

Anything Goes

Audition Sides and Songs

Contained within this packet are the line reads and vocal selections for the auditions of *Anything Goes*. There is not a read or song for every character with a spoken or singing part in the show. Selections of reads and songs have been chosen for all of the principal characters that highlight specifics of what we are looking for in various roles. This will help the directors place you into a role that you will flourish in. Try to memorize your reads and songs to the best of your ability so that we can see your facial expressions.

If you do not see a read or song for a role you are interested in please make a selection you feel will best highlight the role you wish to receive. Please note that there are multiple reads and songs for some characters. If the character you are interested in has more than one **READ** you should make an effort to learn all of them. If the character you are interested in has more than one **SONG**, you only need to prepare one of your choice for the audition but you may be asked to sing both if you are called back. During the audition the directors may only ask you to read one selection for your particular character but be prepared to read all of the selections for that character. The reads, songs and characters are broken down on the following pages.

Remember: have fun, relax and let your character shine through!

RENO SWEENEY & BILLY CROCKER

SELECTION 1:

6

Act One - Scene 1

WHITNEY. Damn it! I want you down on Wall Street first thing in the morning—
(*Lovers voice*)—to sell all my shares of Amalgamated Prestoleum.

BILLY. Boss, the firm's entire assets are tied up in Amalgamated.

WHITNEY. I got a hot tip from Charlie Blodgett.
Amalgamated's going to sink like the Titanic.

BILLY. You told me Charlie Blodgett is a liar and a drunk.

WHITNEY. He is. But he's a Yale man. (*Music stops.*)

FRED. One for the road, sir?

WHITNEY. Make it a double. (*FRED hands him two bottles of gin*) Goodnight, gentlemen.

WHITNEY exits.

BILLY. Anybody call for me, Fred?

FRED. (*Reading from a pad*) Harriet, Nancy, Lorraine—two Lorraines—

BILLY. How about a Hope? Hope Harcourt.

FRED. Nope. But there was a lady came in asking for you.

RENO SWEENEY enters.

RENO. He's wrong, Billy. It was only me.

BILLY. Reno! Oh, my God! We had a date—

RENO. That's O.K. I'd say forget it, but you already did.

BILLY. Reno, I'm sorry. My boss is going to London in the morning.
I had to do a thousand things for him.

RENO. I'm going to London in the morning.
All you had to do for me was buy me a drink.

FRED. What'll it be, Ma'am?

RENO. A Martini—only make it with rye and put a cherry in it instead of an olive.

Underscore resumes.

BILLY. Two Manhattans, Fred.

RENO. You know, I'm getting worried about you, Billy.
I'm not sure this Wall Street job is good for you.

BILLY. Hey, I'm making thirty-five dollars a week!

AGV - Prompt Book

START
BILLY

START
RENO

RENO. Yeah, but look at you. Look at your coat.

BILLY. What's the matter with my coat?

RENO. It's got a fried egg on the pocket.

BILLY. That's an old school crest.

RENO. From where? P.S. 88? You're in trouble, kid.
If you keep acting like a stuffed shirt stockbroker, you're going to turn into one.

BILLY. Why do I put up with this, Fred?

RENO. You're nuts about me. In fact, I've got a great idea.
Why don't you come to London with me?

BILLY. Reno, be serious.

RENO. I am serious. England won't be the same without you.

BILLY. Guys like me are a dime a dozen. You won't miss me over there.

Music: Attacca.

STOP

I Get A Kick Out Of You

(Reno)

See p. 73

RENO. Why are the cute ones always so dumb?

My story is much too sad to be told,
But practic'ly ev'rything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
When I'm out on a quiet spree
Fighting vainly the old enemy,
And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

I get no kick from champagne,
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true,
That I get a kick out of you?

Some get a kick from cocaine,
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrific'ly too.
Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick ev'ry time I see
You're standing there before me.
I get a kick though it's clear to me
You obviously don't adore me.

SELECTION 2:

19

ACT ONE – SCENE 3

On deck, that evening. PASSENGERS cross, including an OLD LADY in a wheelchair, wearing a hat with veil. BILLY enters, followed by the PURSER, who sounds a small gong.

PURSER. Last seating for supper. Last seating for supper.

BILLY. Excuse me, Purser, I'm looking for Miss Hope Harcourt.
Is she in the dining room?

PURSER. She and Lord Oakleigh were down for the eight o'clock seating, Mr. uh ...

BILLY. Cleaners. Murray Hill Cleaners.

PURSER. *(Suspiciously)* Murray Hill Cleaners?

BILLY. I mean Flowers. Nuts!

PURSER. What is your name, sir?

RENO enters.

RENO. Billy Crocker!

BILLY. *(Waves to offstage)* Hey, Billy, good to see you!

BILLY turns his back on the PURSER, who eyes him suspiciously.

RENO. You came after all! *(BILLY grunts, indicating the PURSER)*
I didn't see you come aboard! Where you been hiding?
(BILLY grunts again) How'd you get a ticket? *(BILLY really grunts)*
Oh, you're sore at me for last night. Listen, Billy—

BILLY grabs RENO, kisses her and holds her in the embrace, eyeing the PURSER until the PURSER exits. Then BILLY releases RENO.

