

GUYS & DOLLS

OVERTURE

ACT I
Scene 1 – Broadway

Song – Runyonland

*A variety of people cross, all doing their thing in New York City.
At the end, Benny, Nicely Johnson, and Rusty Charlie group together, each with a
scratch sheet.*

Song – Fugue for Tinhorns

NICELY: *(Singing)* I GOT THE HORSE RIGHT HERE
THE NAME IS PAUL REVERE
AND HERE'S A GUY THAT SAYS
IF THE WEATHER'S CLEAR
CAN DO, CAN DO.
THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE CAN DO
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE CAN DO,
CAN DO, CA DO.

NICELY:
CAN DO,
CAN DO.
THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE
CAN DO

BENNY:
I'M PICKIN' VALENTINE,
'CAUSE ON THE MORNING LINE
THE GUY HAS GOT HIM FIGURED
AT FIVE TO NINE

NICELY:
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE
CAN DO,
CAN DO,
CAN DO.

BENNY:
HAS CHANCE,
HAS CHANCE,
THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE
HAS CHANCE

RUSTY:
BUT LOOK AT EPITAPH
HE WINS IT BY A HALF,
ACCORDING TO THIS HERE
IN THE TELEGRAPH

NICELY:
FOR PAUL REVERE I'LL BITE
I HEAR HIS FOOT'S ALL RIGHT
OF COURSE IT ALL DEPENDS
IF IT RAINED LAST NIGHT
LIKES MUD,
LIKES MUD,

THIS "X" MEANS THE HORSE
LIKES MUD
IF THAT MEANS THE HORSE
LIKES MUD
LIKES
MUD,
LIKES MUD.

I TELL YOU PAUL REVERE
NOW THIS IS NO BUM STEER
IT'S FROM A HANDICAPPER
THAT'S REAL SINCERE
CAN DO,
CAN DO,

THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE CAN
DO
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE
CAN DO,
CAN DO,
CAN DO.

PAUL REVERE,
I GOT THE HORSE
RIGHT
HERE.

BENNY:
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE
HAS CHANCE,
HAS CHANCE,
HAS CHANCE.
I KNOW IT'S VALENTINE
THE MORNING WORKS
LOOK FINE
BESIDES THE JOCKEY'S
BROTHER'S A FRIEND OF MINE
NEEDS RACE,
NEEDS RACE,
THIS
GUY SAYS THE HORSE
NEEDS RACE.
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE
NEEDS RACE,
NEEDS RACE,
NEEDS RACE,
I GO FOR VALENTINE
'CAUSE ON THE
MORNING LINE
THE GUY HAS GOT HIM
FIGURED AT FIVE TO NINE.
HAS CHANCE,
HAS CHANCE.
THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE
HAS CHANCE.

VALENTINE!

I GOT THE HORSE
RIGHT
HERE.

RUSTY:
BIG THREAT,
BIG THREAT,
THIS GUY CALLS THE HORSE
BIG THREAT
IF HE CALLS THE HORSE
BIG THREAT,

BIG THREAT,
BIG THREAT.
AND JUST A MINUTE BOYS
I GOT THE FEED BOX NOISE
IT SAYS THE
GREAT-GRANDFATHER
WAS EQUIPOISE.
SHOWS CLASS,
SHOWS CLASS.
THIS GUY SAYS THE HORSE
SHOWS CLASS.
IF HE SAYS THE HORSE
SHOWS CLASS,

SHOWS CLASS,
SHOWS CLASS.
SO MAKE IT EPITAPH
HE WINS IT BY A HALF
ACCORDING TO THIS HERE
IN THE TELEGRAPH
EPITAPH.

I GOT THE HORSE
RIGHT
HERE.

(At the end of the song, the Mission Band enters playing "Follow the Fold" – one of them carries a small box which is placed on the stage for SARAH to stand on. Various city dwellers continue across the stage, some pausing to listen to SARAH)

SONG – Follow the Fold

SARAH & MISSION BAND:

(Singing) FOLLOW THE FOLD AND STRAY NO MORE
STRAY NO MORE, STRAY NO MORE
PUT DOWN THE BOTTLE AND WE’LL SAY NO MORE
FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE FOLD.

SARAH: *(Pointing at a drunk)*

BEFORE YOU TAKE ANOTHER SWALLOW

SARAH & BAND:

FOLLOW THE FOLD AND STRAY NO MORE
STRAY NO MORE, STRAY NO MORE
TEAR UP YOUR POKER DECK AND PLAY NO MORE
FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE FOLD,
TO THE MEADOWS WHERE THE SUN SHINES.
OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND THE COLD.

SARAH: *(Pointing to another group)*

AND THE SIN AND SHAME IN WHICH YOU WALLOW

SARAH & BAND:

FOLLOW THE FOLD AND STRAY NO MORE
STRAY NO MORE, STRAY NO MORE
IF YOU’RE A SINNER AND YOU PRAY NO MORE
FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE FOLD.

SARAH: *(Spoken)* Brothers and sisters, resist the Devil and he will flee from you. That is what the Bible tells us.

And that is why I am standing here, in the Devil’s own city, on the Devil’s own street, prepared to do battle with the forces of evil.

Hear me, you gamblers! With your dice, your cards, your horses! Pause and think before it’s too late!

You are in great danger! I am not speaking of the prison and the gallows, but of the greater punishment that awaits you! Repent before it is too late!

Just around the corner is our little Mission where you are always welcome to seek refuge from this jungle of sin.

Come here and talk to me. Do not think of me as Sergeant Sarah Brown, but as Sarah Brown, your sister.

Join me, Brothers and Sisters, in resisting the Devil, and we can put him to flight forever.

(She looks at ARVIDE hopelessly – he motions to her encouragingly)

Remember, friends, it is the Save-A-Soul Mission located at 409 West 49th Street, open all day and all night, with a special prayer meeting this Thursday at –

(Looks despairingly at Arvide. Her crowd has disappeared by this time, except NICELY and BENNY, who are by the newsstand reading their scratch sheets. SARAH and the MISSION BAND make a disconsolate and disorderly exit)

UNDERSCORE – Exit of Sarah and the Mission Band

NICELY: *(Looking after them)* Poor Miss Sarah! I wonder why a refined doll like her is mixed up in the Mission dodge.

BENNY: She is a beautiful doll, all right, with one hundred percent eyes.

NICELY: It is too bad that such a doll wastes all her time being good. How can she make any money from that?

BENNY: Maybe she owns a piece of the Mission.

NICELY: Yeah.

(HARRY THE HORSE enters)

HARRY: Hey! Benny Southstreet! *(they shake hands)*

BENNY: Harry the Horse! How are you! You know Nicely-Nicely Johnson.

HARRY: Yeah. How goes it?

NICELY: Nicely, nicely, thank you.

HARRY: Tell me, what about Nathan Detroit? Is he got a place for his crap game?

BENNY: *(Whispers back)* We don't know yet.

NICELY: The heat is on.

BENNY: He's still looking for a place.

HARRY: Well, tell him I'm loaded and looking for action. I just acquired five thousand potatoes.

BENNY: Five thousand bucks!

NICELY: Where did you acquire it?

HARRY: I collected the reward on my father.

BENNY: Everybody is looking for action. I wish Nathan finds a –

(He stops as BRANNIGAN enters – gets a paper at the newsstand – crosses to Benny)

NICELY: Why, Lieutenant Brannigan! Mr. Southstreet, it is Lieutenant Brannigan of the New York Police Department.

BENNY: A pleasure.

BRANNIGAN: Any of you guys seen Nathan Detroit?

BENNY: Which Nathan Detroit is that?

BRANNIGAN: I mean the Nathan Detroit who's been running a floating crap game around here, and getting away with it by moving it to a different spot every night.

NICELY: Why are you telling us this – Your Honor?

BRANNIGAN: I am telling you this because I know you two bums work for Detroit, rustling up customers for his crap game.

NICELY: We do?

BRANNIGAN: Yeah!

NICELY: Oh!

BRANNIGAN: You can tell him for me: I know that right now he's running around trying to find a spot. Well, nobody's gonna give him a spot, because they all know that Brannigan is breathing down their neck!

(Starts to exit. NATHAN enters, not seeing Branningan)

NICELY: Hi, Nathan!

NATHAN: Fellas, I'm having terrible trouble. Everybody's scared on account of that lousy Brannigan, and I can't –

BRANNIGAN: Something wrong, Mr. Detroit?

NATHAN: *(A sickly grimace)* Oh, hello, Lieutenant. I hope you don't think I was talking about you. There are other lousy Brannigans.

BRANNIGAN: Detroit, I have just been talking to your colleagues about your crap game. I imagine you are having trouble finding a place.

NATHAN: Well, the heat is on, as you must know from the fact that you now have to live on your salary.

(BRANNIGAN glares and exits)

BENNY: Did you find a place?

NATHAN: What does that cop want from me? What am I – a sex maniac? I merely run a crap game for the convenience of those who want a little action, in return for which I take a small cut. Is that a crime! Yeah!

BENNY: Nathan! Did you find a place?

NICELY: Did you find a place for the game?

NATHAN: Did I find a place! Did I find – yes, I found a place! We are holding the crap game tomorrow night in the Radio City Music Hall.

BENNY: How you gonna fix the ushers?

NATHAN: I tried all the regular places. The back of the cigar store, the funeral parlor–

NICELY: Nathan, you said once there might be a chance of the Biltmore Garage.

NATHAN: I was over to the Biltmore Garage. – Spoke to Joey Biltmore himself. He says he might take a chance and let me use the place, if I give him a thousand bucks.

BENNY: A thousand bucks!

NATHAN: In cash. He won't take my marker.

BENNY: Your marker's no good, huh?

NATHAN: What do you mean? A marker ain't just a piece of paper that says I.O.U. one thousand dollars signed NATHAN DETROIT. A marker is like a pledge which a guy can't welch on it. It's like not saluting the flag. (*BENNY and NICELY remove hats.*) My marker is as good as gold, only Joey Biltmore don't think so – It don't seem possible. Me without a livelihood. Why, I have been running the crap game ever since I was a juvenile delinquent.

BENNY: Nathan, can't you do something?

NATHAN: What can I do? I'm broke. I couldn't even buy Adelaide a present today, and you know what day today is? It is mine and Adelaide's fourteenth anniversary.

BENNY: Yeah?

NICELY: Yeah?

NATHAN: Yeah. We been engaged fourteen years.

SONG – The Oldest Established

Benny: Nathan, concentrate on the game. The town's up to here with high players. The Greek's in town!

NICELY: Brandy Bottle Bates!

BENNY: Scranton Slim!

NATHAN: I know. I could make a fortune. But where can I have the game?

NICELY: (*Sings*) THE BILTMORE GARAGE WANTS A GRAND

BENNY: BUT WE AIN'T GOT A GRAND ON HAND

NATHAN: AND THEY'VE NOW GOT A LOCK ON THE DOOR
OF THE GYM AT PUBLIC SCHOOL EIGHTY-FOUR.

NICELY: THERE'S THE STOCKROOM BEHIND MCCLOSKEY'S BAR

BENNY: BUT MISSUS MCCLOSKEY AIN'T A GOOD SCOUT

NATHAN: AND THINGS BEIN'
HOW THEY ARE
THE BACK OF THE POLICE STATION IS OUT

NICELY: SO THE BILTMORE GARAGE IS THE SPOT

ALL: BUT THE ONE-THOUSAND BUCKS WE AIN'T GOT

CRAP SHOOTERS: WHY IT'S GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN,
NATHAN, NATHAN, NATHAN DETROIT
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ACTION
HE'LL FURNISH THE SPOT
EVEN WHEN THE HEAT IS ON
IT'S NEVER TOO HOT

NOT FOR GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN
FOR IT'S ALWAYS JUST A SHORT WALK
TO THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED PERMANENT
FLOATING CRAP GAME IN NEW YORK.

THERE ARE WELL-HEELED SHOOTERS
EV'RYWHERE, EV'RYWHERE
THERE ARE WELL-HEELED SHOOTERS
EV'RYWHERE – AND AN AWFUL LOT OF LETTUCE
FOR THE FELLA WHO CAN GET US THERE.

NICELY, BENNY, NATHAN:

IF WE ONLY HAD A LOUSY LITTLE GRAND,
WE COULD BE A MILLIONAIRE

CRAP SHOOTERS: THAT'S GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN
NATHAN, NATHAN, NATHAN DETROIT
IF THE SIZE OF YOUR BUNDLE
YOU WANT TO INCREASE
HE'LL ARRANGE THAT YOU GO BROKE
IN QUIET AND PEACE
IN A HIDEOUT PROVIDED BY NATHAN
WHERE THERE ARE NO NEIGHBORS TO SQUAWK
IT'S THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED
PERMANENT FLOATING CRAP GAME IN NEW YORK

WHERE'S THE ACTION? WHERE'S THE GAME?

NICELY, BENNY, NATHAN:

GOTTA HAVE THE GAME OR WE'LL DIE OF SHAME

ALL (*except NATHAN*):

IT'S THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED
PERMANENT FLOATING CRAP GAME IN NEW YORK.

NATHAN: Gentlemen, do not worry. Nathan Detroit's crap game will float again. My boys will let you know where it is.

ANGIE-THE-OX: Okay, Nathan – Say, you know who else is looking for action? Sky Masterson! Sky Masterson's in town.

NATHAN: Sky Masterson! There is the highest player of them all!

BENNY: Higher than the Greek?

NATHAN: Higher than anybody. Why do you think they call him Sky? That's how high he bets. I once saw him bet five thousand dollars on a cockroach. And another time he was sick, and he wouldn't take penicillin on account he had bet ten C's that his temperature would go to 104.

NICELY: Did it?

NATHAN: Did it? He's so lucky it went to 106. Good old Sky.

NICELY: Maybe you can borrow the thousand from Sky.

NATHAN: Not Sky. With him that kind of money ain't lending money – it's betting money. So why don't I bet him? Why don't I bet him a thousand on something?

NICELY: You would bet with Sky Masterson?

NATHAN: I ain't scared. I am perfectly willing to take the risk, providing I can figure out a bet on which there is no chance of losing. He likes crazy bets, like which lump of sugar will a fly sit on, or how far can you kick a piece of cheesecake – Cheesecake! Ooh! Look – run into Mindy's Restaurant and ask Mindy how many pieces of cheesecake he sold yesterday and also how many pieces of strudel.

BENNY: How much cheesecake, how much strudel – What do you want to know for?

NATHAN: Just find out! Now beat it – here comes Adelaide. If she hears I am running the crap game she will never set foot on me again.

(BENNY and NICELY run off as ADELAIDE enters carrying a small box which contains a man's belt and a small card. She is followed by THREE GIRLS from the Hot Box.)

ADELAIDE: Hello, Nathan dear.

NATHAN: Adelaide! Pigeon!

ADELAIDE: *(To Three Girls)* You go ahead, girls. Order me a tuna fish on rye and a chocolate sundae with tomato ketchup and mayonnaise.

GIRLS: Okay, Adelaide – *(They exit)*

ADELAIDE: We gotta get back to the Hot Box.

NATHAN: You still rehearsing?

ADELAIDE: Yeah. That slave driver Charlie – he’s been working us all day. Finally I says, “Look, Charlie, I’m starving! I gotta get outa here and get something to eat.” And he says, “You don’t want to eat. You just want to sneak out and meet that cheap bum, Nathan Detroit!” –

NATHAN: *(Outraged)* So what did you say to him?

ADELAIDE: *(Proudly)* I told him. I says, “I’ll meet whoever I want!”

NATHAN: Well, don’t upset yourself. How’s your cold?

