

-Welcome. Welcome.

-Howdy. Well, now ain't that handy?

-What's that, pa?

-Well, the road takes a bend in here. Runs right by the front door.

-No, Mr. Clampett. This is your driveway. It goes with the house.

-Is this thing a house?

-Oh yes, indeed. It was Built, by John Barrymore, one of our finest actors.

-Pretty fair stonemason too.

-Hey, Jed! This here is dandy soil.

-Fine, Granny. We'll commence plowing tomorrow.

-But this is Beverly Hills.

-Dirt is dirt.

-Yes, I know, but-- why don't we look around inside, eh? Well, here we are. I hope you're going to like this place I picked out for you. It may be a trifle larger than what you're used to, but I feel man with \$25 million in my bank should live in a manner that-- come in. Come in. This is your home. As I said, it may be a bit more than you're used to, but I'm sure you'll be comfortable. Now, my secretary will be over right away to help you with the hiring of servants or whatever problems you may have. She's a very efficient girl, Ms. Hathaway.

-Jed! Jed! Jed. You and Jethro fetch in my stove so-- so I can get some vittles to cooking.

-You have a beautiful stove.

-Thank you.

-Fetch it in, Jed. You scare up some wood, Elly.

-No, I mean you have a stove already installed in the kitchen.

-Where's that?

-I'll show you. Excuse us.

-Elly, you go with Granny. She'll still need you to fetch some wood.

-Sure, pop.

-Uncle Jed, guess what? There's a whole nother house up here.

-Jethro come down from there. Like as not that belongs to somebody else.

-Here we are. This is your kitchen. And here's the stove. The last word in food preparation. And speaking of food, you'll find everything you could possibly want at the store right in here, see? Well, I'll leave you ladies to you culinary delights. Au revoir. Bon appetit.

-Talks gibberish.

-There's a great deal of store in this here stove, Granny.

-Well, we'll see. Elly, you run out and fetch some wood. I'll get a fire going in here, and we'll see.

-Jethro, I hope it's all right for you to be missing school.

-Oh, sure Uncle Jed. They ain't strict in the fifth grade.

-You in fifth grade already?

-Starting this year.

-Like no time at all since you went with your ma to get you started in the first grade. You were six years old. No bigger than that. You go clean over to Oxford so you can go the same school your pa went to.

-You wouldn't know that town today, Uncle Jed.

-Oxford?

-Yes, sir. Why that town has growed and growed, and spread out, and built up, and just kept getting bigger and bigger. Well today, well I bet you there must be at least three of four dozen people living there.

-Place like that's all right to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

-Can I be of any assistance?

-No thank you, Mr. Drysdale. We was just talking about Jethro getting back to school.

-Well, we have some excellent educational facilities out here, Mr. Clampett. Where do you go to school, Jethro?

-Oxford?

-Yeah, you see. Jethro's ma-- that's my cousin Pearl-- she married an Oxford man, so naturally Jethro, he go to school there too.

-I'm the champion craw dad eater.

-At Oxford?

-Jethro put away three buckets of craw dad.

-Four.

-And he's learned to cipher and everything. Cipher some for Mr. Drysdale.

-One and one's two. Two and two is four. Four and four is eight. I have to take of

my shoes to get any further than that.

-I'm sure we're thinking of two different Oxfords. You see, there's one that's very famous and very old.

-That's where Jethro goes to school. Been there since the pioneer days.

-That's how come it got its name. It's where the oxen used to ford the river.

-Folks took to calling it Oxenford and later on it got shortened to Oxford.

-Oxford. Well, I'll be running. Oh, by the way, here are your keys. My secretary should be over very soon.

-Thank you very much, Mr. Drysdale, for everything you've been doing for us.

-Oh, it's my pleasure, Mr. Clampett. You see, I'm not only your banker. I'm your next door neighbor.

-Well, say. Ain't that nice. Well now, why don't you bring your missus over tonight for supper, and I'll have Granny wamp up a mess of grits and hog chow.

-Well, you see, right now my wife is in Boston.

-Oh, that's too bad. When will she be back?

-Not too soon, fortun-- I'll see you later.

-Thank you, Mr. Drysdale. So long. Uncle Jed, you reckon one of these days I can have a little bitty old taste of Granny's moonshine?

-Now Jethro, you know the family rule about Granny's moonshine. You get your first taste on your wedding day and not before.

-Well Uncle Jed, that might be an awful long time. I ain't even got me no sweetheart.