You're not sore at me for last night. Hell, you should be—I was out of line.

BILLY. Forget it, Reno.

RENO. No, no. It's your love life. If you're satisfied with second best, forget about me and go after Miss Fantastic.

BILLY. I did. She's on the boat.

RENO. Fantastic.

BILLY. Reno, I'm in a mess. I'm gonna lose my job, my boss is gonna lose his shirt—all because of some damned dame!

START →

RENO. She must be some damned dame.

BILLY. She is. You're gonna love her, Reno. Her name's Hope. Hope Harcourt.

RENO. Hope Harcourt?! The debutante Hope Harcourt?! The one who came out on a Zeppelin?! The one who chases foxes on the cover of Life?!

BILLY. (*Defiantly*) What are you saying—she's out of my league?

RENO. Billy!

BILLY. Hell, maybe she is.

RENO. Billy—

BILLY. No, no, I can see it now. Guys like me deliver her groceries, they don't walk her down the aisle. Besides, she's engaged—to some English guy. An earl or something.

RENO. Billy, we've been friends forever, right? (*BILLY nods, still dejected*) So friend to friend, lemme ask you something— (*Going after him*) Where the hell's the old Crocker confidence?! You think some tea bag can compete with you? You think he's got one tiny fraction of your brains, your looks, your ... your ...

STOP →

No. 6

You're The Top

(Reno & Billy)

See p. 81

RENO.

All words poetic, I'm so pathetic
That I always have found it best,
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,
To let 'em rest unexpressed.
I hate parading
My serenading
As I'll probably miss a bar,
But if this ditty
Is not so pretty
At least I'll tell you
How great you are.

You're the top!
You're the Coliseum.
You're the top!
You're the Louvr' Museum.
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss.
You're a Bendel bonnet
A Shakespeare sonnet,
You're Mickey Mouse.
You're the Niie
You're the Tow'r of Pisa,
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa.

SELECTION 3:

START →

I get no kick in a plane,
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do.
Yet I get a kick out of you.

BILLY. Aw hell, Reno, there's something I've got to tell you.

RENO. Yeah?

BILLY. I'm in love.

RENO. I'm in cabin thirteen.

BILLY. Come on, Reno—not with you. I'm in love with a girl. God, she's fantastic! She's so fantastic she won't even talk to me! That's why I can't go to London. I've got to stay here and—

RENO. Oh, so that's it, eh? All this time you were just giving me the run-around.

BILLY. The runaround?

RENO. You had me thinking you wanted to marry me!

BILLY. How could you think that? I always treated you with respect.

RENO. Exactly. Did you ever try to get me drunk? No. Did you ever ask me up to your apartment to look at your etchings? No. We've been in a taxi dozens of times, and did you ever once grope? No. Not one lousy grope. You shouldn't have led me on like that if you didn't mean it!

BILLY. Reno, I never meant to mislead you.

RENO. The hell you didn't! You never even laid a hand on me, and I'm not used to men treating me like that!

BILLY exits.

STOP →

No. 3a ~~I Get A Kick Out Of You (Reprise)~~ See p. 75

(Reno)

RENO. (Wistfully)

~~I get no kick in a plane,
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do.
Yet I get a kick out of you.~~

The set begins to change. Music continues, attracti.

Reno Start
17-14

"Anything Goes"

Musical staff 12-15 in G major, 4/4 time. Lyrics: Any shock they should try to stem, 'Stead of land-ing on

Musical staff 15-17. Lyrics: Ply-mouth Rock, Ply-mouth Rock would land on them. In

In tempo—relaxed two (♩=108)

Musical staff 18-20. Lyrics: old - en days, a glimpse of stock - ing Was looked on as some-thing shock-

Musical staff 21-25. Lyrics: - ing, But now, God knows, — An-y-thing goes. — Good

Musical staff 26-28. Lyrics: auth-ors too who once knew bet - ter words Now on - ly use four-let-

Musical staff 29-33. Lyrics: - ter words writ-ing prose, — An-y-thing goes. The world has gone

Musical staff 34-36. Lyrics: mad to-day, — And good's bad to-day, — And black's white to-day, — And day's

Musical staff 37-39. Lyrics: night to-day, — When most guys to-day — that wo-men prize to-day, — Are just

Musical staff 40-43. Lyrics: sil-ly gig - o - los. — So though I'm not a great ro-manc - er, I

End

"Blow, Gabriel, Blow"

Reno
Start
16-48

11 *poco rit.* 12 13 14
Ga - bri-el, Ga - bri-el say-in', "Will you be read-y to go when I blow my

A tempo (♩=120) 15 16 17 18 19 20
horn?" — Oh, blow, — Ga - bri-el, blow — Go on and

21 22 23 24 25
blow, — Ga - bri-el, blow. — I've been a sin-ner, I've

26 27 28 29
been a scamp, But now I'm will-in' to trim my lamp, So blow — Ga -

30 31 32 33 34
— bri - el, blow! — I was low, — Ga - bri - el,

35 36 37 38 39 40
low — Might - y low, — Ga - bri - el, low. — But

41 42 43 44
now since I have seen the light, I'm good by day and I'm good by night, So

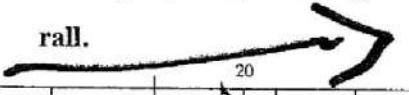
45 46 47 48 50 51
blow, — Ga - bri-el, blow. — Once I was — head - ed for hell —

End

Billy
Start
21-52



dore you, dear, But grant me, just the same, I'm not en-
rall.



