SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Merrily We Dance and Sing

(Or "The Naughty Boy")

Book & Lyrics
Billy Van Zandt & Jane Milmore

Music
Billy Van Zandt, Jane Milmore,
& Ed Alton

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

Book & Lyrics Copyright © 2013, 2015 by William Van Zandt Living Trust and Jane Milmore Living Trust
Music Copyright © 2013, 2015 by William Van Zandt Living Trust, Jane Milmore Living Trust, and Ed Alton
Photo credit: Danny Sanchez
Actors shown (L to R): Actors (L to R): Michael Kroll, Sherle Tallent, Billy Van Zandt, Jane Milmore, Glenn Jones, Art Neill
Cover adapted from original artwork by Noel Kubel
All Rights Reserved

MERRILY WE DANCE AND SING (OR "THE NAUGHTY BOY") is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70429-1
www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

For Production Enquiries

United States and Canada
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

United Kingdom and Europe
Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *MERRILY WE DANCE AND SING (OR "THE NAUGHTY BOY")* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *MERRILY WE DANCE AND SING (OR "THE NAUGHTY BOY")* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing Billy Van Zandt, Jane Millmore & Ed Altonity in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

RENTAL MATERIALS

An orchestration consisting of **Piano Vocal Score**, **Vocal Chorus Books**, and **Performance Tracks** will be loaned two months prior to the production ONLY on the receipt of the Licensing Fee quoted for all performances, the rental fee and a refundable deposit. Please contact Samuel French for perusal of the music materials as well as a performance license application.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

MERRILY WE DANCE AND SING (OR THE NAUGHTY BOY) was first produced by Mark Fleming and presented at the Henderson Theatre in Lincroft, New Jersey on May 20, 1994. The performance was directed by Billy Van Zandt and Art Neill, with sets and lights by Mark Fleming, costumes by Kitty Cleary, sound by BJ Smith, music arrangements and orchestrations by Ed Alton, musical direction by Michael Kroll, chroeography by Art and Jackie Neill, scenic art by Amy Bingler and photography by Danny Sanchez. The Production Stage Manager was Sue Kulinyi, the Stage Manager was Neil Murphy, and the Technical Director was Tom Levier. The cast was as follows:

LORETTA PEAMAN/SWEET CARNATION'S NAN . . . . . Sherle Tallent
CHUCK PEAMAN/MAYOR . . . . . Tom Frascatore
SERGEANT TAGGERT . . . . . Michael Kroll
POLICEMAN #1 . . . . . Greg Schweers
POLICEMAN #2 . . . . . Bob Thompson
BERNIE LUDLOE . . . . . Mark Fleming
PETEY/THE FOOL . . . . . Glenn Jones
MICKEY/THE NAUGHTY BOY . . . . . Billy Van Zandt
COREY/SWEET CARNATION . . . . . Jane Milmore
BROCK/THE MAJOR-GENERAL . . . . . Art Neill
JACK "JACKIE" BALDO . . . . . Jack Ryan

With:

Frank Andrews
Sharon Coyle
Ian Gonzalez
Maureen Milmore
Jackie Neill
Doris Villars
Sally Winters

CHARACTERS

CHUCK PEAMAN, playing the role of the Mayor of Himm

LORETTA PEAMAN, playing the role of Sweet Carnation's Nan

MICKEY, playing the role of the Naughty Boy

COREY, playing the role of Sweet Carnation

BROCK, playing the role of the Major-General

PETEY, playing the role of the Fool

JACK "JACKIE" BALDO, Escaped Mental Patient

SERGEANT TAGGERT, the real thing

TWO POLICEMEN, also real

BERNIE LUDLOE, the show's composer and conductor

CHORUS BOYS AND GIRLS (at least four)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

"Overture/Happy Hamlett of Himm" . . . . **MAYOR, THE FOOL, SWEET CARNATION'S NAN, CHORUS**

"A Naughty Boy Am I" . . . . . **NAUGHTY BOY** and **CHORUS GIRLS**

"They Call Me Sweet Carnation" . . . . . **SWEET CARNATION**

"Once Upon a Time" . . . . . **SWEET CARNATION** and **NAUGHTY BOY**

"I'm Sweet Carnation's Nan" . . . **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN, CHORUS GIRLS**

