

Anything Goes

(2022 Revision)

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter
Original Book by Guy Bolton, P.G. Wodehouse,
Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
New Book by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman

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Cast of Characters

Reno Sweeney, *a brassy evangelist turned nightclub singer*

Reno's Showgirls:

Angel #1 - Purity

Angel #2 - Chastity

Angel #3 - Charity

Angel #4 - Virtue

Hope Harcourt, *a prominent debutante*

Evangeline Harcourt, *her mother, a widow*

Lord Evelyn Oakleigh, *a wealthy Englishman*

Elisha Whitney, *a goggle-eyed tycoon*

Billy Crocker, *Whitney's young assistant*

Moonface Martin, *a hapless gangster, Public Enemy #13*

Erma, *a vivacious gangster's moll*

Spit and Dippy, *two rascally New York City street toughs*

Ship's Captain

Ship's Purser

Male Quartet – Sailors

Ship's Crew

Ship's Passengers

Assorted Others:

Fred, *a bartender*; Henry T. Dobson, *a minister*; A Newspaper Photographer;
A Reporter; Two F.B.I. Agents; An Old Lady in a Wheelchair

Scenes

Act I

- Scene 1 A smoky Manhattan bar.
- Scene 2 The afterdeck of an ocean liner.
- Scene 3 On deck, that evening.
- Scene 4 Whitney's stateroom / Moon's adjacent cabin / the corridor outside rooms.
- Scene 5 On deck, mid-morning.
- Scene 6 Evelyn's stateroom.
- Scene 7 On deck, at twilight.
- Scene 8 On deck, early the following morning.

Act II

- Scene 1 The ship's nightclub.
- Scene 2 The ship's brig, late at night: upstage deck area
- Scene 3 On deck, later that night.
- Scene 4 The ship's brig, early morning.
- Scene 5 On deck.

The authors of the new book are grateful to Molly Smith for providing them with an ideal opportunity, in her 2018 production at Arena Stage, to revise the script in light of contemporary sensibilities.

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No. 1

Overture

(Orchestra)

ACT I – SCENE 1

No. 2

Underscore: Buddie, Beware

(Orchestra)

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

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

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

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

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

WHITNEY. Big stuff, Fred. The biggest.

FRED. Business, huh?

WHITNEY. Henley Regatta. Boot the Yale boat home.

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

WHITNEY. *(Conf'd)*

Bulldog, bulldog
Bow wow wow
Eli Yale!

BILLY. Play ball!

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

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

WHITNEY. What about my passport?

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRED. One for the road, sir?

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

WHITNEY *exits.*

BILLY. Anybody call for me, Fred?

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

BILLY. How about a Hope? Hope Harcourt.

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

RENO SWEENEY *enters.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Underscoring resumes.

BILLY. Two Manhattans, Fred.

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

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

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

BILLY. What's the matter with my coat?

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

BILLY. That's an old school crest.

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

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

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

BILLY. Reno, be serious.

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

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

Music: Attacca.

No. 3 **I Get A Kick Out Of You** (Reno)

RENO. Why are the cute ones always so dumb?

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

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

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

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

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

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

RENO. Yeah?

BILLY. I'm in love.

RENO. I'm in cabin thirteen.

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

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

BILLY. The runaround?

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

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

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

BILLY. Reno, I never meant to mislead you.

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

BILLY exits.

No. 3a I Get A Kick Out Of You (Reprise)

(Reno)

RENO. (*Wistfully*)

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

The set begins to change. Music continues, attacca.

ACT ONE – SCENE 2

*The deck of an ocean liner shortly before sailing. Upstage, the entrance to the bar.
On either side, stairs leading to the upper deck.
The CAPTAIN enters, leading a chorus of SAILORS.*

No. 4 **There's No Cure Like Travel** (Captain & Sailors)

CAPTAIN & SAILORS.

And there's no cure like travel to help you unravel
The worries of living today.
When the poor brain is cracking
There's nothing like packing
A suitcase and sailing away.

Take a run 'round Vienna, Granada, Ravenna, Siena
And then around Rome.
Have a high time
A low time and in no time
You'll be singing Home, Sweet Home.

A blast from the stacks. BILLY comes up the gangplank.

BILLY. Excuse me, Captain. Has a Mr. Eli Whitney come aboard?

CAPTAIN. Mr. Whitney is in the bar.

BILLY. I thought you kept the bar closed till you sailed.

CAPTAIN. He had a note from his doctor.

BILLY exits to the bar. The PURSER rushes on.

PURSER. Captain, Captain—a catastrophe! We may have to delay the sailing!

CAPTAIN. What is it? Icebergs? A hurricane?

PURSER. Worse! Charlie Chaplin just wired.
He's canceling his berth and sailing on the Mauretania.

CAPTAIN. Good God! The passenger list! Quick!

The PURSER hands him the manifest. The CAPTAIN flips through it furiously.

CAPTAIN. *(Cont'd)* Hope Harcourt, the debutante—that's not bad.

PURSER. The Normandie has Jimmy Walker and Machine Gun Kelly.

CAPTAIN. Lord Evelyn Oakleigh—

PURSER. Nothing. Wealthy Englishman.

CAPTAIN. Wait a minute ... Napoleon!

PURSER. That's the dessert menu.

CAPTAIN. Then we've got nobody!
Quick, run down to the Stork Club and see if anyone's left over from last night.

PURSER. Aye, aye, sir.

The PURSER rushes off as a REPORTER and a NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER come on.

REPORTER. Hey, captain, where's all the celebrities?

PHOTOGRAPHER. The tub is deader than the Flying Dutchman.

CAPTAIN. Fellows, please!

A MINISTER comes up the gangplank, followed by TWO YOUNG MEN wearing the cloth caps and coarse clothing of a couple of Cagney-esque New York street toughs.)

MINISTER. *(To the REPORTER and the PHOTOGRAPHER)*
Ah, the gentlemen of the press! I am Henry T. Dobson—

CAPTAIN. Not the Henry T. Dobson?!

REPORTER. *(Groaning)* Aw, come on, gimme a break!
PHOTOGRAPHER. *(Simultaneously)* Please, Captain, cut the bushwa!

The CAPTAIN skulks off.

MINISTER. As you've no doubt heard, I'm on my way to the Westminster Conference where I shall present my two newest converts—Spit and Dippy.

SPIT and DIPPY start to hum "Rock of Ages."

MINISTER. *(cont'd)* These wayward lads were denizens of Father Flanagan's Boys Town—you know, Father "There's No Such Thing as a Bad Boy" Flanagan? Well, Flanagan met his match with this pair—and threw them right out in the cold. It took the Reverend Henry T. Dobson to transform them into the docile penitents you see before you. Why, if—

RENO appears at the top of the gangplank, followed by FOUR SHOWGIRLS.

REPORTER. Reno Sweeney!

PHOTOGRAPHER. All right! Now we're getting somewhere!

REPORTER. I'll say! Hey, Reno, what are you doing on board this scow?

RENO. Same thing I do in my nightclub, boys.
I'll be saving sinners twice a night in the ship's lounge.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I see you brought the sinners with you.

RENO. Meet my Angels. Purity.

ANGEL #1. Hi.

RENO. Chastity.

ANGEL #2. Hi.

RENO. Charity.

ANGEL #3. Hi.

ANGEL #4. And I'm Virtue.

REPORTER & PHOTOGRAPHER. Hi!

MINISTER. The easy kind, no doubt.

RENO. Say, brother, was that a pass?

MINISTER. Miss Sweeney, I have no interest in either you or your fallen Angels.
I'm ashamed to be seen in public with you.

RENO. How 'bout a picture, boys?

*RENO and the ANGELS throw their arms around the MINISTER,
tousling his hair, hiking up their skirts.*

Make sure and send a couple to the Archbishop.

The MINISTER shrieks. The PHOTOGRAPHER takes his picture.

MINISTER. Spit! Dippy!

*The MINISTER stalks off in a huff, followed by SPIT and DIPPY,
who winks at ONE of the ANGELS as HE exits.*

ANGELS. Bye!

RENO. I tell you, boys, it ain't easy being New York's most notorious evangelist. Come, who will
lead this sinner beside distilled waters?

REPORTER & PHOTOGRAPHER. What?

RENO. Which way to the bar? *(The REPORTER and PHOTOGRAPHER point)* Thank you.

RENO exits. The ANGELS start to follow.

REPORTER. Hey, girls, give us the Hallelujah.

ANGELS. *(Striking a beatific pose)* Hallelujah!

The ANGELS switch to a sultry pose. The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps their picture as HOPE HARCOURT appears at the head of the gangplank. HOPE is followed by her fiancé, LORD EVELYN OAKLEIGH, and her mother, MRS. EVANGELINE HARCOURT. MRS. HARCOURT is carrying her little Pekinese, Cheeky.

REPORTER. Hey, look! Hope Harcourt!

The REPORTER and the PHOTOGRAPHER race over to the gangplank; the ANGELS exit.

Hey, Miss Harcourt, you presiding at the Gold and Silver Ball this year?

PHOTOGRAPHER. *(Overlapping)* How about the Newport Cotillion?

MRS. HARCOURT. Gentlemen, my daughter's debutante days are over. She's about to be married.

REPORTER & PHOTOGRAPHER. Married?!

REPORTER.
Come on!

PHOTOGRAPHER.
On the level?!

HOPE. Yes, it's true. I'm marrying Lord Evelyn Oakleigh. We're going to be married in Saint Paul's Cathedral and I'm very, very happy.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Hey, Edith, how about a smooch?

EVELYN. I beg your pardon?

REPORTER. That's a kiss, your Highness.

EVELYN. No! How marvelous! You know, I'm making a collection of the expressions you Americans use. *(Taking out a notebook, writing)* A smooch is a kiss ...
(To HOPE) I say, darling, how about a smooch?

*HOPE offers him her cheek; EVELYN gives her a peck.
WHITNEY comes out of the bar, carrying his stuffed bulldog.*

WHITNEY. Egad! Evangeline Harcourt!

MRS. HARCOURT. Elisha Whitney!

WHITNEY growls and "restrains" the bulldog from leaping at MRS. HARCOURT.

WHITNEY. Down, boy, down!

MRS. HARCOURT. *(Amused)* Eli, you haven't changed in forty years.

WHITNEY. Me! Look at you! You always did know how to fill a girdle!

MRS. HARCOURT. Eli, really! You might have some respect for the memory of my late husband.

