

ERMA. Got any fours?

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

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

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

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

MOON & ERMA. Amen!

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

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

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

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

MOON. I could kill that other guy.

(Whitney's first of raucous song from Whitney's cabin)

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

BILLY. That's my boss! If he sees me he'll shingle my head!

MOON. I'll bet he couldn't see you if I swabbed your glasses.

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

No.8a **Crew Member 1**
(Orchestra)

(MOON exits into the corridor. Lights up on Whitney's cabin.)

(WHITNEY is splashing on cologne.)

(Lights down on Moon's cabin as MOON knocks on Whitney's door.)

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

MOON. I thought I needed a shave, myself.

WHITNEY. What the hell! *(Whipping on his glasses)* Padre! What are you doing here?

MOON. I've just come around to take up the collection.

No. 18

Be Like The Bluebird

(Moon)

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

Andante
Pno. (quasi Harp)

MOON

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

Ob., Cl., Pno.

Flugs., Tbns. *mf* *mp*

arco Bs. (Guit. tacet) Bs. Cl. (Bs. tacet 'till pick up to bar 26)

3

4 song that al - ways cheered me when I was blue. Ev - en

+Tbns (in stand)

5

6 Mel-ba said this bush song Was a hell - uv - a song to sing, So be

open Br.

W.W., Pno.

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8 qui - et whilst I ren - der it for you. 9 When your

subito dolce *p* W.W., Pno. Br.

Andantino

10 in - stinct tells you that dis - as - ter 11 Is ap - proach - ing you fast - er and 12

8va Fl., Cl, Vin. Pno. Marimba *mp*

Bs. Cl. +Guit. (as Bass) (opt., Pno. use SynthHarpichord bar 10-25 and 34-41)

13 fast - er. 14 Then be like the blue - bird 15 and

Vin. Fl., Cl. Fl.

Bs. Cl., Guit.

16 **ad lib.** 17 18 **A tempo**

sing "Tweet tweet tra - la - la - la - la." When you know you're head-ed for the

Fl., Eng. Hn., Vin. Bs. Cl., Pno., Guit.

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19 20 21

jail - er Don't al - low the old face — to look pal - er But

Xylo.

22 23 24

be like the blue - bird and sing "Tweet tweet tra -

W.W., Vin.

25 26 27

- la - la - la - la - la." Be like the blue - bird who

Con moto

Bird Whistle

div. W.W.

+8va Vin. legato

Br. mp mf

Bs., Pno., Guit, Dr's. (Cym. roll to bar 33)

28 29 30

nev - er is blue, For he knows from his up -

tr

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31 *tr* *rall.* 32 33

- bring - ing What sing - ing can do, And though by

Tempo 1° 34 35 36

oth - er bird - ies in the boughs he May be told that his ef - forts are

Fl., Eng. Hn., Cl., Vin., Pno. Bells

Bs. Cl., Guit.

37 38 39

per - fect - ly lou - sy, He sings on and on till his trou - bles are

Eng. Hn. W.W., Pno., Guit., Vin.

+Tbns. *mp*

Dictated 40 41

through "Tweet tweet tra - la - la - la - la."

delicato pp *ten.* *ff* Tutti Orch. +Xylo.

AGV - Piano Conductor V

No. 10

Friendship

(Reno & Moon)

Cue: RENO: We're two of a kind, all right. MOON: Partners! (Music)

RENO: Through *thick or thin*.

MOON: Night or day.

RENO: Right or wrong!

START HERE

In tempo, moderato

MOON

If you're ev-er in a jam, here I am..

Tutti Orch. +8va

f

Vln.

p

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Drs.

RENO

If you ev-er need a

div. Cl., Sxs. +8vb

mp

Vln.

Rhy.

MOON

pal, I'm your gal. If you

div. Cl., Sxs. +8vb

Vln. swing feet

BOTH

10 ev-er — feel so hap-py you land in jail, — I'm your bail. — It's

11

12

13

MOON

RENO

14 friend - ship, — friend - ship, — Just a per-fect blend - ship. — When

15

16

17

18 oth - er friend - ships have been for - got, — Ours will

19

20

21 still be hot. — Lah - dle - ah - dle - ah - dle - dig, dig, dig. —

22

23

Interlude

MOON

24 25 26 27

If you're

RENO

28 29 30 31

ev-er down a well, ring my bell. div. Cl., Sxs. +8vb If you

Vln. 8va
Rhy.
Tbn. I
mp
port.
Rhy.

MOON

32 33 34 35

ev-er catch on fire, send a wire. div. Cl., Sxs. +8vb If you

Vln. 8va
Tbn. I
Rhy.

BOTH

36 37 38 39

ev-er lose your teeth and you're out to dine, Bor - row mine. It's

Cl., Sxs.
Rhy.

40 41 42 43

friend - ship, — friend - ship, — Just a per - fect blend - ship. — When

Cl., Sxs., +Vln. 8va

wah Tpts. +

Tbns. Rhy. (choke Cym.)

44 45 46

oth - er friend - ships have ceased to jell, — Ours will

Cl., Sxs., +Vln. 8va

wah Tbn. I

mf Tbn. II & III, Drs. *mp*

Rds., Tpt. I, Tbn. I, Vln.

47 48 49

still be swell. — Lah - dle - ah - dle - ah - dle - hep, hep, hep. —

a2

Tutti Orch. +8va

Rhy. *f*

Interlude

50 51 52 53

RENO

If they

+Xylo.

MOON

54 ev-er — black your eyes, put me wise. — 55 56 57 If they

Vln. Rhy. *mp* Tens. (sub-tone) *mf* gtr. Tbn. Rhy.