"I Am First an Englishman" . . . . . **NAUGHTY BOY** and **TOWNSFOLK**

"I Am a Soldier" . . . . . **THE MAJOR-GENERAL**

"A Plan, a Scheme" . . . . . **MAYOR, THE FOOL,** and **TOWNSFOLK**

"Once Upon a Time (Reprise)" . . . . **MAJOR GENERAL** and **THE FOOL**

"There's Going to Be a Wedding" . . . . . **CHORUS**

"There's Going to Be Two Weddings" . . . . . **CHORUS**

"Always See It Through" . . . . . **FULL COMPANY**

ACT TWO

Act Two Entr'acte

"There's Going to Be Two Weddings" . . . . . **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN, MAYOR, CHORUS**

"The Lord of the Hamlet" . . . . . **COMPANY**

"The Calling of Love" . . . . . **NAUGHTY BOY**

"It's All in the Chase" . . . . **MAJOR GENERAL, NAUGHT BOY, MAYOR, THE FOOL**

"On the Run or On the Lam" . . . . **SERGEANT, PATROLMEN, CHORUS**

"Finale (Medley" . . . . . **COMPANY**

ACT ONE

*(Pre-show, in theater lobby: local policemen wander through the lobby with xerox photos of a deranged-looking bearded man [***JACK** *aka* **JACKIE BALDO***], an escapee from the nearest state mental institute. The policemen ask theater-goers if they have seen the man in question, hand out the photo/flyers, and/or ask them to call if they see anything suspicious.)*

(Lights: houselights down)

(A spotlight hits **LORETTA** *Peaman, a matron of the arts and President of the Monmouth County Drama League. She is dressed in a nanny's costume, like something out of* Pirates of Penzance.*)*

LORETTA. Good evening. I am Loretta Peaman, President of the Monmouth County Drama League.

(She bows appropriately for a small spattering of applause.)

I bet you didn't recognize me dressed like this because I'm in my costume. Welcome to our annual production. Tonight we are pleased to present an original operetta titled "The Naughty Boy" or "If I Had It to Do All Over Again, I'd Do It All Over You." Tonight's show is written by our own Bernie Ludloe! Let's hear it for Bernie. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Sorry, girls. He's taken. Be still my beating heart.

(voice from backstage)

CHUCK. Get off the stage, Loretta!

LORETTA. Before we begin we'd like to thank two people – without whom this production would not be possible.

Of course, I'm talking about Tom & Amy Bingler. Where are they? Stand up. Tom, where are you two?

(Spotlight hits two unsuspecting people in the audience.)

Tom & Amy painted our lovely scenery. Nice dress, Amy. Macy's having another sale?

(voice from backstage)

CHUCK. Psst. Move it, Loretta. Let's go.

LORETTA. And of course you all know my husband Chuck. You may not recognize him in the show tonight – because he has hair! The first time I saw him in his costume I said "Who the hell is that?" Oh, the laughs we've had on him. And now, without further ado…

*(A policeman [***SERGEANT TAGGERT***] steps out onto the stage.* **LORETTA** *is surprised. Two* **PATROLMEN** *block the exits.)*

Oh!

SERGEANT. Excuse me, Ma'am. Ladies and gentleman, Bob Taggert, Middletown Police. We don't want to alarm anyone, but…

(handing **LORETTA** *a flyer)*

…there seems to be an escaped patient from the New Jersey Home for the Criminally Insane loose in the area. Jack "aka Jackie" Baldo.

If you spot him, please remain seated, remain calm and let a trained professional handle the situation. Just hope to God he doesn't crack your neck like a dried twig – like he did to that poor… Uh. Never mind. I repeat. Stay calm. And if you need us, my men and I will be in the lobby armed with guns. Enjoy the show.

(They exit down the aisles into the lobby. **LORETTA** *continues.)*

LORETTA. Uh… Well, you heard the Officer. Sit back. And relax. And remember…we have a strict no refund

policy. My mother at the box office will back me up on that.

CHUCK. *(off)* Jesus, Mary and Joseph, will you get off the freaking stage!

LORETTA. And as I said to my husband Chuck before we drove over here tonight…

(From underneath the stage curtain, **LORETTA** *is yanked by her feet. She falls on her face and is dragged backstage, arms outstretched. After a beat, she reappears through the curtain adjusting herself, trying to pretend nothing happened.)*

And now… "The Naughty Boy" by Bernie Ludloe.

