (lumping about). I tol’ you, Mammy, there ain’t no Wiley here. Jest an old ugly Hairy Man with 14 toes and a bone in his nose.
MAMMY. You get up and put on your clothes!
WILEY. Hairy Man, Hairy Man, comin’ through the trees; stampin’ and a squishin’ everything he sees. (Realizing what he has just said.) Hairy Man?

(WILEY dives under the covers.)
MAMMY. What are you doing?
WILEY (*in a small voice*). I jest skeered myself all over again.
MAMMY. There is only one way to get you outta that bed, and boy you asked for it!

(MAMMY storms in and douses WILEY with a wash basin of water.)

MAMMY (*cont’d*). Now git up!
WILEY. I am up, I’m up, I’m up!!!

(MAMMY scrubs him with a cloth.)

MAMMY. I swear you are the dirtiest boy I ever laid eyes on. Open up them ears. Hold still. Now come eat!

(MAMMY returns to the kitchen.)

MAMMY (*cont’d*). Now where was I? Breakfast.

(*Conjure sounds. She conjures.*)

MAMMY (*cont’d*). Pot, pot, get yourself hot!

(*CHORUS/cauldron make bubbling sounds. WILEY enters kitchen.*)

WILEY. Mammy, I think tomorrow’s a better day for goin’ to the swamp.
MAMMY. No! Today is the day. I told you that. But maybe after breakfast I ought to teach you a conjure or two to keep you safe from the Hairy Man.
WILEY. You know I ain’t no good at conjurin’ no way no how.
MAMMY. Wiley, you hesh and come here now.
(MAMMY sits WILEY down and hands him a bowl of breakfast she has scooped from the cauldron.)

MAMMY (cont’d). Wiley, you knows I’s the best, the best conjure woman in the whole southwest county.

(#2: “Conjure Woman”)

MAMMY (cont’d). But I used to be skeered, just like you. Now you eat your breakfast and listen to me good!

WHEN I WAS A GIRL I WAS SCARED OF THE WORLD.
I SAW MONSTERS AND BEASTS ALL AROUND
I’D TREMBLE AND QUAKE, I’D SHIVER AND SHAKE
WHEN I’D HEAR THE TINIEST SOUND.
MY MAMMY WOULD WRAP HER ARMS AROUND ME
AND I’D WHIMPER, “OH, WHAT CAN I DO?”
SHE TOLD ME THERE WAS JUST ONE WAY OUT,
I SHOULD BECOME A CONJURER TOO.

SEE MY MAMMY—OH WILEY—
SHE WAS SOMETHING ELSE,
SHE COULD TURN THE OCEAN TO STONE.
SHE COULD CONJURE THE MOON,
SHE COULD CONJURE THE WIND,
SHE COULD CONJURE A FEAST FROM A BONE.
SHE TAUGHT ME TO LOOK AT A RATTLESNAKE
AND FREEZE HIM WITH MY ICY STARE.
SHE SHOWED ME A SNAP OF MY FINGERS
COULD MAKE IT LIKE I WASN’T THERE.
I’M THE BEST,

CHORUS.

YES, THE BEST.

MAMMY.

THE BEST CONJURE WOMAN AROUND!
MAMMY & CHORUS.
    YOUR MAMMY’S THE BEST
    IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST,

MAMMY.
    A CONJURING WOMAN I AM.
    She promised one day I would conjure like her. You know what? She was right … I CAN!!!
    I’M THE BEST

MAMMY & CHORUS.
    YES, THE BEST!

MAMMY.
    THE BEST CONJURE WOMAN AROUND!

MAMMY & CHORUS.
    YOUR MAMMY’S THE BEST
    IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST,

MAMMY.
    A CONJURIN’ WOMAN I AM.

(Music out.)

WILEY. You is what you is,
    but I ain’t what I ain’t.
    I know what I can do,
    and I know what I cain’t!

MAMMY. You are my son and my only child and you are gonna learn. This here’s a spell for changin’ stickers and prickers and bonkers and briars into rubber so they cain’t hurt you.

WILEY. I cain’t learn it.

MAMMY. It jest goes … “Chip, chop, chum, blubber. Turn this tree trunk into rubber.
WILEY (carelessly). Chip, champ, chomp, grubber, blubber, drubber, scrubber, flubber …

MAMMY (furious). Wiley! You gotta listen to the conjure words, ’cause when they are outta your mouth there ain’t no takin’ them back!

WILEY. But I cain’t keep it all in my head. Powders, ’n potions, ’n magic, ’n charms. An’ raising’ the spirits, ’n wav-in’ my arms. An’ screechin’, an’ stampin’, an’ mutterin’ low! I jest cain’t do it, the answer is no!

MAMMY. Well someday you gotta learn.

WILEY. Well someday ain’t today!

MAMMY. You better get yourself goin’, ya hear? If’n you take your hound Dog, you got nothin’ to fear.

WILEY. ’Cause the Hairy Man sure can’t stand no Dogs.

MAMMY. Everybody knows that.

(MAMMY hands him a small bag.)

MAMMY (cont’d). Take this here bag. It’s got some magic on it. It’ll catch up the wind and hold it for you till you let it go.

WILEY (taking the bag). Thanks, Mammy.

(WILEY turns to go.)

MAMMY. And Wiley, take some of this here powder. Jest a pinch will make every livin’ creature your friend … except the Hairy Man.

WILEY (taking the powder). Thanks, Mammy.

(WILEY turns to go.)

MAMMY. And Wiley? You be sure to take your hound Dog.

WILEY. Yasum … YASUM!

(WILEY crosses out of the house, and MAMMY watches.)
MAMMY (muttering to herself). He done got his Pappy.

CHORUS I & II. Said Mammy, said she …

MAMMY. And he better be keerful …

WILEY. Or he’s gonna get me.

(As WILEY crosses, MAMMY exits.)

CHORUS IV. So Wiley …

CHORUS II & III. Wherever he goes …

CHORUS 1. Takes his Dog.

WILEY (calling). Dog!

CHORUS IV. ’Cause the Hairy Man sure cain’t stand no dogs …

CHORUS I & III. Everybody knows that. Everybody knows that.

(WILEY whistles, and DOG enters. He is a big sloppy bloodhound. He is old but not geriatric.)

(#3: “Slobber Dog / Chase #1”)

(WILEY scratches DOG’s ears, and DOG’s back leg ban-jos. WILEY scratches DOG’s back, and DOG shakes his head from side to side, slobbering all over WILEY. Maybe they do a little slobber dance together.)

WILEY. Ewwwww! You slobbered me from head to toe. Come on, boy. We’ve got to go.

(DOG keels over and goes to sleep.)

WILEY (cont’d). We got no time for sleeping in the sun! Come on, Dog, let’s have some fun.

(DOG opens one eye.)

WILEY (cont’d). Fetch, Dog, fetch!