

SIDES



A Musical Fable of Broadway

Based on a Story and Characters of **Damon Runyon**

Music and Lyrics by
Frank Loesser

Book by
Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows

**PROVIDED SOLELY FOR ARTISTS
WHO MAY WISH TO FAMILIARIZE
THEMSELVES WITH THIS MATERIAL
PRIOR TO THEIR AUDITIONS**

NATHAN

Hey, Masterson! Glad to see you, Sky!

SKY

Nathan! You old promoter, you!

LIGHT CUE

NATHAN

How are you, Sky? You look great!

SKY

Feel great, Nathan. Two wonderful weeks out West in Nevada. Great place! Beautiful scenery, healthful climate, and I beat 'em for fifty G's at blackjack.

NATHAN

Fifty G's! — Going to be in town long?

SKY

No. Flying to Havana tomorrow.

NATHAN

Havana?

SKY

Yes, there's a lot of action down there! Want to come with me?

NATHAN

No, I got a lot of things to do — Meantime, how about dropping over to Mindy's for a piece of cheesecake? They sell a lot of cheesecake.

SKY

No, I'm not hungry — Tell me, how's Adelaide?

NATHAN

Oh, fine, fine. Still dancing at the Hot Box.

SKY

I suppose one of these days you'll be getting married?

NATHAN

We all got to go some time.

SKY

But, Nathan, we can fight it. Guys like us, Nathan — we got to remember that pleasant as a doll's company may be, she must always take second place to aces back to back.

NATHAN

(His mind on other matters)

Yeah—yeah.

(Back to business)

Tell me—you hungry yet? Maybe we could go into Mindy's and have a piece of cheesecake or strudel or something?

SKY

No. I think I'll go get the late results.

(Crosses to L. — takes scratch sheet from pocket)

NATHAN

Oh! But you will admit that Mindy has the greatest cheesecake in the country?

SKY

Yes, I'm quite partial to Mindy's cheesecake.

NATHAN

Who ain't? And yet there are some people who like Mindy's strudel.

(SKY seems disinterested)

Offhand, which do you think he sells more of, the cheesecake or the strudel?

SKY

Well, I never give it much thought. But if everybody is like I am, I'd say Mindy sells much more cheesecake than strudel.

NATHAN

For how much?

SKY

Huh?

NATHAN

For how much?

SKY

Why, Nathan, I never knew you to be a betting man. You always take your percentage off the top.

NATHAN

(Crosses to R.)

Well, for old times' sake I thought I'd give you a little action. I will bet you a thousand bucks that yesterday Mindy sold more strudel than cheesecake.

SKY

(Crosses to Nathan to R.C.)

Nathan, let me tell you a story—

NATHAN

SKY

When I was a young man about to go out into the world, my father says to me a very valuable thing. He says to me like this: "Son," the old guy says, "I am sorry that I am not able to bankroll you to a very large start, but not having any potatoes to give you I am now going to stake you to some very valuable advice. One of these days in your travels a guy is going to come to you and show you a nice brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is not yet broken, and this guy is going to offer to bet you that he can make the Jack of Spades jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. But son, do not bet this man, for as sure as you stand there you are going to wind up with an earful of cider." Now, Nathan, I do not claim that you have been clocking Mindy's cheesecake —

NATHAN

You don't think that —

SKY

However, if you're really looking for some action —

(Crosses to Nathan, puts his hand across his chest hiding Nathan's necktie)

I will bet you the same thousand that you do not know the color of the necktie you have on.

(We can tell from NATHAN's expression that his entire life is passing before him as he fails to remember the color)

Well?

NATHAN

(Dismally)

No bet.

(SKY removes his hand. NATHAN looks disgustedly at the color of his tie)

Blue. What a crazy color.

START

SARAH

(Hands SKY pamphlet)

Here are two of our pamphlets I'd like you to read. They will give you a good deal of comfort.

SKY

Thank you.

SARAH

And we're holding a midnight prayer meeting on Thursday, which I'm sure you will wish to attend.

(Rises, crosses to drawer at shoe stand. Gets paper)

SKY

I'm sure — Miss Sarah, I hope you will not think I am getting out of line, but I think it is wonderful to see a pretty doll — uh — a nice-looking lady like you — sacrificing herself for the sake of others.