ADELAIDE: Oh, it’s much better, thank you – Nathan! Happy Anniversary!

NATHAN: A present! For me?

ADELAIDE: I hope you like it.

NATHAN: A belt!

ADELAIDE: Read the card!

NATHAN: “Sugar is sweet, and so is jelly, so put this belt around your belly.” That’s so sweet. Look, honey – about your present. I was going to get you a diamond wrist watch, with a gold band, and two rubies on the side.

ADELAIDE: Nathan, you shouldn’t have.

NATHAN: It’s all right – I didn’t – I’m sorry.

ADELAIDE: No, I kinda like it when you forget to give me presents. It makes me feel like we're married.

NATHAN: Don't worry, honey – one of these days I'll be in the money, and you'll have more mink than a mink.

ADELAIDE: Nathan darling, I can do without anything just so long as you don't start running the crap game again.

NATHAN: The crap game! What an absurd thought!

(BENNY and NICELY enter)

BENNY: Psst! *(NATHAN turns to him)* Twelve hundred cheesecake and fifteen hundred strudel.

NATHAN: Huh?

NICELY: Yesterday Mindy sold twelve hundred cheesecake and fifteen hundred strudel.

NATHAN: More strudel than cheesecake. That's great!

ADELAIDE: Nathan! What is this?

NATHAN: Nothing, honey.

(HARRY THE HORSE enters)

HARRY: Hey! Any news yet?

NATHAN: Not yet, Harry, I'll let you know.

HARRY: O.K., Detroit. *(Exits)*

ADELAIDE: What was that about?

NATHAN: His wife's having a baby.

ADELAIDE: Why's he asking you?

NATHAN: He's nervous – it's his first wife. Look, Adelaide, I'm expecting a fellow and I know you're hungry –

ADELAIDE: Nathan, are you trying to get rid of me?

NATHAN: No, I just don't want your sandwich to get soggy. Fellows – *(He crosses ADELAIDE to BENNY, sees SKY approaching)* - Why don't you take Adelaide to the drugstore. *(To her)* You see, honey, you've got a cold, and it's across the street, and there's a lot of open manholes around –

ADELAIDE: *(As she is being borne away by BENNY and NICELY)* Nathan darling, you're so thoughtful. You're just the sweetest person. Goodbye.

(NATHAN is alone. He paces a moment, peers off. SKY Masterson enters.)

NATHAN: Hey, Masterson! Glad to see you, Sky!

SKY: Nathan! You old promoter, you!

NATHAN: How are you, Sky? You look great!

SKY: Feel great, Nathan. Two wonderful weeks out West in Nevada. Great place! Beautiful scenery, healthful climate, and I beat 'em for fifty G's at blackjack.

NATHAN: Fifty G's! – Going to be in town long?

SKY: No. Flying to Havana tomorrow.

NATHAN: Havana?

SKY: Yes, there's a lot of action down there. Want to come with me?

NATHAN: No, I got a lot of things to do – Meantime, how about dropping over to Mindy's for a piece of cheesecake? They sell a lot of cheesecake.

SKY: No, I'm not hungry – Tell me, how's Adelaide?

NATHAN: Oh, fine, fine. Still dancing at the Hot Box.

SKY: I suppose one of these days you'll be getting married?

NATHAN: We all got to go sometime.

SKY: But, Nathan, we can fight it. Guys like us, Nathan – we got to remember that pleasant as a doll's company may be, she must always take second place to aces back to back.

NATHAN: *(His mind on other matters)* Yeah – yeah. *(Back to business)* Tell me – you hungry yet? Maybe we could go into Mindy’s and have a piece of cheesecake or strudel or something?

SKY: No. I think I’ll go get the late results. *(Takes scratch sheet from pocket)*

NATHAN: Oh! But you will admit that Mindy has the greatest cheesecake in the country?

SKY: Yes, I’m quite partial to Mindy’s cheesecake.

NATHAN: Who ain’t? And yet there are some people who like Mindy’s strudel. *(Sky seems disinterested)* Offhand, which do you think he sells more of, the cheesecake or the strudel?

SKY: Well, I never give it much thought. But if everybody is like I am, I’d say Mindy sells much more cheesecake than strudel.

NATHAN: For how much?

SKY: Huh?

NATHAN: For how much?

SKY: Why, Nathan, I never knew you to be a betting man. You always take your percentage off the top.

NATHAN: Well, for old times’ sake I thought I’d give you a little action. I will bet you a thousand bucks that yesterday Mindy sold more strudel than cheesecake.

SKY: Nathan, let me tell you a story –

NATHAN: Oh –

SKY: When I was a young man about to go out into the world, my father says to me a very valuable thing. He says to me like this, “Son,” the old guy says, “I am sorry that I am not able to bankroll you to a very large start, but not having any potatoes to give you I am now going to stake you to some very valuable advice. One if these days in your travels a guy is going to come to you and show you nice brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is not yet broken, and this guy is going to offer to bet you that he can make the Jack of Spades jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. But son, do not bet this man, for as sure as you stand there you are going to wind up with an earful of cider.” Now, Nathan, I do not claim that you have been clocking Mindy’s cheesecake—

NATHAN: You don't think that –

SKY: However, if you're really looking for some action – *(Puts his hand across Nathan's chest, hiding his necktie)* I will bet you the same thousand that you do not know the color of the necktie you have on.

(We can tell from NATHAN's expression that his entire life is passing before him as he fails to remember the color)

SKY: Well?

NATHAN: *(Dismally)* No bet. *(SKY removes his hand. NATHAN looks disgustedly at the color of his tie)* Blue. What a crazy color.

(BENNY & NICELY enter)

BENNY: Nathan, we took Adelaide to the drugstore –

NATHAN: Don't bother me. *(He pushes BENNY who falls)*

NICELY: Hi ya, Sky!

SKY: Good. How's it with you fellows?

BENNY: Not bad. *(rises)*

NICELY: Nicely, nicely. We took Adelaide to the drugstore, and she says for you to be sure to pick her up after the show at the Hot Box and *Don't be late.*

NATHAN: Yes, dear. I mean yes –

SKY: Yes, dear. That is husband talk if I ever heard it. Nathan, you are trapped. In Adelaide you have the kind of a girl that is most difficult to unload.

NATHAN: I don't want to unload her. I love Adelaide. And a guy without a doll – well, if a guy does not have a doll – who would holler at him? A doll is a necessity.

SKY: Nathan, I am not putting the rap on all dolls. I just say a guy should have them around when he wants them, and they are easy to find.

NATHAN: Not dolls like Adelaide!

SKY: Nathan, figuring weight for age, all dolls are the same.

NATHAN: Oh, yeah?

SKY: Yeah!

NATHAN: Then how come you ain't got a doll? How come you're going to Havana alone without one?

SKY: I like to travel light, but if I wish to take a doll to Havana there is a large assortment available.

(MISSION GROUP is heard singing offstage)

SONG – Follow the Fold Reprise

NATHAN: Not real high class dolls!

MISSION GROUP: *(offstage)*

SKY: Any doll! You name her!

FOLLOW THE FOLD
AND STRAY NO MORE,
STRAY NO MORE,
STRAY NO MORE,
PUT DOWN THE BOTTLE
AND WE'LL SAY NO MORE
FOLLOW, FOLLOW THE FOLD.

NATHAN: Any doll? And I name her!
Will you bet on that? Will you bet a
thousand dollars that if I name a doll
you will take her to Havana tomorrow?

SKY: you got a bet!

(The MISSION GROUP enters, singing, headed by SARAH. SARAH stops, NATHAN points to SARAH.)

NATHAN: I name *her*.

MISSION GROUP:

SKY: *(Puts his hand to his ear, then withdraws it)* Her! Cider!

FOLLOW THE FOLD
AND STRAY NO MORE,
STRAY NO MORE,
STRAY NO MORE.

BLACKOUT

ACT I
Scene 2 – Interior Save-a-Soul Mission

The Mission Band files in, puts their instruments away and exits. In the center of the room is a sign on block letters. It reads: "There is no peace unto the wicked – Proverbs 23,9."

SARAH: Someday I'm going to take a pick-axe and rip up Broadway from end to end.

ARVIDE: They do that every day.

(SKY MASTERSON is seen on street through the window. He enters, assuming an air of repentance.)

SKY: Do you take sinners here?

ARVIDE: Indeed we do! - Sarah!

SARAH: How do you do?

ARVIDE: My name is Abernathy. Arvide Abernathy.

SKY: Sky Masterson. *(Suddenly his head drops into his hands)*

SARAH: What's wrong?

ARVIDE: What is the trouble?

SKY: My heart is heavy with sin.

ARVIDE: You poor man.

SKY: I have wasted my life in gambling and evil betting. But I have suddenly realized the terrible things that betting can lead to. *(A side glance at Sarah)*

ARVIDE: *(Calling)* Agatha! *(AGATHA sticks her head out of a door)* Coffee! *(AGATHA exits)*

SARAH: Didn't I see you a little while ago on Broadway?

SKY: Possibly. I have been wondering around, trying to get up the courage to come here.

SARAH: And you're willing to give up gambling?

SKY: Gladly. I would never have become a gambler at all had I not fallen in with evil companions who were always offering me sucker bets.

(AGATHA enters with 2 cups of coffee on a tray)

ARVIDE: Here, young man.

SKY: Thank you. It makes me feel good just to talk to you people.

ARVIDE: You just go right on talking to Sister Sarah, and you'll be all right. I'm glad you found us.

SKY: The Bible says, "Seek and ye shall find."

ARVIDE: Very good! I wish we could reach more sinners like you. We are out every day, trying.

SKY: Maybe you should try the night time.

ARVIDE: How's that?

SKY: As a former sinner, I happen to know that the best time to find sinners is between midnight and dawn. You might even try having an all-night session against the Devil.

ARVIDE: A very good suggestion indeed! Thank you, Brother Masterson!

SKY: You're welcome. *(Pointedly, with an eye on Sarah)*

ARVIDE: *(Drinks coffee)* Coffee is so good I can't understand why it isn't a sin. *(Exits)*

SKY: *(Looking after Arvide)* Fine old gentleman. I suppose he sort of – looks after you- ?

SARAH: We look after each other.

SKY: Uh-huh. I suppose if either of you goes someplace, the other goes along?

SARAH: Yes, of course.

SKY: Of course.

SARAH: *(Hands SKY pamphlet)* Here are two of our pamphlets I'd like you to read. They will give you a good deal of comfort.

SKY: Thank you.

SARAH: And we're holding a midnight prayer meeting on Thursday, which I'm sure you will wish to attend.

SKY: I'm sure – Miss Sarah, I hope you will not think I am getting out of line, but I think it is wonderful to see a pretty doll – uh – a nice-looking lady like you – sacrificing herself for the sake of others. Staying here in this place – do you ever go any place else? Travel or something?

SARAH: I would like to go to Africa.

SKY: That's a little far. But there are a lot of wonderful places just a few hours from New York, by plane. Ever been in a plane?

SARAH: No.

SKY: Oh, it's wonderful –

SARAH: Here's another pamphlet that I think you should read. *(Gives him pamphlet)*

SKY: Thank you – Of course I will need a lot of personal help from you. My heart is as black as two feet down a wolf's gullet.

SARAH: I'll be speaking at the Thursday prayer meeting.

SKY: I need private lessons. Why don't we do dinner or something?

SARAH: I think not, Mr. Masterson.

SKY: Sorry, just blossoming under the warmth of your kindness – *(Strolling around, looking the place over)* Hey – *(crosses to sign)* That's wrong.

SARAH: What's wrong?

SKY: That's not Proverbs – it's Isaiah.

SARAH: It's Proverbs.

SKY: Sorry. "No peace unto the wicked." – Isaiah, Chapter 57, Verse 22.

(Sarah crosses to Bible, opens it and looks up the quotation in the Bible. Slams the book shut)

Sky: Isaiah?

SARAH: Isaiah.

SKY: There are two things been in every hotel room in the country. Sky Masterson, and the Gideon Bible. I must have read the Good Book ten or twelve times.

SARAH: You've read the Bible twelve times?

SKY: What's wrong with the Bible? Besides, in my business the strangest information frequently comes in handy. I once won five G's on a parlay, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

SARAH: Tell me, Mr. Masterson, why are you here?

SKY: I told you. I'm a sinner.

SARAH: You're lying.

SKY: Well, lying's a sin – Look, I'm a *big* sinner. If you get me, it's eight to five the others'll follow. You need sinners, don't you?

SARAH: We're managing.

SKY: Let's be honest. This Mission is laying an egg. (*She is silent*) Why don't you let me help you? I'll bet I can fill this place with sinners.

SARAH: I don't bet.

SKY: I'll make you a proposition. (*Picks up cardboard from chair and writes marker*) When is the big meeting of yours – Thursday? I will guarantee to fill that meeting with one dozen genuine sinners. I will also guarantee that they will sit still and listen to you.

SARAH: And what's my end of the bargain?

SKY: Have dinner with me.

SARAH: Why do you want to have dinner with *me*?

SKY: I'm hungry – Here! (*Gives her marker – SHE takes it*)

SARAH: What's this?

SKY: Sky Masterson's marker for twelve sinners. If you don't think it's good, ask anybody in town. I-O-U. – one dozen sinners. I'll pick you up at noon tomorrow, for dinner.

SARAH: At noon?

SKY: It'll take us some time to get there.

SARAH: To get where?

SKY: To my favorite restaurant.

SARAH: Where is that?

SKY: El café Cubana, in Havana.

SARAH: El Café Cubana, Havana?

SKY: Where do you want to eat? Howard Johnson's!

SARAH: Havana!

SKY: Why not? The plane gets us there in five hours and back the same night. And the food is great.

SARAH: I now realize, Mr. Gambler, when you were describing the blackness of your heart, you didn't do yourself justice.

SKY: And I now realize, Sister Sarah, that no matter how beautiful a Sergeant is, she's still a Sergeant.

SARAH: Please go away.

SKY: Why don't you change your pitch, Sarge – Come to the Mission one and all, except Guys. I hate Guys!

SARAH: I don't hate anybody.

SKY: Except me. I am relieved to know that it's just me personally and not all guys in general. It is nice to know that somewhere in the world there's a guy who might appeal to the Sergeant. I wonder what this guy will be like?

SARAH: He will *not* be a gambler.

SKY: I am not interested in what he will not be – I am interested in what he will be.

SARAH: Don't worry, I'll know.

SONG – I'll Know

SARAH: (*Singing*) FOR I'VE IMAGINED EV'RY BIT OF HIM,
FROM HIS STRONG MORAL FIBER
TO THE WISDOM IN HIS HEAD,
TO THE HOMEY AROMA OF HIS PIPE

SKY: YOU HAVE WISHED YOURSELF A SCARSDALE GALAHAD
THE BREAKFAST-EATING BROOKS BROTHERS TYPE

SARAH: Yes.

AND I SHALL MEET HIM WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT.

SKY: You've got the guy all figured out.

SARAH: I have.

SKY: *Including* what he smokes. All figured out, huh?

SARAH: All figured out.

I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG
I WON'T TAKE A CHANCE
FOR OH, HE'LL BE JUST WHAT I NEED
NOT SOME FLY BY NIGHT BROADWAY ROMANCE

SKY: AND YOU'LL KNOW AT A GLANCE
BY THE TWO PAIR OF PANTS

SARAH: I'LL KNOW BY THE CALM STEADY VOICE
THOSE FEET ON THE GROUND
I'LL KNOW, AS I RUN TO HIS ARMS
THAT AT LAST I'VE COME HOME SAFE AND SOUND
AND TILL THEN I SHALL WAIT
AND TILL THEN I'LL BE STRONG
FOR, I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG.