WHITNEY. Of course, forgive me ... You know, if it's any consolation, I was just coming out of the Stock Exchange when he took off from that ledge. He jumped like a Yale man.

MRS. HARCOURT. Thank you, Eli.

BILLY enters from the bar.

HOPE. *(Seeing him)* Oh my God!

MRS. HARCOURT. You know my daughter, Hope. And this is her fiancé, Lord Evelyn Oakleigh.

BILLY. Her fiancé?

WHITNEY. Foreign word, Crocker. Means they're getting married.

BILLY. I don't believe it!

MRS. HARCOURT. I still don't either. And yet a week from now, my little Hope will be a Lady.

WHITNEY. This calls for a drink! Come along, everybody.

HOPE. Isn't Mr. Crocker going to join us?

WHITNEY. No, no. He's got a date on Wall Street.
Get going, Crocker. Sell those shares.

EVERYONE heads for the bar.

BILLY. Hope, wait ...

ALL exit except BILLY. The PURSER enters.

PURSER. All ashore that's going ashore. All ashore that's going ashore.

The PURSER exits. The MINISTER enters, followed by SPIT and DIPPY.

MINISTER. Seven o'clock, you'll say your morning prayers. Eight o'clock, you'll say your catechism. Nine o'clock, you'll brush my suits.

SPIT. Dandruff alert!

SPIT and DIPPY surround the MINISTER, vigorously slapping at his jacket and his pants.

MINISTER. Not now!

SPIT and DIPPY step back, eyes lowered, repentant. The MINISTER glares at them and strides off. SPIT shows DIPPY the Minister's pocket watch. DIPPY shows SPIT the Minister's wallet. THEY chuckle and follow him off. BILLY starts towards the bar but is interrupted by the entrance of TWO F.B.I. AGENTS.

F.B.I. AGENT #1. You—have you seen a minister?

BILLY. A what?

F.B.I. AGENT #2. *(Flashing a badge)* F.B.I.

We're looking for a gangster dressed up like a minister. You seen him?

BILLY. He went that way.

F.B.I. AGENT #2. Show us.

BILLY. I've got to see to somebody in the bar—

BOTH F.B.I. AGENTS. Show us.

BILLY. Look, I don't have time for this ...

The AGENTS hustle BILLY off. ERMA enters, looks nervously around.

ERMA. *(In a stage whisper)* Psst. Moonie! The coast is clear.

The head of MOONFACE MARTIN emerges from a ship's funnel.

MOON. Are we in England yet?

ERMA. Where's Snake Eyes? He hasn't showed.

*MOON climbs out of the coil funnel.
He is wearing a minister's outfit and carrying a violin case.*

MOON. To hell with Snake Eyes!
He's Public Enemy Number One—he can take care of himself.

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

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

ERMA. *(Nods, then at the top of her lungs)* Snake Eyes!

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

MOON. Whoops, my Straddlevarious!

The MINISTER enters.

MINISTER. Ah!

MOON. Whoa!

MOON jans the Tommy gun back into the violin case.

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

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

MINISTER. I mean the Westminster Conference.

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

MINISTER. What is your field, Doctor?

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

MINISTER. Missionary! Where?

MOON. Way out in China—

MINISTER. China!

MOON. Way, way out in China!

MINISTER. I've served in China for years!

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

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

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

MOON & MINISTER. Outdoor China!

MOON and the MINISTER chuckle.

MINISTER. We'll have lots to talk about.

The MINISTER says a few words in Chinese.

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

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

BILLY. There he is!

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

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

The AGENTS seize the MINISTER as LUKE and JOHN enter.

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

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

DIPPY. How 'bout that? The Feds pinched the wrong Rev!

SPIT. You can't spell "genius" without the "G" in "G-man." (To CAPTAIN) Excuse me, Captain, is there a casino on this ship?

CAPTAIN. Why, no.

SPIT. There is now!

SPIT and DIPPY each pull out a deck of cards, do a couple of expert “waterfalls” and race off, laughing.

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

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

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

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

ERMA. I can’t find Snake Eyes anywhere! What’ll I do?! He’s my man! He’s my life!

MOON. Forget about Snake Eyes!

A wolf-whistle from a SAILOR.

ERMA. O.K.

The PURSER enters.

PURSER. Final call! All ashore that’s going ashore!

No. 5 **Bon Voyage** (Sailors & Passengers)

ERMA. You blew it, Snake Eyes!
(To MOON) Now what do I do with his passport and ticket?

BILLY. Could you let me have them?

ERMA. Who are you?

MOON. Give him the goods, he saved my ass.

BILLY. (Looking at the passport) Murray Hill Cleaners.
Murray Hill Cleaners? Where’d he get a name like that?

ERMA. The Yellow Pages.

*Another blast from the stacks. The remaining SAILORS enter.
PASSENGERS rush on to wave farewell as the ship “sets sail.”*

PURSER. Final call! All ashore that’s going ashore! Final call!

BILLY. What am I doing! I’m supposed to be down on Wall Street!

BILLY sees WHITNEY and ducks behind the PASSENGERS and SAILORS.

SAILORS. Bon voyage,

PASSENGERS. You mean “*bon voyage*.”

ALL. I hate to say goodbye, sweetheart.

SAILORS. By the seashore,

PASSENGERS. You mean “*sur la plage*.”

ALL. I'll wait and watch the sea
Till you come back to me.

SAILORS. Oh, my dearie,

PASSENGERS. You mean “*ma chérie*,”

SAILORS. I'm yours for life,

PASSENGERS. You mean “*pour la vie*.”

SAILORS. So kiss me, pretty wench,

ALL. In English or in French,
Bon voyage—
“*Bon voyage*.”

SAILORS. (*Men*)

And there's no cure like travel
To help you unravel
The worries of living today
When the poor brain is cracking
There's nothing like packing
a suitcase and sailing away.

Take a run 'round Vienna,
Granada, Ravenna, Siena
And then around Rome
Have a high time,
a low time and in no time
You'll be singing Home Sweet Home

“*Bon voyage!*”

PASSENGERS. (*Women*)

Bon voyage
I mean “*bon voyage*”
I hate to say good-bye
sweetheart
By the seashore
I mean “*sur la plage*”
I'll wait and watch the sea

Till you come back to me
Oh, my dearie
I mean “*ma chérie*”
I'm yours for life
I mean “*pour la vie*”
So kiss me, pretty wench
In English or in French
Bon voyage
“*Bon voyage!*”

SAILORS & PASSENGERS.

And there's no cure like travel
To help you unravel
The worries of living today.
When the poor brain is cracking
There's nothing like packing
 a suitcase and sailing away.

Take a run 'round Vienna, Granada, Ravenna, Siena
And then around Rome
Have a high time
 a low time and in no time
You'll be singing Home Sweet Home.

ACT ONE – SCENE 3

On deck, that evening. PASSENGERS cross, including an OLD LADY IN A WHEELCHAIR wearing a large hat, a YOUNG SWELL in a tuxedo smoking a cigar, and SPIT and DIPPY. SPIT stumbles into the YOUNG SWELL.

SPIT. Sorry, chum. Still working on my sea legs.

YOUNG SWELL. *(Smiling)* Of course.

The YOUNG SWELL continues off. Half a beat, then SPIT produces a silver cigar case. DIPPY grins as SPIT flips it open, THEY both take cigars, stick them in their mouths, and saunter off.

BILLY enters, followed by the Purser, who sounds a small gong.

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

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

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

BILLY. Flowers. Murray Hill Flowers.

PURSER. *(Suspiciously)* Murray Hill Flowers?

BILLY. I mean Cleaners. Nuts!

PURSER. What is your name, sir? *(RENO enters.)*

RENO. Billy Crocker!

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

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

RENO. You came after all! *(BILLY grunts, indicating the PURSER)* I didn't see you come aboard! Where you been hiding? *(BILLY grunts again)* How'd you get a ticket? *(BILLY really grunts)* Oh, you're sore at me for last night. Listen, Billy— *(Billy grabs Reno, kisses her and holds her in the embrace, eyeing the Purser until the Purser exits. Then Billy releases Reno.)*

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

BILLY. Forget it, Reno.

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

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

RENO. Fantastic.

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

RENO. She must be some damned dame.

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

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

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

RENO. Billy!

BILLY. Hell, maybe she is.

RENO. Billy—

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

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

No. 6

You're The Top

(Reno & Billy)

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

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

I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop;
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom
 You're the top!

BILLY. Your words poetic are not pathetic
 On the other hand, babe, you shine
 And I can feel after ev'ry line
 A thrill divine
 Down my spine.
 Now gifted humans like Vincent Youmans
 Might think that your song is bad,
 But I got a notion
 I'll second the motion
 And this is what I'm going to add:

You're the top!
 You're Mahatma Gandhi
 You're the top!
 You're Napoleon brandy.
 You're the purple light of a summer night in Spain
 You're the National Gall'ry
 You're Garbo's sal'ry
 You're cellophane.

You're sublime
 You're a turkey dinner.
 You're the time
 Of the derby winner.
 I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop;
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!

RENO. You're the top!
 You're an Arrow collar.
 You're the top!
 You're a Coolidge dollar.
 You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire,
 You're an O'Neill drama,

BILLY. You're Whistler's mama,

RENO. You're Camembert.

BILLY. You're a rose,
 You're Inferno's Dante,

RENO. You're the nose
 On the great Durante.
 I'm just in the way, as the French would say
 "De trop,"
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom
 You're the top.

- BILLY. You're the top!
You're a dance in Bali.
You're the top!
You're a hot tamale.
You're an angel, you, simply too, too, too diveen,
You're a Botticelli,
You're Keats,
- RENO. You're Shelley,
- BILLY. You're Ovaltine.
You're a boon,
You're the dam at Boulder
You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder.
I'm the nominee of the G.O.P.
- RENO. Or Gop!
- BILLY. But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.
- RENO. You're the top!
You're a Waldorf salad
You're the top!
You're a Berlin ballad
You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee.
You're an old Dutch master,
- BILLY. You're Lady Astor,
- RENO. You're broccoli.
You're romance,
You're the steppes of Russia,
You're the pants on a Roxy usher.
I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a blop,
- BOTH. But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!

Music segues on applause.

No. 6a

Playoff: You're The Top

(Orchestra)

BILLY and RENO exit. HOPE and EVELYN enter. EVELYN is seasick.

- HOPE. Try taking deep breaths, dear. That always helps me.
(EVELYN takes a deep breath and gags) Maybe you should go lie down.
- EVELYN. And leave you alone? Wouldn't dream of it.
Besides, I'll be right as rain as soon as we escape these swells.
- HOPE. But the sea's as flat as a pancake, dear.