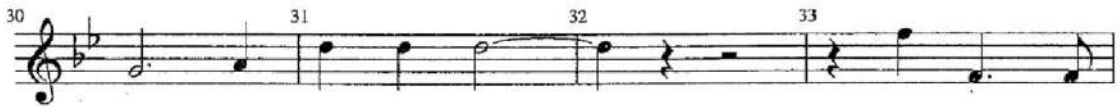
Easy two (♩=60)



- tire - ly to blame, for You'd be so eas - y to



love, So eas - y to i - do - lize, all oth - ers a - bove. So



sweet to wak - en with, So nice to



sit down to eggs and ba - con with. We'd be so



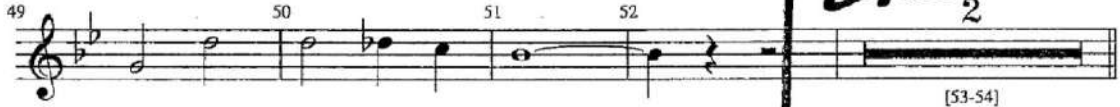
grand at the game, So care - free to - geth - er, That it does seem a

Freely



shame, That you can't see Your fu - ture with me, 'Cause you'd be

A tempo



oh, so eas - y to love.

[53-54]

No. 11

It's De-lovely

(Billy & Hope)

Cue: HOPE: And now it's raining!

OLD LADY: (BILLY in disguise) Things don't look that bad to me.

Freely

BILLY Dictated

Billy
start →

1-24

The night is young,— the skies are clear,— And
if you want— to go walk-ing, dear,— It's de - light - ful,— it's de -
- li - cious,— it's de - love - ly.— I un - der - stand. the
reas - on why— You're sen - ti - men - tal, 'cause so am I,— It's de -
- light - ful,— it's de - li - cious,— it's de - love - ly.—
(OLD LADY removes her disguise, revealing BILLY.)
You can tell at a glance— What a swell night— this
is for ro-mance, You can hear dear Moth-er Na-ture mur - mur-ing
low, "Let your-self go." So please be sweet,— my chick-a-dee,— And
when I kiss— you, just say to me,— "It's de - light - ful,— it's de -

HOPE HARCOURT

START

Act One - Scene 3

23

HOPE. But the sea's as flat as a pancake, dear.

EVELYN. Please, Hope, I wish you wouldn't mention food just now.

HOPE. Sorry. I'll go get you a Bromo.

*HOPE pats EVELYN'S shoulder and starts off.
BILLY enters and casually passes HOPE.*

BILLY. Hi, Hope, how ya doin'?

HOPE. Hello, Billy ... Billy!

BILLY. You know, you're beautiful when you're about to faint.

HOPE. *(Thrilled)* Billy, I didn't know you were sailing!

BILLY. I didn't either.

HOPE. Then what are you doing here?

BILLY. I'm selling life preservers.
Hope, I stowed away to be with you. I couldn't let you go.

HOPE. Oh, Billy ...

HOPE and BILLY reach out to each other. EVELYN groans.

Oh! Billy, this is my fiancé, Evelyn Oakleigh.

~~BILLY. *(Grabbing Evelyn's hand and pumping her wrist)* Billy Crutcher, I missed this!~~

~~EVELYN. Forgive me, I'm afraid I rather overdid it in the dining room.~~

BILLY. Me too! Did you have the sweetbreads? Best brains I ever ate!

EVELYN blanches.

HOPE. Billy—

BILLY. I've never seen them served that way before, with jellied eels and headcheese.

HOPE. Billy, stop it!

EVELYN. Night all!

EVELYN dashes off.

HOPE. Billy, was that fair?

BILLY. Fair? I find you standing here in the moonlight with him.
I didn't shoot him, I didn't push him overboard, I thought I was more than fair!

HOPE. You're being terribly bad, Billy. Why, we hardly know each other.

BILLY. Hardly know each other?

HOPE. We met one night at a party. We danced, had a little too much wine. We took a little spin around the park.

BILLY. You call five hours in the back of taxi a little spin?

HOPE. Four hours.

BILLY. Five. Remember, you fell asleep after we—

HOPE. I remember!

BILLY. And then I took you to that little cafe down by the docks.

HOPE. We had breakfast as the sun came up.

BILLY. We talked about going to California, getting a little bungalow, raising orange trees—

HOPE. Raising kids ... Oh, Billy, that was a fantasy. Things like that just aren't done.