SKY: No, no – no – you're talking about love. You can't dope it like that. What are you picking, a guy or a horse?

SARAH: I wouldn't expect a gambler to understand.

SKY: Would you like to hear how a gambler feels about the big heart throb?

SARAH: No!

SKY: Well, I'll tell you –

MINE WILL COME AS A SURPRISE TO ME
MINE, I LEAVE TO CHANCE – AND CHEMISTRY.

SARAH: Chemistry?

SKY: Yeah, chemistry.

SUDDENLY I'LL KNOW, WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG
I'LL KNOW, THEN AND THERE
I'LL KNOW, AT THE SIGHT OF HER FACE
HOW I CARE, HOW I CARE, HOW I CARE
AND I'LL STOP AND I'LL STARE
AND I'LL KNOW LONG BEFORE WE CAN SPEAK
I'LL KNOW IN MY HEART
I'LL KNOW. AND I WON'T EVER ASK:
"AM I RIGHT? AM I WISE? AM I SMART?"
BUT I'LL STOP AND I'LL STARE AT THAT FACE IN THE THRONG
YES, I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG.

SARAH: I'LL KNOW.

SARAH & SKY: WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG. *(Sky kisses her.)*

(SARAH slaps SKY)

SKY: I'll drop in again in case you want to take a crack at the other cheek. *(HE exits)*

SARAH: *(Singing)* I WON'T TAKE A CHANCE
MY LOVE WILL BE JUST WHAT I NEED
NOT SOME FLY-BY-NIGHT BROADWAY ROMANCE
AND TILL THEN I SHALL WAIT
AND TILL THEN I'LL BE STRONG
FOR I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG.

ACT I
Scene 3 – Nathan on the telephone

NATHAN: Hello – hello, is this Biltmore Garage? - Let me talk to Joey Biltmore.

JOEY: Who's this?

NATHAN: Nathan Detroit.

JOEY: This is Joey. What do you want?

NATHAN: Joey, I'm calling about the – er – *you* know.

JOEY: The what?

NATHAN: (*Whispering*) The crap game.

JOEY: The *what*?

NATHAN: (*A shade louder*) The crap game.

JOEY: Wait a minute – I got a customer.

NATHAN: Hurry it up, will you?

(A gunshot is heard)

JOEY: That'll be eight dollars – What did you say, Nathan?

NATHAN: (*loud*) The crap game.

JOEY: Don't say that on the phone – suppose the cops are listening.

NATHAN: (*Whispering*) I'm sorry, the dice game – Look, Joey, is it okay if I use your place tomorrow night?

JOEY: If I get a thousand bucks.

NATHAN: I'll have it tomorrow.

JOEY: Then call me tomorrow.

NATHAN: Listen, Joey, if you're going to take that attitude I'll have the game someplace else.

JOEY: Then have it someplace else.

NATHAN: (*Shouting*) Where else can I have it? – (*Softening*) Joey, the dough is guaranteed. Would I lie to you?

JOEY: Yes!

NATHAN: I'm getting in from Sky Masterson.

JOEY: How do you know?

NATHAN: It's a bet – I can't lose. I bet him he could not take a doll to Havana.

JOEY: Why couldn't he?

NATHAN: Because she ain't the kind of doll that *goes* to Havana.

JOEY: Where does she go?

NATHAN: She don't go *no* place. That's why I know I'm gonna win.

JOEYL Don't be so sure – It ain't a horse, it's a doll –

NATHAN: But Joey –

JOEY: Nathan, there will be no crap game here tomorrow night unless I get my dough in advance.

NATHAN: Joey, you've known me for a long time.

JOEY: That's why I want it in advance.

NATHAN: Well, I can't talk no more – I got to meet Adelaide at the Hot Box. Look, just one thing. Can I at least tell the guys that the game is gonna be at your place?

JOEY: Not till I get the dough.

NATHAN: Okay, you'll get it. Goodbye!

JOEY: Goodbye!

NATHAN: I hope you get stabbed by a Studebaker!

BLACK OUT

ACT I
Scene 4 – *The Hot Box night club*

Master of Ceremonies is standing in front of a microphone. The place is well crowded.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: And now for the Grand Finale of our round the world revue – we take you down on the farm with our star Miss Adelaide and the Hot Box Farmerettes.

SONG – Bushel and a Peck

(Dancing girls dressed in abbreviated farmers garb enter and dance)

DOLLS: *(Singing with doll voices)*

HE LOVES ME
HE LOVES ME NOT
HE LOVES ME
HE LOVES ME NOT

(The frustrated bump)

UH-UH

(ADELAIDE enters)

ADELAIDE: I LOVE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
A BUSHEL AND A PECK
AND A HUG AROUND THE NECK
HUG AROUND THE NECK
AND A BARREL AND A HEAP
BARREL AND A HEAP
AND I'M TALKIN' IN MY SLEEP
ABOUT YOU –

GIRLS: ABOUT YOU –

ADELAIDE: ABOUT YOU –

GIRLS: MY HEART IS LEAPIN'
HAVIN' TROUBLE SLEEPIN'

ADELAIDE: 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
YOU BET YOUR PRETTY NECK I DO –

ADELAIDE & GIRLS:

DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE, OOO.

DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE, OOO.

(NATHAN enters. He calls to ADELAIDE. She crosses to him. GIRL DANCER - FERGUSON – looks for Adelaide, runs to her, taps her on the shoulder and ADELAIDE leaves Nathan to continue song – she yells "Here chick, chick, chick," – and throw an ear of corn to NATHAN, which he catches)

ADELAIDE & GIRLS:

I LOVE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
A BUSHEL AND A PECK, THO' IT BEATS ME ALL TO HECK

ADELAIDE: BEATS ME ALL TO HECK
HOW I'LL EVER TEND THE FARM,
EVER TEND THE FARM,
WHEN I WANT TO KEEP MY ARMS
ABOUT YOU –

GIRLS: ABOUT YOU –

ADELAIDE: ABOUT YOU –

GIRLS: THE COWS AND CHICKENS ARE GOING TO THE DICKENS

ADELAIDE: 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK
YOU BET YOUR PRETTY NECK I DO

ADELAIDE & GIRLS:

DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE, OOO.

GOOD-BYE NOW!
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE
DOODLE, OODLE, OODLE, OO.

(Repeat "doodles" until they ALL exit)

*(Patrons begin leaving as the show is over and the club's getting ready to close.
NATHAN hums Bushel and a Peck to himself)*

NATHAN: *(Singing)*

I LOVE YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK –
THAT LOUSY JOEY BILTMORE –

*(ADELAIDE enters wearing a dressing gown and carrying a cardboard box with
"Sally's Wedding Shop" printed on it and also a book.)*

ADELAIDE: Hello Nathan.

NATHAN: Hello, pie face.

ADELAIDE: How are you, handsome?

NATHAN: Fine. What have you got there?

ADELAIDE: A book.

NATHAN: A book! You're always reading books. You're becoming a regular bookie.

ADELAIDE: Nathan darling, this is very interesting. The doctor gave it to me. I went to him about my cold.

NATHAN: How *is* your cold?

ADELAIDE: It's the same. So the doctor asked me how long I had had it, and I told him a long time, and I said I thought it was on account of my dancing with hardly any clothes on, which is what I usually wear, so he said to read this book, because he said it might be due to psychology.

NATHAN: You haven't got that, have you?

ADELAIDE: Nathan, this is the psychology that tells you why girls do certain kinds of things.

NATHAN: Oh! – Would it tell you what kind of a doll would go for a certain kind of a guy which you wouldn't think she would do so?

ADELAIDE: What do you mean?

NATHAN: I'm just for instance. There are certain dolls you can almost bet they wouldn't go for certain guys.

ADELAIDE: Nathan, no matter how terrible a fellow seems, you can never be sure that some girl won't go for him. Take us.

NATHAN: Yeah.

ADELAIDE: Nathan darling. Starting next week, I'm going to get a raise. So with what I'll be making, I wondered what you would think – maybe we could finally get married.

NATHAN: *(Loosening his collar as he feels the strain)* Well, of course we're going to, sooner or later.

ADELAIDE: I know, Nathan – *(Sneeze)* - but I'm starting to worry about Mother.

NATHAN: Your mother? What about your mother?

ADELAIDE: Well, Nathan, this is something I never told you before, but my mother, back in Rhode Island – she thinks we're married already.

NATHAN: Why would she think a thing like that?

ADELAIDE: I couldn't be engaged for fourteen years, could I? People don't do that in Rhode Island. They all get married.

NATHAN: Then why is it such a small State?

ADELAIDE: Anyway – I wrote her I was married.

NATHAN: You did, huh?

ADELAIDE: *(Each word coming through pain)* Uh, huh. Then, after about two years – *(She comes to a halt)*

NATHAN: *What* after about two year?

ADELAIDE: *(In a very small voice)* We had a baby.

NATHAN: You told your mother we had a baby?

ADELAIDE: I had to, Nathan. Mother wouldn't have understood if we hadn't.

NATHAN: What type baby was it?

ADELAIDE: It was a boy. I named it after *you*, Nathan.

NATHAN: Thank you.

ADELAIDE: You're welcome.

NATHAN: And – uh – where is Nathan, Jr., supposed to be *now*.

ADELAIDE: He's at boarding school. I wrote Mother he won the football game last Saturday.

NATHAN: I wish I had a bet on it.

ADELAIDE: But Nathan – that's not all, Nathan.

NATHAN: Don't tell me he has a little sister.

ADELAIDE: All those years, Nathan. Mother believes in big families.

NATHAN: Just give me the grand total.

ADELAIDE: (*hardly able to get the word out*) Five.

NATHAN: Your mother must be a glutton for punishment.

ADELAIDE: Anyway, Nathan, now we're finally getting married, and it won't be a lie any more.

NATHAN: (*A high moral tone*) Adelaide, how could you do such a thing! To a nice old broad like your mother?

ADELAIDE: But Nathan, you don't even know my mother!

NATHAN: But I'll be meeting her soon, and what'll I tell her? What'll I tell her I did with the five kids? Traded them to the Phillies or something. What are we going to do?

ADELAIDE: We could get married.

NATHAN: But marriage ain't something you jump into like it was a kettle of fish. (*Feeling his collar again*) We ain't ready.

ADELAIDE: I'm ready, Nathan.

What do you think I got in this box? Nathan! What do you think I got in this box?

NATHAN: (*Reading top of box*) "Sally's Wedding Shop." I can't guess.

ADELAIDE: It's a wedding veil. I've had it for three years. I won't show it to you, because it's bad luck – Would you like to see it?

NATHAN: It's bad luck.

ADELAIDE: So you see, Nathan darling, I got the veil. All we need now is our license and our blood test.

NATHAN: Our what?

ADELAIDE: Blood test. It's a law.

NATHAN: What a city! First they close my crap game, then they open my veins.

ADELAIDE: Nathan, you're not planning to run your crap game again?

NATHAN: Adelaide, how can you think such a thing? Why do you think I give up the crap game. It's because I love you, and I want us two to be the happiest married couple that there is in the world –

(MIMI enters in a robe)

MIMI: Anybody see an earring out here? *(She is searching the floor)*

ADELAIDE: *(Giving a perfunctory look)* I don't think so.

MIMI: *(Seeing Nathan)* You! I'm all dated up tomorrow with Society Max and he breaks it on account of your dopey crap game. Honest, Adelaide, I pity you – *(Sees earring on floor and picks it up)* Oh, here it is. *(She exits)*

(ADELAIDE furiously looks at Nathan. NATHAN gets down his knees pleadingly with outstretched arms)

NATHAN: Adelaide, look at me. I'm down on my knees.

ADELAIDE: Oh, get up. It reminds me of your crap game. *(She sneezes)*

NATHAN: Look, you're getting yourself upset – you and I are going to be alright – after all, we love each other, and we're going to get married –

ADELAIDE: I don't believe you anymore.

NATHAN: But it's true. You'll feel better tomorrow; come on, cheer up honey – Let's see that old smile – *(No response)* That's my girl. See you tomorrow.

(SHE sneezes as HE rushes off. ADELAIDE picks up the book.)

SONG – Adelaide's Lament

ADELAIDE: It says here –

THE AVERAGE UNMARRIED FEMALE, BASICALLY INSECURE
DUE TO SOME LONG FRUSTRATION, MAY REACT
WITH PSYCHOSOMATIC SYMPTOMS,
DIFFICULT TO ENDURE
AFFECTING THE UPPER RESPIRATORY TRACT.

(Looks up from book)

IN OTHER WORDS, JUST FROM WAITING AROUND
FOR THAT PLAIN LITTLE BAND OF GOLD.
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP A COLD

YOU CAN SPRAY HER WHEREVER
YOU FIGURE THE STREPTOCOCCI LURK
YOU CAN GIVE HER A SHOT FOR WHATEVER SHE'S GOT
BUT IT JUST WON'T WORK
IF SHE'S TIRED OF GETTING THE FISH-EYE
FROM THE HOTEL CLERK
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP A COLD.

(Reading) It says here:

THE FEMALE REMAINING SINGLE, JUST IN THE LEGAL SENSE
SHOWS A NEUROTIC TENDENCY; - SEE NOTE –

-Note:

(Looks at note)

CHRONIC, ORGANIC SYNDROMES, TOXIC OR HYPER TENSE
INVOLVING THE EYE, THE EAR, AND THE NOSE, AND THROAT
IN OTHER WORDS, JUST FROM WORRYING
WHETHER THE WEDDING IS ON OR OFF
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP A COUGH.

YOU CAN FEED HER ALL DAY
WITH THE VITAMIN A AND THE BROMO FIZZ
BUT THE MEDICINE NEVER GETS ANYWHERE NEAR
WHERE THE TROUBLE IS
IF SHE'S GETTING A KIND OF A NAME FOR HERSELF
AND THE NAME AIN'T HIS
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP A COUGH.

AND FURTHERMORE, JUST FROM STALLING AND STALLING
AND STALLING THE WEDDING TRIP
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP LA GRIPPE.

WHEN THEY GET ON A TRAIN FOR NIAGARA,
AND SHE CAN HEAR CHURCH BELLS CHIME
THE COMPARTMENT IS AIR CONDITIONED,
AND THE MOOD SUBLIME
THEN THEY GET OFF AT SARATOGA,
FOR THE FOURTEENTH TIME
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP LA GRIPPE
HM! LA GRIPPE
LA POST NASAL DRIP –
WITH THE WHEEZES, AND THE SNEEZES,
AND A SINUS THAT'S REALLY A PIP

FROM A LACK OF COMMUNITY PROPERTY
AND A FEELING SHE'S GETTING TOO OLD
A PERSON – CAN DEVELOP A BAD, BAD *COLD*.

BLACK OUT

ACT I
Scene 5 – A street off Broadway

The Mission Band enters and crosses, playing "Follow the Fold". SKY is patiently following behind. SARAH, who is aware of his presence, gives an annoyed flounce. NICELY sneaks out following SKY and notices the looks of annoyance that SARAH gives SKY. He looks after them as BENNY follows on almost immediately. NICELY is still peering offstage as they all exit –

BENNY: Hey! Nicely! *(Noticing the direction of Nicely's gaze)* What are you looking at?

NICELY: *(Delighted)* Sky was just following Miss Sarah, and you should have seen her. *(He gives an imitation of Sarah's snootiness)* She give him a look that would have cooled off a moose at mating time.

BENNY: Great! Just so he don't take her to Havana.

NICELY: Havana! He couldn't take this doll to New Rochelle – Where's Nathan? He ought to start lining up the game.

BENNY: I don't know – I suppose trying to see Adelaide. She's mad at him again.

NICELY: That Miss Adelaide. She is always taking his mind off honest work.

