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HMS PINAFORE BLOCKING

WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE (No. 1) - Sailors (All men except Captain & Sir Joseph)

m. 1 SAILORS enter and prep to start in on their chores: TOM TUCKER polishes the brass on the ship wheel on the UC platform just left of C, BOATSWAIN enters with cargo netting and begins to untangle leaning on DR trunk, DICK DEAD EYE whittles on SR Stairs, leaning against C platform, RALPH swabs the deck with bucket he carries on just right of C, CARPENTER'S MATE uses a mallet repairing crate DSL.

m. 20 In the above positions, they begin to work vigorously.

m. 39 SAILORS slow, stretch, relax.

m. 53 They return to their vigorous work.

m. 63 ALL SAILORS hold positions but turn their heads to the audience.

m. 72 They return their focus to their tasks and work rhythmically.

m. 80 THE SAILORS slow their efforts and admire their job well done, packing up their tools (BOATSWAIN drop netting over barrel).

m. 84 TOM TUCKER, jumps off platform SL side then hops down stairs and joins CARPENTER'S MATE SL. RALPH replaces his rag in the bucket and joins BOATSWAIN DSR. DICK stays removed from the group, but moves to lean against the DS edge of the platforms, sitting on stair.

m. 88 & 89 BOATSWAIN, RALPH, TUCKER, & CARPENTER all march to form a line across DS.

m. 90 & 91 SAILORS salute with right hand to head in a wave on "1" & "3"

m. 92 Stretch arm down to heart and land there on beat 1 of m. 93

m. 94 & 95 They hold their hands on hearts and nod 4x on "1" & "3"

m. 96 They sing expressively to audience from this formation, changing pose/focus every two measures.

m. 103 They return to their chores, initial positions except DICK, who remains.

HAIL MAN-O-WAR'S MEN (No. 1a) - Add Buttercup

BUTTERCUP enters SR on applause. Uses recitative to move slightly UC onto first step. DICK annoyed rotates to the opposite side of the platform. RALPH moving the bucket to DL corner.

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP (No. 2)

m. 1 BUTTERCUP moves DC and the SAILORS (except DICK) fall over themselves to escort her, offering her a hand.

m. 23 BOATSWAIN kneels R of DC, offering her a seat, which she takes. As she sings, SAILORS all fawn around her.

m. 41 BUTTERCUP rises and floats DSL, singing to audience and tempting the men, who lean over dramatically until they fall over themselves (literally) at...

m. 56 BOATSWAIN is left lying flat on his face and BUTTERCUP moves to him and sings with a friendly pity as he bashfully picks himself up and dusts off.

m. 73 The SAILORS cheer as BUTTERCUP spins and flashily shows off her wares. She moves C, with her back to the audience and them SAILORS huddle around, inspecting her basket of treats, all emerging with a small package or treat on the final cadence, leaving BUTTERCUP to face the audience and give them an inviting wink. RALPH emerges with a small book of poetry.

DIALOGUE

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup – and well called – for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

BUT. Red, am I? and round – and rosy! May be, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend – hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that. *Enter DICK DEADEYE. He pushes through sailors, and comes down. H.M.S. Pinafore*

DICK. I have thought it often. *(All recoil from him.)* **RALPH DSR to the trunk, TUCKER, BOATSWAIN, & CARPENTER scatter US towards platform.**

BUT. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of him; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say – it's a beast of a name, ain't it – Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

ALL. We do!

DICK. There!

BOAT. **MOVING BACK DC** Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character – now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature – I am resigned. **DICK moves and sits on the SL side of the platform, facing off stage**

BUT TELL ME WHO'S THE YOUTH? (No. 2a)

m.1 All do a slight lilt to the LEFT as if boat is shifting. RALPH steadies himself from losing balance while he is reading and not paying attention and sits on crate. BUTTERCUP gestures for BOATSWAIN to join her C. The other SAILORS meet UC in front of the platform comparing their goods from BUTTERCUP. She quickly moves up the the platform, and slowly climbs up to peer at Ralph over the wheel after her final line.

MADRIGAL (No. 3)

m. 1 RALPH sings from the DSR crate, sitting, as though reading from the book. SAILORS casually throw their harmonies to the audience over their shoulder, then silently return to their group.

m. 31 RALPH stands and returns the book to his pocket, singing to the audience. BUTTERCUP sings to the SAILORS, who turn towards the audience with knowing faces after her line. She exits USL.

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE (No. 3a)

m. 15 RALPH moves C with passion and self-pity, ending with his gaze and arms up, as if begging. SAILORS (leaving any of Buttercup's bounty on the platform) fall in behind in a group and hang their heads in pity.

m. 30 SAILORS raise their head and give the audience a knowing glare, as if to indicate "The captain's daughter! Can you believe this plot twist?"

m. 38 The SAILORS each in turn give RALPH a pat on the back or a friendly punch on the arm to buck him up. BOATSWAIN remains by RALPH's SR side.

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high: our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

ALL. No, no.

DICK. **(Bowling through the group to get in RALPH's face, to his left.)** No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands.