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

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

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

BILLY. Hi, Hope, how ya doin'?

HOPE. Hello, Billy ... Billy!

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

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

BILLY. I didn't either.

HOPE. Then what are you doing here?

BILLY. I'm selling life preservers.

Hope, I stowed away to be with you. I couldn't let you go.

HOPE. Oh, Billy ...

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

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

BILLY. *(Grabbing EVELYN'S hand and pumping furiously)* Billy Crocker. Pleased to meet you!

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

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

EVELYN blanches.

HOPE. Billy—

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

HOPE. Billy, stop it!

EVELYN. Night all!

EVELYN dashes off.

HOPE. Billy, was that fair?

BILLY. Fair? I find you standing here in the moonlight with him.

I didn't shoot him, I didn't push him overboard, I thought I was more than fair!

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

BILLY. Hardly know each other?

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

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

HOPE. Four hours.

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

HOPE. I remember!

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

HOPE. We had breakfast as the sun came up.

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

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

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

Music in.

No. 7

Easy To Love

(Billy)

BILLY. Me and you—who am I kidding?

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

I'm sure you hate to hear
That I adore you, dear,
But grant me, just the same,
I'm not entirely to blame, for

You'd be so easy to love,
So easy to idolize, all others above

So sweet to waken with,
So nice to sit down to eggs and bacon with.
We'd be so grand at the game,
So carefree together that it does seem a shame
That you can't see
Your future with me,
'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love.

You'd be so easy to love,
 So easy to idolize, all others above,
 So worth the yearning for,
 So swell to keep ev'ry home fire burning for.
 Oh, how we'd bloom, how we'd thrive
 In a cottage for two, or even three, four, or five,
 So try to see
 Your future with me,
 'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love.

HOPE and BILLY embrace. Music segues. HOPE pulls back.

No. 7a

Reprise: Easy To Love

(Hope)

HOPE. *(Over music)* Billy, this is all wrong.
 I'm marrying Evelyn. Nothing can change that.

BILLY. You can change that. All you have to do is say—

HOPE. No! If you don't leave me alone, I'll make a scene.

BILLY. You love me, Hope. You're going to marry me.

BILLY exits.

HOPE. 'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love.

Blackout. Music segues.

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.

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 the other guy.

A burst of raucous song from Whitney's cabin.

WHITNEY'S VOICE.

When I row on the varsity crew!

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

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

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

No.8a

Crew Move #1

(Orchestra)

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

WHITNEY is splashing on cologne.

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

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

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.

WHITNEY. I thought you did that in the chapel.

MOON. You planning to attend chapel?

WHITNEY. Well, no—

MOON. Then pony up or I'll come back in the morning, when you've got a hangover.
(Takes off his hat and holds it out like a collection plate) That's funny, I seem to be wearing someone else's hat. Can you read the initials in here?

WHITNEY peers into the hat. MOON slaps WHITNEY'S back so that his glasses fall into the hat, then puts the hat on.

WHITNEY. Where the hell are my glasses?

MOON. Are you sure you had them on when you barged in here?

WHITNEY. What! This is my stateroom!

MOON. Then what am I doing in here? I've never been so insulted in my life! *(Starting to exit)*
 Why don't you put on your other glasses?

WHITNEY. I don't have another pair.

MOON. Good. That's what I wanted to know.

No. 8b

Crew Move # 2

(Orchestra)

MOON exits Whitney's cabin and re-enters his own.

MOON. Well, I stole his glasses. We'll be O.K. as long as the Captain doesn't show up.

MOON and ERMA laugh. The CAPTAIN appears outside the cabin, knocks.

ERMA. Who is it?

CAPTAIN. The Captain.

Panic. BILLY dives onto the bed; ERMA throws the covers over him and sits on him.

MOON. Come in!

The CAPTAIN enters.

CAPTAIN. Sorry to disturb you, Doctor, but does a Mr. Murray Hill Cleaners occupy this cabin?

MOON. Not very often. Is anything wrong?

CAPTAIN. We've had a radiogram from Washington.
 The man you're traveling with is not Murray Hill Cleaners.
 He's Snake Eyes Johnson. Public Enemy Number One.

ERMA. Public Enemy Number One!

MOON. *(Drawing an X on his chest, his version of crossing himself)* Santa Anita!

CAPTAIN. Don't worry, Doctor, my men can handle him.
If he does turn up, just give a shout.

*BILLY'S foot sticks out from under the covers.
ERMA shouts. BILLY pulls his foot back.*

ERMA. Just practicing.

*ERMA gives another shout. The CAPTAIN looks at her suspiciously.
ERMA shrieks. The CAPTAIN exits. BILLY climbs out from under the covers.*

BILLY. Doc, stop me if I'm out of line, but I don't think you're really a minister.

MOON. Kid, I'm gonna level with you. I'm not a minister.
I'm Moonface Martin, the famous gangster.

ERMA. Yeah. Public Enemy Number Thirteen. Help, police.

BILLY starts to leave.

MOON. Hey, you're not gonna turn me in, are you?!

BILLY. Doc, relax, we're pals.

MOON. Then where're you going?

BILLY. I've got a wedding to bust up!

MOON. You can't go out there—the Captain thinks you're Snake Eyes Johnson.

BILLY. What I need is a disguise.

MOON. Yeah! A suit of armor, or a gorilla suit—

BILLY. Or a sailor suit!

ERMA. You want a sailor suit? No problem.

ERMA heads for the door. Blackout.

ACT ONE – SCENE 5

On deck, mid-morning. To one side, a tea cart with a bowl of strawberries and a bowl of whipped cream on it. A QUARTET OF SAILORS enters.

No. 9 **There'll Always Be A Lady Fair** (Quartet of Sailors)

SAILOR #1. (*Bass*)

A sailor's life is supposed to be
A hell of a lot of fun.

SAILOR #2. (*Tenor II*)

Yes, but when you're a sailor, take it from me
You work like a son of a gun.

PASSENGERS enter and listen.

SAILOR #3. (*Baritone*)

They give us jobs of ev'ry kind
And chores of ev'ry sort.

SAILOR #4. (*Tenor I*)

But sweat away, sailor, you don't mind

ALL FOUR 'Cause you know when we reach port:

There will always be a lady fair, a Jenny fair,
Or a Sadie fair.
There'll always be a lady fair
Who's waiting there for you.

There will always be a lady fair
To smooth your troubles and to muss your hair.
There'll always be a lady fair
Who's waiting there for you.

There will always be a girl's caress
To change your answer from a "No" to "Yes,"
There'll always be a lady fair
Who's waiting there for you.

Bum ba bum bum bum ba bum bum bum,
Ba bum bum bum ba ba ba bum bum bum
Ba bum bum bum ba bum bum bum,
Ba ba bum bum bum bum.

ERMA enters wearing a sailor's blouse over a teddy and carrying a pair of sailor's pants. She waves at the SAILORS and exits. PASSENGERS and SAILORS exit. The CAPTAIN enters with a SAILOR.

CAPTAIN. Keep this quiet. He's Public Enemy Number One.
We don't want to set off a panic among the passengers.
You check the foredeck and report to me on the bridge.

SAILOR. Aye, aye, sir.

CAPTAIN. And remember—he's a master of disguise.

*The CAPTAIN and the SAILOR exit. MOON and BILLY enter.
BILLY wears a sailor suit that is several sizes too small.*

BILLY. This is ridiculous. These pants must be six inches too short.

MOON. I don't think Erma picked the guy for the length of his pants.

*The PURSER enters. Offstage, a voice yells "Pull!"
A shotgun blast. MOON puts his hands up.*

Don't shoot, I'm coming out!

*The PURSER eyes MOON suspiciously.
MOON covers by doing a few steps of the Samba.*

BILLY. What was that noise, Sir?

PURSER. That was the trapshooting contest.

MOON. Crapshooting contest?

PURSER. Skeetshooting, Doctor. First prize is one hundred dollars.

MOON. Can you use your own gun?

PURSER. Of course.

MOON. (To BILLY) See you later.

MOON exits.

BILLY. Hey, wait a minute!

*BILLY starts off after MOON.
HOPE and MRS. HARCOURT enter. BILLY ducks under the stairs.*

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Pull! (Gun shot) Miss!

HOPE. Really, Mother, we didn't lose all our money in the Crash. Why, if I changed my mind right now and decided not to marry Evelyn, we'd be fine.

MRS. HARCOURT. We would not! You two haven't quarreled, have you? Oh dear!

MRS. HARCOURT bursts into tears.

HOPE. I'm going to marry him, Mother. Everything will be all right.

MRS. HARCOURT. (Instantly dry-eyed) Good!

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Pull! (Gun shot) Miss! Pull! (Gun shot) Miss! Pull!

*Offstage, a burst of machine gun fire.
The stage fills with startled PASSENGERS, including LUKE and JOHN.
MOON crosses, carrying his gun and clutching a hundred dollars, then exits.
BILLY pushes the tea cart over to HOPE and MRS. HARCOURT.*

BILLY. Excuse me, Ma'am. Are you Mrs. Evangeline Harcourt?

MRS. HARCOURT. Why, yes.

HOPE. (*Recognizing BILLY*) Oh, no!

BILLY. The Captain asked me to find you. The ship has hit an iceberg.

MRS. HARCOURT *shrieks*.

Shhh! All the lifeboats are leaking except one.
He's saving the last two places for you and your daughter.

HOPE. Billy, this isn't fair.

MRS. HARCOURT. Who cares if it's fair? The ship is sinking!
Do I have time to go back for my jewelry?

BILLY. Hurry! And remember—not a word to anyone.

MRS. HARCOURT *exits*.

HOPE. I hope you're proud of yourself, Billy.

BILLY. Now that you mention it, I am. Twelve hours after you tell me
to leave you alone forever, I've got you all to myself.

WHITNEY *enters, a pair of binoculars hung around his neck*.

HOPE. Not quite all to yourself. Good morning, Mr. Whitney.

WHITNEY. (*Peering at HOPE through the binoculars*) Morning, dear. I'm looking for a sailor.

HOPE. (*Spinning BILLY towards WHITNEY*) Take a look at this one!

WHITNEY. I want to send a wire.
This goes to William Crocker, Whitney Building, New York City.
Crocker. Wire confirmation of Amalgamated sale at once. You got that?

BILLY *grunts*.

HOPE. Better have him read it back.