BENNY: Yes, it's too bad that a smart businessman like Nathan has to go and fall in love with his own fiancé.

NICELY: Benny, that is his weakness, and we should be tolerant, because I am told that it is a worldwide weakness. Look! (*Points out front*)

SONG – Guys & Dolls

NICELY: WHAT'S PLAYING AT THE ROXY?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S PLAYING AT THE ROXY.
A PICTURE ABOUT A MINNESOTA MAN,
SO IN LOVE WITH A MISSISSIPPI GIRL
THAT HE SACRIFICES EV'RYTHING
AND MOVES ALL THE WAY TO BILOXI
THAT'S WHAT'S PLAYING AT THE ROXY.

BENNY: WHAT'S IN THE DAILY NEWS
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S IN THE DAILY NEWS.
STORY ABOUT A GUY
WHO BOUGHT HIS WIFE A SMALL RUBY,
WITH WHAT OTHERWISE WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS UNION DUES
THAT'S WHAT'S IN THE DAILY NEWS.

NICELY: WHAT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER.
GUYS SITTING HOME BY A TELEVISION SET,
WHO ONCE USED TO BE SOMETHING OF A ROVER.

BOTH: THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER
LOVE IS THE THING THAT HAS LICKED 'EM
AND IT LOOKS LIKE NATHAN'S JUST ANOTHER VICTIM.

NICELY: YES SIR,
WHEN YOU SEE A GUY,
REACH FOR STARS IN THE SKY,
YOU CAN BET THAT HE'S DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL.

BENNY: WHEN YOU SPOT A JOHN WAITING OUT IN THE RAIN
CHANCES ARE HE'S INSANE AS ONLY A JOHN CAN BE FOR A JANE.

NICELY: WHEN YOU MEET A GENT
 PAYING ALL KINDS OF RENT
 FOR A FLAT THAT COULD FLATTEN THE TAJ MAHAL!

BOTH: CALL IT SAD, CALL IT FUNNY,
 BUT IT'S BETTER THAN EVEN MONEY
 THAT THE GUY'S ONLY DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL.

BENNY: WHEN YOU SEE A JOE
 SAVING HALF OF HIS DOUGH
 YOU CAN BET THERE'LL BE MINK IN IT FOR SOME DOLL

NICELY: WHEN A BUM BUYS WINE
 LIKE A BUM CAN'T AFFORD
 IT'S A CINCH THAT THE BUM
 IS UNDER THE THUMB OF SOME LITTLE BROAD.

BENNY: WHEN YOU MEET A MUG,
 LATELY OUT OF THE JUG,
 AND HE'S STILL LIFTING PLATINUM, FOLDEROL

BOTH: CALL IT HELL, CALL IT HEAVEN,
 IT'S A PROBABLE TWELVE TO SEVEN
 THAT THE GUY'S
 ONLY DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL.

(A GUY and DOLL enter. She has a long cigarette holder. He carries a load of suit boxes and hat boxes. He stops and takes lighter from pocket and lights cigarette. She blows smoke in his face. She exits followed by GUY)

BENNY: WHEN YOU SEE A SPORT
 AND HIS CASH HAS RUN SHORT
 MAKE A BET THAT HE'S BANKING IT WITH SOME DOLL.

NICELY: WHEN A GUY WEARS TAIL
 WITH THE FRONT GLEAMING WHITE
 WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK
 HE'S TICKLING PINK
 ON SATURDAY NIGHT?

BENNY: WHEN A LAZY SLOB TAKES A GOOD STEADY JOB,
 AND HE SMELLS FROM VITALIS AND BARBASOL

BOTH: CALL IT DUMB, CALL IT CLEVER,

AH, BUT YOU CAN GIVE ODDS FOREVER
THAT THE GUY'S ONLY DOING IT
FOR SOME DOLL, SOME DOLL, SOME DOLL,
THE GUY'S ONLY DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL!

ACT I
Scene 6 – Mission

It is around lunch time. The MISSION BAND enters, all tired and exhausted from a day of marching. As SARAH enters she is glancing offstage seeing if SKY MASTERSON is following her.

SARAH: Well, we finally lost him.

ARVIDE: I do think you should have paid some attention to him.

AGATHA: Yes, he attended every street meeting we had this morning. He must be interested in our work.

SARAH: Very.

AGATHA: By the way, you spoke beautifully this morning, Sarah.

SARAH: *(Disconsolately)* No, I can't reach these people. I should never have volunteered for this post – Well, let's go in to lunch. And I was going to convert Broadway all by myself. I was going to take these gamblers and have them just begging to come to the Mission.

(She sees Sky's Marker in trash basket and picks it up. She and Arvide are the only ones left. GENREAL CARTWRIGHT, the head of the Save-A-Soul Mission enters just as Sarah angrily throws the Marker back into the trash basket. She sees the GENERAL.)

SARAH: General Cartwright!

GENERAL: Good morning, Sarah. Arvide.

ARVIDE: Good morning, General.

SARAH: We didn't know you were coming to town, General.

GENERAL: I got in early this morning. I've spent the last hour trying to find you.

(AGATHA enters)

SARAH: Oh, I'm sorry. We've been holding some extra street meetings, trying to stimulate more interest –

AGATHA: Good morning, General.

GENERAL: Good morning – Sarah, there's something I want to talk to you about.

SARAH: Won't you come inside – have some lunch with us?

GENERAL: No, I don't have time, dear. I have several other calls to make – Sarah, we at headquarters have come to a difficult conclusion. We have decided to close this branch of the Mission.

SARAH: Oh, no.

ARVIDE: Close the Mission!

SARAH: But, General, please! Someone can do good here, even if I can't.

GENERAL: Sarah, there are so many calls on us, so many other places where our work is really needed.

ARVIDE: But we are doing much better now.

AGATHA: We've announced a big meeting for tomorrow night.

GENERAL: You've announced a meeting! But will anyone be here? Will anybody come?

(A second's pause, then SKY enters with quiet dignity)

SKY: Pardon me – I couldn't help overhearing – General, my name is Sky Masterson, former sinner.

GENERAL: How do you do?

SKY: How do you do? - I wish to protest the closing of this Mission. I believe Miss Sarah can be a big success here.

GENERAL: I am glad to hear you say that, but I'm not so certain.

SKY: A dollar will get you ten.

GENERAL: What?

SKY: General, might I make a suggestion – *(He goes to trash basket and picks up his marker which he conceals in his hat)*

GENERAL: Yes.

SKY: Why don't you come to the meeting tomorrow night and find out for yourself – *(Crosses to Sarah and give marker to her)* Don't you think that would be a good idea?

GENERAL: Well, if I thought the Mission had a chance –

SARAH: *(looking at Marker)* General, I personally guarantee you one dozen genuine sinners.

GENERAL: Hallelujah!

SKY: Hallelujah!

ACT I
Scene 7 – Street off Broadway

The crap shooters walk on – Harry the Horse is in the lead followed by Big Julie – after they are all on BENNY enters

BENNY: You all got your carnations? *(Ad lib "Yes")* Remember, no one will be let in to the game without they got red carnations. It's like a pass word.

HARRY: But where's the game?

(Exclamations from the mob – NATHAN enters, BENNY crosses to him)

BENNY: I'll tell you in a minute. Nathan, is it all set? Can I tell the guys that it's at the Biltmore Garage?

NATHAN: Not yet. I got to stall 'em for a while. Joey wants his dough first.

BENNY: But it's eleven o'clock – they won't stick around much longer.

NATHAN: So sue me. I left Nicely at my hotel to wait for the money from Sky. It'll be there. *(Enter NICELY, eating a sandwich)* Where's the dough?

NICELY: It hasn't come yet.

NATHAN: I told you to wait for it.

NICELY: *(Indicating sandwich)* I had to get some groceries. I felt a little faint.

NATHAN: Get back to the hotel and wait for the money from Sky and don't come back here without it even if you starve to death.

NICELY: Okay, Nathan.

(NATHAN pushes NICELY off. HARRY THE HORSE crosses to NATHAN)

HARRY: Where's the game, Detroit?

NATHAN: Hey, Harry the Horse, how are you, Harry. How's everything in Brooklyn?

HARRY: Detroit, if you do not have no place for your game, tell us, and we will seek elsewhere for entertainment.

NATHAN: Now take it easy, Harry.

HARRY: I hope, Detroit, you will not spoil our evening, inasmuch as I happen to be entertaining a very prominent guest tonight. I think you might have heard of him. *(He points to a big tough looking guy)* I would like you to meet Big Jule from Chicago.

(NATHAN crosses to Big Jule)

NATHAN: *(Very ingratiating)* Why, how do you do, Big Jule. *(Shakes hands perfunctorily)* Welcome to our fair city, in which as you know the heat is on. But just be patient and you'll get some action.

(Big Jule just stands there looking at Nathan)

HARRY: What do you say, Big Jule, shall we stick around or shall we blow?

BIG JULE: *(positively)* I came here to shoot crap. Let's shoot crap.

NATHAN: Sure, sure.

HARRY: Nathan – if there is no crap game tonight I am sure Big Jule will be considerably displeased; and Big Jule does not like to be displeased, as you can find out from those citizens who at one time or another displeased him. Although I will admit it is very hard to find such citizens in view of the fact that they are no longer around and about.

NATHAN: Why, Harry, you don't think I would be so rude as to displease a gentleman like Big Jule here, do you? *(He puts his hand on Big Jule's arm)* Big Jule, believe me when I tell you that when Nathan Detroit – Nathan Detroit –
(He moves his hand and pats Big Jule on the chest. His words slow down as he feels Jule's gun. He removes his hand as though he touched a hot stove)
- When Nathan Detroit arranges something – you can count on it that –

(He peters out as BRANNIGAN enters and crosses to the group. They are practically lined up for him and he looks them over very carefully)

BRANNIGAN: Well! - Well! – an interesting gathering indeed. The cream of society – Angie the Ox – Society Max – Rusty Charlie – Liver Lips Louie.
(He walks up looking them over – goes down the line but nobody says anything)
Hey, Harry the Horse, all the way from Brooklyn, and – *(stops in front of Big Jule)*
Pardon me, I'm very bad on names, but your face looks familiar. Mind telling me where you're from?

BIG JULE: *(Chewing his cigar for a moment)* East Cicero, Illinois.

BRANNIGAN: Oh, what do you do there?

BIG JULE: I'm a Scout Master.

BRANNIGAN: Well, don't ever help my mother across the street.
(Smells flower in one of the mug's lapel)
Mmm – lovely. *(Looks over the line-up of flowered lapels)*
This looks like the male chorus from "Blossom Time." What's the occasion?

(His eyes travel thr group, finally settling on BENNY)

NATHAN: Well, we – er –

BENNY: It's a party.

BRANNIGAN: Indeed! What kind of a party?

(At this moment ADELAIDE backs onto the stage waving at some girls)

ADELAIDE: Goodbye, girls, see you tomorrow.

(BENNY sees her and immediately gets his idea. He grabs ADELAIDE by the waist and leads her over to Brannigan)

BENNY: It's a bachelor dinner. Nathan's getting married.

ADELAIDE: What!

HARRY: That is correct, Lieutenant! It's a bachelor dinner. Nathan's getting married.

BENNY: Yes, sir!
(Sings) FOR –

GROUP: - HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW –

BIG JULE: WHICH NOBODY CANNOT DENY. *(Slaps Nathan on the back, almost upsetting him)*

ADELAIDE: Nathan darling, I'm so thrilled! Why didn't you tell me?

NATHAN: It was a surprise.

ADELAIDE: But when I saw you standing here with all these – fine gentlemen, I never dreamed it was a bachelor dinner. I thought it as a –

NATHAN: Oh, it's a bachelor dinner.

BENNY: *(Also to the rescue)* It's a bachelor dinner.

NATHAN: Yes, sir! A bachelor dinner.

ADELAIDE: Just think after fourteen years I'm finally going to become Mrs. Nathan Detroit. Time certainly does fly.

BRANNIGAN: Tell me, Nathan. When is the happy day?

ADELAIDE: When will it be, Nathan?

NATHAN: Well –

BRANNIGAN: Nathan, these good fellows are nice enough to give you a bachelor dinner. You should at least tell them the wedding date.

NATHAN: *(Shouts)* Well, we need time for a license and our blood test.

ADELAIDE: *(sighs)* Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could be married tomorrow night. Right after the show at the Hot Box.

NATHAN: Adelaide, we need time for a license –

BRANNIGAN: You could elope.

NATHAN: What?

BRANNIGAN: You can drive down to Maryland – what's the name of that town?

BENNY: Pimlico.

BRANNIGAN: Not Pimlico, no, Nathan, Elkton. They'll marry you right away. They don't ask you for a blood test.

NATHAN: Ain't that unhealthy?

HARRY: Nathan, that's a great idea – elope. I'll lend you my getaway car. *(he takes a quick look at Brannigan)* My Buick.

ADELAIDE: *(Throws arms around his neck)* Oh, Nathan, let's do it.

NATHAN: *(long pause – sighs)* Well – what the hell – *(They embrace. All congratulate him – ad lib)*

BRANNIGAN: My congratulations too, Nathan. And I only hope there is nothing in heredity. *(he exits)*

ADELAIDE: Nathan, I got so many things to do before we elope. You'll be at the Hot Box tomorrow night?

NATHAN: I'll have a table reserved and I'll be dressed up in whatever you elope in.

ADELAIDE: Oh, Nathan, I'm so happy. I ought to wire my mother. Only what'll I wire her?

NATHAN: Send the telegram and date it back.

ADELAIDE: I'd better wait until we have five children. It won't take us long. *(she exits)*

HARRY: Nathan, you are indeed a lucky fellow. A most beautiful doll indeed. Do you agree, Big Jule?

BIG JULE: Tell me – how long you know the doll?

NATHAN: Fourteen years.

BIG JULE: Let's shoot crap.

BENNY: Nathan, you'd better find a place!

NATHAN: How can I? The money from Sky ain't come yet.

BENNY: Maybe it won't come! Maybe he took the doll to Havana.

NATHAN: He couldn't have! How could he! She couldn't have gone!

(The music of the approaching MISSION BAND is heard. NATHAN galvanizes to attention, realizes he will now find out. The band enters with NATHAN anxiously counting them as they enter. As the group passes, he keeps looking for Sarah to appear. She does not. A pause, then NATHAN places hand to head and collapses on Benny's shoulder.)

Act I **Scene 8 – Havana, Cuba**

Music is blaring and dancing flaring. Sky ushers Sarah into the place. They are seated at a table and she looks over the menu

SARAH: A ham sandwich.

(waiter and Sky give her a incredulous look. The scene shifts and they are walking through Havana)

SARAH: *(Reading from a guide book)* "El Santo Cristo, the second oldest mission in Cuba" – come on!

SKY: Where to?

SARAH: To see the oldest! "Don't miss the dungeons where prisoners were thrown to the sharks."

SKY: Sounds like a million laughs.

SARAH: "Here is buried Christopher Columbus."

SKY: At least he's lying down.

(They go into a street café.)

SKY: How about a drink?

SARAH: A milk shake, please.

SKY: *(Holding up 2 fingers to the waiter)* Dulce de leche.

(Waiter signals back with fingers knowingly. SARAH goes back to her guide book, to Sky's annoyance. WAITER returns with 2 drinks in coconut shells. SARAH sips her drink, as does SKY.)

SARAH: These are delicious. What did you call them?

SKY: Dulce de leche.

SARAH: Dulce de leche. What's in it besides milk?

SKY: Oh, sugar, and a kind of native flavoring.

SARAH: What's the name of the flavoring?

SKY: Bacardi.