ALL *(recoiling from him)*. Shame! Shame! **(TUCKER, CARPENTER retreat to the platform and collect any items left behind, tucking them away in the box behind the platform.)**

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

RALPH. (**Pacing back to his crate DSR**) But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main-truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

DICK. Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

BOAT. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

MY GALLANT CREW, GOOD MORNING! (No. 4)

m.1 Enter CAPTAIN CORCORAN US, holding in the corner. SAILORS stand at attention standing diagonally on SL stairs.

m. 20 CAPTAIN CORCORAN moves in a line parallel to his crew, inspecting them with a pleased expression on his face.

m. 28 CAPTAIN CORCORAN paces back and forth across DS

m. 52 SAILORS move to DS, kneeling in line, while CAPTAIN moves across stairs, inspecting the ship.

m. 67 ...and hoist the rigging (???) pulling rope rhythmically (heave, ho) from DSR trunk and pass across while kneels DS to deposit in SL floor barrel. CAPTAIN paces to SL stairs, and watches from his spotting scope (?)

m. 79 Sincerely, with hand over heart

m. 91 CAPTAIN moves up to ships wheel at platform and proudly, but with humility, stands nobly at the helm, steering the vessel. SAILORS stand in two columns from US to DS, facing each other, framing CAPTAIN (inverted V shape) and salute.

m. 102 SAILORS split and jog off stage keeping hand at salute. CAPTAIN remains, and as his men leave, he hangs his head in distracted despair

SIR, YOU ARE SAD (No. 4a)

m. 1 BUTTERCUP enters SL, CAPTAIN holds position. BUTTERCUP engages him from the lower level.

m. 16 Understanding that BUTTERCUP may be referencing him, he smiles a flattered smile and moves elegantly down the platform towards her DC.

m. 18 They both look off for JOSEPHINE USL before exiting, CAPTAIN following BUTTERCUP quickly, SR.

SORRY HER LOT (No. 5)

m. 1 JOSEPHINE enters USL (orchestra level) dragging her feet, full of self-pity and adolescent indignation. She shields her face with a parasol

m. 31 She sits SL stairs, smoothing her skirt about her, closing her parasol.

m. 50 CAPTAIN returns, slowing his pace upon seeing his daughter's lament. He slowly moves to UC as her music ends.

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem – reverence – venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given. **(She regrets this truly, and fights back tears).**

CAPT. (aside). It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

JOS. No, father **(she stands quickly and joins him UC)** – the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship! **(she fans herself with a hanky to try and keep it together)**

CAPT. Impossible! **(disgusted)**

JOS. Yes, it is true – too true. **(equally disgusted, if not more)**

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. **CROSSING DSR** I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (Weeps.)

CAPT. **MOVING BEHIND HER AND TURNING HER TO FACE HIM** Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter – I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon. **HE PULLS HER TOWARDS HIS BREAST AS IF TO CONSOLE HER.**

JOS. **SHE DRAMAICALLY EXCLAIMS AND MELODRAMATICALLY TURNS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE.** Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You are my daughter after all. **HE SPOTS A SHIP OFF IN THE DISTANCE AND FOLLOWS IT TOWARDS SL ENTRANCE. NO. 6 BARCAROLLE STARTS** But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin – take this, his photograph, with you – it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

JOS. My own thoughtful father! **She recoils from the image in horror.**

[Exit JOSEPHINE USL. CAPTAIN remains and ascends the platform

BARCAROLLE (No. 6)

m. 1 CHORUS OF WOMEN start fanning themselves as ON STAGE CHORUS WOMEN sing from off SL.

m. 10 SAILORS jog on from SR and stand in formation of two rows on stairs in front of platform. BUTTERCUP follows and stands beside the platform USR, trying not to draw attention and throwing plaintive looks.

BOATSWAIN - CARPENTER - TUCKER

DICK DEADEYE - RALPH

SIR JOSEPH'S BARGE IS SEEN (No. 7)

- m.11 Back row of SAILORS jogs down to stage level.
- m. 15 Front row jogs in to join them in straight line.
- m. 20 Stand at attention
- m. 24 Dosie-doe's back to front, front to back
- m. 28 About face, return to stairs formation
- m. 30 With loud giggles, CHORUS GALS enter with fans fluttering from SL. The trio sings in a flurry of fluttering poses from DSL (Flutter pose 1 on "Gaily tripping", flutter pose 2 on "lightly skipping", the long stretch to third flutter pose on "Flock the maidens to the shipping.")
- m. 48 CHORUS GALS turn to admire men. SAILORS, caught slightly off guard do their best to puff out their chests, look handsome and capable and make eyes at the ladies, whispering to each other and the audience on "All the ladies love..." Repeat this pattern, GALS giggling when not singing.
- m. 67 CHORUS GALS repeat "flutter pattern: as they spread across stage. The SAILORS march DS in a single line and greet the women.
- m. 94 CAPTAIN has descended from the platform and made his way DC where at 51 he clears his throat, calling his men back to attention. SAILORS quickly assume their places at attention on the stairs. CAPTAIN escorts the GALS SR and excuses himself to sing a fanfare:

GIVE THREE CHEERS (No. 8)

- m. 1 CAPTAIN sings from C, clicks heels to attention.
- m. 7 ALL onstage and in CHORUS stand at attention. COUSIN HEBE & SIR JOSEPH march on from SL. CAPTAIN greets HEBE and escorts her DSL as SIR JOSEPH takes C.
- m. 23 HEBE gestures grandly and formally to the GALS SR and CHORUS WOMEN seated far SL.
- m. 26 WOMEN flutter fans
- m. 30 SIR JOSEPH marches to the DC edge of the stage, a la "King of the World"
- m. 44 Scared from the sight of the waves in front of him, SIR JOSEPH falters and reaches SL for balance, where he is guided back to C by HEBE.
- m. 56 GALS fall in to frame JOSEPH and all fan him off with fans and with SAILOR hats.