(Crosses two steps to R.)

Staying here in this place — do you ever go any place else? Travel or something?

SARAH

(Sits at desk)

I would like to go to Africa.

SKY

That's a little far. But there are a lot of wonderful places just a few hours from New York, by plane. Ever been in a plane?

SARAH

No.

SKY

Oh, it's wonderful—

SARAH

Here is another pamphlet that I think you should read.

(Gives him pamphlet)

SKY

Thank you—Of course I will need a lot of personal help from you. My heart is as black as two feet down a wolf's gullet.

SARAH

I'll be speaking at the Thursday prayer meeting.

SKY

I need private lessons. Why don't we have dinner or something?

SARAH

I think not, Mr. Masterson.

SKY

Sorry, just blossoming under the warmth of your kindness—

(Strolling around, looking the place over)

Hey—

(Crosses up C. to sign)

That's wrong.

SARAH

What's wrong?

SKY

That's not Proverbs—it's Isaiah.

SARAH

It's proverbs.

SKY

Sorry. "No peace unto the wicked." — Isaiah, Chapter 57, Verse 22.

(SARAH crosses to Bible stand, opens it. Behind his back SARAH looks up quotation in Bible. Slams the book shut)

SKY

(Without turning)

Isaiah?

SARAH

Isaiah.

(Sits at desk)

SKY

There are two things been in every hotel room in the country. Sky Masterson, and the Gideon Bible. I must have read the Good Book ten or twelve times

SARAH

You've read the Bible twelve times?

SKY

What's wrong with the Bible? Besides, in my business the strangest information frequently comes in handy. I once won five G's on a parlay, Shadrach, Mischach, and Abednego.

SARAH

Tell me, Mr. Masterson, why are you here?

SKY

I told you. I'm a sinner.

SARAH

You're lying.

SKY

Well, lying's a sin — Look, I'm a big sinner. If you get me, it's eight to five the others'll follow. You need sinners, don't you?

SARAH

We're managing.

SKY

Let's be honest. This Mission is laying an egg.

(SHE is silent)

Why don't you let me help you? I'll bet I can —

(Crosses R. a few steps)

— fill this place with sinners.

SARAH

I don't bet.

SKY

I'll make you a proposition.

(Picks up cardboard from chair, writes marker)

When is this big meeting of yours — Thursday? I will guarantee to fill that meeting with one dozen genuine sinners. I will also guarantee that they will sit still and listen to you.

SARAH

And what's my end of the bargain?

SKY

Have dinner with me.

SARAH

Why do you want to have dinner with me?

SKY

I'm hungrigry — Here!

(Gives her marker — SHE takes it)

SARAH

What's this?

SKY

Sky Masterson's marker for twelve sinners. If you don't think it's good, ask anybody in town. I-O-U. — one dozen sinners.

(He hands her red cardboard marker)

I'll pick you up at noon tomorrow, for dinner.

SARAH

At noon?

SKY

It'll take us some time to get there.

SARAH

To get where?

SKY

(Picks up hat from single chair)

To my favorite restaurant.

SARAH

Where is that?

SKY

El Café Cubana, in Havana.

SARAH

(Rises)

El Café Cubana, Havana?

SKY

Where do you want to eat? Howard Johnson's!

SARAH

Havana!

SKY

(Crosses to her)

Why not? The plane gets us there in five hours and back the same night. And the food is great.

SARAH

(Crosses to cabinet R. with sheet of paper)

I now realize, Mr. Gambler, when you were describing the blackness of your heart, you didn't do yourself justice.

(She opens drawer of cabinet, takes out typewritten sheet of paper. SKY goes to her and as he does he drops his hat on armchair)

SKY

And I now realize, Sister Sarah, that no matter how beautiful a Sergeant is, she's still a Sergeant.

SARAH

Please go away.

SKY

Why don't you change your pitch, Sarge - Come to the Mission one and all, except Guys. I hate Guys!

SARAH

I don't hate anybody.

SKY

Except me.