BILLY. Yeah, I guess you're right ...

Music in.

No. 7

Easy To Love

(Billy)

See p. 26

BILLY. Me and you—who am I kidding?

(Sung) I know too well that I'm
Just wasting precious time
In thinking such a thing could be
That you could ever care for me.

I'm sure you hate to hear
That I adore you, dear
But grant me, just the same,
I'm not entirely to blame, for
You'd be so easy to love,
So easy to idolize, all others above.

So sweet to waken with,
So nice to sit down to eggs and bacon with.
We'd be so grand at the game.
So carefree together that it does seem a shame.

'De-Lovely

Hope
56-79

49 spar us all the pain, Just skip the darn thing and sing the re-frain.

53 **Start** **in tempo, easy two**

54 Mi, mi, mi, mi, Re, re, re, re, Do, sol, mi, do, la, si. The

57 night is young, the skies are clear,— And if you want to go

60 walk-ing, dear,— It's de-light-ful,— it's de-li-cious, it's de-love-ly.—

64 I un-der-stand the rea-son why— You're sen-ti-men-tal,'cause

68 so am I,— It's de-light-ful,— it's de-li-cious,— it's de-

71 -love-ly.— You can tell at a glance— What a

75 swell night— this is for ro-mance,— You can hear dear Moth-er

78 Na-ture mur-mur-ing low,— **End** "Let your-self go!"

MOONFACE MARTIN (MOON)

SELECTION 1:

Act One - Scene 2

15

ERMA. You don't suppose the cops nabbed him! Oh, my God!
I gotta find him! (*Heading off*) Snake Eyes! Oh, Snake Eyes!

MOON. (*Urgent whisper*) Would you keep it down?!
We're trying to make a getaway here—

ERMA. Snake Eyes!

As ERMA exits, MOON'S violin case falls open and a Tommy gun falls out.

MOON. Whoops, my Straddlevarious!

The MINISTER enters.

MINISTER. Ah!

MOON. Whoa!

MOON jams the Tommy gun back into the violin case.

MINISTER. A fellow cleric! Allow me to present myself, Doctor.
The Reverend Henry T. Dobson. Are you on your way to the Conference?

MOON. Actually, I thought I'd go to bed early tonight.

MINISTER. I mean the Westminster Conference.

MOON. No. You see, I'm not a West Minister—I'm really more in the East—

MINISTER. What is your field, Doctor?

MOON. Why I'm a sort of a—kind of a—missionary.

MINISTER. Missionary! Where?

MOON. Way out in China—

MINISTER. China!

MOON. Way, way out in China!

MINISTER. I've served in China for years!

MOON. Well, I wasn't exactly in China—you see I was more—

MINISTER. Oh, I see—you were in Indo China.

MOON. That's it, I was in Indoor China. And you were in—

MOON & MINISTER. Outdoor China!

AGV - Prompt Book

START →

MOON and the MINISTER chuckle.

MINISTER. We'll have lots to talk about.

The MINISTER says a few words in Chinese.

MOON. I don't know, but I think it's downstairs.

BILLY and the F.B.I. AGENTS enter.

BILLY. There he is!

*MOON throws his hands in the air
but BILLY has pointed at the real MINISTER.*

F.B.I. AGENTS. F.B.I.! Gotcha, Moon!

The AGENTS seize the MINISTER as LUKE and JOHN enter.

MINISTER. Take your hands off me this instant! I am the Reverend Henry T. Dobson!

*BILLY throws a suspicious glance at MOON, who still has his hands up.
MOON starts doing calisthenics. The CAPTAIN enters as the AGENTS
hustle the MINISTER down the gangplank and BILLY heads into the bar.*

JOHN. Reverend! Reverend! *(The MINISTER gives a last strangled cry as he disappears)*
Oh my God! He's gone! There's nobody to lead us not into temptation!
What're we going to do?! What're we going to do?!

LUKE. *(To JOHN)* Excuse me. *(To CAPTAIN)* Captain, is there a casino on this ship?

CAPTAIN. Why, no.

LUKE. There is now!

*LUKE pulls out a deck of cards, does an expert "waterfall"
and races off, followed by JOHN.*

JOHN. Brother Luke! Brother Luke! Brother Luke!

*The CAPTAIN exits. BILLY enters from the bar,
followed by an irate WHITNEY.*

BILLY. I just wanted to say "Bon Voyage" to the lady, Boss.

WHITNEY. You'll be saying "Bon Voyage" to your job, Crocker,
unless you get the hell off this boat!

*A blast from the stacks; WHITNEY stalks back into the bar.
ERMA enters, holding a ticket and a passport.
The SAILORS stop what they're doing and stare at her.*

SELECTION 2:

ACT TWO – SCENE 4

*The brig. Early morning. MOON is singing.
BILLY is pacing. The PURSER enters with LUKE and JOHN.*

PURSER. Come on—get in there, you two. And behave yourselves.

The PURSER opens the cell door and shoves in the CHINESE.

MOON. Hey, what's goin' on?!