WHEN I WAS A LAD (No. 9) (CHORUS attention on JOSEPH always, but sharp turn at neck to audience when singing responses)

- m. 1 JOSEPH brushes off the aide and retreats to the top of the stairs. The WOMEN land in a line on SL, SAILORS SR, creating a runway. JOSEPH begins on stairs in front of platform and moves down the line, inspecting the ship, and then men. CAPTAIN CORCORAN joins JOSEPH USL.
- m. 19 TUTTI bend and straight for 2 measures.
- m. 25 TUTTI bend and straight for 4 measures.
- m. 29 JOSEPH DC
- m. 37 "Big round hand gesture" which CHORUS copies on their repeat.

- m. 54 Take hanky from pocket and polish medals on coat.
- m. 63 JOSEPH , with glee, prance step ball change 2x
- m. 65 TUTTI same move 4x
- m. 69 TUTTI continue dance, crossing by making a figure 8 (back of column leads center cross so all end in same starting position by m. 78). JOSEPH paces L & R singing to audience, landing DC by 83, growing continuously more proud and silly.
- m. 85 TUTTI open up columns to make an inverted V with big presentational arms.
- m. 94 JOSEPH salutes
- m. 95-98 TUTTI salute in a wave starting with HEBE DSR and ending with BOATSWAIN DSL
- m. 98 TUTTI move saluting hand under chin and face audience with “bobblehead movements”
- m. 101 ALL lean in on Grand Pause
- m. 102 Audible reaction on next grand pause
- m. 103 All at ease, nodding with approval and admiration
- m. 109 To audience, (breaking wall, but looking at on stage crowd as if to not be overheard on “whoever ye may be”).
- m. 117 TUTTI scurry in to listen carefully, all responding with gestures, nods, etc. on grand pauses.
- m. 129 JOSEPH repeat prance step + step ball change turn
- m. 133 TUTTI repeat prance step + step ball change turn. ALL end with cheers and applause for JOSEPH while spreading out a bit, most of all CAPTAIN CORCORAN who moves his applause to join JOSEPH C. CAPTAIN claps men to attention, who retreat to their line/column. GALS and HEBE move to SL, BUTTERCUP up to stairs SL, watching SAILORS with pride.

JOSEPH & CORCORAN really emphasize each other’s names, but practically elide their thoughts into one run on sentence.

SIR JOSEPH. You’ve a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH (examining TOM TUCKER). A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England’s greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust – no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, never? **THEY ALL LEAN IN DRAMATICALLY**

CAPT. Well, hardly ever, Sir Joseph. **HE LOOKS AT THEM SHARPLY AND THEY RETURN TO ATTENTION.** They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. Don't patronise them, sir – pray, don't patronise them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward. (DICK comes forward.) No, no, the other splendid seaman.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to the front – march!

SIR JOSEPH (sternly). If what?

CAPT. I beg your pardon – I don't think I understand you.

SIR JOSEPH. If you please.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. **(RALPH steps forward.)**

SIR JOSEPH. **(Quite patronizing.)** You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the Navy, your honour, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity: all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me – don't be afraid – how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. **AT ATTENTION WITH A SALUTE.** A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

ALL. **AT ATTENTION WITH A SALUTE.** Aye; Aye!

SIR JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; **ALL STAND AT EASE.** I daresay he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. **BRINGING RALPH DSC.** Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (Giving him MS. music.) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. **HE RETURNS RALPH TO THE LINE.** Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. (Crossing.) Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT. **STEPPING FORWARD SLIGHTLY AND QUITE UNFORMALLY.** Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you please, your honour.

CAPT. What! (**EXPLODING.**)

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

CAPT. If you please!

FOR I HOLD THAT ON THE SEAS (No. 9a)

m. 1 JOSEPH holds CAPTAIN C in a restrained scolding hold. HEBE steps to CAPTAIN's opposite side for her line. CAPTAIN tries to subdue his temper and embarrassment

m. 15 SAILORS hup hup hup US and move their formation in front of the stairs.

m. 17 CAPTAIN fumes and restrainedly gestures JOSEPH to join him exiting SR, followed by the GALS who are shooed away by HEBE who follows last. BUTTERCUP scurries after HEBE, shoving her wares in her view. HEBE gives a sour glare at BUTTERCUP as they exit.

BOAT. (LOOKING ABOUT TO MAKE SURE THEY ARE NO LONGER UNDER WATCH FROM AUTHORITIES, STEPING FORWARD). Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. (ALL MOVE LIGHTLY DS, AT EASE) True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question. (**He retreats DSL**)

ALL (recoiling). Horrible! horrible!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's company too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am – shocked!

RALPH. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

ALL. Aye, aye! (**this continues encouragingly, building him up through the following line**).

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

ALL. Aye, Aye!

RALPH. True, I lack birth – (**ALL STRIKE A THOUGHTFUL POSE AND "HMMM..."**, the energy dropping out immediately.)

BOAT. (**PROUD OF HIS BRILLIANCE**) You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said – I had forgotten that. Messmates – what do you say? Do you approve my determination?

ALL. We do.

DICK. I don t.