(SHE looks at him)

(SKY)

I am relieved to know that it's just me personally and not all guys in general. It is nice to know that somewhere in the world there's a guy who might appeal to the Sergeant. I wonder what this guy will be like?

SARAH

(Slams drawer. Crosses to D.C.)

He will *not* be a gambler.

SKY

(Crosses to her)

I am not interested in what he will not be—I am interested in what he will be.

SARAH

Don't worry, I'll know—

END

LIGHT CUE

#6—I'll Know

SARAH

FOR I'VE IMAGINED EV'RY BIT OF HIM,
FROM HIS STRONG MORAL FIBRE
TO THE WISDOM IN HIS HEAD,
TO THE HOMEY AROMA OF HIS PIPE

SKY

YOU HAVE WISHED YOURSELF A SCARSDALE GALAHAD
THE BREAKFAST-EATING BROOKS BROTHERS TYPE

SARAH

Yes.

AND I SHALL MEET HIM WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE.

SKY

You've got the guy all figured out.

SARAH

I have.

SKY

Including what he smokes. All figured out, huh?

SARAH

All figured out.

NICELY

(Looking after them as he crosses to Stage C., followed by BENNY)

Poor Miss Sarah! I wonder why a refined doll like her is mixed up in the Mission dodge.

BENNY

She is a beautiful doll, all right, with one hundred percent eyes.

NICELY

It is too bad that such a doll wastes all her time being good. How can she make any money from that?

BENNY

Maybe she owns a piece of the Mission.

NICELY

Yeah.

(HARRY THE HORSE enters from L.1, crosses to Benny)

HARRY

Hey! Benny Southstreet!

(THEY shake hands)

BENNY

Harry the Horse! How are you! You know Nicely-Nicely Johnson.

HARRY

Yeah. How goes it?

NICELY

Nicely, nicely, thank you.

HARRY

Tell me, what about Nathan Detroit? Is he got a place for his crap game?

BENNY

(Whispers back)

We don't know yet.

NICELY

The heat is on.

BENNY

He's still looking for a place.

HARRY

Well, tell him I'm loaded and looking for action.

(Crosses to R., past Nicely)

I just acquired five thousand potatoes.

BENNY

Five thousand bucks!

NICELY

Where did you acquire it?

HARRY

I collected the reward on my father.

(Exits R.1)

BENNY

Everybody is looking for action. I wish Nathan finds a —

(He stops as BRANNIGAN enters — gets paper at newsstand — crosses to Benny)

NICELY

Why, Lieutenant Brannigan! Mr. Southstreet, it is Lieutenant Brannigan of the New York Police Department.

BENNY

(Crosses to R.)

A pleasure.

(Moves away)

NICELY & BENNY

BENNY

Hey! Nicely!

(Observing the direction of Nicely's gaze)

What are you looking at?

NICELY

(Delighted, turning to Benny)

Sky was just following Miss Sarah, and you should have seen her.

(He gives an imitation of Sarah's snootiness)

She give him a look that would have cooled off a moose at mating time.

BENNY

(Crosses to R.)

Great! Just so he don't take her to Havana.

NICELY

Havana! He couldn't take this doll to New Rochelle -- Where's Nathan? He ought to start lining up the game.

BENNY

I don't know -- I suppose trying to see Adelaide. She's mad at him again.

(Peers off -- looks at wristwatch)

NICELY

That Miss Adelaide. She is always taking his mind off honest work.

BENNY

(Crosses to L. pass Nicely)

Yes, it's too bad that a smart businessman like Nathan has to go and fall in love with his own fiancée.

NICELY

Benny, that is his weakness, and we should be tolerant, because I am told that it is a worldwide weakness. Look!

(Points out front)

ADELAIDE & NATHAN - I

-1-

ADELAIDE

Hello, Nathan dear.

(Embrace)

NATHAN

Adelaide! Pigeon!

ADELAIDE

We gotta get back to the Hot Box.

NATHAN

You still rehearsing?

ADELAIDE

Yeah. That slave driver Charlie—he's been working us all day. Finally I says, "Look, Charlie, I'm starving! I gotta get outa here and get something to eat." And he says, "You don't want to eat. You just want to sneak out and meet that cheap bum, Nathan Detroit!" —

NATHAN

(Outraged)

So what did you say to him?