PURSER. They'll only be in for an hour. They cleaned out third class playing craps and some folks are pretty hot about it.

BILLY. What about us? When are we getting out?!

The PURSER slams the cell door and exits.

JOHN moans and turns on LUKE.

JOHN. I knew this would happen. I hope you're satisfied!

JOHN starts to cry loudly. LUKE sulks.

MOON puts his arm around JOHN's shoulder.

MOON. You know you're problem, kid? You ain't got no philosophy—

MOON starts to sing.

There's an old Australian bush song—

BILLY. Would you forget about that! What time is it?

MOON. *(Squints at his watch)* Half past.

BILLY. Half past what?

MOON. I dunno, I lost the little hand.

~~BILLY. The wedding starts at nine. I've gotta get out of here.~~

RENO enters, carrying a bottle of champagne.

RENO. Hey, you bums!

MOON & BILLY. Reno!

RENO. Boys, I got fabulous news
The greatest thing that can happen to a person just happened to me.

MOON. You got paroled!

BILLY. Nah, she's in love!

RENO. And what's more, Evelyn's in love with me!

BILLY. That's great! In fact, it's perfect!

MOON. Yeah! You marry Evelyn, Billy marries Hope—that only leaves one problem.

BILLY. What's that?

START

MOON. How shall I put it? (*Shakes the bars*) Lemme out! Lemme out! Lemme out!

BILLY. Reno, we've got to think of something!

MOON. If only we were Chinese ...

RENO. Chinese?

MOON. They're gettin' out in an hour.

RENO *looks at* BILLY. BILLY *looks at* RENO.
BOTH *look at* MOON. They *all* smile.

MOON. (*To* LUKE *and* JOHN) Say, ol' buddies, how about a little game of poker?

LUKE. Sure!

JOHN. (*Smugly*) He can't play cards. The Purser took his money.

MOON. That's O.K.—we'll play strip poker.

I lose, I take off all my clothes. You lose—

JOHN *shrieks*.

JOHN. Purser! Purser!

RENO. (*To* JOHN) Pardon me. Your shoe's untied.

JOHN *looks down*. RENO *bops him on the head*
with the champagne bottle. *To* MOON:

Your deal.

MOON. (*Dealing cards*) O.K. Billy, you're high, what do you bet?

BILLY. I bet my coat.

MOON. Do you stay coat?

LUKE. I stay coat.

MOON. You stay coat?

RENO. I stay coat.

MOON. (*Dealing more cards*) I stay coat. We all stay coat.
(*To* LUKE) You're high, what do you bet?

LUKE. I bet pants.

MOON. Do you call pants?

RENO. I call pants.

MOON. Do you call pants?

BILLY. I call pants.

MOON. Calling all pants. Calling all pants! Calling all pants!

No. 20b

Scene Change: Bon Voyage

(Orchestra)

See p. 128

STOP →

No. 18 Be Like The Blue Bird

(Moon)

Cue: MOON: It's like Dillinger once told me: "Remember, it's always darkest just before they turn on the lights."

Noonface
Start →
1-17

Andante
Pno. (quasi Harp) **MOON**

There's an old Aus-tra-lian bush song That Mel-ba used to sing, A

song that al-ways cheered me when I was blue. Ev-en Mel-ba said this bush song Was a

hell-uv-a song to sing, So be qui-et whilst I ren-der it for you. When your

Andantino

in - stinct tells you that dis - as - ter Is ap-proach-ing you fast - er and

Ad lib.

fast - er, Then be like the blue-bird and sing "Tweet tweet tra-

End

A tempo

- la - la - la - la - la." When you know you're head-ed for the jail-er Don't al-

EVELYN OAKLEIGH

ACT ONE – SCENE 6

Evelyn's stateroom. EVELYN is standing in front of a mirror, his back to the door, dressed only in his BVDs. He is strapping on a broadsword. A knock.

EVELYN. Come in.

The PURSER enters.

PURSER. Did you ring, sir?

EVELYN. Yes, you might bring me my tea, please. And step in it.

PURSER. I'm sorry, sir?

EVELYN. I mean, sit on it.

PURSER. *(Frowning)* Sir?

EVELYN. Blast! Bring it right away, will you?

PURSER. Yes, sir. I'll step on it.

The PURSER exits.

EVELYN. Step on it? Makes no sense at all.

(EVELYN turns back to the mirror. Another knock) Come in.

(RENO enters) I say, you Yanks are fast. Just put it down on the bed, will you. I really wanted it before I started to dress. I hope it's good and hot.

RENO. Nobody's complained yet.

EVELYN. *(Turning, embarrassed)* Dear me! I thought it was the man with my tea!

RENO. What were you going to do if it was cold, cut off his head?

EVELYN. *(Pulling on a robe)* Oh, you mean Excalibur. Old family heirloom. Mother Harcourt wants me to wear it for the wedding. You know, it's odd. The old beezers as taken with things English as I am with things American.

RENO. Well, I'm glad you feel that way, because this American certainly feels gaga about you.

EVELYN. Gaga? I'm not sure I follow.