BOAT. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of

mind. **THEY SIT DICK ON DSR TRUNK WITH BACK TO THE AUDIENCE SO HE IS FACING THEM. TOM TUCKER ALSO PEERS AT MUSIC, MOVING SIDE TO SIDE TO TRY AND GET A GOOD LOOK.**

GLEE (No. 10)

m.1 CARPENTER stands at C of group holding music up to his eyes. RALP lowers his arm so they can all see.

m. 21 ALL tap toes or heels as they sing... acknowledging it is a catchy tune.

m. 29 DICK turns to audience with eyerolls. CARPENTER, BOATSWAIN, & RALPH lean in to examine the next section of the song, making “singer gestures”. TOM TUCKER acknowledges good job by CHORUS but quiets them again as the next verse begins.

m. 37 TOM TUCKER stands in front of seated chorus and quiets them to listen.

m. 53 TOM TUCKER bounds up on stage, dragging DICK with him to the trio. The SAILORS sing with arms slung round each other, slaps on backs, laughter and comradery from C, DICK joining in but with disgust and skepticism.

m. 68 SAILORS jog off SR, laughing and teasing one another. DICK, knocks RALPH’S hat off before they leave the stage and the others rush him off before he can grab it.

JOS. **ENTERING USL, CALMING HERSELF WITH A FAN.** It is useless – Sir Joseph’s attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. **RALPH JOGS BACK ON TO FETCH HIS HAT AND FREEZES UPON SEEING JOSEPHINE.** Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. **(Sees RALPH.)** Ralph Rackstraw! **(She snaps her fan shut. Overcome by BLISSFUL emotion SHE RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS.)**

RALPH. Aye, lady – no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw! **THEY LEAN DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO ONE ANOTHER, BUT CATCH THEMSELVES AND LOOK AWAY, GIVING POLITE DISTANCE, she SL, he SR.**

JOS. (aside). How my heart beats! (Aloud.) And why *poor*, Ralph?

RALPH. **SPEAKING WITH URGENCY AND RAMBLING INTELLECT** I am poor in the essence of happiness, lady – rich only in never-ending unrest. In me there meet a combination of antithetical elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither by objective influences – thither by subjective emotions – wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope – plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms. **WITH EXAGGERATED LEGATO** I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. (Aside.) His *simple* eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared – but no, the thought is madness! (Aloud.) Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH (aside). I will – one. (Aloud.) Josephine!

JOS. (indignantly). Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove’s armoury were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relationship, dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one brief breath I will concentrate

the hopes, the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary months. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! (Aside. **OPENING HER FAN TO HIDE HER FACE**) Oh, my heart, my beating heart! (Aloud. **SNAPPING HER FAN SHUT.**) This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! (Aside. **OPENING HER FAN TO HIDE HER FACE AND CALM HER FIERY HEART**) Common! oh, the irony of the word! (Crossing, aloud.) Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately, my life is in your hand – I lay it at your feet! Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, that I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I wait your word.

JOS. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank – they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

DUET (No. 11)

m. 3 JOSEPHINE slams fan shut and points it towards RALPH'S breast as a rapier, causing him to slowly back up two steps.

m. 18 RALPH kneels as if to plead for mercy

m. 19 RALPH freezes with a ridiculous expression and pose, while JOSEPHINE takes DC, breaking wall.

m. 31 JOSEPHINE returns to the scene

m. 33 JOSEPHINE dramatically whips open fan to unfreeze the scene and uses it to defend herself from his pleas.

m. 48 JOSEPHINE moves in as if to attack

m. 49 JOSEPHINE moves C and freezes with a blood thirsty look of feigned anger, while RALPH takes DC, breaking wall.

m. 57 RALPH circles back to sing, sweetly admiring JOSEPHINE'S enraged face. He steps behind her and...

m. 60 holds her fan with one hand, her waist with the other. As she sings it is clear her madness is a farce and she loses her passion, overcome by love...

m. 64 as he kneels on her SL and she turns, opening up to see him kneeling before her, holding her hand tenderly, though with a broken heart he releases her hand on "unfeeling beauty" and stands.

m. 67 Keeping their position, they turn and sing to the audience with the utmost sincerity.

m. 76 They look at one another thoughtfully and as the motive ends, their anger bubbles up and JOSEPHINE stomps USL to exit while RALPH huffs DSR quickly practically kicking the trunk.

ACT 1 FINALE (No. 12)

m. 8 He moves with determination SL

m. 10 SAILORS jog on in pairs from SR. With giggles CHORUS GALS follow them, with a disapproving HEBE behind them from SR, followed by BUTTERCUP. As they arrive onstage the GALS stand on SR

stairs, the shorter sailors in front of them, the taller ones kneeling in front, a clump, while HEBE stands reservedly DR of C.

m.20 RALPH pleads his case to HEBE, moving slightly closer to her. He pauses his righteous anger to adhere to polite decorum on each "milady". ALL react with pity and surprise, except HEBE who remains skeptical and unmoved, though admits with the chorus lines that she disapproves of Josephine's actions.

m. 28 DICK, with a sly smile, moves DL of RALPH. He puts a faux friendly arm around his shoulder and pulls him slightly DL before jabbing him with an "I told you so."

m. 34 The crowd moves in to frame RALPH and sings melodramatically to the audience with the poise of Grand Opera.

m. 42 DICK slowly crosses from DSL to DSR, the group taking a step back to rid themselves of his stench as he passes.

m. 47 ALL return focus to audience.

m. 49 DICK stands on trunk, barking at his shipmates.

m. 56 ALL turn heads and throw up angry gestures to DICK

m. 57 RALPH steps forward DC to calm the crowd.