BILLY. (*In Mickey Mouse falsetto*) Crocker.
Wire confirmation of Amalgamated sale at once.

WHITNEY. You know, you remind me of someone ...

WHITNEY *starts to raise the binoculars*.

BILLY. Look out!

BILLY *takes a spoonful of whipped cream from the
bowl on the tea cart and plops it in WHITNEY'S face*.

WHITNEY. What was that?!

BILLY. Biggest seagull I ever saw!

WHITNEY howls and staggers off. BILLY smiles at HOPE.

Gotta run. 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) Where do I go?

CAPTAIN. Where would you like to go?

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

CAPTAIN. The lifeboat drill is tomorrow morning, madam.

MRS. HARCOURT. The sailor told us ...

CAPTAIN. Told you what?

MRS. HARCOURT. The ship is sinking!

PASSENGERS freeze, gasp in alarm.

CAPTAIN. A joke, ladies and gentlemen! She's only joshing! (Laughs, 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.

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.

*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 stupid disguise.

MOON. Hey, don't knock the disguise. Hell, it's practically as good as mine!

RENO enters.

RENO. Hi, Billy, how you doin'?

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

RENO. And Moonface Martin! Long time no see!

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

The PURSER enters with a SAILOR.

PURSER. There he is! Doctor!

MOON throws up his hands.

MOON. Don't shoot! I'm—

MOON sees the PURSER staring at him, then swats at 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.

PURSER. (To BILLY) Sailor, come with me. I want you to help me find someone.

BILLY. Aye, aye, sir.

BILLY and the PURSER exit.

RENO. Who's he looking for?

MOON. He's looking for Billy.

RENO. Billy ought to be a big help to him.

EVELYN enters, sees RENO and stops in his tracks.

EVELYN. What ho, it's Reno Sweeney! I say, Lord Evelyn Oakleigh.
Might I have your autograph?

RENO. Why not?

EVELYN hands RENO his notebook. RENO begins to write.

EVELYN. Do you know, I spent the most smashing evening at your club! "Lawdy, Lawdy! Saints preserve us!" Your singing stirred me to a frenzy! Had me dancing about like Bojingles!

RENO. Thank you.

RENO hands back the notebook.

EVELYN. (Reading) "Are you drunk or crazy? Good luck. Reno Sweeney."
(Guffaws) I say, why don't we all have tea in my cabin?
I know my fiancée, Miss Harcourt, would love to meet you.

RENO. That's very sweet, but I'm afraid—

MOON. She'd love to.

EVELYN. Marvelous! Shall we say four o'clock?

MOON & RENO. "Four o'clock!"

EVELYN. (Peeking in his notebook) See ya later, elevator!

EVELYN exits.

RENO. Moonie, that's the Tommy that's making time with Billy's girl.
This is going to be like consorting with the enemy.

MOON. Exactly. Here's the plan. You get to his cabin early wearing something that slips off easy.
I bust in and catch him tearing your clothes off, then we blackmail him into breaking the engagement.

RENO. Moon, that's despicable.

MOON. You don't like it?

RENO. I love it!

RENO and MOON laugh.

MOON. You know, Reno, we should have teamed up years ago.

RENO. We're two of a kind, all right.

MOON. Partners! *(Orchestra chord)*

No. 10

Friendship

(Reno & Moon)

RENO. Through thick or thin. *(Orchestra chord)*

MOON. Night or day. *(Orchestra chord)*

RENO. Right or wrong!

MOON. If you're ever in a jam, here I am.

RENO. If you ever need a pal, I'm your gal.

MOON. If you ever feel so happy you land in jail, I'm your bail.

BOTH. It's friendship, friendship, just a perfect blendship,
When other friendships have been forgot,
Ours will still be hot.
Lahdle-ahdle-ahdle dig, dig, dig.

MOON. If you're ever down a well, ring my bell.

RENO. If you ever catch on fire, send a wire.

MOON. If you ever lose your teeth when you're out to dine,
Borrow mine.

BOTH. It's friendship, friendship, just a perfect blendship.
When other friendships have ceased to jell
Ours will still be swell.
Lahdle-ahdle-ahdle hep, hep, hep.

RENO. If they ever black your eyes, put me wise.

MOON. If they ever cook your goose, turn me loose.

RENO. If they ever put a bullet through your br-rain,
I'll complain.

BOTH. It's friendship, friendship, just a perfect blendship,
When other friendships go up in smoke,
Ours will still be oke.
Lahdle-ahdle-ahdle goof, goof, goof.

MOON. If you ever lose your mind, I'll be kind.

RENO. If you ever lose your shirt, I'll be hurt.

MOON. If you're ever in a mill and get sawed in half,
I won't laugh.

BOTH. It's friendship, friendship, just a perfect blendship.
When other friendships have been forgate,
Ours will still be great.

RENO. If they ever crack your spine, drop a line.

MOON. If they ever cut your throat, write a note.

RENO. If they ever make a cannibal stew of you, invite me too.

BOTH. It's friendship, friendship, just a perfect blendship.
When other friendships are up the crick,
Ours will still be slick.

MOON. Lahdle-ahdle-ahdle quack, quack, quack.

RENO. Quack, quack, quack?!

MOON. Quack, quack, quack!

RENO. Quack, quack, quack? What do I look like, a duck?

*Music vamps while RENO and MOON argue over what to sing, ad lib,
before signaling the conductor to continue the number.*

RENO & MOON.
When other friendships have been forgot
Ours will still be hot.

MOON. Quack, quack, quack! RENO. Woof, woof, woof!

Blackout.

ACT ONE – SCENE 6

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

EVELYN. Come in.

The PURSER enters.

PURSER. Did you ring, sir?

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

PURSER. I'm sorry, sir?

EVELYN. I mean, sit on it.

PURSER. *(Frowning)* Sir?

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

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

The PURSER exits.

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

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

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

RENO. Nobody's complained yet.

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

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

EVELYN. *(Pulling on a robe)* Oh, you mean Excalibur. Old family heirloom.

Mother Harcourt wants me to wear it for the wedding. You know, it's odd. The old beezers as taken with things English as I am with things American.

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

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

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

EVELYN. Marvelous! *(Picks up notebook, writes)*

"To feel 'gaga' about a person means to rub his neck ..."

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

EVELYN. Do things to you?

RENO. I mean you send me.

EVELYN. Send you where?

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

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

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

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

RENO. Yeah, but it's also kinda cute.

MOON enters.

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

EVELYN. There's nothing wrong here.

RENO. Hey, hold on, Moonface—

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

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

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

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

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

MOON exits.

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

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

EVELYN. A set-up?

EVELYN looks puzzled, begins flipping through the notebook.

RENO. We were going to frame you.

EVELYN. Frame me?

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

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

RENO. That was the idea.

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

MOON enters with his Tommy gun.

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

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

MOON. No.

RENO. Put it down!

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

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

Blackout.

No. 10a

Chaser: Friendship

(Orchestra)

ACT ONE – SCENE 7

On deck. Twilight. Passengers cross, including the OLD LADY in the WHEELCHAIR with the large hat, the YOUNG SWELL, and SPIT and DIPPY. The YOUNG SWELL takes out a lighter, reaches into his breast pocket, frowns, pats his pockets. SPIT holds out a cigar.

SPIT. Try one of mine.

YOUNG SWELL. *(Taking it, smiling)* Thank you.

The CAPTAIN enters.

CAPTAIN. Evening, folks. I trust you're enjoying the crossing.

PASSENGER #1. This is the dullest passenger list I've ever seen.

PASSENGER #2. There's nobody on board but nobodies.

OLD LADY. No celebrities! I want celebrities!

CAPTAIN. *(Squirming)* How about, uh, Gertrude Ederle?

PASSENGER #1. The channel swimmer?

PASSENGER #2. Is she on board?!

CAPTAIN. Not exactly, but ... *(Pointing over the side)* There she goes!

The CAPTAIN scurries off. BILLY and MOON enter.

BILLY. What does Hope see in that guy? It must be her mother—she's the one behind all this.

MOON. I could kill the mother ...

BILLY. Moon!

MOON. O.K., I got another plan.

BILLY. I hope it's better than the last one.

The CAPTAIN enters. MOON and BILLY dive for cover. TWO SAILORS enter.

CAPTAIN. Any sign of that criminal yet, men?

SAILOR #1. Not yet, sir.

CAPTAIN. Apprehend that man immediately!

SAILOR #2. Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN. And if you see any celebrities, apprehend them, too.

BOTH SAILORS. Aye, aye, sir.

The CAPTAIN and the TWO SAILORS exit. MOON and BILLY emerge from hiding.

BILLY. Did you hear that? I've got to do something about this disguise.

The PURSER enters, carrying Mrs. Harcourt's dog Cheeky.

PURSER. Stay out of the kitchen or I'll put you on the menu!
Sailor, find out who this belongs to.

The PURSER hands the dog to BILLY.

BILLY. Aye, aye, sir. *(The PURSER exits)* If only I had a beard or a phony moustache ...

*MOON and BILLY look at the dog, look at each other, and race off.
WHITNEY and MRS. HARCOURT enter.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky! Cheeky! Where is that dog?

WHITNEY. Now, now. They always find their way home.

MRS. HARCOURT. His home is in Oyster Bay, Long Island.

WHITNEY. Be calm, my dear. You're like a trembling fawn. Here, have a snort.

WHITNEY offers his hip flask.

MRS. HARCOURT. I told you, Eli. Liquor has never touched my lips.

WHITNEY. You know a short cut?

WHITNEY takes a long drink; a bark offstage.

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky! Oh, Cheeky!

MRS. HARCOURT exits. WHITNEY raises his binoculars.

WHITNEY. Evangeline, just look at that moon! *(The PURSER enters)*
Ah, yes. The night was made for romance, my sweet. Will you marry me?

PURSER. I'm afraid I can't, sir. I'm already married.

WHITNEY. What!

PURSER. But there's a lady around the corner looking for a dog.
Why don't you try her?

WHITNEY. Thank you.

PURSER. You're welcome.

WHITNEY and the PURSER exit. Another bark offstage.
 BILLY enters wearing a beard made of what looks like Cheeky's fur.
 MOON enters carrying a shorn Cheeky—actually a puppet look-alike.

BILLY. Quick—get rid of him!

MOON looks around, panics, and stuffs the dog in his pants.
 MRS. HARCOURT enters. MOON and BILLY start to exit nonchalantly.

MOON. (Suddenly leaping in the air) Yeow!

A beat. MOON and BILLY continue off.
 The dog barks. MRS. HARCOURT looks at MOON.