(She exits through the curtain. A spotlight hits far stage left and **BERNIE LUDLOE***, local musical genius, appears. He bows to the audience then crosses to the steps leading down to the pit. The spotlight follows him, but stops at the top of the stairs.* **BERNIE** *falls down the staircase in the dark, in a painful crashing thud. After a beat, the spotlight picks him up on the floor. He rises, tries to save his dignity and crosses to his music stand. He places the score on the stand, then unveils an iPhone player with speakers.)*

(He presses "play" and the overture begins. He conducts it dramatically.)

MUSIC CUE #1: "OVERTURE/HAPPY HAMLET OF HIMM"

(The curtain opens to reveal a typical Gilbert & Sullivan-like town square. Stage right is a tall house with a second story window. Up stage center is a backdrop of snow covered alps. Stage left, there is another house. All the painting is cartoony and amateurish. The town square is filled with townspeople – "the **CHORUS***" along with the* **MAYOR** *– a jovial soul [***LORETTA***'s husband* **CHUCK***] who speaks in a happy weinerschnitzel*

man accent, **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** – *an old crone (***LORETTA***) who speaks in a thick cockney accent. All other cast members speak without accents. As the curtain opens, it catches on the skirt of a* **CHORUS GIRL**. *She squeals and runs offstage in her corset and stockings to retrieve her skirt, put it back on, and get back into place as the intro is played.)*

ALL. *(bright and gay)*

WE'RE THE HAPPY HAMLET OF HIMM!

MAYOR.

I'M THE HAPPY MAYOR!

TOWNSFOLK.

THAT'S HIM!

ALL.

LIFE IS SWEET AND OH SO JOYOUS,
NOTHING HERE WILL E'ER ANNOY US.
WE'RE THE HAPPY HAMLET OF HIMM!
WE'RE THE HAPPY HAMLET OF HIMM,

CHORUS BOY #1.

I AM JIMMY.

MAYOR.

HIYA, JIM.

CHORUS BOY #1. Bon Jour!

ALL.

WE'RE CONTENT WITH BREAD THAT'S BROWN,
WE DRINK ALE AND MARCH AROUND.
WE'RE THE HAPPY HAM-LE-ET…
OF HIMM…!

MAYOR.

NOT "HAM."

THE FOOL.

NOT "HEM."

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

NOT "HUM."

ALL.

BUT "HIMM…!"

(At conclusion of this and every other number, the actors take small quick vaudeville-type bows, then pose back into character.)

MAYOR. Ya ya. I'm the happy Mayor of Himm. The happiest hamlet in all the land. My duty is to serve the people. And serve them I do. With a civil tongue, too. After all, I am a civil servant, you know. Oh how I want everyone in my village to be happy and gay like I am.

(A **CHORUS BOY** *laughs at him.)*

Shut up.

(continuing on)

I shall never rest so long as there's even but one poor soul who remains unfulfilled in my hamlet.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. I'm unfulfilled.

MAYOR. Get away from me, you old goat.

(aside)

Sweet Carnation's toothless old Nan. An elderly servant of Sweet Carnation's late parents who took Carnation in as her own after her parents were washed overboard in a tragic boating mishap. Gives the phrase "Wave goodbye" a whole new meaning around here. Anyway, Nan has but two goals in life. To provide Sweet Carnation with a life of eternal bliss and to become the wife of the mayor – the mayor being yours truly. The former is a selfless act of love and devotion. The latter, a fate I wouldn't wish on a dog.

THE FOOL. *(posing with his leg up)* I'm a dog.

MAYOR. "Twiddles" – the town fool. What are you doing fool?

THE FOOL. Questions. Always questions. To be or not to be…

MAYOR. Hey. We'll have none of that in this Hamlet. Anyway, off with you. And now I must go cut a ribbon and drink a lot of ale.

MUSIC CUE #2: "PLAYOFF MUSIC"

(As the **MAYOR** *and* **THE FOOL** *exit stage right. The* **CHORUS GIRLS** *squeal with delight as they look off left, pointing.)*

CHORUS GIRL #1. Look! It's the Naughty Boy from the country next door!

(The **GIRLS** *squeal with delight.)*

CHORUS GIRL #1. And he's coming this way!

MUSIC CUE #3: "A NAUGHTY BOY AM I – THE VAMP STARTS"

(The **GIRLS** *squeal again, as the* **NAUGHTY BOY** *enters, clog-dancing, in all his alpine splendor, from stage right. The* **GIRLS** *adjust their looks. the* **NAUGHTY BOY** *wears liederhausen and knee socks, an alpine hat with a tall feather, and has blonde hair – much like a Carol Channing wig. The actor also wears his horn-rimmed glasses.)*

NAUGHTY BOY.