m. 60 DICK steps down and retrieves a pistol from the trunk.

m.66 DICK offers the pistol to RALPH with a huge ugly smile

m. 72 In a long and drawn out gesture, DICK raises the pistol to RALPH's temple

m. 73 RALPH holds the pistol to his temple. His friends shake their heads, comfort the women, and pray for him. DICK returns to trunk. ALL OTHERS move in desperate slow motion actions behind RALPH.

m.80 JOSEPHINE appears orchestra level SL. ALL immediately turn upstage to see her, except RALPH, whose face is overcome with love and thanks. ALL turn back to him on their chorus line.

m. 85 RALPH turns and bounds UL, meeting JOSEPHINE on the stairs in a passionate embrace. The crowd is moved SR by HEBE to watch them. HEBE is overcome with emotion and breaks her stern scowl, stepping DS to sing to the audience.

m. 113 A disgusted DICK DEADEYE crosses DSR to sing to the audience while HEBE looks excitedly to the crowd and the LOVERS gaze at each other above.

m. 134 CHORUS GALS run up to the couple and usher them C, framing them with congratulations while the SAILORS jog in behind them. JOSEPHINE and RALPH only have eyes for each other while HEBE and DICK sing to AUDIENCE.

m. 154 JOSEPHINE breaks her gaze and addresses crowd, as do RALPH, HEBE, who joins them C, and BOATSWAIN who steps forward on his line.

m. 167 ALL drop low and subtly bounce to the beat with their quads (step/bounce, bounce, repeat), singing to the audience, and taking a small step DS on the 1st beat of each measure.

m. 179 ALL take tiny steps SL on every beat. DICK retreats to the platform as they move towards him

m. 183 THEY ALL start moving SR to spread out, addressing audience. With a big physical *scoop* of their bodies they slowly rise up in celebration, growing more raucous.

m.188 They catch themselves on the fermata and look around to be sure they haven't aroused suspicion, in hunched poses.

m. 189 ALL sing to JOSEPHINE and RALPH, who join hands.

- m. 192 RALPH spins JOSEPHINE round and the crowd swoons. He places her down and the crowd tiptoes to exit USL.
- m. 196 DICK appears at the helm, practically spitting at the crowd from the platform.
- m. 198 RALPH pops up on the platform to defend JOSEPHINE's honor.
- m. 209 RALPH turns the pistol round and shoves it flatly to DICK's chest, in order to return it. DICK loses his balance and falls overboard off the upstage side of the platform. All laugh as a cymbal crashes as DICK hit's the water.
- m. 210 TUTTI cheers and lightly applauds DICK's demise. JOSEPHINE joins RALPH on the platform. ALL move across stairs facing the couple with cheer and well wishes.
- m. 218 Sharp turn out to audience from TUTTI with animated gestures as they sing, except couple.
- m. 227 RALPH & JOSEPHINE join crowd in celebration, descending from the platform to circles. Men move clockwise in circle, women counterclockwise within, at a slight skip.
- m. 243 TUTTI clump around couple on stairs. JOSEPHINE & RALPH give friends thanks and acknowledgment.
- m. 251 CARPENTER give RALPH a noogie, and all laugh. JOSEPHINE helps RALPH un-shevel his hair.
- m. 259 WOMEN step fashionably (or posh...scary...sporty...etc) forward on every down beat, showing gesture of "fist" and scolding motion on "dictatorial word", sparkle hands on "eyes should flash", lean forward on "never should back down."
- m. 275 MEN, who have spread out to get a good look at the ladies, stamp forward with the force of a thousand boy bands on each downbeat. WOMEN stay lowered and turn to look at them.
- m. 283 WOMEN scurry back to the men and conspiratorially form a kickline.
- m. 285, the group takes large steps DS, crossing their right foot first in front of their neighbor, then repeat on left at next downbeat. Continue this pattern.
- m. 293 They all release, singing expressively to the audience,
- m. 317 in a wave starting SR (with Mary), all stamp left foot DS and face SR.
- m. 321 in a wave starting SL (with Bree), all stamp right foot DS and face SL.
- m. 323 SAILORS strike the pose of a gallant British tar, women cool themselves at the thought, while JOSEPHINE & RALPH give nose kisses.
- m. 332 JOSEPHINE & RALPH dosie do C, HEBE & BUTTERCUP frame them, GALS and remaining SAILORS dosie do and spin across top of stage, all laugh, applaud, and cheer.
- m. 339 CROWD jogs off cheering SR.
- m. 342(?) DICK, with seaweed round his shoulders and hanging out of his pipe, hoists himself back up on the platform, gives the crowd an angry look and quickly hobbles off SL.

INTERMISSION

ENTREACTE

m. 38 CAPTAIN enters from SR and slowly makes his way up to the platform.

FAIR MOON, I SING TO THEE (No. 13)

m. 1 With the music change, CAPTAIN turns to observe the moon (on projector behind him) and turns back with melancholy, hands on the wheel, practically in prayer.

m. 18 BUTTERCUP enters quietly from SL, giving the CPATIN space and privacy. She sits on the SL entrance stairs and admires him.

m. 28 With frustration and shame CAPTAIN steps SR of platform, throwing his rant towards the audience.

m. 34 CAPTAIN lets his focus drift upward.

m. 41 He returns to the helm, hands on wheel.

m. 46 He turns 45 degrees, returning his attention to the moon.