-How come?

-Well, back home every time I get me a girl one of them there big fells would take

her right away from me.

-Well, out here in Beverly Hills--

-Pa, can I please have the axe? I gotta split some wood for Granny?

-Fetch it, Jethro. Ain't this place got a wood pile?

-Not that I can find. But I found a whole row of black old dead tree trunks pretty near as high as this house.

-Ain't that kind of big for you to tackle?

-Well, shucks. No, pa.

-They're only this big around. And all trimmed on top, and strung together with a black rope so as no matter which one you cut, the others keep it from falling.

-Somebody had a right smart idea there. Just the same, I think I'd rather have Jethro do the cutting.

-Oh, pa. Let me.

-Oh, cutting trees and chopping logs ain't no work for a girl.

-I'm just as strong as Jethro.

-You ain't neither.

-I am so.

-You ain't neither.

-I am so too. You wanna wrassle?

-Darn tootin.

-Now here, here. That ain't no fair fight. Somebody's gonna get hurt. Now you see, you're getting to rough. Jethro! A person can get crippled from a hold like that. Get

up from there.

-I can't, Uncle Jed.

-You turn him loose and get up from there before I kick the straps of the both of you. You get out there and chop down one of them tree trunks, and saw Granny some nice logs.

-Yes, Uncle Jed. Could've whooped you if you hadn't kicked me.

-Elly! Come back here and sit down. I want to talk to you.

-Whooped him fair and square, and I'll do it again.

-Oh you won't. That's what I want to talk to you about. Elly May, you're getting too big to wrassle with boys.

-I'm as big as Jethro.

-Not big that way. I mean grewed up.

-You're a young lady now. You've gotta start minding your manners, and fixing yourself up real nice, and wearing dresses.

-Pa! Folks would call me a sissy.

-It ain't sissy for girls to act like girls. You see Elly, I raised you like a boy, and I was wrong to do it. I reckon every man would like to have a son, and you was my only youngin. And when your ma passed away, I just decided to turn you into a boy. By the time Granny had come to help out, you was too wild to tame. By thunder, you could outrun, out climb, out fight, and out shot every boy in them hills.

-Still can, pa.

-It ain't fitting. It ain't right for folks to go against nature. Now look at old Duke here. Reckon we could turn him into a cat?

-Course not.

-That's right. Cause nature made him into a dog just the same nature made you into a girl. And lately she's getting more and more positive about it.

-You mean my ears is growing?

-No, not that. You're pretty.

-Oh, pa.

-I know you don't like it when I say that, but you'll like it when the young fellas around here come in saying it. And they will. Only they'll probably be using words, fancy words I won't even understand. But Elly May, ain't nobody can never tell you how pretty you really are except me. You're the living picture of your ma.

-You still here? I thought you were going up to the Clampett estate.

-I didn't think it was prudent for us both to be absent simultaneously. In the event of crises--

-The only crises you have to worry about right now is keeping Mr. JD Clampett happy. Now get up there.

-Tell me, how did he like the flamingos?

-What flamingos?

-I thought pink flamingos around the swimming pool would add a rather elegant touch.

-Mr. Clampett is not a man educated to elegance. That will take time. Right now there are more pressing problems.

-Of course, getting settled, the servant problem.

-Well, whatever they are, just get up there and solve them.

-Now JD Clampett is this bank's largest depositor, and I'm making his satisfaction

your responsibility.

-I accept the mantle of responsibility with which you have cloaked my shoulders. And I shall so conduct myself that this great financial institution shall last a thousand years. This was their finest hour.

-Dandy wood, all right. Got a lot of pitch and tar in it. Ought to burn real good.

-Yeah. That flimsy grate holds up.

-Granny, Granny? This is the top of that tree trunk. You want I should split it up too?

-No, just leave it outside.

-Yessum.

-This place ain't even got a woodbox.

-Yeah, folks don't need much wood out here. Remember what Pearl said? It don't get cold.

-Yeah, I remember. It might not get cold in the day, but it sure freezes solid at night.

-How you know?

-I show you how I know.

-Ever been fool and this here storage bin is froze harder than a rock. Mighty thin skinned hog. But I'll be dog gone.

-Take me two days to thaw out that ham for I could ever cook it.

-People ought to know better than to store food up against a north wall. Why don't we dig us a root cellar and we put all this stuff in it? Jethro! Go on out there and catch us a chicken.

-OK, Uncle Jed.

-How do you know we got chickens?