ADELAIDE

(Proudly)

I told him. I says, "I'll meet whoever I want!"

NATHAN

Well, don't upset yourself. How's your cold?

ADELAIDE

Oh, it's much better, thank you — Nathan! Happy Anniversary!

NATHAN

A present! For me?

ADELAIDE

I hope you like it.

NATHAN

A belt!

ADELAIDE

Read the card!

NATHAN

"Sugar is sweet, and So is jelly, so put this belt around your belly." That's so sweet. Look, honey — about your present. I was going to get you a diamond wrist watch,

ADELAIDE

Nathan, you shouldn't have.

NATHAN

It's all right—I didn't—I'm sorry.

ADELAIDE

(Gets in front of him — he puts his arms around her)

No, I kinda like it when you forget to give me presents. It makes me feel like we're married.

NATHAN

Don't worry, honey—one of these days I'll be in the money, and you'll have more mink than a mink.

ADELAIDE

Nathan darling, I can do without anything just so long as you don't start running the crap game again.

NATHAN

(Fondly — back away to R.)

The crap game! What an absurd thought!

ADELAIDE

Hello, Nathan.

(Placing cardboard box back of table, THEY embrace)

NATHAN

Hello, pie face.

ADELAIDE

How are you, handsome.

NATHAN

Fine. What have you got there?

ADELAIDE

A book.

NATHAN

A book! You're always reading books. You're becoming a regular bookie.

ADELAIDE

Nathan darling, this is very interesting. The doctor gave it to me. I went to him about my cold.

(Sits in chair with book in hand)

NATHAN

How is your cold?

ADELAIDE

It's the same. So the doctor asked me how long I had had it, and I told him a long time, and I said I thought it was on account of my dancing with hardly any clothes on, which is what I usually wear, so he said to read this book, because he said it might be due to psychology.

NATHAN

You haven't got that, have you?

ADELAIDE

Nathan, this is the psychology that tells you why girls do certain kinds of things.

NATHAN

Oh!— Would it tell you what kind of a doll would go for a certain kind of a guy which you wouldn't think she would do so?

ADELAIDE

What do you mean?

NATHAN

I'm just for instance. There are certain dolls you can almost bet they wouldn't go for certain guys.

ADELAIDE

Nathan, no matter how terrible a fellow seems, you can never be sure that some girl won't go for him. Take us.

NATHAN

Yeah.

ADELAIDE

(Rises, places book on table, crosses to Nathan)

Nathan darling. Starting with next week, I'm going to get a raise. So with what I'll be making, I wondered what you would think—maybe we could finally get married.

NATHAN

(Loosening his collar as he feels the strain)

Well, of course we're going to, sooner or later.

ADELAIDE

I know, Nathan—

(Sneeze)

—but I'm starting to worry about Mother.

NATHAN

Your mother? What about your mother?

ADELAIDE

Well, Nathan, this is something I never told you before, but my mother, back in Rhode Island—

(Sits in chair L. of table)

—she thinks we're married already.

NATHAN

Why would she think a thing like that?

ADELAIDE

I couldn't be engaged for fourteen years, could I? People don't do that in Rhode Island. They all get married.

NATHAN

Then why is it such a small State?

ADELAIDE

Anyway—I wrote her I was married.

NATHAN

(Standing)

You did, huh?

ADELAIDE

(Each word coming through pain)

Uh, huh. Then, after about two years—

(She comes to a halt)

NATHAN

What after about two years?

ADELAIDE

(In a very small voice)

We had a baby.

NATHAN

(Crosses to L.)

You told your mother we had a baby?

ADELAIDE

(Rises, crosses to him)

I had to, Nathan. Mother wouldn't have understood if we hadn't.

NATHAN

What type baby was it?

ADELAIDE

It was a boy. I named it after *you*, Nathan.

NATHAN

Thank you.

ADELAIDE

You're welcome.

(Crosses way to C.)

NATHAN

And—uh—where is Nathan, Jr., supposed to be *now*?

ADELAIDE

He's in boarding school.

(HE nods)

I wrote Mother he won the football game last Saturday.

NATHAN

I wish I had a bet on it.