SARAH: *(sips drink)* It's very good. I'll have another one. Doesn't Bacardi have alcohol in it?

SKY: Only enough to act as a preservative.

SARAH: *(A little tipsy)* You know – this would be a wonderful way to get children to drink milk.

(Cuban dancers. SARAH sees them and imitates their movement as she follows them off. SKY rises and places hand to his head in amazement, quite shocked at her. Then he does the same movement as he exits. They enter another café)

SARAH: (*shouting as she enters*) Two Dulce de Leche.

(*They are served. A solo female dancer begins to make up to Sky much to SARAH's annoyance. SARAH in retaliation dances with one of the Cuban men. SKY forces SARAH to sit down. Finally the solo dancer seizes SKY and makes him dance with her. SARAH takes Cuban man by the hand and forces him to dance with her. SARAH becomes jealous, leaves Cuban and grabs Sky, pulling him away from dancer. DANCER strikes back and a free for all develops. SKY grabs SARAH and dashes out.*)

ACT I
Scene 9 – Havana exterior

SKY enters, leading SARAH and she is still struggling. It is apparent that she is a little tipsy.)

SKY: Take it easy, slugger. It's over and you're still champ. (*SHE kisses him. She staggers after kiss*) Are you all right?

SARAH: (*Happily*) Am I all right!

SONG – If I Were a Bell

SARAH: ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL
 ASK ME NOW THAT WE'RE COZY AND CLINGING!
 WELL, SIR, ALL I CAN SAY
 IS IF I WERE A BELL I'D BE RINGING!
 FROM THE MOMENT WE KISSED TONIGHT
 THAT'S THE WAY I'VE JUST GOT TO BEHAVE
 BOY, IF I WERE A LAMP I'D LIGHT
 AND IF I WERE A BANNER I'D WAVE.

 ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL
 LITTLE ME WITH MY QUIET UPBRINGING
 WELL, SIR, ALL I CAN SAY
 IS IF I WERE A GATE I'D BE SWINGING
 AND IF I WERE A WATCH
 I'D START POPPING MY SPRING
 OR IF I WERE A BELL I'D GO
 DING-DONG-DING-DONG-DING.
 ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL
 FROM THIS CHEMISTRY LESSON I'M LEARNING

SKY: Chemistry?

SARAH: Yes, chemistry.

WELL, SIR, ALL I CAN SAY
IS IF I WERE A BRIDGE,
I'D BE BURNING
YES, I KNEW MY MORAL WOULD CRACK
FROM THE WONDERFUL WAY THAT YOU LOOKED
BOY, IF I WERE A DUCK I'D QUACK
OR IF I WERE A GOOSE I'D BE COOKED
ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL,
ASK ME NOW THAT WE'RE FONDLY CARESSING
PAL, IF I WERE A SALAD
I KNOW I'D BE SPLASHING MY DRESSING
ASK ME HOW TO DESCRIBE
THIS WHOLE BEAUTIFUL THING
WELL, IF I WERE A BELL
I'D GO DING-DONG-DING-DONG DING.

SARAH: Havana is so wonderful. Why don't we stay here for a few days so we can see how wonderful it's really like.

SKY: (*Thinks a moment*) I think we'd better hurry if we want to catch the plane back to New York.

SARAH: I don't *want* to go back to New York.

SKY: I'm *taking* you back!

SARAH: You're no gentleman.

SKY: Look, a doll like you shouldn't be mixed up with a guy like me. It's no good. I'm no good. You know why I took you to Havana? I made a bet! That's how you met me in the first place. I made a bet.

SARAH: How else would a girl get to meet a gambler?

SKY: (*He starts to take her off*) Come on!

SARAH: No, no!

SKY: I got to think what's best for *you*.

SARAH: Oh, you talk just like a Missionary.

ACT I
Scene 10 – Mission Exterior

Sound of an airplane is heard. The sound fades out and the lights come up revealing the Mission exterior. It is 4 am the following morning. SARAH enters minus her uniform coat and hat. She is in a very pensive mood. SKY follows on almost behind her also in a very thoughtful mood. He is hatless.

SARAH: Thank you for bringing me back. I must have behaved very badly.

SKY: No, you were fine.

(ADELAIDE enters draped with assorted kitchen utensils given her at a shower. She is followed by FOUR GIRLS. They are carrying utensils given to Adelaide and humming "The Wedding March)

ADELAIDE: *(Stopping with GIRLS)* Oh, golly, I don't know how I'll get home with all this stuff. It was wonderful of you to give it to me. *(She sees Sky)* Sky, hello!

SKY: How are you, Miss Adelaide?

ADELAIDE: Oh, fine, Sky. Look! The girls just gave me a kitchen shower. *(A DRUNK enters)* They went to the all night drug store and surprised me with a kitchen shower! Look! *(SHE waves utensils in the air – The DRUNK notices the brightness of the utensils)*

DRUNK: What vulgar jewelry. *(He exits)*

SKY: That's wonderful, Adelaide – You know Miss Sarah.

SARAH: How do you do.

ADELAIDE: Glad to meet you – You know, Sky, we're eloping tomorrow night right after the Hot Box – Nathan and I.

SKY: Good luck.

ADLEAIDE: Thank you, Sky – *(To the girls)* Gee, I feel just like a housewife, already. I'm going to love being in the kitchen – I've tried all the other rooms. *(ADELAIDE exits followed by GIRLS)*

SKY: Miss Adelaide certainly seems happy.

SARAH: She's in love.

SKY: Yeah, I guess so.

SARAH: What time is it?

SKY: I don't know. Four o'clock.

SARAH: This is your time of day, isn't it? I've never been up this late before.

SKY: How do you like it?

SARAH: It's so peaceful, and wonderful.

SKY: You're finding out something I've know for quite a while.

SONG – My Time of Day

SKY: MY TIME OF DAY IS THE DARK TIME
A COUPLE OF DEALS BEFORE DAWN
WHEN THE STREET BELONGS TO THE COP
AND THE JANITOR WITH THE MOP
AND THE GROCERY CLERKS ARE ALL GONE
WHEN THE SMELL OF THE RAIN-WASHED PAVEMENT
COMES UP CLEAN AND FRESH AND COLD
AND THE STREET LAMP LIGHT
FILLS THE GUTTER WITH GOLD
THAT'S MY TIME OF DAY.
MY TIME OF DAY
AND YOU'RE THE ONLY DOLL
I'VE EVER WANTED TO SHARE IT WITH ME.

(Spoken) Obediah!

SARAH: Obediah? What's that?

SKY: Obediah Masterson... That's my real name. You're the first person I've ever told it to.

SONG - I've Never Been in Love Before

SKY: I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE
NOW ALL AT ONCE IT'S YOU
IT'S YOU FOREVER MORE
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE
I THOUGHT MY HEART WAS SAFE
I THOUGHT I KNEW THE SCORE
BUT THIS IS WINE THAT'S ALL TOO STRANGE AND STRONG
I'M FULL OF FOOLISH SONG
AND OUT MY SONG MUST POUR
SO PLEASE FORGIVE THIS HELPLESS HAZE I'M IN
I'VE REALLY NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE.

SARAH: I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE
NOW ALL AT ONCE IT'S YOU
IT'S YOU FOREVER MORE
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE
I THOUGHT MY HEART WAS SAFE
I THOUGHT I KNEW THE SCORE
BUT THIS IS WINE THAT'S ALL TOO STRANGE AND STRONG
I'M FULL OF FOOLISH SONG
AND OUT MY SONG MUST POUR.

BOTH: SO PLEASE FORGIVE THIS HELPLESS HAZE I'M IN
I'VE REALLY NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE.

(They kiss. ARVIDE enters followed by the MISSION BAND. They are obviously very tired from being out all night trying to convert sinners. SARAH sees Arvide as he enters.)

SARAH: Grandfather! I thought you'd be asleep.

ARVIDE: Hello, Sarah dear. *(To Sky)* Good morning, Brother Masterson.

SKY: Good morning.

ARVIDE: We followed your suggestion and stayed out all night. *(To SARAH)* We spoke to a lot of sinners – where have you been, Sarah?

SARAH: I've been to Cuba.

ARVIDE: You're even more tired than I am.

(Offstage can be heard the clang of a police patrol wagon bell. A GUY dashes on at top speed. He runs across to the Mission entrance, sticks his head in the door and lets go with a piercing whistle, finger-in-mouth type, as the MISSIONARIES and SKY react with surprise)

SKY: What the hell is this?

(Crosses to door. BENNY, NICELY, and NATHAN come hurrying out of the door putting on their coats at the same time. They start off. The lookout whistles at them and motions for them to go the other way. As they stop and turn, followed by HARRY-The-Horse, the other CRAP SHOOTERS emerge, some with their coats off, others just putting them on. They start off and collide with GUYS coming back but they all exit. As NATHAN goes by, SKY grabs him, but NATHAN doesn't stop – he exits.)

SKY: Hey! What is this?

NATHAN: Canasta! *(He dashes off followed by some of the GUYS. BIG JULE enters.)*

BIG JULE: *(Yelling at NATHAN as he is running off)* Wait a minute! I'm losing ten G's.

(He runs off. The sound of the patrol bell has reached close up presence. As the bell stops clanging, BRANNIGAN and TWO COPS rush on. BRANNIGAN stops short and realizes they have escaped him.)

BRANNIGAN: *(To the two cops)* Someone must have tipped them off. *(The two cops rush off. BRANNIGAN turns to Sarah.)* I seen a lot of strange things in my time but this is the first time I ever see a floating crap game going full blast in a MISSION. *(He runs off)*

SARAH: *(Stunned)* Crap game!

SKY: Sarah, you know I had nothing to do with this, don't you? *(Sarah walks slowly to the Mission entrance.)* Sarah! *(She stops)*

SARAH: *(turns away)* This wouldn't have happened if I hadn't – *(She turns to him)* - never should have gone with you. It was wrong.

SKY: No, it wasn't. You went to help the Mission.

SARAH: *(dully)* Did I?

SKY: *(Looks at her a moment)* Will I see you tomorrow?

SARAH: Everyone is welcome at the Mission.

SKY: That's not what I mean.

SARAH: It's no good, Sky. You said yourself – it's no good.

SKY: Why not? What the hell kind of doll are you, anyway?

SARAH: I'm a Mission doll.

(SARAH goes into the Mission as the Missionaries follow her)

End of ACT I

ACT II

Scene 1 – *The Hot Box nightclub*

The place is well crowded with patrons sipping cocktails – the M.C. is center stage standing in front of a microphone

M.C.: And now for the feature number of the evening. The Hot Box proudly presents Miss Adelaide and her Debutantes. *(He exits, taking the mic with him. Adelaide and the girls enter dressed in gowns, shoes, hats, necklaces and mink stoles)*

SONG – Take Back Your Mink

ADELAIDE: HE BOUGHT ME THE FUR THING,
FIVE WINTERS AGO
AND THE GOWN THE FOLLOWING FALL
THEN THE NECKLACE, THE BAG, THE GLOVES, AND THE HAT,
THAT WAS LATE 'FORTY-EIGHT I RECALL

(Suddenly indignant)

THEN LAST NIGHT IN HIS APARTMENT
HE TRIED TO REMOVE THEM ALL!
AND I SAID AS I RAN DOWN THE HALL:

(with hurt feelings)

TAKE BACK YOUR MINK
TAKE BACK YOUR PEARLS
WHAT MADE YOU THINK
THAT I WAS ONE OF THOSE GIRLS?
TAKE BACK THE GOWN,
THE SHOES AND THE HAT
I MAY BE DOWN
BUT I'M NOT FLAT AS ALL THAT.

I THOUGHT THAT EACH EXPENSIVE GIFT YOU'D ARRANGE
WAS A TOKEN OF YOUR ESTEEM
NOW WHEN I THINK OF WHAT YOU WANT IN EXCHANGE
IT ALL SEEMS A HORRIBLE DREAM
SO – TAKE BACK YOUR MINK
TO FROM WHENCE IT CAME
AND TELL THEM TO
HOLLANDERIZE IT
FOR SOME OTHER DAME.

ADELAIDE & GIRLS:

TAKE BACK YOUR MINK *(take mink off)*
TAKE BACK YOUR PEARLS *(take pearls off)*
WHAT MADE YOU THINK
THAT I WAS ONE OF THOSE GIRLS
I'M SCREAMING
TAKE BACK THE GOWN *(take off gown)*
TAKE BACK THE HAT *(take hats off)*
I MAY BE DOWN
BUT I'M NOT FLAT AS ALL THAT.
I THOUGHT THAT EACH EXPENSIVE GIFT YOU'D ARRANGE
WAS A TOKEN OF YOUR ESTEEM
BUT WHEN I THINK OF WHAT YOU WANT IN EXCHANGE
IT ALL SEEMS A HORRIBLE DREAM – EEK!
TAKE BACK YOUR MINK
THOSE OLD WORN OUT PELTS
AND GO SHORTEN THE SLEEVES
FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

(ADELAIDE and GIRLS go into their dance. At the end of dance, ADELAIDE and GIRLS exit then they immediately re-enter, running around and gathering up in their arms all the clothes that had been discarded during the dance)

ADELAIDE & GIRLS: *(Shouted to the audience)*

WELL?

WOULDN'T YOU?

(THEY exit. SKY enters, no hat, looks around like a man on the loose. He is unshaven again, and a bit crumpled. He drifts over to the empty table and sits down. A WAITER comes over)

WAITER: Will you be with Mr. Detroit's party, sir?

SKY: Is he here?

WAITER: No, sir. Mr. Detroit has not been here all evening.

SKY: Bring be a rye and soda.

(WAITER exits. NICELY enters a bit furtively. Sits at table)

NICELY: Sky, did you see Miss Adelaide?

SKY: Huh?

NICELY: I bring a message for her from Nathan. I wish Nathan would bring his own messages.

SKY: What's the message? Where is Nathan?

NICELY: It's this way. *(He concentrates)* Nathan's aunt in Pittsburgh was suddenly taken ill with – er –

SKY: *(Wryly)* A rare tropical disease.

NICELY: Yeah, that's not bad. *(waiter enters with drink)* Anyway, Nathan has to –

SKY: Nicely, what is the message? Where *is* Nathan?

NICELY: *(looks around to see if he's overheard then leans over toward Sky)* The crap game is still going on.

SKY: *(casually)* Since last night.

NICELY: Big Jule, being a large loser, does not wish the game to terminate. In fact, he is most insistent. So we find another place and the game goes on.

SKY: Where is the game?

NICELY: Are you looking for some action?

SKY: No, I'm leaving town tonight, but I do want to talk to some of the guys. You see, Nicely, I gave a marker to – well, somebody – and I'd kinda like to clean it up before – *(he stops as ADELAIDE approaches. NICELY is on his feet quickly)*

NICELY: - I'll meet you outside.

SKY: What about Nathan's message?

NICELY: Oh! *(getting it over with quickly)* Miss Adelaide, Nathan is in Pittsburg with a rare tropical aunt. Goodbye. *(he rushes out)*

ADELAIDE: What? I don't understand. Sky, Nathan *has* to come here tonight. We're eloping to get married. Is it the crap game again?

SKY: You know Nathan. Why does it surprise you?

ADELAIDE: But he promised to change.

SKY: Change, change. Why is it the minute you dolls get a guy that you like, you take him right in for alterations?

ADELAIDE: What about you men? Why can't you marry people like other people do and live normal like people? Have a home, with – wallpaper, and book ends.

SKY: *(Sadly)* No, Miss Adelaide.

ADELAIDE: What do you mean – no?

SKY: Guys like Nathan Detroit, and – yeah, Sky Masterson – we don't belong in a life like that. So when dolls get mixed up with guys like us, it's no good. *(He gets to his feet, places on dollar on the table to pay for his drink)* No good – see you in a couple months.