-Place this size is bound to have chickens.

-Ain't all frozed.

-Here chick, chick, chick. Bok, bok, bok, bok. Chick, chick, chick. Her, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick. Are you a chicken?

-Here's that bucket you wanted.

-You take it, Elly. See if you can find a creek. I gotta have some water.

-There's no pump on this place?

-It ain't even got a well.

-Uncle Jed! Uncle Jed!

-Yeah, boy? Did you find a chicken?

-I found something.

-I ain't sure if it's a chicken, a goose, a duck, or what?

-Where is it?

-I couldn't catch it.

-That thing could outrun a jack rabbit.

-Sure ain't no goose or duck.

-Must be a chicken.

-If it is, ma was right about things growing big around here. That thing was this high.

-A chicken?

-Ah, Jethro.

-Honest. It's got legs this long.

-Dibs on the drumstick.

-Drum stick ain't much. Whoever gets that neck is eating from now on. Commences here and runs plumb up to here.

-Jethro, you ain't forgot what I said about Granny's jug of liquor.

-I ain't been at Granny's jug.

-You have your end first.

-Honest. Cross my heart.

-Where did you see this chicken?

-Down by the cement pond.

-Cement pond?

-Uncle Jed, that pond is the fanciest thing you ever did see. Why, there are steps so the cattle can walk right down into it and get a drink. And at one end, there's a lady standing there made out of rock, and she's pouring water of a jar right into that cement pond.

-Go on.

-Well, that's how come that big old pink chicken to get away from me. Flew right over the top of that there right lady, landed in that pond, and swam like an otter. Just flapping them big old pink wings in the water.

-What color did you say that chicken was?

-It's pink.

-Ain't I told you that stuff will stunt your growth?

-Granny, I didn't touch a drop.

-You and me is going to the wood shed.

-Now hold on. Jethro, you swear to be telling the truth?

-So help me Jefferson Davis.

-You take your hat off when you speak of the president.

-Granny, he ain't president no more.

-I'll have no yankee talk in my kitchen.

-Now Jethro, you and me is going back out there and corner that chicken. Granny, you get the fire going. Elly May, you sweep up out front and keep your eyes open for that Ms. Hathaway. I'm counting on her to take you in here and get you the right kind of clothes.

-Pink chicken.

-You there, young man.

-I ain't a young man, but I sure do thank you for thinking so.

-Good heavens, you're a girl.

-Yes.

-I'm Jane Hathaway, executive secretary to Mr. Drysdale. And you I take it are a domestic of some sort, cleaner, house maid. Just what are your duties with Mr. Clamppett.

-Well, he sent me out here to sweep up, but he said you would take me in hand, and get me in the right kind of clothes, and everything.

-Indeed I shall. We have a complete servants wardrobe from chef to chauffeur. Come with me. What in the name of Thomas Chippendale is this? Has Mr. Clamppett

seen this disgraceful and unsightly mound of debris?

-Oh yes, ma'am. This is all his.

-Oh, what-- what charming antiques.

-Just like you said, Jethro. Rock lady throwing water into a cement pond.

-Yes, sir. And over there's where I seen that great big pink chicken. Only thing is it don't sound like a chicken. Makes a kind of hollering noise.

-Reckon you'd make a hollering noise too if you was to lay an egg like that.

-Man oh man. That's what I call an egg.

-Granny won't have to worry about food now. Wait till she cooks this.

-That dang city stove don't draw worth nothing.

-Hey, Granny! Granny look at this egg. What's all this smoke.

-Stove don't work.

-Probably just a stuffed up flue.

-Ain't got a flue. Ain't even got a stovepipe.

-Well, I'll get the shovel and a hoe, and rake it out of there. Now you keep this egg.

-Just like everything else out here. Froze solid.

-Really, my dear, you look quite charming.

-Well, I feel like a [INAUDIBLE].

-Just a moment.

-Yes, I'll be right back.

-Oh, that was my pa.

-I take it he's a gardener.

-Oh, yes ma'am. Pa just can't wait to commence gardening.

-Perfect. However, as though I admire his enthusiasm, I must forbid him access through the main entrance. Now, tell me about the rest of the staff. Is there a chauffeur?

-A what?

-Someone who does the driving?

-Oh, yes ma'am. That's Jethro.

-Course I don't reckon he can stay around very long. He's got to get back to Oxford and go to school.

-Oxford? He attends Oxford University?

-Well he just calls it school. Pa went to school there too.