A NAUGHTY BOY AM I,
WITH RAPTURE OVERFLOWING.
I KISS THE GIRLS,
THEIR CURLS ARE PEARLS,
AND THEN I MUST BE GOING.

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *kisses the* **GIRLS** *one by one as the* **CHORUS** *sings – except when he comes to the older lady* **CHORUS GIRL**, *he merely shakes her hand.)*

GIRLS.

WITH RAPTURE OVERFLOWING.
ONE KISS AND HE'LL BE GOING.
ONE KISS AND GONE,
HE'S ON SOME BLONDE,

AND YES HE MUST BE GOING.

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *dances behind them, goosing all. The last one he gooses is the older lady, after which he looks down at his wrist.)*

NAUGHTY BOY. Hey, my watch!

A NAUGHTY BOY AM I,
ENCHANTED BY THE PRETTIES.
I KISS THEIR LIPS.
THEIR HIPS ARE PIPS.
I EVEN LOVE THEIR SMI-ILES.

GIRLS.

ENCHANTED BY US PRETTIES.
HE EVEN LOVES OUR SMI-ILES.
HE'LL KISS OUR LIPS.
OUR HIPS ARE PIPS.
HE NEVER WANTS TO QUITTIES!

NAUGHTY BOY. Quick, girls. To the garden! You know how I love to go down to the flower bed and look up your bloomers.

(The **GIRLS** *all cheer. The* **NAUGHTY BOY** *exits stage right with all the* **GIRLS** *kissing him, clog-dancing. After a beat, the older lady* **CHORUS GIRL** *is shoved back onstage and exits upstage left dejected, turning back to give him an italian salute as she exits.)*

*(***SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *enters from the house stage right.)*

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Ow, me bleedin' 'ands from me bloomin' chores. Ow, life in this bleedin' Bavarian 'amlet is rough on an old sod like me, it is.

CHORUS GIRL #1. *(Off – on mike)* There goes Loretta with that stupid cockney accent, again.

CHORUS GIRL #2. *(Off – on mike)* Somebody want to tell her the show takes place in the Bavarian alps?

*(***LORETTA** *reacts.)*

CHORUS GIRL #1. How come she always gets to star in these shows?

CHORUS GIRL #2. She's President of the Drama League. That's why.

*(***LORETTA** *doesn't know what to do.)*

Did you see her in the dressing room? She wears bikini underpants. Can you believe it?

*(***LORETTA** *screams into the wings.)*

LORETTA. Your body mikes are still on, for God's Sakes!

(There is a slight pause.)

CHORUS GIRL #2. *(Off – on mike)* Shit.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Now then. As I was saying. Where is Sweet Carnation? That bloomin' girl. No friends, poor dear. All alone in the world but for me, her old Nan.

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *enters from stage left holding flowers and skipping.)*

SWEET CARNATION. Here I am, Nan!

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Where were you, in your bloomin' garden?

SWEET CARNATION. Yes, down in the dell. I spent the day sleeping in the flower bed and speaking with my good pals the pansies.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. 'ow can flowers be your good pals?

SWEET CARNATION. Easy. They're my good buds.

(They laugh, thinking the jokes are funny.)

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. What do you do down there all day, girl?

SWEET CARNATION. I shoot the breeze.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. With 'oo?

SWEET CARNATION. The breeze.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN Inside with you. I 'ave some news to tell you. News I hope that will cheer your bloomin' 'eart.

SWEET CARNATION. Oh. Can't I sing just one song first?

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Okay. But then it's ins-oide witches.

SWEET CARNATION. What?

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Inside with you.

SWEET CARNATION. Oh.