ADELAIDE: Where you going?

SKY: I don't know – Las Vegas, maybe. I got a ticket on the late plane.

ADELAIDE: Will you see Nathan before you go?

SKY: Maybe.

ADELAIDE: Tell *him* I never want to talk to him again and have him call me here.
(*Sneezes and sniffles*)

SKY: Look! Why don't you get another guy?

ADELAIDE: I can't. I love Nathan. Wait till you fall for somebody! You'll find out.

SKY: (*looks at her a second*) Yeah.

SONG – Adelaide's Second Lament

ADELAIDE: IN OTHER WORDS – JUST FOR SITTING ALONE
 AT A TABLE RESERVED FOR TWO
 A PERSON CAN DEVELOP THE FLU

 YOU CAN BUNDLE HER UP IN HER WOOLIES
 AND I MEAN THE WARMEST BRAND
 YOU CAN WRAP HER IN SWEATERS AND COATS
 'TIL IT'S MORE THAN HER FRAME CAN STAND
 IF SHE STILL GETS THE FEELING SHE'S NAKED
 FROM LOOKING AT HER LEFT HAND
 A PERSON CAN DEVELOP THE FLU. HUH! THE FLU!
 A HUNDRED AND THREE POINT TWO
 SO MUCH VIRUS INSIDE
 THEN HER MICROSCOPE SLIDE
 LOOKS LIKE A DAY IN THE ZOO
 JUST FROM WANTING HER MEM'RIES IN WRITING
 AND A STORY HER FOLKS CAN BE TOLD
 A PERSON CAN DEVELOP A COLD. (*She sneezes*)

BLACKOUT

ACT II
Scene 2 – *Street exterior*

Manhole rail is on stage. SARAH enters at a brisk pace – ARVIDE is following her, having quite a time keeping up with Sarah.

ARVIDE: Not so fast, Sarah, not so fast. (*SARAH stops*) Look, suppose we don't have a big meeting tonight – suppose nobody is there at all. We'll explain to the General.

SARAH: We won't have to explain – it'll be very clear. I just want to get away from this whole place. To go someplace where – where –

ARVIDE: Where the sinners are all respectable and well behaved?

SARAH: You saw what happened last night. They gambled – in our Mission.

ARVIDE: And someday they'll be praying there. Even a man like Sky Masterson. He came seeking refuge.

SARAH: He came seeking *me*. Did you know that?

ARVIDE: Are you kidding? I knew that the minute he started picking on you. But I didn't know you were going to get stuck on him.

SARAH: I'll get over it.

ARVIDE: What do you want to get over it for? It isn't pneumonia.

SARAH: The man I love will not be a gambler.

ARVIDE: But if you love him enough –

SARAH: He will not be a gambler.

ARVIDE: Sarah, dear. (*SARAH sits on box*) I've always taken care of you. All I want is for you to be happy.

SONG – More I Cannot Wish You

ARVIDE: VELVET I CAN WISH YOU
 FOR THE COLLAR OF YOUR COAT
 AND FORTUNE SMILING ALL ALONG YOUR WAY
 BUT MORE I CANNOT WISH YOU

THAN TO WISH YOU FIND YOUR LOVE
YOUR OWN TRUE LOVE, THIS DAY

MANSIONS I CAN WISH YOU
SEVEN FOOTMEN ALL IN RED
AND CALLING CARDS UPON A SILVER TRAY
BUT MORE I CANNOT WISH YOU
THAN TO WISH YOU FIND YOUR LOVE
YOUR OWN TRUE LOVE, THIS DAY

STANDING THERE
GAZING AT YOU
FULL OF THE BLOOM OF YOUTH
STANDING THERE
GAZING AT YOU
WITH THE SHEEP'S EYE
AND THE LICKERISH TOOTH

MUSIC I CAN WISH YOU
MERRY MUSIC WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG
AND WISDOM WHEN YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO GRAY
BUT MORE I CANNOT WISH YOU
THAN TO WISH YOU FIND YOUR LOVE
YOUR OWN TRUE LOVE, THIS DAY
WITH THE SHEEP SIDE
AND THE LICKERISH TOOTH
AND THE STRONG ARMS TO CARRY YOU AWAY

(He kisses SARAH on the cheek. SKY enters with NICELY. SKY stops and SARAH rises)

SKY: Good evening, Miss Sarah. Well, Brother Abernathy, how goes it with the soul-saving? Tonight's the big meeting, isn't it?

ARVIDE: It's supposed to be. The General is coming, and she's expecting – uh –

SKY: The General's a tough doll, eh?

ARVIDE: Well, very few people will be there – in fact, nobody. And, uh –

SARAH: I don't think Mr. Masterson is interested in our troubles, Grandfather. We've got to hurry.

SKY: Miss Sarah. *(She stops)* You've forgotten something, but being a gambler, I never forget things like this. You hold my marker for twelve sinners tonight.

SARAH: Thank you, Mr. Masterson, but I'd rather you forgot about it.

SKY: I cannot welch on a marker.

SARAH: Mr. Masterson, last night the Mission was filled with your friends. Let us say we're even.

(She exits. ARVIDE, passing SKY on the way out whispers out of the corner of his mouth)

ARVIDE: If you don't pay off on that marker I'll tell the whole town you're a dirty welcher. *(HE exits)*

SKY: Nicely! Where's the crap game?

NICELY: Well, Sky, it's about ten minutes' walk from here.

SKY: Which way?

NICELY: This way. *(he starts down the manhole)*

BLACKOUT

ACT II
Scene 3 – Crap game in sewer

UNDERSCORE – The Crapshooter's Dance

There is a large number of GUYS playing Crap. They all wear red carnations. Most of them are getting ready to leave the game.

BIG JULE: Wait a minute. Where you all going. I came here to shoot crap.

PLAYER: We had enough. *(Ad libs from the crowd)*

ANOTHER PLAYER: Let's go home.

NATHAN: You see, Big Jule, the boys are slightly fatigued from weariness, having been shooting crap for quite a while now, namely twenty four hours. *(Ad libs from crowd)*

BIG JULE: I do not care who is tired. I am out twenty-five G's so nobody leaves.

(He moves to Nathan and pats his shoulder revolver threateningly)

NATHAN: Gentlemen, I begin to see the logic of Big Jule. It is not that Big Jule is a bad loser; it is merely that he prefers to win. Right, Big Jule?

BIG JULE: Give me the dice. I'm shooting five hundred.

BENNY: Take two hundred.

(The players are a little slow in getting their money up and they all groan)

PLAYER: I'm half dead.

HARRY: If you do not shut up, Big Jule will arrange the other half.

(Players put their money up quickly.)

BIG JULE: *(As he rolls)* Hah!

NATHAN: And it's a one and a one. Snake eyes. You lose. *(Ad lib. Reaches for his take)* And fifty dollars for the house. But the dice are still yours, and your luck is bound to –

BIG JULE: Shut up! Another five.

BENNY: Two hundred more.

(The GUYS cover him again, but very reluctantly)

NATHAN: And here comes that big lucky roll.

BIG JULE: *(as he throws)* Haah!

NATHAN: And it's – snake eyes again.

(They all grab their money)

BENNY: Tough luck, Big Jule.

BIG JULE: Well, that cleans me. (*Ad lib and general relaxing, even expressions of pleasure*) But I ain't through yet. (*General apprehension. Ad lib*) I will now play on credit.

(*Many groans – ad lib*)

NATHAN: You see, Big Jule, the fellows are pretty tired. Of course me, personally, I am fresh as a daisy.

BIG JULE: Then I will play with you.

NATHAN: Me?

BIG JULE: Yeah, you. You been rakin' down out of every pot – you must have by now quite a bundle.

NATHAN: Well, being I assume the risk it is only fair I should assume some dough.

BIG JULE: Detroit, I am going to roll you, willy or nilly. If I loose, I will give you my marker. (*Starts writing*)

NATHAN: And if I loose?

HARRY: You will give him cash.

NATHAN: Let me hear it from Big Jule.

BIG JULE: You will give me cash.

NATHAN: Now I heard it.

BIG JULE: Here is my marker. (*NATHAN looks at it – then at Big Jule*) Put up your dough. Is anything wrong?

NATHAN: No – no. "I.O.U. one thousand dollars." Signed X! How is it you can write one thousand, but you cannot write your signature?

BIG JULE: I was good in arithmetic, but I stunk in English.

NATHAN: (*Puts his money down*) Here! This will put you through Harvard.

BIG JULE: I'm rolling a thousand. And to change my luck I will use my own dice.

NATHAN: (*Horrified*) Your own dice!

BIG JULE: I had them made for me especially in Chicago.

NATHAN: Big Jule, you cannot interpolate Chicago dice in a New York crap game.

BENNY: That is a breach of etiquette.

HARRY: Show me where it says that in Emily Post.

NATHAN: Not that I wish to seem petty, but could I look at these dice?

(ALL MEN crowd around looking at dice. BIG JULE takes them out, gives them to Nathan)

NATHAN: But these – these dice ain't got no spots on 'em. They're blank.

BIG JULE: I had the spots taken off for luck. But I remember where the spots formerly were.

NATHAN: You are going to roll blank dice and call 'em from remembering where the spots formerly was?

BIG JULE: *(Threateningly)* Why not? *(He pulls NATHAN up by coat)*

NATHAN: *(Wipes perspiration from his forehead)* I see no reason.

BIG JULE: *(he rolls)* A five – and a five. My point is ten.

NATHAN: Well, I still got a chance.

BIG JULE: *(shaking the dice)* Tensy! Come againsy!

NATHAN: I wish he'd fall down on his endsy.

BIG JULE: Heah! *(he rolls)* A ten! I win!

NATHAN: A ten?

BIG JULE: *(pointing)* A six and a four.

NATHAN: *(Looking)* Which is the six and which *is* the four?

BIG JULE: Either way – *(picks up the dice)* Now I'm shooting two thousand. Get it up!

NATHAN: *(Looking at his watch)* I just remembered. I am eloping tonight. Adelaide is waiting for me. *(Starts to exit. BIG JULE grabs him and pulls him back)*

BIG JULE: Get up the two thousand.

NATHAN: How about letting some of the other chaps in on the fun?

(Ad lib – "Ah no.")

BIG JULE: After I'm through with you! - Two thousand. *(NATHAN puts it up, reluctantly. BIG JULE shakes dice, rolls)* Haah! Seven! I win.

NATHAN: *(Swallowing hard)* What a surprise.

BIG JULE: *(Picks up dice)* Detroit, I think I will take it easy this time.

NATHAN: What do you mean?

BIG JULE: I am shooting one dollar.

NATHAN: I'll take all of it.

(BIG JULE puts it down)

BIG JULE: *(Rolls)* How do you like that? Snake eyes! I lose.

NATHAN: For this I got to bend down.

BIG JULE: Now I will give you a chance. I will roll for you three thousand.

NATHAN: Three G's?

BIG JULE: *(Picks up dice – firm)* I am rolling you for three G's. Put it down there.

(NATHAN counts out the money. Puts his hands over his eyes as BIG JULE starts to roll)

NATHAN: Wouldn't it be more convenient if I put it right into your pocket?

BIG JULE: Get it up! *(Rolling)* Haaah! - Eleven. I win.

NATHAN: That cleans me.

BIG JULE: *(to the others, picks up dice and money)* Now I will play with *you* guys.

(Ad lib)

NATHAN: Wait a minute! You gotta give me a chance to get even. I will roll *you*, with my dice.

BIG JULE: All right, Detroit, that's fair. What are you gonna use for money?

NATHAN: I will give you my marker.

HARRY: And you want Big Jule to put up cash?

BENNY: Nathan done it.

NATHAN: Sure I done it. What kind of a deal is this, anyway?

BENNY: Take it easy, Nathan.

NATHAN: Him with his no-spot dice! Somebody ought to knock the spots off *him*.
(Stands right up to Big Jule)

HARRY: Nathan, don't make Big Jule have to do something to you.

BIG JULE: Yeah, I am on vacation.

NATHAN: Go ahead – Shoot me. Put me in cement. At least I would know where I am. Here I risk my neck to set up a crap game. I even promise to get married on account of it. So look how I wind up. Broke in a sewer. Believe me, my tough friend from Chicago, there is nothing you could do to me that would not cheer me up.

(NICELY comes down the stairs)

NICELY: *(Motioning to someone)* Here they are.

SKY: *(entering)* Good evening, gentlemen.

BIG JULE: Well, fresh blood. You looking for some action?

SKY: Not at the moment. I would like to talk to some of you guys.

BIG JULE: We ain't talking. We're shooting crap.

SKY: *(quietly)* I am asking for only one minute.

BIG JULE: We are shooting crap.

SKY: It has to do with Miss Sarah Brown's Mission.

BIG JULE: Say, who is this guy?

HARRY: It's the fellow I was telling you – took the Mission doll to Havana.

BIG JULE: Oh, I get it. Look, fellow, why don't you go back to your praying tomato? You're slowing up the action around here.

SKY: *(smoothly)* If you want action, would you care to make a small wager on a proposition?

BIG JULE: What's the proposition?

SKY: Am I right-handed or left-handed?

BIG JULE: How would I know a thing like that?

SKY: I'll give you a clue.

(Socks BIG JULE with a right. BIG JULE goes down. Staggeres to his feet, reaching groggily for his gun. SKY gets it first – tosses it to NATHAN who catches it gingerly.)

HARRY: Heh!

NATHAN: *(handing gun to Benny)* Kindly return this to Sears-Roebuck.

SKY: *(Addressing the group)* Look, you guys. Tonight in Miss Sarah Brown's Mission at 409 West 49th Street they are holding a midnight prayer meeting. I promised I would deliver to them some sinners, and when it comes to sinning most of you guys are high up among the paint cards.

(EVERYONE looks uncomfortable – ad lib)

HARRY: I don't want to waste no evening in a Hallelujah joint.

SKY: If you won't do it as a favor to me, do it as a favor to yourselves. I guarantee you the air in the Mission smells cleaner than down here – *(ad libs)* – and maybe it would not hurt you guys to learn something else besides the odds on making a four the hard way.

HARRY: You been reading the Bible too much.

SKY: So what? Maybe the Bible don't read as lively as the Scratch Sheet, but it is at least twice as accurate. *(THEY only mumble with heads hung low – ad lib)* Well, I tried – See you around, Nathan. *(Puts hat down)*

NATHAN: Okay, Sky – About that Havana business, I regret I temporarily do not have the one thousand to pay you.

SKY: You don't have to pay me. *(Pulls out bill)* You won.

NATHAN: But I thought you took Miss Sarah to Havana.

SKY: You thought wrong. *(Giving money to NATHAN he starts up the ladder)*

NATHAN: Come on, Big Jule, get up. I have now got dough to roll you again. But with my dice!

HARRY: Nothing doing. With those dice he cannot make a pass to save his soul.

SKY: *(Stops dead on the ladder)* What'd you say?

HARRY: *(Belligerently)* I says with them dice he cannot make a pass to save his soul.

SKY: Well, maybe I can make a pass to save his – *(Pointing to one, then another)* And yours! - And yours – and his –

(From the GROUP: "Huh? – What are you talking about?" – Ad lib)

SKY: I am going to roll the dice. I will bet each of you a thousand dollars against your souls. One thousand cash against a marker for your souls. If I win, you guys all show up at the Mission tonight. *(There is a buzz of interest)* Is it okay? *(Ad lib)*

HARRY: Let me get this. If you lose, we each get a thousand bucks, and if you win we gotta show up at the Mission doll's cabaret?

SKY: *(Tight-lipped)* If I win you show up at the Save-A-Soul Mission. One meeting.

