

ACT ONE – SCENE 4

Lights up on Whitney's stateroom.

A table is set for a romantic supper for two.

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

No. 8

The Crew Song

(Whitney)

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

WHITNEY picks up the phone. Music continues under dialogue.

Operator, get me stateroom 1616, Mrs. Evangeline Harcourt.

WHITNEY takes a swig of champagne.

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

Pause. WHITNEY listens.

Hello? ... Must be the other way!

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

Lights go down on Whitney's cabin, come up on the adjacent cabin.

*MOON sits on the lower berth, Tommy gun at his side, dealing out
hands of cards. ERMA is slipping into a slinky cocktail dress.*

ERMA. Listen to that squawking! Zip me up, will ya, Moonie?

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

ERMA. The boiler room.

A certain sailor is going to show me the finer points of stoking.

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

ERMA. I don't wanna play cards!

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

START
HERE

ERMA. Got any fours?

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

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

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

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

MOON & ERMA. Amen!

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

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

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

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

MOON. I could kill the other guy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(WHITNEY is splashing on cologne.)

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

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

MOON. I thought I needed a shave, myself.

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

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

No. 21

Buddie, Beware

(Erma & Sailors - Male Quartet)

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

START HERE

Andantino, very slow

ERMA
Bud - die, be - ware, —

mf

In Tempo

Bud - die, bet - tertake care, —

R.H. Pno.

Rhy.

Rhy: pizz. Bs., L.H. Pno., Guit., Drs. w/brushes (lile time) (Dr. rhythm only)

Though at heart I'm a pearl — I'm a dif - fi - cult girl, —

Rhy.

8 9 10

So, Bud - die, be - ware. When I go to a show -

R.H. Pno.

Rhy.

11 12 13

I pre - fer the first row.

Sxs.

p

Rhy.

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

14 15

When in - vit - ed to dine I can't eat with - out wine,

16 17 18

So, Bud - die, be - ware. Dur - ing Christ - mas

Tbns.

(Pno. to Synth/Celeste)

+Bs., Drs., Guit.

AGV - Piano Conductor

19 *Bells* *Synth/Cel.* *Tpts.*

hol - i - days — I de - vel - op tak - ing ways —

22 *Synth/Cel.* *Tpts.* *(Perc. to Sand Bks.)*

And I'm not at all an - ti - Pret - ty things San - ty — Brings from

25 *(Synth. to Pno.)* *Tpts.* *subito mf* *(+T.T. triplets)* *pp* *Guit.* *Tbns.* *Tpts.*

Car - ti - er's. — Your de - vo - tion I prize —

unis. Sxs. (very lightly)

Bs. (Drs. polite H-H) *Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Drs.*

28 *Sxs.* *Tbns.* *gliss.* *Rhy: Pno., Guit.* *Bs., Drs.*

But you must re - a - lize, my boy, — Oth - er girls' lux - u -

(Sxs. to W.W.)

31 32 33

- ries are my ne - ces - si - ties So, Bud - die, be - ware.

34 35 *Stop time* 36

W.W., cup Tpt. I, cup Tbn's., Pno.
Perc. (Sandpaper Blocks)

mp

Drs. (soft rim-shots, then let Sand Blk's. predominate)

37 38 39

Tbns. Pno.

40 41 42

W.W., Pno. W.W., cup Br. sust., Pno. trem.

sfp