MOON. Excuse me.

MRS. HARCOURT. Certainly.

MOON and BILLY exit. The CAPTAIN enters.

Captain! I need your help.

CAPTAIN. What is it this time, Madam?

MRS. HARCOURT. I can't find my little Cheeky!

CAPTAIN. Why, it's right beside your little nose!

The CAPTAIN exits. Offstage, a growl—MOON yells—a splash.
 BILLY and MOON enter, pulling on costumes.
 BILLY'S is a ludicrous version of an English gentleman's get-up.
 MOON wears a white coat and carries a butterfly net.

BILLY. How could you do that?!

MOON. Relax. Dogs are good swimmers.

He indicates MRS. HARCOURT.

MOON. (In an awful Cockney accent) Excuse me, Ma'am, we're looking for Lord Evelyn Oakleigh. Do you know him?

MRS. HARCOURT. I should say so. He's going to marry my daughter.
 (BILLY and MOON gasp) Is something wrong?

BILLY. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Lord Evelyn Oakleigh.
 The man you know as Lord Evelyn Oakleigh is in reality my brother Edna.

MRS. HARCOURT. Your brother Edna?

MOON. His real name's Mona but he changed it. He's deranged!

BILLY. Several months ago, he escaped from the family suite at Bedlam.

MRS. HARCOURT. You have a family suite at Bedlam?

MOON. I was taking him down to Saville Row for a new straitjacket when he gave me the slip.

MRS. HARCOURT. (*Indicating MOON*) Who is this man?

BILLY. My brother's keeper.

MRS. HARCOURT. Dear me, this is most upsetting.

MOON. Don't worry, we know how to handle him.

BILLY. We've been through this a million times.

MRS. HARCOURT. You mean this has happened before?!

MOON. He marries 'em, he murders 'em, he marries 'em, he murders 'em ...

BILLY. He murders their mothers ...

MRS. HARCOURT. But he seemed so normal!

MOON & BILLY. Ah hah!

BILLY. She doesn't know the signs.

MOON. The telltale signs.

BILLY. The fatal signs.

MRS. HARCOURT. What signs? What signs?

BILLY. Well, there's a certain phrase he uses ...

MOON. Just before he snaps.

BILLY. Have you ever heard him say—

EVELYN enters, his broadsword strapped to his side.

EVELYN. What ho!

MOON & BILLY. That's it!

MRS. HARCOURT. Edna!

MOON & BILLY. Ssssh!

MRS. HARCOURT. I mean, Evelyn.

EVELYN. Been looking for you everywhere, Mums. I say, how do you like it?

EVELYN *draws his sword and brandishes it proudly.*
MRS. HARCOURT *shrieks and faints, collapsing into BILLY'S arms.*
SAILORS and PASSENGERS *rush on, among them RENO.*

EVELYN. *(Cont'd.)* Dear me, is she all right?

MOON. She's fine. She's playing dead. *(To MRS. HARCOURT)* Sit up! Roll over!

HOPE *enters.*

HOPE. Oh, my God! Mother, mother ... Billy, what have you done?

BILLY. Hope, I can explain everything—

HOPE. You just don't know when to stop, do you, Billy?

MRS. HARCOURT. *(Coming to)* His name isn't Billy, dear—it's Evelyn.
And Evelyn isn't Evelyn, he's Edna. And Edna's really Mona—

HOPE. I'll show you who he is!

SAILORS *enter.* HOPE *pulls off BILLY'S beard.*

SAILORS. It's him!

BILLY *umps MRS. HARCOURT in EVELYN'S arms.*
BILLY and MOON *run off, pursued by SAILORS.*

SAILOR #1. Hey, he's getting away!

SAILOR #2. After him! Come on!

RENO. Evelyn, take Mrs. Harcourt down to her cabin, will you?

EVELYN. Righty-oh.

EVELYN *begins to help MRS. HARCOURT off.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Dear me, dear me. What else can go wrong?

EVELYN. There, there, Mums. Cheer up.

EVELYN *has picked up the fake beard. He waves it and barks like a dog.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky!

MRS. HARCOURT *staggers off, followed by EVELYN.*

RENO. *(To HOPE)* How long are you going to keep up this stupid act?

HOPE. I beg your pardon.

RENO. You're in love with him—why don't you just admit it?

HOPE. I really don't think that this is any of your—

RENO. He may want you now, but he's not going to stick around forever.
Half the women in New York are crazy about him. Why, just the other
night one of the best-looking dames I know practically proposed to him.

HOPE. She did? Who was she?

RENO. Me.

*RENO exits. HOPE bursts into tears.
The OLD LADY in the wheelchair enters.*

HOPE. I'm sorry. Forgive me. I just can't help it.

OLD LADY. *(Straining to hear)* Eh?

HOPE. I said I just can't help it ... Oh, if I'd only told him how I really feel.

OLD LADY. How's that?

HOPE. I'm crazy about him.

OLD LADY. Eh?

HOPE. I'm crazy about him! ... Oh, this is tragic! I've ruined my life!
I've ruined his life! I've ruined everything!

OLD LADY. Things don't look that bad to me.

No. 11

It's De-lovely

(Billy & Hope)

The night is young, the skies are clear,
So if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

The OLD LADY gets out of the wheelchair, starts to walk.

I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
You can tell at a glance

The OLD LADY removes her hat and veil—it's BILLY.

BILLY. What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear dear mother nature murmuring low,
"Let yourself go."
So please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious,
It's delectable, it's delirious,
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe
It's de-lovely."

HOPE. I feel a sudden urge to sing
The kind of ditty that invokes the spring.

BILLY. I'll control my desire to curse
While you crucify the verse.

HOPE. This verse I've started seems to me.
The tinpantithesis of melody,

BILLY. So spare us, please, the pain,
Just skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.

HOPE. Mi, mi, mi, mi, re, re,
Re, re, do, sol, mi, do,
La, si—

The night is young, the skies are clear,
So if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear dear mother nature murmuring low,

BILLY. "Let yourself go."

So please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious,

BILLY and HOPE kiss.

It's de-lovely."

BILLY and HOPE embrace; lights fade.

ACT ONE – SCENE 8

The same, early the following morning. BILLY and HOPE have not moved. They are standing at the rail, gazing deeply into each other's eyes.

MRS. HARCOURT. (*Offstage*) Hope! Oh, Hope!

HOPE. My God—mother!

MRS. HARCOURT enters waving a cablegram.

MRS. HARCOURT. Hope, there you are. Urgent cable from Claridge's. Do we want cognac or Cointreau in the wedding cake?

HOPE. The wedding cake ...

MRS. HARCOURT. Of course, I'll have to find out what the groom wants.

BILLY. Cognac, Cointreau—whatever makes you happy, Mom.

MRS. HARCOURT. Mom?

HOPE. Billy, stop it!

BILLY. You're right, you're right. No more kidding around. Mrs. Harcourt, Hope has something she needs to tell you. (*To HOPE*) Honey, you're on.

HOPE stares at MRS. HARCOURT.

MRS. HARCOURT. "Honey?" Hope, what's this all about?

BILLY. Tell her, baby. Go on. The world won't end.

HOPE. I can't.

BILLY. All right, I'll tell her—

HOPE. No!

BILLY. Hope, I understand how hard this is for you, but you have to choose—

HOPE. (*Shoving BILLY away, as EVELYN enters*) I can't! I won't!

EVELYN. I say—anyone have hot pants for a game of shuffleboard?

HOPE hesitates, then crosses to MRS. HARCOURT and EVELYN. The CAPTAIN, PURSER, SAILORS and PASSENGERS enter.

PURSER. Captain, it's him!

SAILORS pounce on BILLY. General commotion as BILLY struggles to escape.

We've got him, ladies and gentlemen. No cause for alarm!

PASSENGERS. What did he do?! ... Is he a stowaway?! ... Who is he?!

PURSER. Ladies and gentlemen, the man we've just arrested is Snake Eyes Johnson!
Public Enemy Number One!

PASSENGERS. *(Thrilled)* Ooooh!!!

PURSER. *(To SAILORS)* Take him away, men!

PASSENGERS. *(Disappointed)* Aaaaawww!!!

CAPTAIN. *(To PURSER)* You idiot! Release that man!

PASSENGERS *cheer.*

PURSER. But I thought you wanted him clapped in irons.

CAPTAIN. Clapped in irons? A celebrity like Snake Eyes Johnson?!

BILLY. Let me get this straight: If I'm just a stowaway, you throw me in jail.
But if I'm a famous murderer, you roll out the red carpet.

CAPTAIN. You'll be my guest for dinner at the Captain's table.

PASSENGERS *cheer.*

MOON. *(To the CROWD)* You know, he's not the only gangster on this ship.

CAPTAIN. What do you mean, Doctor?

MOON. I mean I'm not a minister. I'm Moonface Martin. I'm a Public Enemy, too.

PURSER. Public Enemy Number Two?

MOON. Yeah.

ERMA. Moon!

MOON. Shut up, Erma!

CAPTAIN. Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that we have not one,
but two famous criminals on board. Let's make them feel at home!

PASSENGERS *applaud.* FEMALE PASSENGERS *break ranks and surround BILLY.*

FEMALE PASSENGERS. Mr. Johnson, could I have your autograph? ... Can I touch
your trigger finger? ... Did you ever kill anyone who looks like me?

BILLY *throws his arms around the WOMEN and grins at HOPE.*

BILLY. Hey, Baby, room for one more!

EVELYN. What fun! Go on, darling!

*EVELYN pushes HOPE toward BILLY. HOPE bursts into tears and runs off.
EVELYN and MRS. HARCOURT follow.*

CAPTAIN. Ladies and gentlemen,
I give you the honorary Captain of the S.S. American!

The CAPTAIN takes off his hat and puts it on BILLY.

PASSENGERS. Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!

Spot picks out RENO on the upper deck.

No. 12

Anything Goes

(Reno & Chorus)

RENO. Times have changed
And we've often rewind the clock
Since the Puritans got a shock
When they landed on Plymouth Rock.
If today
Any shock they should try to stem,
'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,
Plymouth Rock would land on them.

In olden days a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
But now God knows,
Anything goes.
Good authors too who once knew better words
Now only use four letter words writing prose,
Anything goes.

The world has gone mad today and good's bad today
And black's white today and day's night today
And most guys today that women prize today
Are just silly gigolos.
And though I'm not a great romancer
I know that I'm bound to answer when you propose
Anything goes.

