

- 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)

**START HERE**

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 ... **END HERE**

*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.

## No. 17 Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye

(Hope)

*Cue: MRS. HARCOURT: Better make that nine-thirty. CAPTAIN: As you wish, madame.  
(MOON and BILLY are hauled off. Stage clears of everyone but HOPE.)*

**Moderato**

HOPE  
Good -

W.W., Pno. *mf*

15ma Pno., Vibes., Vln.

5 - bye, lit - tle dream, good - bye, You

Vibes.

Vln. *p*

Cl.

Guit., Pno.

9 made my ro - mance sub - lime, now it's time to fly. For the

Vibes.

Vln.

Guit., Pno.

13 14 15 16

stars have fled — from the heav-ens, — the moon's des-ert - ed the hill, And the

W.W.,  
Guit., Pno.

17 18 19 20

sul - try breeze — that sang in the trees — is sud-den-ly strange - ly still. It's

W.W., 8va Vln.  
Guit., Pno.

Bells  
rit.

**A tempo**

21 22 23 24

done, — lit - tle dream, it's done, — So

Vibes.  
Vin.  
Guit., Pno.

+Bs. pizz. delicato

25 26 27 28

bid me a fond fare-well, — we both had our fun. — Was it

Vibes.  
Vin.  
Guit., Pno.

Bs., Pno., Guit.

Ro - me - o — or Ju - liet who said when a - bout to die, "Love is  
 not all peach - es and cream," — Lit - tle dream, good - bye.

W.W., Vibes.  
 Guit., Pno.  
 Bs.

W.W., Pno., Guit.  
 Bs.

solo Pno.  
 FL. Vibes.  
 +W.W., Guit.  
 Bs.  
 Vibes., Guit., Bs., Pno.  
 Applause — segue

## No. 17a Scene Change: Goodbye

(Orchestra)

Cue: (Segue on applause for #17 "Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye.")

solo Tpt.  
 mf  
 W.W. +8va, R.H. Pno., Vln.  
 Tbrns., L.H. Pno., Bs., Drs.

W.W.  
 solo Tpt.  
 +8vb Vln., Pno.  
 pizz. Bs.  
 pp  
 +Vibes., Tbrns.

AGV - Piano Conductor