*(***SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *exits into the stage right house.)*

MUSIC CUE #4: "THEY CALL ME SWEET CARNATION"

THEY CALL ME SWEET CARNATION,
BECAUSE I LOVE TO SMELL –
THE FLOWERS IN MY GARDEN,
DOWN THERE IN THE DELL.
I'M ALL ALONE. NO MA. NO PA.
THE BLOOM'S STILL ON MY ROSE.
JUST-MY-BOOK IN BED,
KNOWS HOW-I-LOOK IN BED,
I SLEEP ALONE. IT BLOWS.
MY DREAM IS FOR A GENTLE MAN,
WHO LOVES THE FLOWERS AND SOIL.
HE'LL BE MY KNIGHT IN SHINING BOOTS,
AND I SHALL BE HIS GO-IL.
A GARDEN IS FOR LOVERS' EYES.
THE MOURNING GLORIES KNOW.
HE'LL BE MY SHOVEL STRONG AND TRUE,
AND I SHALL BE HIS HOE.
WE'LL PLANT OUR SEEDS TOGETHER,
AND WATCH OUR COCKLESHELLS,
SOMEDAY I'LL KNOW TRUE BLISS DIVINE,
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL JUST SMELL…

(She curtsy-bows and exits to the house. The **NAUGHTY BOY** *and the* **GIRLS** *re-enter, clog-dancing.)*

CHORUS GIRL #1. Don't leave us, Naughty Boy.

NAUGHTY BOY. Sorry, girls. The Naughty Boy knows no settling down. Besides, there's only so much of the Naughty Boy to go around.

CHORUS GIRL #2. Oh, please. Just a little more of the old slap and tickle?

NAUGHTY BOY. Tell you what. I'll slap you now. But you'll have to come back later for the tickle.

(The **GIRLS** *cheer. The shutters on the second story of the stage right house try to open from the inside. But they are locked from onstage.)*

CHORUS GIRL #3. O Naughty Boy. You make us blush.

NAUGHTY BOY. Don't I know it.

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *punches her fist through the window of the stage right house from backstage, opens the lock, and then the window. She appears in the window on her balcony.)*

Ah! But who is she who in yonder window sits?

CHORUS GIRL #2. That's Sweet Carnation. The bloom is still on her rose.

(The **CHORUS GIRLS** *giggle and exit.)*

NAUGHTY BOY. Ah, sweet nectar. I would give my life to hear an angel such as she speak but a single word. Oh, how shall I draw her attention? Yes. A pebble. A pebble at her window.

(He mimes a pebble toss.)

(Sound Effects: "Pebble Hitting Glass")

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *doesn't hear her cue. She picks lint off her costume.)*

Perhaps another pebble at her window.

(He mimes a second pebble toss.)

(Sound Effects: "Pebble Hitting Glass")

(She fixes her hair. The **NAUGHTY BOY** *finds a pebble on the stage floor.)*

NAUGHTY BOY. I'll give you a pebble at the window.

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *throws a real pebble just as* **SWEET CARNATION** *turns to speak. She swallows the pebble and chokes. She spits it out. It rolls off the stage.)*

SWEET CARNATION. Didst someone call?

NAUGHTY BOY. I didst. Sweet maiden. What is thy name?

SWEET CARNATION. They call me Sweet Carnation, because I love to smell.

NAUGHTY BOY. Oh, to sniff your sweet petunias.

SWEET CARNATION. And your name?

NAUGHTY BOY. They call me the Naughty Boy. I have searched for thee the world over…

(making appropriate hand gestures)

…far and wide…

(making a peace sign and miming an afro)

…to and fro. Over Smith & Dale.

SWEET CARNATION. You speak as if you know me, sir.

NAUGHTY BOY. We've never met, yet I know thee. I know thee as I know my own smile. My own breath. My own…

(He blanks. And panics. The composer mouths the line. The **NAUGHTY BOY** *cannot make out* **BERNIE***'s lips. He mouths "what?" the composer mouths it again.)*

My own… "sock drawer?"

SWEET CARNATION. I always dreamed I'd hear those sweet, sweet words. At last! It's you!

NAUGHTY BOY. You know me, sweet maiden?

SWEET CARNATION. Yes. I think I do.

MUSIC CUE #5: "ONCE UPON A TIME"

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *holds his arms up, outstretched, during the following verse. His arms eventually cramp up and hang lifeless by his side.)*

SWEET CARNATION.

ONCE UPON A TIME,
AND VERY LONG AGO,
SOMEWHERE IN A DREAM,
WE'VE LOVED BEFORE, I KNOW.
IN A HEAVENLY GARDEN.
BEYOND THE MISTS OF TIME,
YOU HELD ME IN YOUR ARMS,
AND TOLD ME YOU WERE MINE.
AND NOW YOU STAND BEFORE ME,
JUST LIKE MY DREAM COME TRUE.
TELL ME, MY SWEET STRANGER,
OH, HAVE YOU DREAMED THIS, TOO?

(She loses her balance and falls backwards out of sight.)