Musical score for the 'MOON' section, measures 54-57. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The score includes parts for Violin (Vln.), Right Hand (Rhy.), Tension (Tens. (sub-tone)), Guitar (gtr.), and Tuba (Tbn.). Dynamics range from mezzo-piano (mp) to mezzo-forte (mf). Measure 57 ends with a fermata.

RENO

58 ev-er — cook your goose, turn me loose. — 59 60 61 If they

Vln. Tens. (sub-tone) Tbn. Rhy.

Musical score for the 'RENO' section, measures 58-61. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The score includes parts for Violin (Vln.), Tension (Tens. (sub-tone)), Tuba (Tbn.), and Right Hand (Rhy.). Measure 61 ends with a fermata.

BOTH

62 ev-er — put a bul-let through your brr-ain, — 63 64 65 I'll com-plain. — It's

Vln. Sxs. (lightly) Rhy. Tbn. Sxs., Vibes.

Musical score for the 'BOTH' section, measures 62-65. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The score includes parts for Violin (Vln.), Saxophone (Sxs. (lightly)), Right Hand (Rhy.), Tuba (Tbn.), and Saxophone/Vibraphone (Sxs., Vibes.). Measure 65 ends with a fermata.

66 friend - ship, — 67 friend - ship, — 68 Just a per-fect blend - ship, — 69 When

Sxs., Vibes. Br. Tbn. Rhy. Br.

Musical score for the 'BOTH' section, measures 66-69. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The score includes parts for Saxophone/Vibraphone (Sxs., Vibes.), Brass (Br.), Tuba (Tbn.), and Right Hand (Rhy.). Measure 69 ends with a fermata.

70 oth-er friend-ships go up in smoke, Ours will

Vln. Sxs. C.B. Sxs., Tbns. Rhy.

END HERE

73 still be oke. a2 74 Lah - dle - ah - dle - ah - dle - goof, goof, 75 goof.

Sxs., Br., Rhy. Rhy.

76 Interlude 77 78 79 Bells MOON If you

Tutti (choke Cym.) Drs. Swingish

80 ev-er lose your mind I'll be kind. quasi Clyde McCoy If you

81 82 83 RENO

Vln. Tbns. (in stand) Rhy.

Rhy: Bari Sx., Bs., Pno., Guit., Drs. (Hi-Hat)

AGV - Piano Conductor

BILLY. Biggest seagull I ever saw!

WHITNEY *howls and staggers off*. BILLY *smiles*. HOPE.

Gotta go. I'll see you later.

BILLY *exits*. HOPE *exits*. MRS. HARCOURT *enters wearing several life preservers and every piece of jewelry she has ever owned*.

MRS. HARCOURT. They're gone! (CAPTAIN and PASSENGERS *enter*) Captain, thank God!
(*Lowering her voice*) What do I go?

CAPTAIN. Where would you like to go?

MRS. HARCOURT. (*Urgent whisper*) The lifeboat ...

CAPTAIN. The lifeboat drill is in full flow now, madam.

MRS. HARCOURT. The sails could us ...

CAPTAIN. Told you you were dead.

MRS. HARCOURT. The ship is sinking!

PASSENGERS *freeze, gasp in alarm*.

CAPTAIN. Joke, ladies and gentlemen! She's only joshing! (*Landing* *then looks dagger eyes at MRS. HARCOURT*) I suggest you have a little talk with the ship's doctor, madam.
And in the meantime, stay out of the bar.

The Captain stalks off. MRS. HARCOURT exits. MOON enters, counting his winnings. SPIT and DIPPY enter, eyeing MOON.

START HERE

SPIT. How much did he win?

DIPPY. A hundred bucks.

(SPIT *nods*. HE and DIPPY *take a couple of bills out of their pocket and wad them up*.)

Pardon me, your Eminence—

MOON. (*Shoving the money in his pocket*) What? Oh. Yes, yes. Can I assist you in some way, my son?

DIPPY. I sure hope so. My brother Spit here needs someone to lead him not into temptation. He's been gambling.

MOON. No!

DIPPY. Yes! Look at his winnings— (*Flashing their bills*) A hundred clams.

MOON. The wages of sin! For shame! (*Grabbing the money from JOHN*) Go hail a few Marys, will you?

MOON *shoves DIPPY aside, turns to SPIT*.

So you've been playing cards. Do you know how to shoot craps?

SPIT. What are craps?

MOON. Kneel, Christian, and watch closely. *(Taking out his bills and a pair of dice)*
I put up my money. You put up your money. I throw a number.
If I throw the same number before I throw a seven, I win. If not, you win.

MOON throws the dice.

LUKE. Box cars! Craps!

MOON. There's something wrong here. **END HERE**

*SPIT grabs the money and, chuckling, starts off. DIPPY trots after him.
THEY exit as BILLY enters.*

BILLY. Hey, thanks a lot.

MOON. Don't mention it. What did I do?

BILLY. You walked out on me! I nearly got nailed by my boss, and everyone's pointing at me in
this disguise.

MOON. Hey, don't check the disguise. Hell, it's practically as good as no disguise.

RENO enters.

RENO. Hi, Billy, how you doing?

BILLY. *(To MOON)* Uh huh ...

RENO. And Moonface Martin! Long time to see!

MOON. Sssh! You don't know me, Reno. I'm a wanted man—

The PURSER enters.

PURSER. There he is! Doctor!

MOON covers up his hands.

MOON. Don't shoot! I'm a doctor!

MOON sees the PURSER staring at him, then swats the air around his head.

Flying fish (to BILLY and RENO) Flying fish!

They ALL swat at the air around their heads.

PURSER. *(Drawing MOON aside)* Doctor, have you seen Mr. Cleaners?

MOON. As a matter of fact, I just saw him going into the mizzen mast.

PURSER. We don't have a mizzen mast.

MOON. Then it must have been someone else.