When grandmamas whose age is eighty
In nightclubs are getting matey with gigolos,
Anything goes.
When mothers pack and leave poor father
Because they decide they'd rather be tennis pros,
Anything goes.

If driving fast cars you like
If low bars you like
If old hymns you like
If bare limbs you like
If Mae West you like
Or me undressed you like
Why, nobody will oppose.

When ev'ry night, the set that's smart is
Intruding in nudist parties in studios,
Anything goes.

ALL. (*Chorus*) The world has gone mad today and good's bad today,
And black's white today and day's night today,
When most guys today that women prize today
are just silly gigolos.
So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that I'm bound to answer when you propose
Anything goes.

RENO. If saying your pray'rs you like,
If green pears you like,
If old chairs you like,
If backstairs you like,
If love affairs you like,
With young bears you like,
Why, nobody will oppose.

ALL. So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that I'm bound to answer when you propose
Anything goes.
Anything, anything, anything...

RENO. Anything goes—!

ALL. Goes—!

END OF ACT ONE

No. 13

Entr'acte
(Orchestra)

ACT TWO – SCENE 1

The ship's nightclub. BILLY and MOON stand at a table covered with lobsters and champagne. The CAPTAIN, PURSER, ANGELS and PASSENGERS, including LUKE and JOHN, stand facing them, glasses raised in a toast.

No. 14

Public Enemy Number One
(Captain, Purser & Passengers)

CAPTAIN. Tonight there's going to be some fun

PASSENGERS. Some fun—o! Some fun—o!

CAPTAIN. For public enemy number one.

PASSENGERS. Public Enemy Number One—o!

PURSER. Our gallant captain has told the staff

PASSENGERS. The staff—o! The staff—o!

PURSER. It's time for killing the fatted calf.
As he's throwing a party in behalf
Of Public Enemy Number One.

PASSENGERS. Public Enemy Number One—o!

ALL. Public Enemy Number One,
Thank thee for ev'rything thou hast done.
Blessings on thee, thou noble chap,
For putting this boat of ours on the map.
Thank thee heartily, holy man,
For taking the liner American,
For henceforth we'll be crowded on ev'ry run
Due to thee, Public Enemy Number One.

Amen.

BILLY. You know, you break your back to cheat and steal and kill, you wonder
if it's worth it. Then something like this happens. ... You're beautiful.

PASSENGERS applaud. RENO enters.

RENO. (To ANGELS) Let's go, girls, we've got a show to do ...
How do you like the royal treatment, Snake Eyes?

BILLY. Nice.

BILLY laughs; so does EVERYONE else.

RENO. Listen, kid, I just saw Hope. She's all broken up.

BILLY. Awwww.

BILLY laughs again; so does EVERYONE else.

RENO. Oh, a tough guy, huh? Suppose I told you she wants to marry you.

BILLY. *(Dropping gangster pose)* You're kidding me! She said that?

RENO. No. *(RENO laughs; so does EVERYONE else)* C'mon. You know she's nuts about you, she wants to marry you, she just hasn't got the guts to say so.

PURSER. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Sweeney's service is about to begin.
Last call for drinks before the service.

RENO. *(To ANGEL #4)* Showtime, Toots!

ANGEL #4. I would appreciate it if you would cease addressin' me as "Toots" and henceforth call me by my right name—Mrs. Moonface Martin!

ANGEL #4 gives MOON a passionate kiss, almost suffocating him, then exits with great dignity. RENO stares at MOON.

RENO. Let me guess—you performed the ceremony yourself.

MOON. *(Suddenly concerned)* It isn't legal, is it?

*RENO exits. Lights dim. A buzz of anticipation.
MRS. HARCOURT enters with WHITNEY.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Miss Sweeney's service will do you good, Eli.
You need to reform your ways.

WHITNEY. What's the matter with my ways?

MRS. HARCOURT. You proposed to a sailor.

WHITNEY. I'm a lonely man, Evangeline.

MRS. HARCOURT and WHITNEY take seats. ERMA enters.

COLLEGE BOY #1. Hey, Dudley, get a load of this.

COLLEGE BOY #2. *(Pulling out a chair)* My dear, may I say you look like a million bucks!

ERMA. Thanks, boys. I'm touched.

*ERMA starts to sit; COLLEGE BOY #1 places his hand on the seat of the chair.
ERMA shrieks and glares at him.*

ERMA. *(Cont'd)* That's an expression!

EVELYN *enters, leading HOPE.*

HOPE. Evelyn, I really don't feel up to this. I want to go back to my cabin.

EVELYN. Don't be silly. Look! It's Snake Ears!

HOPE. Evelyn, no!

EVELYN. I say, Mr. Johnson. Who am I?

(Doing a dreadful Jimmy Cagney) You dirty rat! You dirty rat!

BILLY. Noël Coward.

EVELYN. Damn!

HOPE. Evelyn, stop it!

BILLY. You wanna make her happy, pal? Do an imitation of me.

EVELYN *guffaws.*

HOPE. You can be very cruel.

EVELYN. That's how he got to be Number One!

HOPE *pulls EVELYN away.*

BILLY. Hope, wait—

Drum roll under announcement.

CAPTAIN. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the S.S. American is pleased to present the world's most sensuous sermonizer, her high-stepping Holiness—Miss Reno Sweeney!

No. 15

Gabriel Entrance

(Orchestra)

Orchestra fanfare as a spotlight hits RENO as she enters in a white robe. PASSENGERS applaud. RENO puts a finger to her lips. Music out.

RENO. Hush! Brothers and sisters, we're here tonight to fight the devil. There's only one way to fight the devil and that's in the open.

RENO throws off her robe to reveal a sexy red dress. The ANGELS are revealed behind her.

EVELYN. Lawdy! Lawdy!

HOPE. *(Mortified)* Evelyn!

RENO. I want everybody to turn to his neighbor and say, "Bless you brother, bless you sister."

(RENO does this with MOON; the PASSENGERS follow suit.)

There's only one way to send the devil packing—and that's to confess your sins. Who'll be the first to speak out and say, "I'm a sinner"?

FEMALE PASSENGER #1. I am a sinner!

PASSENGERS. Hallelujah!

RENO. Thank you, sister, who's next?

MALE PASSENGER. I'm a sinner!

PASSENGERS. Hallelujah!

RENO. Who's next?

MRS. HARCOURT. Go ahead, Eli.

WHITNEY. Well, er ... There was a time when I drank.

MOON. What do you do now, use a funnel?

PASSENGERS. Hallelujah!

ERMA. I'm cursed with sex appeal. It's been my downfall.

FEMALE PASSENGER #2. She's not confessing, she's advertising!

PASSENGERS. Hallelujah!

RENO. Come on, get busy! Who'll give us a real confession?

EVELYN. I say, may I have a go?

RENO. Speak up, brother. I want to hear this.

EVELYN. Some years ago, a motion picture company from California rented Oakleigh Hall, the ancestral manse, to make a film entitled *The Fatal Frolics of Anne Boleyn*. One evening, I was lounging in the gazebo, reading Keats, when a comely young thing appeared and asked if I might help her with the scene in which Anne consummates her marriage to the King. I helped her with it several times and I enjoyed it very much.

RENO. I was worried about you, brother, but I feel much better now.

ALL. Hallelujah!

RENO gestures to the band. A trumpet call.

No. 16**Blow, Gabriel, Blow**

(Reno & Chorus)

RENO. (*spoken*) Do you hear that playin'?CHORUS. (*sp*) Yes, I hear that playin'!RENO. (*sp*) Do you know who's playin'?CHORUS. (*sp*) No, who is that playin'?

RENO. (*sung*) Why it's Gabriel, Gabriel playin'
 Gabriel, Gabriel sayin'
 "Will you be ready to go when I blow my horn?"

Oh, blow, Gabriel, blow
 Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!
 I've been a sinner, I've been a scamp,
 But now I'm willin' to trim my lamp,
 So blow, Gabriel, blow!

I was low, Gabriel, low,
 Mighty low, Gabriel, low.
 But now since I have seen the light,
 I'm good by day and I'm good by night,
 So, blow Gabriel, blow.

Once I was headed for hell
 Once I was headed for hell;
 But when I got to Satan's door
 I heard you blowin' on your horn once more,
 So I said, "Satan, farewell!"

And now I'm all ready to fly,
 Yes, to fly higher and higher!
 'Cause I've gone through brimstone
 And I've been through the fire,
 And I've purged my soul and my heart too,
 So climb up the mountaintop and start to

RENO.

Blow, Gabriel, blow.
 Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!

CHORUS.

Blow, blow, Gabriel.
 Blow, blow, Gabriel.

RENO. I want to join your happy band
 And play all day in the promised land,
 So blow, Gabriel, blow.

(*spoken*) Come on you scamps, get up you sinners,
 You're all too full of expensive dinners.
 Stand up on your lazy feet and sing!

CHORUS. (*sung*) Blow, Gabriel, blow!
 Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!
 I've been a sinner, I've been a scamp,
 But now I'm willin' to trim my lamp,
 So blow, Gabriel, blow!

I was low, Gabriel, low,
 Mighty low, Gabriel, low.
 But now since I have seen the light,
 I'm good by day and I'm good by night,
 So, blow Gabriel,
 (shouted) blow.

Dance break. Music attacca.

No. 16a **Dance: Blow, Gabriel, Blow** (Reno & Chorus)

RENO. (*With CHORUS backup*)

Once I was headed for hell
 Once I was headed for hell;
 But when I got to Satan's door
 I heard you blowin' on your horn once more,
 So I said, "Satan, farewell!"

And now I'm all ready to fly,
 Yes, to fly higher and higher!

RENO. 'Cause I've gone through brimstone
 And I've been through the fire,
 And I've purged my soul and my heart too,
 So climb up the mountaintop and start to

RENO & CHORUS.

Blow, Gabriel, blow!
 Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!

RENO. I want to join your happy band
 And play all day in the promised land,
 So blow, Gabriel ...

RENO & CHORUS.

Come on and blow, Gabriel, blow.
 Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow!

RENO. I want to join your happy band
 And play all day in the promised land, so blow

Trumpet solo.

RENO & CHORUS.

Blow

Trumpet solo.

Blow, Gabriel
 Blow!

RENO. Hallelujah, they've seen the light!

No. 16b**Playoff: Blow, Gabriel, Blow**

(Orchestra)

RENO and the ANGELS exit.

PASSENGER #1. Wait a minute! What about Snake Eyes? We haven't heard his confession.

PASSENGER #2. Yeah!