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! **CAPTAIN MOVES TO EXIT SL FROM THE PLATFORM, GATHERING HIMSELF AND PAUSING ON THE SL STAIRS WHEN HE SEES BUTTERCUP.** And yet if he knew – if he only knew!

CAPT. (coming down). Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. **SHE STANDS, SMOOTHING OUT HER DRESS AND EXPOSING HER SHOULDERS AND WALKING C.** It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. **BASHFULLY, WITH HER BACK TO HIM.** True, dear Captain – but the recollection of your sad pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. **Dejectedly moving DC, just passing her SL.** Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT. **Reaching out for his shoulder, she stops him in his tracks and pulls him back C.** Oh no – do not say “all”, dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least. **She takes his hand and holds it to her bosom.**

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (Aside.) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (Aloud.) **He takes her hand and moves it between them with forced propriety.** I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. **Turning away from him.** I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty – and I poor and lowly. (**Playfully, as if to avoid discomfort.**) But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT. Destinies? **She grabs his hand to read his palm.**

BUT. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye – (She grabs his other hand to read that palm, ending standing in front of him with his arms about her.) be prepared!

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM (No. 14)

- m. 1 BUTTERCUP raises CAPTAIN's arms
- m. 11 Leaving his arms raised, she spins underneath, landing behind him.
- m. 13 On the fermata she peers out from behind him, holding his waist. At her verse she parades across him presentationally as her confusedly drops his arms.
- m. 24 BUTTERCUP sits on the DR trunk at the fermata.
- m. 25 She mystically/rhythmically draws him close to her
- m. 40 BUTTERCUP reaches her hand to CAPTAIN and he helps her stand.
- m. 42 BUTTERCUP spins in front of CAPTAIN, both end facing audience, holding left hands, right hands on her hip...
- m. 43 ...:they repeat the pattern:: Lean right, 2, 3, 4, Step L, R, L, hold 3x
- m. 48 Lean right, BUTTERCUP turns ending step into a spin so they end facing each other.
- m. 52 CAPTAIN circles behind BUTTERCUP, she coyly holds her place.
- m. 62 BUTTERCUP gives CAPTAIN a big wink on the fermata, then he counter's his circle behind her on his next verse.
- m. 73 CAPTAIN scratches his head on the fermata, growing more confused. He paces DSL on the following verse, vexing himself with riddles.
- m.84 BUTTERCUP steps DC speaking to the SL audience
- m. 87 BUTTERCUP spins and ends her lines addressing audience SR
- m. 91 BUTTERCUP spins back in front of CAPTAIN and they repeat a mirror image of their tango. CAPTAIN is clearly more and more intrigues with BUTTERCUP herself.
- m. 100 BUTTERCUP is left giving the audience a knowing look from C, while he anxiously sings over her shoulders, trying to catch her off guard.
- m. 104 BUTTERCUP maneuvers so they are back to back (she SL he SR) and continue with a "bend and straight" motion
- m. 108 On final note CAPTAIN spins around and attempts to embrace BUTTERCUP, but she has ducked and scurries off SL.

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell! (**Enter SIR JOSEPH from SR.**)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. **He begins pacing SL & SR, CAPTAIN desperately following him.** I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her. **SIR JOSEPHS STOPS PACING, ABRUPTLY AND CAPTAIN BOUNCES INTO HIM.**

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for. **JOSEPHINE enters from USL, LOOKING OFF INTO DISTANCE.**

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(SIR JOSEPH and CAPTAIN retire SR. Enter JOSEPHINE enters and holds UL).

THE HOURS CREEP APACE (No. 15)

- m. 15 JOSEPHINE leans on platform UCL from top stair, languishing in her dilemma.
- m. 19 JOSEPHINE takes a dramatic step before singing on each fermata, weighing her options.
- m. 28 She moves quickly and dramatically SL.
- m. 32 She sings, her face lightening with pride of RALPH as she sings.
- m. 43 Her face drops suddenly and she sharply crosses SR, considering what she will be giving up.
- m. 53 She sinks on the DSR trunk.
- m. 64 She kneels wringing her hands, practically in prayer, looking for guidance.
- m. 69 Her smile returns as she thinks on RALPH. She moves her weight to her left hip as she sits in repose.
- m. 73 On a dime, her outlook changes. Her hands rise as she struggles with her choice, on the edge of a mad scene.
- m. 82 Indignantly she stands and moves C, demanding an answer from the gods with petulant innocence.
- m. 90 She steps backward with each measure, as if to open up her question more to the universe at large, hold UC at m. 94.
- m. 99 Quick steps to SLC
- m. 101 Quick steps to SRC
- m. 109 JOSEPHINE moves DC
- m. 114 She dramatically throws her hands to her head, unable to cope with the dilemma. She runs back to the stairs and dejectedly sits C in a thinker position as **SIR JOSEPH & CAPTAIN CORCORAN enter SR on the applause.**

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, (**SIR JOSEPH bows to her then abruptly turns on hi heels, standing at attention, facing audience, practically barking orders to JOSEPHINE.**) it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

JOS. Oh! **STANDING** then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

JOS. **She moves DS to him.** That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet. **CAPTAIN CORCORAN ENTER SR.**

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. **SHE EMBRACES HIM QUICKLY AND EXCITEDLY.** I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!