(Sound Effects: "Quick Horrible Crash")

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *reacts. A moment later,* **SWEET CARNATION** *limps out from the front door of the house. On the second verse, we hear a booming voice come out of the* **NAUGHTY BOY** *as he lip-syncs in an exaggerated way to a [offstage] deep-throated baritone on the offstage mike)*

NAUGHTY BOY.

AN ANGEL I'D SWEAR WAS YOU,
STOOD 'NEATH THAT LILAC TREE.
AND SIGHED WITHIN MY ARMS,
TO LOVE ETERNALLY.
FOREVER I'VE BEEN SEARCHING,
EACH NIGHT A GIRL THAT'S NEW.
AND AS THEY SLEPT BESIDE ME,
I ALWAYS DREAMED OF YOU.
AND NOW MY SEARCH HAS ENDED,

I'M NE'ER TO ROAM AGAIN.
AND WHEN YOU SLEEP BESIDE ME,
I'LL ALWAYS PICTURE THEM.

(He twirls her out and in.)

SWEET CARNATION.
OH, NO! COULD IT BE?
YOU'RE MY DREAM. MY DESTINY.

(He twirls her out and lets go. She flies offstage.)

(Sound Effects: "Offstage Crash")

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *lip-syncs, but the real singer has been injured by the fall offstage. He coughs and sputters through the solo.)*

NAUGHTY BOY.
AT LAST! WE FINALLY MEET.
AND I MUST END MY SEARCH SO SWEET.

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *is shoved back out to finish the number.)*

BOTH.
FOR ONCE UPON A TIME,
ONE STARRY NIGHT OF BLUE,
WE DREAMED A DREAM OF LOVE,
AND NOW THAT DREAM COMES TRUE.
OUR DREAM COMES TRUE…

(They pose in a dip. **NAUGHTY BOY** *drops her to take a bow. After the bows, they embrace again.)*

SWEET CARNATION. So help me, I could kiss you.

NAUGHTY BOY. So kiss me, I could help you. I swear from this day forward, you are the only girl for me.

(They go to kiss. **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *enters.)*

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Wait! Are you bloomin' starkers? Have you lost all sense of yourself? Are you out of your wickety crickety minds? You two can never be together! No way! Never!

SWEET CARNATION. Why not, Nan? The Naughty Boy is my soul and my heart's inspiration. He's all I need to get me by.

CARNATION'S NAN. Let me tell you a lit-tle story, darling. Gather round. Gather 'round everyone.

MUSIC CUE #6: "I'M SWEET CARNATION'S NAN"

(The **CHORUS** *skips in and gathers with beer steins, as* **NAN** *sings:)*

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

I'M SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
CARNATION'S NAN I AM.
I LIKES ME TEA, I LIKES ME JAM.
I'M SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

(Re: **SWEET CARNATION***)*

LONG AGO, WHEN SHE WAS JUST A LASS,
AND I HAD A SLIGHTLY SMALLER ASS,
GAVE ME ALL, I DID, WAS GOOD AND TRUE.
TILL I DID WHAT I SHOULDN'TA DO.
I'M SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
CARNATION'S NAN I AM.
I LIKES TO BELCH,
WHEN I SCRATCH MESELF.
I'M SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
YES, ME DEAR, I WAS DOWN ON ME LUCK,
I WAS HUNGRY, DESPERATE FOR A BUCK,
SAW MAIL-ORDER BRIDES
BROUGHT LOTS OF GOLD.
SO I SAID WHAT THE HELL.
NOW YOUR ASS IS SOLD.

CHORUS.

SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
CARNATION'S NAN SHE AM.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

I COUGH AND SPIT,
AND IT'S HARD TO SIT.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN/CHORUS.
I'M (SHE'S) SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, DEARIE,
IN DUE TIME.
I'D'A SOLD MESELF,
BUT WHAT'S A DIME?
(to **NAUGHTY BOY***)*
SO YOU SEE WHY SHE CAN'T MARRY YOU.
THE MAJOR-GENERAL'S COMING
AND PAY DAY'S DUE.
CHORUS.
SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
CARNATION'S NAN SHE AM.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
I HAVE CRUST IN ME EYES,
FROM THESE GODDAMN STIES.
CHORUS.
SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
I HAVE HAIR ON ME CHIN,
AND PUCK-MARKED SKIN,
CHORUS.
SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
MY TEETH ARE BLACK,
FROM THE PLEGMMY HACK,
CHORUS.
SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
ME LEGS' GOT VEINS,
FROM ME BIG GAS PAINS,
CHORUS.
SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.
ME BREATH I'D AVOID,
AND I GOT HEMORRHOIDS.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN/CHORUS.