PASSENGERS. We want Snake Eyes! We want Snake Eyes! We want Snake Eyes!

BILLY. All right, you want a confession? I'll give you a confession!
 Three weeks ago, I met a girl and fell in love with her. How did I show it?
 I hounded her, I embarrassed her, I made her cry. I'm sorry, Hope.
 I want you to be happy. I'll never bother you again.

SPIT. What's going on?

PASSENGER #2. He doesn't sound like Snake Eyes Johnson!

BILLY. I'm not. I'm not a gangster. I'm a broken-down broker.

PASSENGER #3. Then he's a phony!

DIPPY. I want my money back!

SPIT. They ought to give him the chair!

CAPTAIN. Purser, clap that man in irons!

PASSENGERS. Yeah!

MOON grabs a violin case and steps in front of BILLY.

MOON. Get behind me, kid, we'll shoot our way out!
 (MOON opens the case. It contains a violin) There's definitely something wrong here.

*PASSENGERS hurl insults at MOON and BILLY
 as SAILORS haul them off. HOPE watches them go,
 looking stricken. MRS. HARCOURT watches HOPE.
 The CROWD begins to disperse. The CAPTAIN starts off.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Captain—

CAPTAIN. Yes, madam?

MRS. HARCOURT. Captain, is it true you have the authority
 to perform weddings onboard this vessel?

CAPTAIN. It is, madam.

MRS. HARCOURT. Then I would like you to schedule one for ten a.m. tomorrow—
(*Indicating HOPE and EVELYN*) These young people are eager to get married
and they would like to do so before anything else can go wrong.

HOPE. Mother—!

MRS. HARCOURT. Better make that nine-thirty.

CAPTAIN. As you wish, madam.

EVERYONE continues off, leaving HOPE alone.

No. 17 **Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye**
(Hope)

HOPE. Goodbye, little dream, goodbye.
 You made my romance sublime, now it's time to fly.
 For the stars have fled from the heavens,
 The moon's deserted the hill,
 And the sultry breeze
 That sang in the trees
 Is suddenly strangely still.

 It's done, little dream, it's done.
 So bid me a fond farewell; we both had our fun.
 Was it Romeo or Juliet who said, when about to die,
 "Love is not all peaches and cream."
 Little dream, goodbye.

No. 17a **Scene Change: Goodbye**
(Orchestra)

ACT TWO – SCENE 2

*The brig. Late at night. MOON sits at a table,
playing with a deck of cards. BILLY lies on the bunk.*

MOON. Take a card, any card ... All right, I'll take one for you. Now look at it ...
All right, I'll look at it for you. Now don't tell me what it is.

BILLY. I don't want to play cards.

MOON. What d'ya want to do, shoot craps?

BILLY. I was thinking of shooting myself.

MOON. Kid, kid—

BILLY. Give me one good reason to live.

MOON. Cherry cheesecake.

BILLY. A week ago, I was getting fitted for my first Brooks Brothers suit,
now look where I am.

MOON. Aw, this place ain't so bad. Were you ever in jail in Cicero?
I don't mean the new jail—I mean the old one.

BILLY. Moon, please. My girl's getting married in the morning.
I'll never see her again.

MOON. You know your problem, kid? You ain't got no philosophy.
Life has taught me to think positive. It's like Dillinger once told me:
"Remember, it's always darkest just before they turn on the lights."

No. 18

Be Like The Bluebird

(Moon)

MOON. There's an old Australian bush song
That Melba used to sing,
A song that always cheered me when I was blue.
Even Melba said this bush song
Was a helluva song to sing,
So be quiet whilst I render it for you.

When your instinct tells you that disaster
Is approaching you faster and faster,
Then be like the bluebird and sing:
"Tweet tweet, tra-la-la-la-la-la."

When you know you're headed for the jailer,
Don't allow the old face to look paler,

But be like the bluebird and sing:
“Tweet tweet, tra-la-la-la-la-la.”

Be like the bluebird who never is blue,
For he knows from his upbringing
What singing can do.

And though by other birdies in the boughs, he
May be told that his efforts are perfectly lousy,
He sings on and on till his troubles are through:
“Tweet tweet, tra-la-la-la-la-la.”

ERMA enters outside the cell.

ERMA. Boy, what a dump!

BILLY. Erma!

ERMA. I gotta talk fast. I got a couple of sailors waitin’ to for me. They’re gonna show me how to grease the hawsers.

BILLY. What’s going on up there? Have you seen Hope?

ERMA. Yeah, and lemme tell ya, kiddo, you’re well rid of that drip. All she does is whine and cry and stand around looking like Garbo in Camille.

BILLY. Did she say anything about me?

ERMA. Nope ... but she sent you this note. *(She hands BILLY the note. Music in.)*

No. 19 **All Through The Night**

(Billy, Hope & Quartet of Sailors)

ERMA. Hey, Moonie, how about givin’ me your passports? You ain’t gonna need ‘em where you’re goin’, and I could sell ‘em for a bundle.

MOON. Good idea, Erma. C’mere.

*ERMA steps up to the cell. MOON bangs his cup along the bars.
ERMA screams and jumps back.*

ERMA. By the way, Moon. The new list of Public Enemies just came out.
You’ve been passed – by tooth decay.

ERMA exits.

BILLY. *(Reading, over music)* “Dearest Darling. I love you so, but what good does love do when there is no hope. Love, Hope.”

(BILLY.) All through the night I delight in your love.
All through the night you’re so close to me.
All through the night from a height far above,
You and your love bring me ecstasy.

When dawn comes to waken me,
You're never there at all.
I know you've forsaken me
Till the shadows fall.

But then, once again,
I can dream I've the right
To be close to you
All through the night.

HOPE enters, upstage, on deck.

HOPE. All through the night, I delight in your love.
All through the night, you're so close to me.

The QUARTET OF SAILORS enters.

BILLY, HOPE & SAILORS.
All through the night, from a height far above,
You and your love bring me ecstasy.

When dawn comes to waken me,
You're never there at all.
I know you've forsaken me,
Till the shadows fall.
And then, once again,
Will I know I was right ...

BILLY. Staying close to you
All through the night.

SAILORS. Through the night.

BILLY. Doc, she loves me!

Blackout. Music segues.

No. 19a

Scene Change:
All Through The Night
(Orchestra)

ACT TWO – SCENE 3

*On deck. Later that night.
EVELYN is writing, clutching a notebook and pen.
He crosses something out, examines his work,
completes it with an emphatic period, then reads it aloud.*

EVELYN. “Moonlight,” by Lord Evelyn Oakleigh:

“A lonely figure walks the deck,
The moonlight glancing off his beano.
'Tis not the ship, 'tis he the wreck,
His heart dashed on a girl named—”

RENO enters, carrying a glass and a half empty bottle of gin.

—Miss Sweeney! (*Hiding his poem*) I say, you startled me!

RENO. Sorry. I couldn't sleep.

EVELYN. Nor I.

RENO. The Lord works in mysterious ways, Evie, but this time he's got even me stymied. My two best friends are in the slam and tomorrow morning—but, hey, you know all about that.

RENO pours herself a shot of gin and raises the glass.

Here's to the happy groom.

RENO drinks. EVELYN sighs dramatically, takes the bottle and drains it.

Make that: Here's to the groom.

EVELYN. Miss Sweeney, you see before you a man staggered by a revelation. It hit me like a stone hammer in the middle of your service. The woman I'm destined to marry tomorrow is not one and the same with the woman I love.

RENO. You mean you're not in love with Hope? That's great! I mean, gee, it's a good thing you found out. I mean, just in time and everything ...

EVELYN. Ah, there's the rub. You know the Oakleigh motto?
Nostrum fuglium sentorum.

RENO. What's that mean?

EVELYN. No one really knows. But we're not supposed to go around backing out of engagements. Ah, well ... Adieu, Miss Sweeney.

EVELYN starts to exit.

RENO. You know there's one thing that I just can't figure. (*Turns*) That business in the gazebo. Anne Boleyn. How does that fit in with “nostrum fuglium whatever?”

EVELYN. Goodness. This is most embarrassing. Must I explain?

RENO. (*Shrugs*) It's your motto.

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

Music in.

No. 20

The Gypsy In Me

(Evelyn)

It's the Oakleigh family secret.

There's something wild and passionate in our souls. In mine especially.

Long, long ago,
So long ago
I hardly know when,
My great-great-grandmother
Now and then stepped out with a gypsy.
Of course you will say she was
A little bit tipsy.
But tipsy, no, no.
Of their love there wasn't a doubt,
So I can't wait to get the stage all set
So I can let the gypsy in me out.

Hiding away
There's a little bit of gypsy in me
That's never been found,
Waiting its day.
There's a little bit of gypsy in me
Just hanging around

Till the magical night
When the stars by their light
Give mystery to the sleeping lagoon,
While a haunting guitar
Not too near, not too far,
Gaily strums away,
Hums away
A titillating tune.

When I'm there in that dream
With the one in the world I worship passionately,
At the moment supreme
Will be shown the unknown
Gypsy in me.

RENO and EVELYN *fall into each other's arms. Blackout.*

No. 20a

Playoff: Gypsy In Me

(Orchestra)

ACT TWO – SCENE 4

*The brig. Early morning. MOON is dozing.
BILLY is pacing. The PURSER enters with SPIT and DIPPY.*

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

SPIT. *(Grabbing him by the lapels)* It wasn't us, I tell you! It was the other guys! It wasn't us!

*The PURSER opens the cell door and shoves SPIT and DIPPY into the cell.
DIPPY begins to weep quietly.*

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

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

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

The PURSER slams the cell door and exits. DIPPY immediately stops weeping and grins as SPIT pulls a wad of bills out of his pocket.

DIPPY. How'd we do?

SPIT. *(Counting)* We woulda done a lot better if you hadn't let it ride on number four.

DIPPY. What was I thinking?!

DIPPY becomes despondent. MOON puts an arm around his shoulder.

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

MOON starts to sing.

There's an old Australian bush song—

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

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

BILLY. Half past what?

MOON. I dunno, I lost the little hand.

BILLY. The wedding starts at nine-thirty. I've gotta get out of here!

RENO enters, carrying a bottle of champagne.

RENO. Hey, you bums!

MOON & BILLY. Reno!

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

MOON. You got paroled!

BILLY. Nah, she's in love!

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

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

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

BILLY. What's that?

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

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

MOON. If only we were those two...

RENO. Those two?

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

SPIT. (*As HE finishes counting their dough*) Actually, we aren't.