NEVER MIND THE WHY AND WHEREFORE (No.16)

- m. 1 With laughter and applause, CAPTAIN bounds between JOSEPHINE & SIR JOSEPH.
- m. 23 CAPTAIN & SIR JOSEPH lean in front of JOSEPHINE and sing face to fac with growing excitement... most undignified... ending CAPTAIN DSR and SIR DSL, JOSEPHINE UC
- m. 37 JOSEPHINE breaks formation to move DC and with a hand in a whisper gesture, sings to the audience before rejoining scene.
- m. 41 MEN move inward to create tight triangle. They all bend forward and bounce to the music, singing to the audience.
- m. 50 SIR JOSEPH grabs JOSEPHINE by the hand & waist and the two bound around the stage. JOSEPHINE spins away SR leaving SIR JOSEPH DC.
- m. 56 CAPTAIN & JOSEPHINE bob to the beat in the background
- m. 71 CAPTAIN jumps behind SIR JOSEPH and they exchange looks with giant lunges, ending CAPTAIN DSR and SIR DSL, JOSEPHINE UC
- m. 89 THEY parade in a tight circle, singing to audience, moving counter clockwise.
- m. 98 THEIR circle devolves into shrieks, laughter and cat calls as SIR JOSEPH runs after JOSEPHINE, as though he will goose her, while CAPTAIN follows trying to calm SIR JOSEPH's appetite.
- m. 104 CAPTAIN seizes SIR JOSEPH and they dance ridiculously, double hoping from one foot to the other while holding hands and shoulders behind JOSEPHINE DRC
- m. 119 the MEN continue their movement, but open their arms out to the audience with big goofy grins.
- m. 128 EACH soloist bends deeply at the knee as they sing, eventually creating a bobbing motion between MEN & JOSEPHINE.
- m. 136 ALL duckwalk turn clockwise ending in line DC, JOSEPHINE in middle
- m. 145 They continue the alternating up & down in a tight line DC
- m. 157 JOSEPHINE exits USL.

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this glorious country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. **[Exit SIR JOSEPH SL.**

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. **(During this speech DICK DEADEYE has entered SR with a sack over his shoulder.)**

DICK. Captain.

CAPT. Deadeye! You here? **DICK MOVES IN TO TELL A SECRET BUT HIS STENCH REPELS CAPTAIN.** Don't! (Recoiling from him.)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

DICK (mysteriously). I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?

DICK. No, no, **(he slings the sack onto the UR stairs, moving with the weight of it up the stairs.)** you misunderstand me; **(he signals the Captain to join him in secrecy.)** listen!

KIND CAPTAIN, I'VE IMPORTANT INFORMATION (No. 17)

m. 1 DICK sings to CAPTAIN conspiratorially, leaning in too closely.

m. 19 CAPTAIN turns and with confusion paces slightly DS

m.27 CAPTAIN moves DSL with a puzzled and frustrated face. DICK is annoyed that he must spell out the plot, but puts on a happy face as he hobbles over to the CAPTAIN's shoulder.

m. 55 DICK rushes up to the sack and returns, meeting CAPTAIN C.

m. 73 CAPTAIN's face lights up with understanding. He moves with swift agitation with short paces about C, mirrored with a satisfied and sinister looking DICK.

m. 87 CAPTAIN holds his position and thoughtfully thanks DICK. DICK rummages through the contents of the sack on the ground at the CAPTAIN's feet.

m. 95 CAPTAIN pantomimes a choking gesture.

m.99 DICK places the cat-o-nine tails in CAPTAIN's raised hand.

m.103 DICK and CAPTAIN do a sloppy "step kick" style kickline brandishing the bag and "cat" with each kick.

m.111 They each walk from C with a sinister laugh...

m. 113 ...which they quiet as they happily and conspiratorially quiet each other back at C with a handshake.

CAPT. Dick Deadeye – I thank you for your timely warning – I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise – So! **(Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak WHICH HE TAKES FROM THE DSL BARRELL, holding it before his face.)**

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled – foiled – foiled!

CAPTAIN hides behind the wheel on the platform. DICK tries to casually lean on the UL side of the platform, sitting on the top stair.

Enter Crew on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from USL cabin on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

CAREFULLY ON TIPTOE STEALING (No. 18)

- m. 1 SAILORS hunched on tip toe onstage from SR, holding a “shh” finger to the MEN’S CHORUS as they pass. JOSEPHINE moves slowly from USL.
- m. 10 CAPTAIN falters and noisily falls to his SR side. The crew stands tall at the noise.
- m. 17 CAPTAIN peeks his head above the wheel at his line then retreats to hiding. Through the next verse he lets the cloak fall so he may get a good look at RALPH & JOSEPHINE, who run to embrace C. Crew resumes huddled position, moving until they clump at SR stairs.
- m. 26 CAPTAIN falters and noisily falls to his SL side. The crew stands tall at the noise.
- m. 34 CAPTAIN and DICK sing from either side of the wheel, SAILORS sneak in around RALPH & JOSEPHINE, satisfied that they are alone.