RENO. *(Caressing his neck)* Does this make it any clearer?

EVELYN. *Marvelous! (Picks up notebook, writes)*
"To feel 'gaga' about a person means to rub his neck ..."

RENO. You don't understand. I mean you do things to me ...

EVELYN. Do things to you?

RENO. I mean you send me.

EVELYN. Send you where?

RENO. One look at you and I get hot pants.

EVELYN. Dear me, would a bit of ice do any good?

RENO. Evie, "hot pants" means that I'm crazy about you.

EVELYN. "Hot pants" means you're crazy about me?! Smashing! Because I think you're the absolute rat's pyjamas! *(RENO laughs)* I say, is something funny?

~~RENO. Yeah, but it's also kinda funny.~~

MOON enters.

MOON. Ah, ha! What's going on here? So this is what I find!
You beast, you despoiler of innocent girlhood. Look at this poor child,
her clothes torn off by your fiendish attack, standing there in her nakedness.
(MOON looks at RENO) There's something wrong here.

EVELYN. There's nothing wrong here.

RENO. Hey, hold on, Moonface—

MOON. No! Stand back! I'll not permit this British Lion to twist American
womanhood by the tail. Do you think your girlfriend will marry you after this?
And don't think she won't know, because I'm going to tell her!

EVELYN. Oh, do! Only make it a bit thicker. She does complain that I lack fervor.

MOON. Now wait a minute, buster.
You're not taking the right attitude. I'm a dangerous man.

EVELYN. Go on, Padre. You're an old sweetheart and you know it.

MOON. O.K., you asked for it. I'm gonna prove to you I'm a desperate character.
Do you mind waiting a minute? Now wait right here. I won't be long.

MOON exits.

EVELYN. You know, I've noticed that these clergy sometimes go a bit off!

RENO. Aw, Evelyn. There's something I've got to tell you. This was a set-up.

EVELYN. A set-up?

EVELYN looks puzzled, begins flipping through the notebook.

RENO. We were going to frame you.

EVELYN. Frame me?

RENO. He was supposed to bust in and catch us in a—
(RENO points to the word in EVELYN'S notebook) —clinch.

EVELYN. I say, do you mean he thought I'd make love to you?

RENO. That was the idea.

EVELYN. Oh, that is exciting! You mean you, and me—

MOON enters with his Tommy gun.

MOON. You see? Now I guess you realize how serious this is!

RENO. Moon, are you nuts! Put that thing away!

MOON. No.

RENO. Put it down!

EVELYN. It's all right, Padre. You thought I would take advantage of Miss Sweeney here and you came to her rescue and I admire you for it. I really admire you enormously! What's the expression? (*Snaps fingers*) I've got hot pants for you!

MOON. You keep away from me or I'll shoot!

Blackout.

No. 10a

Chaser: Friendship
(Orchestra)

2/27/11

STOP →

No. 20

The Gypsy In Me

(Evelyn)

Cue: EVELYN: Miss Sweeney, I've never told this to anyone before.

Andante con moto (♩=138)

EVELYN: It's the Oakleigh family secret. There's something dark and savage in our blood. In mine especially. *Safety vamp* (Voice last time)

1
Orch.
5 EVELYN

Long, long a-go,

6 7 8 9

So long a-go I hard-ly know when, My great-great-grand-moth-er Now and

10 11 12 13

then Stepped out with a gyp-sy.— Of course you will say she was

14 15 16 17

A lit - tle bit tip - sy, — But tip-sy, no, no,

18 19 20 21

Of their love there was-n't a doubt So I can't wait to get the

Colla voce

Ad lib.

Tempo di Rhumba (♩=144)

22 23 24 25 26

stage all set So I can let the gyp - sy in me out.

27 28 29 30 31

Hid-ing a-way — There's a lit-tle bit of gyp-sy in — me —

32 33 34 35 36

That's nev - er been found, — Wait-ing its day. —

37 38 39 40 41

There's a lit-tle bit of gyp-sy in — me — Just hang-ing a-round —

End

Lord Evelyn start 2741

ERMA

ACT ONE - SCENE 4

*Lights up on Whitney's stateroom.
A table is set for a romantic supper for two.
WHITNEY sings to himself and pops the cork from a bottle of champagne.*

No. 8

The Crew Song

(Whitney)

See p. 89

WHITNEY. I want to row on the crew, mama
That's the thing I want to do, mama
To be known throughout Yale as I walk about it
Get a boil on my tail and then talk about it.

WHITNEY picks up the phone. Music continues under dialogue.

Operator, get me stateroom 1516, Mrs. Evangeline Harcourt.

WHITNEY takes a sip of champagne.

Evangeline! It's Eli! Eli Whitney! Listen, I just had a swell idea.
I'm all alone down here and you're all alone up there—at least I hope you are,
heh, heh ... so what? Who cares what time it is, my turtle dove? I think of you,
and time stands still. Why, your face alone would stop a clock.

Pause. WHITNEY listens.

Hello? ... Must be on her way!