-Oh yes, old school high. Very proud of those Oxford men.

-Sorry I couldn't stop before. Granny was having trouble in the kitchen.

-Pa, do I have to wear this here stuff that Mrs. Hathaway--

-Now, now. There can be no appeal from Mr. Clampett's orders.

-Thank you, ma'am. Glad to see you taking a firm hand. Elly May, that's right pretty. Makes you look taller.

-She's got me walking on pegs.

-Well run in and show Granny.

-And, uh, get rid of those old clothes, dear. Granny, I presume, is the cook.

-Yes, ma'am, but she ain't to happy about it right now.

-I shall deal with her directly. Now let's see, maid, gardener, cook, chauffeur. Oh, uh, I understand Jethro is an Oxford man.

-You bet he is.

-I'm, uh, quite anxious to meet him.

-Don't blame you. Fine looking young feller. Single too. And he's on the lookout for a girl.

-I'm only interested in the intellectual rapport which I would naturally have with an Oxford man. I presume he went to Eton as a boy.

-If I know Jethro, he went to eating the minute he was born.

-Yes, of course. I suppose his father matriculated him.

-I kind of think maybe it was his ma.

-Oh well. No matter. At any rate, he's an Eton man.

-That he is. As a matter of fact, Jethro won the eating championship.

-Oh marvelous. What was he champion of?

-Eating.

-Yes, I know, but what was it? Cricket?

-Oh no, no. It was craw dad. I don't think even Jethro would eat crickets.

-I was referring to the game.

-Jed! Jed, where's the axe?

-I'll fetch it, Granny. You talk to Ms. Hathaway.

-And just why does cook need an axe?

-I've hit this with everything I could lay a hand to. I even whomped with an iron skillet.

-You are supposed to hit it with a croquet mallet.

-All right. Where is it?

-I don't think I'll tell you. There's a time for work and a time for play. Now then, what are we cooking for Mr. Clampett?

-I don't know what you're cooking him, but if he wants any vittles from me, somebody better shoot a possum.

-Possum?

-You've got a better idea.

-But of course. A nice big fluffy souffle.

-All right. You shoot it, and you skin it.

-You don't even know what a souffle is? What kind of a cook are you?

-I'm a cook with a stove that don't draw, food that's froze solid, chickens that can't be caught, eggs that can't be broke, and a smart alecky sissy woman telling me my business. That's what kind of a cook I am.

-Mind your tongue, little woman. I can have your job!

-You sure can and the sooner the better.

-Jethro's coming and just wait till you see what he's got.

-Thank heaven. Now I have an intelligent conversation.

-Look Granny!

-I caught that big chicken.

-I hope it ain't as tough as its egg.

-That is a flamingo.

-Oh, no ma'am. That's my nephew, Jethro. Jethro, say hello to Ms. Hathaway.

-Hi there, ma'am. Ain't this big dangdest chicken you ever did see?

-You go to school at Oxford?

-Yes, ma'am. I'm in the fifth grade.

-Stop bragging and wring that chicken's neck. Elly May!

-No! Stop, you barbarians. Don't harm one feather of that beautiful bird.

-I've taken just about as much as I'm gonna take from you.

-Yeah, Granny?

-Elly, you get the fire going under the big kettle outdoors.

-Young lady, where is your maid's uniform?

-I ain't gonna wear it.

-Oh yes you are.

-No, I ain't.

-Oh yes, you are if I must subdue you forcefully.

-I wouldn't try that if I were--

MS. HATHAWAY: Let go!

-Tried to tell you.

-Oh, settle on her, Elly.

-Now here, here, Granny. Come on. Let her up. Get off of her.

-You are discharged! All of you! That [INAUDIBLE] they are the most incompetent, insubordinate, belligerent group of domestics it has ever been my misfortune--

-Hathaway!

-[INAUDIBLE] you're just in time to help me take disciplinary action.

-You're fired.

-I've already told them.

-Not them, you. These people are the Clampetts.

MS. HATHAWAY: Clampetts?

-Yes, that's right. Now go back to the office and pick up your severance pay. You are through.

-Now Mr. Drysdale, hold on a spell. I reckon there's been a kind of a misunderstanding. But this little lady has been a right big help to us. Why, she fit in just like one of the family. Matter of fact, her and me is going out hunting. Ain't that right, Ms. Hathaway? Yes. Yep. Jethro, you can take that pink chicken back out to the cement pond. We're going out and shoot us a nice big fluffy base. souffle.