PRETTY DAUGHTER OF MINE (No. 18a)

- m.1 CAPTAIN stands behind wheel, ALL turn and gasp on fermata.
- m. 4 SAILORS run to two rows of attention, leaving JOSEPHINE & RALPH C. (DICK ends up most DSL so he can drag along for remainder of SAILOR blocking.
- m. 18 CAPTAIN bounds DS, unnerved by RALPH’s audacity.
- m. 28 RALPH & JOSEPHINE move CAPTAIN DC.
- m. 45 SAILORS march US to form line across UC. BUTTERCUP joins them in solidarity. MEN’S CHORUS & SAILORS all point to RALPH with their hats. When BOATSWAIN sings they bring the hats over their hearts.
- m. 48 BOATSWAIN steps forward and boldly delivers his argument with great confidence and righteousness.
- m. 55 CHORUS & SAILORS replaces hats on head with satisfaction.
- m. 72 BOATSWAIN wraps an arm around his pal, RALPH. JOSEPHINE holds her father’s hand with pleading eyes. MEN’s CHORUS quietly stands and salutes RALPH on their entrance.
- m. 75 CAPTAIN furiously shakes himself from the group and retreats to the wheel of the ship.
- m. 80 ALL crowd and honor RALPH. MEN’S CHORUS remove their hats and stretch them to the stage.
- m. 84 CAPTAIN delivers his temper tantrum by strutting across platform, stamping his foot and mirroring JOSEPHINE’s childlike indignation on “damme”s. MEN’s ALL on stage characters move to UR & UL corners of lowest stage level, watching CAPTAIN. CHORUS quietly sit and try not to rile CAPTAIN CORCORAN’s temper more. SIR JOSEPH & HEBE & CHORUS GALS enter from USL in time to hear CAPTAIN curse.
- m. 98 HUGE reactions and conversing (silently) with neighbors about the scandal.
- m. 104 HEBE drags SIR JOSEPH forward, in hysterics over the scandalous language. ALL sing chorus to audience, justifying HEBE’s dramatics. HEBE holds UL stairs signing the cross, being fanned by

GALS. SIR JOSEPH joins CAPTAIN on the platform. CAPTAIN is clearly distressed at the situation but SIR JOSEPH looks up at him intimidatingly.

m. 138 SIR JOSEPH backs CAPTAIN off platform and with a strong arm scares him backing up to C.

m. 145 CAPTAIN exits SR

m. 157 ALL rapidly shake heads. HEBE leads gals to spread out across stairs in front of platform.

m. 165 Stand and sing out to audience with great pride and decorum.

m. 177 SIR JOSEPH descends from the platform to join RALPH DC with pomp and circumstance.

SIR JOSEPH. Now, tell me, my fine fellow – for you are a fine fellow –

RALPH. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honour, it was thus-wise. You see I'm only a topman – a mere foremast hand –

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honour, love burns as brightly in the fo'c'sle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. **(Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH'S arms.)**

JOS. Darling! **(SIR JOSEPH horrified, backs up and is supported by GALS and HEBE who fan him off and replace him at C.)**

RALPH. She is the figurehead of my ship of life – the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness – that the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow! **(JOSEPH horrified, backs up and is supported by GALS and HEBE who fan him off and replace him at C.)**

ALL. Very pretty, very pretty!

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! **JOSEPH gestures to other SAILORS who look at one another questioningly. JOSEPHINE takes JOSEPH's arm and pleads.**

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Pray, don't. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

DICK. We have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once! **DICK seizes RALPH, who breaks free and kneels before JOSEPHINE who takes his hand as they strike a desperate pose.**

FAREWELL MY OWN, (No. 19)

m. 19 SIR JOSEPH breaks up the pair at C.

m. 27 DICK stands RALPH up and holds his hands behind his back as HEBE rushes to console JOSEPHINE.

- m. 34 ALL strike a ridiculous melodramatic pose and freeze. BUTTERCUP walks DC to sing her aside.
- m. 43 ALL unfreeze and BUTTERCUP joins the crowd.
- m. 54 RALPH is dragged off SL by DICK. BUTTERCUP moves UC on stairs, summoning her courage. ALL remaining on stage move, gossiping, into clumps spilling from the stairs to the stage, while JOSEPH holds DSR.

A MANY YEARS AGO (No. 20)

- m. 1 BUTTERCUP settles herself, but gladly take center stage.
- m. 13 ALL sing to one another, hunched and hushed.
- m. 19 ALL kneel or sit slowly, intrigued and caught up in the tale, facing BUTTERCUP US.
- m. 28 ALL turn heads, singing to audience.
- m. 40 BUTTERCUP moves DC, ALL heads moving to watch her.
- m. 47 ALL stand and creep toward her.
- m. 54 ALL hang heads and look away in regret and shame.
- m. 64 ALL react with LOUD gasps and head turns to BUTTERCUP.
- m. 66 ALL exhale, raising heads with wide eyes as they catch on to the meaning of this tale.

SIR JOSEPH. **STEPPING C TO SPEAK TO BUTTERCUP.** Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour – that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey, officially! **(Let's point out the mansplaining.)**

SIR JOSEPH. And very well you have conveyed it, Miss Buttercup.

BUT. Aye! aye! yer 'onour.

SIR JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once! **(RALPH enters as CAPTAIN from SL; CAPTAIN as a common sailor with DICK and JOSEPHINE from SR. JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.)**

JOS. My father – a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

SIR JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. **(To RALPH.)** Captain Rackstraw, desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. Corcoran. Three paces to the front – march!

CAPT. If what?

RALPH. If what? I don't think I understand you.

CAPT. If you please.

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

RALPH. Oh! If you please. **(CAPTAIN steps forward.)**

SIR JOSEPH (to **CAPTAIN**). You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPT. Yes, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honour.

SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honour – love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.
(Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH. CAPTAIN realizes his new rank means he may wed BUTTERCUP,) Here – take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH and JOS. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

CAPT. and BUT. Oh rapture, oh bliss!