I'd like to be a big bloke, mama
And learn that new Argentine stroke, mama
You'll see your slim son
Putting crimps in the crimson
When I row on the varsity crew.

*Lights go down on Whitney's cabin, come up on the adjacent cabin.
MOON sits on the lower berth, Tommy gun at his side, dealing out
hands of cards. ERMA is slipping into a slinky cocktail dress.*

ERMA. Listen to that squawking!
Sounds like castor oil night at Alcatraz. Zip me up, will ya, Moonie?

MOON. Where d'ya think you're going?

ERMA. The boiler room.
A certain sailor is going to show me the finer points of stoking.

MOON. You're not goin' anywhere. With your big mouth,
you could land us both in Sing-Sing. Sit down, we're gonna play cards.

ERMA. I don't wanna play cards!

START



MOON picks up the gun and trains it on ERMA, who "humphs" and picks up a hand of cards.

ERMA. Got any fours?

MOON. Go fish. *(A knock on the door. MOON grabs the gun)* Who is it?

BILLY. *(From outside the cabin)* It's me, Billy.

MOON. Hang on! I'm saying my prayers! *(Urgently, to ERMA)* I'm saying my prayers—

ERMA. *(As MOON wrestles the gun into the violin case)* Art's father, who art in heaven ...
Halloween's my name ... The Kingfish comes, de-dum-de-dum ...
On earth as in New Haven!

STOP

MOON & ERMA. Amen!

MOON. Come in, my son— *(BILLY enters, looking dejected)* Pull up a pew.

BILLY. Thanks, I've got to lay low for awhile.
I don't think the Purser believes I'm Murray Hill Flowers.

MOON. You seem troubled. Perhaps I can assist you in some way.

BILLY. I don't think a minister can help me, Doc.
The girl I'm in love with is going to marry another guy.

MOON. I could kill the other guy.

A burst of raucous song from Whitney's cabin.

WHITNEY'S VOICE.
When I row on the varsity crew!

BILLY. That's my boss! If he sees me on this ship, I'm dead!

MOON. I'll bet he couldn't see you if I swiped his glasses.

BILLY. I don't know what church you belong to, Doc, but you're a hell of a Christian.

No. 8a

Crew Move #1

See p. 89

(Orchestra)

MOON exits into the corridor. Lights up on Whitney's cabin.
WHITNEY is splashing on cologne.
Lights down on Moon's cabin as MOON knocks at Whitney's door.

WHITNEY. Just a moment, my pet! ... The game's afoot!
(Takes a swig of cologne, smooths his hair, takes his glasses off and opens the door)
Entrez-vous, mon petit cabbage. *(MOON enters)* My dear, you look ravishing!

No. 21

Buddie, Beware

(Erma & Sailors - Male Quartet)

Cue: ERMA: Who needs it? SAILORS: We do! ERMA: Yeah?

Andantino, very slow

1 *Orch.* 2 ERMA 3 4 5

Bud-die, be-ware, ———— Bud-die, bet-ter take care. ————

6 7 8 9

— Though at heart I'm a pearl, — I'm a dif - fi-cult girl, — So bud-die, be-ware..

10 11 12 13

When I go to a show, ———— I pre-fer the first row. ————

14 15 16 17

— When in-vit-ed to dine, — I can't eat with-out wine, — So, bud-die, be-ware. —

18 19 20 21

— Dur-ing Christ-mas hol - i-days — I de-vel-op tak-ing ways, —

22 23 24 25

And I'm not at all an-ti — pret-ty things San-ty — brings from Car-ti-er's..

26 27 28 29

Your de-vo-tion I prize — But you must re-al - ize, my boy, —

30 31 32 33

Oth-er girls' lux-u - ries are my ne-ces - si - ties. So bud-die, be-ware. —

Stop time

16

11

4

ERM

[5-50]

[51-61]

[60-69]

Bud - die, be-ware,

Erma Start 10.75

JEW

Erma Start

ELISHA WHITNEY

*****Note: There are two separate scenes for Elisha Whitney, one scene with another character and one where he is on the phone. PLEASE CONSIDER THESE 2 SCENES AS ONE SELECTION DURING YOUR PREPARATIONS (YOU WILL BE ASKED TO READ BOTH) *****

No. 1

Overture
(Orchestra)

See p. 73

ACT I – SCENE 1

No. 2

Underscore: Buddie, Beware
(Orchestra)

See p. 73

*A Manhattan bar. ELISHA J. WHITNEY is sitting at the bar.
He drains his Martini and waves to FRED, the bartender.*

START

WHITNEY. You sure Crocker hasn't called?
He was supposed to meet me here half an hour ago.

FRED. Another drink while you're waiting, Mr. Whitney?

WHITNEY. (*Indignantly*) Please. Seven's my limit.

FRED. Hear you're off to England, Mr. Whitney.

WHITNEY. Big stuff, Fred. The biggest.

FRED. Business, huh?

WHITNEY. Henley Regatta. Boot the Yale boat home.