HARRY: *(thinks a minute)* Okay by me.

BENNY: *(Taking the lead)* By me too.

(The OTHERS agree, as they all start writing markers. BENNY also writes)

SKY: *(As the OTHERS hand him their markers)* You too, Nathan. A thousand dollars against your soul.

NATHAN: Me? I don't even know if I got one?

SKY: You got one someplace.

NATHAN: How do you spell "soul"?

BENNY: *(Spelling)* S-O- *(NATHAN pushes BENNY)*

SKY: All right, put down your markers. *(THEY do so, SKY covers them all with a one thousand dollar bill)* Give me the dice. And give me room. *(He hesitates, nervously. Tosses the dice in his hand once or twice)*

A PLAYER: Come on – quit stallin' – roll.

HARRY: What's the matter, Sky, turning chicken?

SKY: You've seen me roll for a hundred G's. But I've got a little more than dough riding on this one.

SONG – Luck Be A Lady

SKY: THEY CALL YOU LADY LUCK
 BUT THERE IS ROOM FOR DOUBT
 AT TIMES YOU HAVE A VERY UNLADY-LIKE
 WAY OF RUNNING OUT
 YOU'RE ON THIS DATE WITH ME
 THE PICKINGS HAVE BEEN LUSH
 AND YET BEFORE THE EVENING IS OVER
 YOU MIGHT GIVE ME THE BRUSH
 YOU MIGHT FORGET YOUR MANNERS
 YOU MIGHT REFUSE TO STAY
 AND SO THE BEST THAT I CAN DO IS PRAY.

LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT.
LUCK, IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN A LADY TO BEGIN WITH
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT.

LUCK LET A GENTLEMAN SEE
HOW NICE A DAME YOU CAN BE
I KNOW THE WAY YOU'VE TREATED OTHER GUYS YOU'VE BEEN
WITH,
LUCK BE A LADY WITH ME!

A LADY DOESN'T LEAVE HER ESCORT
IT ISN'T FAIR, IT ISN'T NICE
A LADY DOESN'T WANDER ALL OVER THE ROOM
AND BLOW ON SOME OTHER GUY'S DICE.

SO, LET'S KEEP THE PARTY POLITE
NEVER GET OUT OF MY SIGHT
STICK WITH ME BABY, I'M THE FELLOW YOU CAME IN WITH
LUCK BE A LADY
LUCK BE A LADY
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT

ENSEMBLE: LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT
LUCK, IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN A LADY TO BEGIN WITH
LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT.

SKY: LUCK, LET A GENTLEMAN SEE

CRAP SHOOTERS: LUCK, LET A GENTLEMAN SEE

SKY: HOW NICE A DAME YOU CAN BE

CRAP SHOOTERS: HOW NICE A DAME YOU CAN BE

SKY:
I KNOW THE WAY YOU'VE TREATED
OTHER GUYS YOU'VE BEEN WITH.
LUCK, BE A LADY WITH ME.

CRAP SHOOTERS:
LUCK BE A LADY,
A LADY,
BE A LADY WITH ME

SKY: A LADY WOULDN'T FLIRT WITH STRANGERS
SHE'D HAVE HEART, SHE'D HAVE A SOUL.

SKY:
A LADY WOULDN'T MAKE LITTLE
SNAKE EYES AT ME WHEN

CRAP SHOOTERS:
ROLL 'EM, ROLL 'EM,
ROLL 'EM, SNAKE EYES

I'VE BET MY LIFE ON THIS
ROLL.

ROLL 'EM, ROLL 'EM
ROLL 'EM

SKY: SO LET'S KEEP THE PARTY POLITE

CRAP SHOOTERS: SO LET'S KEEP THE PARTY POLITE

SKY: NEVER GET OUT OF MY SIGHT

CRAP SHOOTER: NEVER GET OUT OF MY SIGHT

SKY:
STICK WITH ME
BABY, I'M THE
FELLOW YOU CAME
IN WITH
LUCK
BE A LADY

LUCK BE A LADY

LUCK
BE A
LADY
TONIGHT -
-
-
-
-
-
HA!

CRAP SHOOTERS:

STICK HERE
BABY,
STICK HERE
BABY

LUCK BE A LADY

LUCK BE A LADY
ROLL WILL YA,
ROLL WILL YA,
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ROLL THE DICE!
COMIN' OUT,
COMIN' OUT,
COMIN' OUT,
COMIN' OUT,
RIGHT.
HA!

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 4 – A street off Broadway

TWP CRAP SHOOTERS cross. BIG JULIE and HARRY THE HORSE enter.

BIG JULE: I tell you I don't want to go to no prayer meeting.

HARRY: Big Jule, you give your marker, and if you welch – it will cause me no little embarrassment. I am sure you do not wish to cause me embarrassment?

BIG JULE: But if it ever gets back to Chicago that I went to a prayer meeting, no decent person will talk to me.

(THEY exit. More crap shooters cross. ADELAIDE enters – she looks around obviously for Nathan. NATHAN enters. ADELAIDE sees him and purposely bumps into him.)

NATHAN: Adelaide!

ADELAIDE: *(Lady Windermere)* Oh! What a coincidence!

NATHAN: Adelaide, did Nicely explain to you about tonight? I hope you ain't sore about it? *(Tries to embrace her – SHE pulls away.)*

ADELAIDE: Please! Let us not have a vulgar scene. After all, we are civilized people – we do not have to conduct ourselves like a slob.

NATHAN: Adelaide! What is this? You are my doll.

ADELAIDE: Your doll! Please, if that weren't so amusing one could laugh at it.

NATHAN: Sweetheart! Baby! How can you carry on like this over one lousy elopement? Adelaide, please!

ADELAIDE: It's no use, Nathan. I have succeeded in your not being able to upset me no more. I have got you completely out of my – *(Sneezes. Then throws herself into Nathan's arms, weeping.)* Oh, Nathan!

NATHAN: Adelaide, baby! Don't ever do that to me again! I can't stand it. We'll get married. We'll have a home, a little white house with a green fence – just like the Whitney colors.

ADELAIDE: *(Through her tears)* Nathan, we got to do it soon. I had another letter from my mother today asking a lot of questions. And she put in a letter for you, too. *(Hands it to him)*

NATHAN: A letter for me? From your mother? Well – *(Opens it and read)* - "Dear Son Nathan: This is my first letter to you, although you have now been married to my daughter for twelve years. But I feel like I know you from Adelaide's letters, and in my mind's eye I can see you as you go down to work every morning at seven. What a responsibility it must be, to be the assistant manager of an A. & P." *(He breaks off)* I'm not even the manager?

ADELAIDE: I was going to promote you for Christmas.

NATHAN: *(Back to the letter)* - "I know how hard you have to work to take care of your family – Adelaide and the five children and the one that's on the way." *(Looks at Adelaide)*

ADELAIDE: Mother wanted me to visit her, so I had to tell her that.

NATHAN: *(Righteous indignation)* Don't she know I can't have six kids on what they pay me at the A. & P.? *(Reads quickly to himself, then slows up as he reads it aloud)* - "I am very proud to have you as a son-in-law. You are a good man and I know you will always take care of Adelaide." I feel like a heel.

ADELAIDE: Look, Nathan darling, we can still make everything all right. Look – it's not even midnight yet. Five minutes to twelve – let's elope right now.

NATHAN: Okay, Adelaide.

(THEY embrace. BENNY and NICELY enter. NATHAN sees them)

NATHAN: No, I can't.

ADELAIDE: Why not?

BENNY: Come on, Nathan – we'll be late.

NICELY: Come on!

(THEY exit)

ADELAIDE: *(In measured tones)* Nathan, *why* can't we elope now?

NATHAN: Because – well, I got to go to a prayer meeting.

ADELAIDE: *(This one really hits her)* Nathan. This is the biggest lie you ever told me.

NATHAN: But I promise you it's true.

(ADELAIDE takes letter from Nathan, tears letter up – throws it on the floor. NATHAN kneels, picks up pieces of torn letter.)

SONG – Sue Me

ADELAIDE: YOU PROMISE ME THIS

YOU PROMISE ME THAT
YOU PROMISE ME ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN
THEN YOU GIVE ME A KISS
AND YOU'RE GRABBIN' YOUR HAT
AND YOU'RE OFF TO THE RACES AGAIN.
WHEN I THINK OF THE TIME GONE BY

NATHAN: Adelaide, Adelaide

ADELAIDE: AND I THINK OF THE WAY I TRY

NATHAN: Adelaide.

ADELAIDE: I COULD HONESTLY DIE.

NATHAN: CALL A LAWYER AND
SUE ME, SUE ME
WHAT CAN YOU DO ME
I LOVE YOU
GIVE A HOLLER AND HATE ME, HATE ME
GO AHEAD AND HATE ME
I LOVE YOU.

ADELAIDE: THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE,
I WAS A FOOL TO GIVE TO YOU

NATHAN: ALRIGHT ALREADY I'M JUST A NO GOODNICK
ALRIGHT ALREADY, IT'S TRUE, SO NEW
SO SUE ME, SUE ME
WHAT CAN YOU DO ME
I LOVE YOU

(Tries to take her in his arms – SHE backs away)

ADELAIDE: YOU GAMBLE IT HERE,
YOU GAMBLE IT THERE
YOU GAMBLE ON EV'RYTHING ALL EXCEPT ME
AND I'M SICK OF YOU KEEPING ME UP IN THE AIR
TILL YOU'RE BACK IN THE MONEY AGAIN
WHEN I THINK OF THE TIME GONE BY

NATHAN: Adelaide, Adelaide

ADELAIDE: AND I THINK OF THE WAY I TRY

NATHAN: Adelaide

ADELAIDE: I COULD HONESTLY DIE

NATHAN: SERVE A PAPER AND SUE ME, SUE ME
WHAT CAN YOU DO ME
I LOVE YOU

(SHE sneezes)

NATHAN: GIVE A HOLLER AND HATE ME, HATE ME
GO AHEAD AND HATE ME
I LOVE YOU

ADELAIDE: WHEN YOU WIND UP IN JAIL
DON'T COME TO ME TO BAIL YOU OUT.

NATHAN: ALRIGHT, ALREADY SO CALL A POLICEMAN
ALRIGHT ALREADY IT'S TRUE, SO NEW *(SHE goes to him)*
SO SUE ME SUE ME *(THEY embrace)*
WHAT CAN YOU DO ME
I LOVE YOU

(BENNY and NICELY enter. THEY beckon to Nathan – NATHAN waves them away. ADELAIDE turns and sees them. THEY See the anger in her eyes and hurriedly exit)

ADELAIDE: YOU'RE AT IT AGAIN,
YOU'RE RUNNING THE GAME
I'M NOT GONNA PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO THAT
AND I'M SICK AND I'M TIRED OF STALLING AROUND.
AND I'M TELLING YOU NOW THAT WE'RE THROUGH
WHEN I THINK OF THE TIME GONE BY.

NATHAN: Adelaide, Adelaide!

ADELAIDE: AND I THINK OF THE WAY I TRY

NATHAN: Adelaide!

ADELAIDE: I COULD HONESTLY DIE.

NATHAN: SUE ME, SUE ME,
SHOOT BULLETS THROUGH ME
I LOVE YOU.

(SHE exits. HE exits.)

DIM TO BLACK

ACT II
Scene 5 – Interior of Mission

The MISSION GROUP – SARAH, ARVIDE, AGATHA, and CALVIN – sit expectantly. THE GENERAL is pacing the room, looking at the group who are momentarily growing more uneasy.

GENERAL: It is now several minutes past midnight. Isn't anyone coming? *(THEY all sit glumly)* Sergeant Sarah, something is very wrong.

ARVIDE: Maybe your watch is fast.

SARAH: General, *I* know what's wrong. *I'm* wrong. I've failed. I've spoken to these people day after day, but my words haven't reached them – I think you had better –

(MUGS enter)

ARVIDE: Welcome, brothers. Welcome.

(A few little grunts from the Boys then – SKY enters)

SKY: Everybody here? Where's Nathan Detroit?

(NATHAN enters)

NATHAN: Present.

SKY: Miss Sarah, here you are. One dozen or more assorted sinners. Sorry we didn't have time to clean 'em up.

ARVIDE: Won't you gentlemen sit down?

(THEY shuffle their feet a little)

SKY: Sit down! All of you!

(THEY do)

ARVIDE: I would like to welcome you gentlemen to the Save-A-Soul Mission.

(A loud Bronx cheer from one of the gang)

SKY: Just a minute, you guys. This is a Mission, not Roseland, and I suggest that you do not indulge in any unpleasantness. Since I am required to depart for points West tonight – *(SARAH moves)* – I am appointing Nathan Detroit major domo in my place. Nathan, anybody who does not conduct himself according to Hoyle will answer to Sky Masterson personally, and that means in person.

(He gives them a final glance, then exits)

GENERAL: *(from the silence)* What a remarkable young man!

NATHAN: So remember that, you guys. Brother Abernathy, your dice.

ARVIDE: Gentlemen, we are honored tonight. The meeting will be conducted by the head of our organization, General Cartwright.

(NATHAN starts the applause)

GENERAL: It is wonderful to see our Mission graced by the presence of so many evil-looking sinners.

(NATHAN starts to applaud, but realizes he may be wrong)

GENERAL: Now, who would like to testify? Who would like to start the ball rolling by giving testimony?

(THEY are silent and hang their heads)

NATHAN: Benny! Give testimony!

BENNY: I ain't no stool pigeon.

GENERAL: Come, brothers – I know it is difficult. But let one of you give testimony to the sin that is in his heart.

NATHAN: Benny! Tell 'em what a bum you are! *(BENNY rises)* Benny!

BENNY: (*forced to*) I always was a bad guy, and a gambler, but I ain't going to do it no more. I thank you. (*Sits quickly*)

GENERAL: There! Don't you feel better now?

BENNY: I'm alright.

GENERAL: Anyone else?

NATHAN: Big Jule.

BIG JULE: (*rises*) Well, I used to be bad when I was a kid, but ever since then I have gone straight as I can prove by my record: thirty-three arrests and no convictions. (*sits*)

NATHAN: (*pointing*) Harry!

HARRY: Oh, no!

NATHAN: (*Louder this time*) Harry the Horse!

HARRY: (*Reluctantly getting to his feet*) Ah, well, like when Sky was rolling us for our souls –

GENERAL: I beg your pardon?

HARRY: Sky Masterson. He rolled us a thousand dollars against our souls. That's why we're here.

GENERAL: I don't think I understand.

SARAH: I do, General. He means that they are only here because Mr. Masterson won them in a dice game.

GENERAL: How wonderful! This whole meeting the result of gambling! It shows how good can come out of evil. Sergeant Sarah, you have done remarkable work.

ARVIDE: Hasn't she, though?

SARAH: (*A small voice*) Thank you.

HARRY: Hey! I ain't finished my testimony. My sins is that when Sky rolled us I wished I would win the thousand dollars instead of having to come here, but now that I'm here I still wish it. (*Sits*)

GENERAL: Anybody else?

(BRANNIGAN plunges in ready for anything. He points to NATHAN. NATHAN raises a warning finger to his lips. BRANNIGAN subsides. NATHAN removes Brannigan's hat and places over his extended finger)

NATHAN: *(In a new voice of piety)* We will now hear testimony from – *(He looks them over)* Brother Nicely-Nicely Johnson – *(NICELY forces a smile – then NATHAN sweetly says:)* Brother Nicely-Nicely Johnson –

BIG JULEL: Get up, you fat water buffalo.

(NATHAN slowly rises)

NICELY: Well. It happened to me kind of funny. Like a dream. That's it, a dream.

GENERAL: Tell us, in your own words.