BILLY. You aren't?

SPIT. No, we're getting out now.

SPIT grins and produces the Purser's keys. HE signals to DIPPY, and THEY head for the door.

BILLY. (*Beaming, starting to follow*) Let's go!

RENO. Hang on! You can't go out there looking like that.
They'll grab you and throw you back in the clink.

BILLY. She's right!

MOON. Yeah. What we need is a disguise. A suit of armor, or a gorilla suit...

SPIT. You know what they say, fellas— (*Fingering BILLY's satin lapels*) Clothes make the man.

BILLY. Clothes make the... Am I thinking what you're thinking?

DIPPY. I saw a getup like this in Macy's window once.
Unfortunately, I didn't have a brick with me at the time.

BILLY. (*To MOON, tearing off his jacket*) Come on!

SPIT tosses the keys to RENO, who unlocks the cell door as MOON, BILLY, SPIT and DIPPY begin to frantically swap clothes.

As the high-speed exchange continues, various items emerge from SPIT and DIPPY's pockets—scarves, handkerchiefs, neckties, dark glasses—articles THEY have relieved the Passengers of during the crossing.

The last item to appear is a collapsible top hat, which SPIT pops open with a bang and claps on his head.

No. 20b

Scene Change: Bon Voyage
(Orchestra)

ACT TWO – SCENE 5

On deck. ERMA enters, pursued by SAILORS (the QUARTET).

SAILORS. *(Overlapping)* Marry me, Erma! ... No, marry me ... Marry me.

SAILOR #1. We're gonna have one wedding, why not two? Come on, Erma, marry me!

SAILORS. No, me! ... Marry me—

ERMA. Come on, fellas, gettin' married's for the birds. Who needs it?

SAILORS. We do!

ERMA. Yeah?

No. 21

Buddie, Beware

(Erma & Quartet of Sailors)

ERMA. Buddie, beware
Buddie, better take care,
Though at heart I'm a pearl
I'm a difficult girl,
So buddy, beware.

When I go to a show,
I prefer the first row.
When invited to dine
I can't eat without wine,
So, buddie, beware.

During Christmas holidays
I develop taking ways
And I'm not at all anti
Pretty things Santy
Brings from Cartier's.

Your devotion I prize
But you must realize, my boy,
Other girl's luxuries
Are my necessities,
So, buddie, beware.

ERMA <i>(Solo)</i>	Buddie, beware. Buddie, better take care. Since the day I was weaned I'm a caviar fiend So, buddie, beware.	SAILORS. <i>(Backup)</i>	Bah bah bah bah bah. Bah bah bah bah bah. Bah bah bah bah bah. Bah bah boo bah.
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ERMA. *(Solo)* I feel I should put you right:
As I lie in bed at night
While the twinkling stars gleam on,

With my cold cream on,
I'm a lovely sight.

And another thing, too—
When I'm married to you, my sweet,
If to come home you fail,
I'll open all your mail
So, buddie, beware!

ERMA. Well, fellas?

SAILORS. Well ...

No. 22

Wedding March

(Orchestra)

SAILORS exit. Wedding music. The CAPTAIN leads on the wedding procession—HOPE, EVELYN, MRS. HARCOURT, WHITNEY, SAILORS and PASSENGERS—including SPIT and DIPPY, now decked out in white tie and tails. The CAPTAIN opens a little book. Music out.

CAPTAIN. Dearly beloved, we are gathered here together over the bodies of— *(Stops, flips pages)*
We are assembled here to join together in the bonds of Holy Matrimony this young—

BILLY and MOON rush on, wearing a mishmash of the outfits heretofore worn by SPIT and DIPPY, their collars turned up, the cloth caps pulled down over their eyes. Dark glasses complete their disguise.

BILLY.

Hold it! ... Hang on! ... Stop right there!

MOON.

Ixnay on the Arriagemay! Ixnay on
the Arriagemay!

CAPTAIN. Good Lord, what's going on?!

MOON. What's going on? I'll tell you what isn't going on!

BILLY. The marriage of this unscrupulous scoundrel to this innocent child!

EVELYN. Unscrupulous scoundrel...? *(EVELYN looks around)* I say, does he mean me?

MRS. HARCOURT. Evelyn, who are these men?

EVELYN. Haven't a clue, Mums.

BILLY. He hasn't a clue!

MOON. We'll give him a clue!

RENO enters, wearing an odd combination of costume elements SHE has worn throughout the show, along with the large hat worn by the LADY in the WHEELCHAIR. It covers her face.

MOON & BILLY. Aha!

EVELYN. Sorry, gents, I'm afraid I'm still baffled.

MOON. He's sorry!

BILLY. He's baffled!

MOON. He doesn't remember the gazebo!

BILLY. *The Fatal Frolics of Anne Boleyn!*

MOON. The comely young thing who only hoped he'd put down his Keats
and help her rehearse her lines!

BILLY. Well, that comely young thing had a father!

BILLY indicates MOON.

MOON. And a brother!

MOON indicates BILLY.

BILLY. And the makings of a major Hollywood career!

MOON. She was all set to star in *Camille*—

BILLY. And *Ninotchka*—

MOON. And *The Bride of Frankenstein!*

BILLY. Until they found out she was...

MOON & BILLY. Expecting!

Gasps from the PASSENGERS.

MRS. HARCOURT. Dear me. Evelyn, tell me this isn't possible!

EVELYN. I can't really say. It all happened so long ago...

RENO peeks out from under the hat.

RENO. *(Sotto voce)* "Long, long ago/So long ago..."

EVELYN. Good Lord! ... Er, apologies to one and all, but under the circumstances, I don't see how
I can possibly marry Miss Harcourt.

WHITNEY. Don't be ridiculous. All these people want is money. Look, you two, I'll give you a
thousand dollars to clear out.

MOON. We'll take it.

BILLY. (*Swatting MOON*) Don't insult us with filthy lucre!

WHITNEY. I'll make it two thousand.

BILLY. You think money can restore this poor child's reputation?

WHITNEY. I'll make it five thousand.

MOON. Reputation restored!

HOPE. No, Mr. Whitney, don't pay him. There's only one way to redress this great wrong, Evelyn, and that's for you to marry, not me, but her.

EVELYN. I say, what a marvelous idea!

MRS. HARCOURT. Hope, no!

EVELYN. See here, Miss Boleyn, will you marry me?

RENO. Sweetie, I thought you'd never ask!

MOON. (*As THEY embrace*) What about the five grand?

EVELYN. (*To HOPE*) I say, Hope, I do feel such a rotter. Leaving you stranded at the altar like this.

HOPE. (*Pitifully*) Yes, just look at me. The silk-tulle gown, the veil, the bouquet...

BILLY. How 'bout if you marry me?

HOPE. I do!

MRS. HARCOURT *starts to cry.*

HOPE. Why, mother, what's the matter?

MRS. HARCOURT. What's the matter?! We're poor again!
I shall have to spend the rest of my life living in hotels—

WHITNEY. Like hell you will! Marry me, Evangeline—say yes—and spend the rest of your life in the lap of luxury. Why, after that Amalgamated deal, I'm so damn rich I can buy this tub and turn it into a private yacht for you!

MRS. HARCOURT. Eli, my savior! My knight in shining armor!

BILLY removes his dark glasses and puts WHITNEY's glasses back on WHITNEY's face.

WHITNEY. Crocker!

BILLY. Yes, sir.

WHITNEY. You never told me your sister was Anne Boleyn!

BILLY. She isn't, sir. And I have another confession to make.
I never made it to the Stock Exchange. I stowed away aboard this ship.
I never sold those Amalgamated shares.

WHITNEY. You never ... but that means I'm ruined, ruined ... arghhh!

BILLY. Sorry, boss.

WHITNEY. Well ... at least I have someone to comfort me in my misfortune.

ALL EYES *turn to* MRS. HARCOURT.

MRS. HARCOURT. We-ell ...

The PURSER rushes on, waving a telegram.

PURSER. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Whitney! Urgent cable from New York! Amalgamated just went through the roof! You're a zillionaire!

MRS. HARCOURT. Eli!

MRS. HARCOURT *claps* WHITNEY *in an iron embrace.*

BILLY. How do you do it, boss?

WHITNEY. How? Brains, guts, and the world's finest education!

(chanted) Bulldog, bulldog
Bow wow wow
Eli Yale!

PURSER. Speaking of dogs—does this belong to anybody?

A SAILOR has entered carrying Cheeky.

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky! Where have you been?

PURSER. *(Handing Cheeky to* MRS. HARCOURT) We found him in the swimming pool.

MRS. HARCOURT. What was he doing in the swimming pool?

THE COMPANY. *(In unison)* The dog paddle!

BILLY. All right, Captain, let's get on with it. You've got some weddings to perform here.

RENO. Come on, Cap! I've been waiting all my life to be a Lady.

EVELYN. Yeah—step in it!

No. 23**Finale (It's De-lovely)**

(Soloists & Chorus)

BILLY & HOPE.

We settle down as man and wife
To solve the riddle called married life.

BILLY. It's delightful,

HOPE. It's delicious,

BOTH. It's delovely.

MRS. H. It feels so fine to be a bride,
And how's the groom?

WHITNEY. Why, he's slightly fried.
It's delightful,

MRS. H. It's delicious,

BOTH. It's delovely.

EVELYN. To the pop of champagne,
Off we hop in our plush little plane,

RENO. Till a bright light through the darkness cozily calls,
"Niag'ra Falls."

BOTH. All's well, my love, our day's complete,
And what a beautiful bridal suite!

HOPE & BILLY.

It's delightful,

RENO & EVELYN.

It's delicious,

WHITNEY & MRS. HARCOURT.

It's delectable,

ERMA. It's delirious,

RENO, EVELYN, HOPE, BILLY, WHITNEY & MRS. HARCOURT.

It's dilemma,
It's de limit,

SPIT & DIPPY. It's deluxe!

(SPIT & DIPPY admire each other's new formal wear.)

RENO, EVELYN, HOPE, BILLY, SPIT, DIPPY, WHITNEY & MRS. HARCOURT

It's delovely!

MOON. All's as right as can be
Till one night at your window you see
An absurd bird with a bundle hung on his nose.
"Get baby clo'es!"

ALL. Anything goes!
And though I'm not a great romancer,
I know that you're bound to answer when I propose,
Anything goes!
Anything, anything, anything goes!
Goes!

CURTAIN. Music segues upon applause.

No. 24

Bows

(Orchestra)

No. 25

Exit Music

(Orchestra)