*Music stops. BILLY CROCKER enters, carrying a J. Press shopping bag.
As WHITNEY sings, BILLY stands at attention and places
his hand over his heart.*

WHITNEY. (*Cont'd*)
Bulldog, bulldog
Bow wow wow
Eli Yale!

BILLY. Play ball!

WHITNEY. Crocker! Where the hell have you been?! (*Underscore resumes.*)
You're a half hour late!

BILLY. Relax, Boss, I've been taking care of business. (*Handing envelopes to WHITNEY*)
I've got your steamer ticket. English money. Train ticket up to Henley—
(*BILLY takes a stuffed bulldog out of the shopping bag; it wears a Yale pullover*)
And I picked Little Eli up at J. Press. New letter sweater looks terrific!

WHITNEY. What about my passport?

BILLY. Nuts! I'm sorry, Boss.
I'll pick it up first thing in the morning, bring it to you on the boat.

WHITNEY. Damn it! I want you down on Wall Street first thing in the morning—
(*Lowers voice*)—to sell all my shares of Amalgamated Prestoleum.

BILLY. Boss, the firm's entire assets are tied up in Amalgamated.

WHITNEY. I got a hot tip from Charlie Blodgett.
Amalgamated's going to sink like the Titanic.

BILLY. You told me Charlie Blodgett is a liar and a drunk.

WHITNEY. He is. But he's a Yale man. (*Music stops.*)

FRED. One for the road, sir?

WHITNEY. Make it a double. (*FRED hands him two bottles of gin*) Goodnight, gentlemen.

WHITNEY exits.

BILLY. Anybody call for me, Fred?

FRED. (*Reading from a pad*) Harriet, Nancy, Lorraine—two Lorraines—

BILLY. How about a Hope? Hope Harcourt.

FRED. Nope. But there was a lady came in asking for you.

RENO SWEENEY enters.

RENO. He's wrong, Billy. It was only me.

BILLY. Reno! Oh, my God! We had a date—

RENO. That's O.K. I'd say forget it, but you already did.

BILLY. Reno, I'm sorry. My boss is going to London in the morning.
I had to do a thousand things for him.

RENO. I'm going to London in the morning.
All you had to do for me was buy me a drink.

FRED. What'll it be, Ma'am?

RENO. A Martini—only make it with rye and put a cherry in it instead of an olive.

Underscore resumes.

BILLY. Two Manhattans, Fred.

RENO. You know, I'm getting worried about you, Billy.
I'm not sure this Wall Street job is good for you.

BILLY. Hey, I'm making thirty-five dollars a week!

ACT ONE – SCENE 4

Lights up on Whitney's stateroom.

A table is set for a romantic supper for two.

WHITNEY sings to himself and pops the cork from a bottle of champagne.

No. 8

The Crew Song

See p. 89

(Whitney)

~~WHITNEY. I want to row on the crew, mama
That's the thing I want to do, mama
To be known throughout Yale as I walk about it
Get a bon on my tail and then talk about it.~~

WHITNEY picks up the phone. Music continues under dialogue.

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WHITNEY takes a swig of champagne.

Evangeline! It's Eli! Eli Whitney! Listen, I just had a swell idea.
I'm all alone down here and you're all alone up there—at least I hope you are,
heh, heh ... so what? Who cares what time it is, my turtle dove? I think of you,
and time stands still. Why, your face alone would stop a clock.

Pause. WHITNEY listens.

Hello? ... Must be on her way!

~~I'd like to be a big bloke, mama
And learn that new Argentine stroke, mama
You'll see your slim son
Putting crimps in the crimson
When I row on the varsity crew.~~

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Sounds like castor oil night at Alcatraz. Zip me up, will ya, Moonie?

MOON. Where d'ya think you're going?

ERMA. The boiler room.
A certain sailor is going to show me the finer points of stoking.

MOON. You're not goin' anywhere. With your big mouth,
you could land us both in Sing-Sing. Sit down, we're gonna play cards.

ERMA. I don't wanna play cards!

No. 8

The Crew Song

(Whitney)

Cue: (After blackout, music segues as lights come up on Whitney's stateroom.)

Tempo di Valse (♩ = 72)

9-29

Orch. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

WHITNEY *start* 10 11 12 13 14

I want to row on the crew, ma - ma, That's the thing I want to

15 16 17 18 19

do, ma - ma. To be known through - out Yale as I walk a - bout it.

20 21 22 23 24

— Get a boil on my tail and then talk a - bout it.

On cue, segue to bar 57:

WHITNEY: Why, your face alone would stop a clock.

Cue: WHITNEY: ... Must be on her way!

32 57 58

[25-56] Orch.

WHITNEY 59 60 61 62 63 64

I'd like to be a big bloke, ma - ma, And learn that new Ar - gen - tine

65 66 67 *poco rall.* 68 69

stroke, ma - ma. You'll see your slim son put - ting crimps in the

70 71 *A tempo* 72 73 74 32

[75-106]

crim - son When I row on the var - si - ty crew! —

No. 8a

Crew Move #1 (tacet)

(Orchestra)

No. 8b

Crew Move #2 (tacet)

(Orchestra)