SONG – Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat

NICELY: I DREAMED LAST NIGHT
I GOT ON THE BOAT TO HEAVEN
AND BY SOME CHANCE I HAD BROUGHT MY DICE ALONG
AND THERE I STOOD
AND I HOLLERED, "SOMEONE FADE ME"
BUT THE PASSENGERS THEY KNEW RIGHT FROM WRONG

FOR THE PEOPLE ALL SAID SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT.

NICELY & ENSEMBLE:
PEOPLE ALL SAID SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT.

NICELY: AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG YOU UNDER
BY THE SHARP LAPEL OF YOUR CHECKERED COAT
SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN

NICELY & ENSEMBLE:
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

NICELY:		ENSEMBLE:
	I SAILED AWAY ON THAT	000
	LITTLE BOAT TO HEAVEN	000
	AND BY SOME CHANCE FOUND	000
	A BOTTLE IN MY FIST.	000
	AND THERE I STOOD	000
	NICELY PASSIN' OUT THE	000
	WHISKEY,	
	BUT THE PASSENGERS WERE	000
	BOUND	000
	TO RESIST	

NICELY: FOR THE PEOPLE ALL SAID BEWARE,

ENSEMBLE: PEOPLE ALL SAID BEWARE

NICELY: YOU'RE ON A HEAVENLY TRIP

ENSEMBLE: BEWARE

NICELY: PEOPLE ALL SAID BEWARE,

ENSEMBLE: PEOPLE ALL SAID BEWARE

NICELY: BEWARE, YOU'LL SCUTTLE THE SHIP

NICELY:		ENSEMBLE:
	AND THE DEVIL	(B1) SIT (<i>hold</i>)
	WILL DRAG YOU	(B2) DOWN (<i>hold</i>)
	UNDER	(T) SIT (<i>hold</i>)
	BY THE FANCY TIE	(S/A) DOWN (<i>hold</i>)
	'ROUND YOUR WICKED THROAT	

NICELY: SIT DOWN,

ALL: SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

ENSEMBLE: DOWN

NICELY:

AND AS I LAUGHED
AT THOSE PASSENGERS TO HEAVEN.
(Laughs)
A GREAT BIG WAVE CAME
AND WASHED ME OVERBOARD
(Gasp)
AND AS I SANK
AND I HOLLERED, "SOMEONE SAVE ME"
(Solemnly)
THAT'S THE MOMENT I WOKE UP
THANK
THE LORD

AND I SAID TO MYSELF, SIT DOWN,

SIT DOWN,
YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE
BOAT
SAID TO MYSELF, SIT DOWN,

SIT DOWN,
YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT
AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG
YOU UNDER
WITH A SOUL SO HEAVY
YOU'D NEVER FLOAT,
SIT DOWN, -

ENSEMBLE:

MM
OO

OO
OO

OO

THANK THE LORD
THANK THE LORD.

SAID TO HIMSELF
SIT DOWN

SIT DOWN

SAID TO HIMSELF
SIT DOWN

AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG
YOU UNDER

ALL:

- SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKIN'
SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

- SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT
SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKIN'
SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN,
SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

NICELY: SIT DOWN

ENSEMBLE: SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

(THEY all sit. At end of number NATHAN and BRANNIGAN rise)

NATHAN: Anything we can do for you, Brother Brannigan? Maybe you would care to testify?

BRANNIGAN: I'll do my testifying in court, where I will testify that you ran a crap game here in this Mission last night. Miss Sarah, you were standing there when they came out. You saw them. Aren't these the fellows?

SARAH: *(Slowly looks at them; takes her time)* I never saw them before in my life.

BIG JULE: There's a right broad!

ARVIDE: Now if you would excuse me, officer, we would like to go on with our meeting.

BRANNIGAN: I never saw crap shooters spend so much time in a Mission. Maybe that's what they mean by Holy Rollers.

(He puts on his hat and exits. HARRY THE HORSE rises indignantly. NATHAN waves him down as BIG JULE pulls Harry down by the sleeve.)

NATHAN: Thank you, Miss Sarah – People, I also have a confession to make, and I got to get it off my chest. We *did* shoot crap here last night and we're all sorry. Ain't we, boys?

(He turns to mob – THEY mumble assents: hanging of heads)

BIG JULE: I'm really sorry.

NATHAN: *(turning to Sarah)* But I did another terrible thing. I made a bet with a certain guy that he could not take a certain doll away with him on a trip, and this I should not have done, although it did not do any harm, as I won the bet.

SARAH: You won the bet?

NATHAN: Sure. The guy told me that he didn't take the doll. Well, that makes me feel a lot better.

GENERAL: Hallelujah!

NATHAN: Hallelujah!

(The mob all say "Hallelujah." The GENERAL picks up a handful of song books and passes them out)

GENERAL: Gentlemen, we will now sing No. 244 – "Follow the Fold."

(She conducts them as the music begins. SARAH quietly makes her exit)

LIGHTS FADE OUT

ACT II

Scene 6 – Night – Street off Broadway

ADELAIDE enters, disconsolately. Sits down. A passing MALE enters and stops to look at her to flirt, if encouraged –

ADELAIDE: *(Angrily)* Oh, go away!

(He hurries off. ADELAIDE starts to sing softly as SARAH enters singing softly, not noticing Adelaide.)

SONG – Adelaide Meets Sarah

SARAH:
SO PLEASE
FORGIVE

THIS HELPLESS HAZE
I'M IN

I'VE NEVER
REALLY BEEN

IN LOVE
BEFORE

ADELAIDE:

"KEEP THE VICKS ON YOUR CHEST
AND GET PLENTY OF REST"
YOU CAN WISELY WARN HER

BUT IN SPITE OF THE QUIET,
MASSAGES AND DIET,
SHE'S STILL A GONER

ONCE SHE GETS THE IDEA
THAT THE LITTLE CHURCH
WILL ALWAYS BE 'ROUND THE CORNER
A PERSON
CAN DEVELOP A COLD.

ADELAIDE: *(Noticing Sarah and not caring much)* Oh, hello.

SARAH: *(Uncertainly)* Good evening.

ADELAIDE: I'm Adelaide, the well known fiancée.

SARAH: Oh, yes. When are you getting married?

ADELAIDE: The twelfth of never.

SARAH: Oh, I'm sorry.

ADELAIDE: I didn't even get close enough to a church to be left at it – *(half to herself)* Gee, what'll I ever tell my mother?

SARAH: Oh, your mother will understand. Just tell her your engagement is broken.

ADELAIDE: *(Gives her a look)* I'm afraid that might confuse her – Maybe I'll tell her Nathan is dead, and then see to it.

SARAH: You mustn't carry hate in your heart, Miss Adelaide. Try to be forgiving and understanding, and the pain will go away. In the Bible it tells us in Isaiah – Isaiah – *(the thought is too much for her)* - Isaiah – *(But she cannot go ahead)*

ADELAIDE: You've got a boy friend named Isaiah, huh?

SARAH: *(Through her tears)* Isaiah was an ancient prophet.

ADELAIDE: Don't tell me. Nobody cries like that over an old guy – whoever it is, you got it bad. You know, when I saw you and Sky Masterson the other night – *(SARAH goes into a fresh outburst of tears. ADELAIDE looks at her)* - Oh, no! Not Sky! You're not in love with Sky? *(No answer, which is its own confirmation)* You poor thing!

SARAH: *(low-voiced)* I thought I hated him.

ADELAIDE: I thought I hated Nathan. I still think I hate him. That's love.

SARAH: Adelaide – can't men like Sky ever change?

ADELAIDE: *(shakes her head)* For fourteen years I've tried to change Nathan. I've always thought how wonderful he would be, if he was different.

SARAH: I've thought about Sky that way, too.

ADELAIDE: I've sat and pictured him by the hour. Nathan – my Nathan – in a little home in the country – happy –

(Lights reveal NATHAN in overalls and a farmer's hat, standing beside a trellis of beautiful roses. With a spray gun he is tenderly treating each bud with loving care. He picks off a bug; removes his hat to wipe his brow. The lights go down again)

ADELAIDE: *(Sighs as picture fades)* Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful!

SARAH: Wouldn't it – If only Sky –

(On the other side SKY now appears as in Sarah's imagination. He is wearing a dainty bib-type kitchen apron, holding wicker laundry basket filled with diapers. With clothes-pins in his mouth he is hanging diapers on line. The vision fades)

ADELAIDE: But they just can't change.

SARAH: A little while ago at our prayer meeting there were a lot of gamblers who acted as though maybe they could change.

ADELAIDE: Yes, but that doesn't mean – gamblers at your prayer meeting – Was Nathan Detroit there?

SARAH: I'm sure I heard that name.

ADELAIDE: A darling little fellow with a cute moustache?

SARAH: I think so.

ADELAIDE: How do you like that rat! Just when he should have been lying he's telling the truth! I'm glad I'm through with *him*. *(Turns to Sarah)* And you ought to be glad you're through with Sky, too.

SARAH: *(Thoughtfully)* I am.

(TWO GIRLS look at each other for a moment)

ADELAIDE: What are we – *crazy* or something?!

SONG – Marry the Man Today

ADELAIDE: AT WANAMAKER'S AND SAKS AND KLEIN'S

A LESSON I'VE BEEN TAUGHT
YOU CAN'T GET ALTERATIONS ON A DRESS YOU HAVEN'T
BOUGHT

SARAH: AT ANY VEGETABLE MARKET FROM BORNEO TO NOME
YOU MUSTN'T SQUEEZE A MELON
TILL YOU GET THE MELON HOME

ADELAIDE: YOU SIMPLY GOT TO GAMBLE

SARAH: YOU GET NO GUARANTEE

ADELAIDE: NOW DOESN'T THAT KIND OF APPLY TO YOU AND I?

SARAH: YOU AND ME!

ADELAIDE: Why not?

SARAH: Why not what?

ADELAIDE: MARRY THE MAN TODAY
TROUBLE THOUGH HE MAY BE
MUCH AS HE LIKES TO PLAY
CRAZY AND WILD AND FREE

SARAH & ADELAIDE:
MARRY THE MAN TODAY
RATHER THAN SIGH AND SORROW
MARRY THE MAN TODAY
AND CHANGE HIS WAYS TOMORROW

SARAH: MARRY THE MAN TODAY

ADELAIDE: MARRY THE MAN TODAY

SARAH: MAYBE HE'S LEAVING TOWN

ADELAIDE: MAYBE HE'S LEAVING TOWN

SARAH: DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY

ADELAIDE: DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY

SARAH: HURRY AND TRACK HIM DOWN

ADELAIDE: COUNTER ATTACK HIM AND-

SARAH & ADELAIDE:
MARRY THE MAN TODAY
GIVE HIM THE GIRLISH LAUGHTER

SARAH: GIVE HIM YOUR HAND TODAY
AND SAVE THE FIST FOR AFTER

ADELAIDE: SLOWLY INTRODUCE HIM TO THE BETTER THINGS
RESPECTABLE, CONSERVATIVE, AND CLEAN.

SARAH: READER'S DIGEST!

ADELAIDE: GUY LOMBARDO!

SARAH: ROGERS PEET!

ADELAIDE: GOLF!

SARAH: GALOSHES!

ADELAIDE: OVALTINE!

SARAH & ADELAIDE:
BUT MARRY THE MAN TODAY
HANDLE IT MEEK AND GENTLY

ADELAIDE: MARRY THE MAN TODAY
AND TRAIN HIM SUBSEQUENTLY

SARAH: CAREFULLY EXPOSE HIM TO DOMESTIC LIFE
AND IF HE EVER TRIES TO STRAY FROM YOU
HAVE A POT ROAST

ADELAIDE: HAVE A HEADACHE

SARAH: HAVE A BABY

ADELAIDE: HAVE TWO!

SARAH: SIX!

ADELAIDE: NINE!

SARAH: STOP!

SARAH & ADELAIDE:

MARRY THE MAN TODAY
RATHER THAN SIGH AND SORROW
MARRY THE MAN TODAY (*THEY shake hands*)
AND CHANGE HIS WAYS

ADELAIDE: AND CHANGE HIS WAYS

SARAH: AND CHANGE HIS WAYS

ADELAIDE: AND CHANGE HIS WAYS

SARAH: AND CHANGE HIS WAYS

BOTH: TOMORROW.

(THEY exit opposite directions. THEY pound their fists as they exit)

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 7 – The Street, same as opening scene of show – Broadway

A variety of people are crossing, moving about doing their business.

ALL THE MUGS march on. They have been cleaned up and each one is wearing a big white gardenia. HARRY is in the lead followed by NICELY and BENNY. They stand in a line.

BRANNIGAN enters and goes to the newsstand.

ADELAIDE enters followed by GIRLS. She is dressed in a wedding outfit and carries a bouquet in her hands. She is very nervous and calls off:

ADELAIDE: Nathan! Nathan! Where are you? Nathan!

BRANNIGAN: *(At newsstand)* Gimme a late paper.

ADELAIDE: Nathan darling, come on, we're waiting for you.

(NATHAN sticks his head out of the newsstand. He is wearing a red turtle neck sweater)

NATHAN: Just a minute! I'm waiting on the Lieutenant – Thank you, Lieutenant.

ADELAIDE: Nathan, close up the newsstand. We're getting married.

(NATHAN pulls down shade on newsstand – on it is painted "NATHAN DETROIT'S NEWSSTAND")

HARRY: Look, is this wedding going to take place or ain't it? I paid half a buck for this Mesentheorum

ADELAIDE: *(Shouting to newsstand)* Nathan! Come on.

(NATHAN emerges through a small door at end of newsstand. He is carrying a top hat, and cane in his hand and is wearing a very elegant cut-away outfit)

NATHAN: Gee, Adelaide, you picked the busiest time of the day.

HARRY: Let's go. Where's the wedding?

NATHAN: Holy smoke!

ADELAIDE: What's the matter?

NATHAN: I didn't get a place for the wedding.

ADELAIDE: Oh, Nathan!

NICELY: How about the Biltmore Garage?

(MISSION BAND enters playing. Including SKY MASTERSON in uniform.)

SKY: *(Starting the pitch)* Brothers and Sisters! Life is one big crap game, and the Devil is using loaded dice!

BIG JULE: Where's the crap game?

NATHAN: Brother Masterson?

SKY: Yes, Brother Detroit?

NATHAN: Can we get married in your Mission – Adelaide and I?

(SKY looks at SARAH who looks at Arvide)

ARVIDE: Certainly, I married Brother Masterson and Sister Sarah. Glad to do the same for you.

SKY: Congratulations, Nathan! I'll lay you eight to five you'll be very happy.

SARAH: What Obediah means is –

NATHAN: Obediah?

SARAH: - He wishes you every happiness and so do I.

ADELAIDE: Thank you very much – I *know* we're going to be happy. We're going to have a little place in the country, and Nathan will be sitting there, beside me, every single night.

(Comes an enormous sneeze from NATHAN. Then HER expression changes as she realizes its implications)

SONG – The Happy Ending

ALL: WHEN YOU SEE A GUY
 REACH FOR STARS IN THE SKY
 YOU CAN BET THAT HE'S DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL

 WHEN YOU SPOT A JOHN
 WAITING OUT IN THE RAIN
 CHANCES ARE HE'S INSANE
 AS ONLY A JOHN CAN BE FOR A JANE

 WHEN YOU MEET A GENT
 PAYING ALL KINDS OF RENT
 FOR A FLAT THAT COULD FLATTEN THE TAJ MAHAL
 CALL IT SAD, CALL IT FUNNY,
 BUT IT'S BETTER THAN EVEN MONEY
 THAT THE GUY'S ONLY DOING IT FOR SOME DOLL.