I'M (SHE'S) SWEET CARNATION'S NAN…!

(The number shifts into a wild tap dance number – for no good reason at all.)

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Here she is, boys! Stand back. I'm gonna shake it again. Whoo! Don't want to get any on ya!

(The number gets even wilder with **LORETTA** *spinning crazily around the stage, buck and winging to a climactic finish.)*

CHORUS.

SHE'S SWEET CARNATION'S NAN
CARNATION'S NAN SHE AM

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

I'M SWEET…

CHORUS.

SHE'S OH-SO-SWEET CARNATION-IS

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

CARNATION'S…

CHORUS.

LOOK OUT FOR HER NAN

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN.

NAN…!

CHORUS.

(underneath, as **NAN** *holds the last note)*

SHE'S THE NAN.
THE NAN SHE AM.
SHE'S SWEET… CARNATION'S… NAN…!

*(***SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *hocks and spits on the final note. After her bow, the* **CHORUS** *exits and* **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *breaks down sobbing.* **SWEET CARNATION** *goes to her.)*

SWEET CARNATION. There, there, Nan. Don't cry. You were only trying to put food on our table.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Then you don't mind?

SWEET CARNATION. Not at all. Even though my life is forever ruined.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Bless ya. Bless ya.

SWEET CARNATION. *(To* **NAUGHTY BOY***)* Well, that does it, then. We can never wed now!

NAUGHTY BOY. Yes. And just as I swore off all other women, too! Darn my timing!

SWEET CARNATION. I guess you can go back to all those other girls.

NAUGHTY BOY. And go against my word? Never! What kind of an Englishman do you think I am? Besides, how could a man be content with mere emeralds after he's seen the emeralds in your eyes? How could a man be content with a moonlit night after he's spent a moonlit night in your embrace? And how could a man be content with the smell of a rose after he's smelled a…

(He blanks. **BERNIE** *the conductor mouths the line. The* **NAUGHTY BOY** *can't make out the words.* **BERNIE** *mouths again.)*

…after he's smelled a…lumbar squat.

*(***BERNIE** *sits in frustration and reads the program.)*

SWEET CARNATION. Yes. Well, what I think you mean to say is "Isn't there a higher calling."

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. 'igher than an Englishman's word?

NAUGHTY BOY. You mean… "The Calling of Love?"

(The **CHORUS GIRLS** *immediately enter and pose for a song, holding large paper carnation hearts. No music is played.* **BERNIE** *is lost in reading the program and doesn't hear his cue.)*

You mean… "The Calling of Love?" A higher power being "The Calling of Love?"

(giving up)

But that's not important now, I guess.

(Everyone slinks offstage leaving **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN**, **SWEET CARNATION** *and the* **NAUGHTY BOY.***)*

(The **MAYOR** *and* **THE FOOL** *enter.* **THE FOOL** *enters eating a sandwich, which he then tries to hide.)*

MAYOR. *(Ad libbing, to* **SWEET CARNATION'S NAN***)* Out of the way, you big fat yak woman.

LORETTA (**NAN**). "Yak woman?"

MAYOR. Shut your trap, you toothless cow-faced guttersnipe. Someone's coming. He's dressed as a major-general in the army. Sound the trumpets, Fool.

*(***THE FOOL** *mimes blowing a trumpet, after he hides his sandwich between his legs.)*

(Sound Effects: "Trumpets Fanfare")

Crash the cymbals, Fool!

*(***THE FOOL** *mime crashing cymbals.)*

(Sound Effects: "Cymbals Crash")

(He then goes to eat his sandwich.)

(Ad libbing) Bang the drums, Fool!

*(***THE FOOL** *bites into his sandwich as we hear:)*

(Sound Effects: "Cow Mooing")

*(***THE FOOL** *reacts to his sandwich and puts it away.)*

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. *(Looking off)* It must be the Major-General.

(To **SWEET CARNATION***)*

Your Major-General.

SWEET CARNATION. My husband?

NAUGHTY BOY. My doom.

MAYOR. My my! Do I sense unhappiness in my hamlet?

SWEET CARNATION. Yes. You see, Nan – ever on the lookout for a better life for me – sold me body and soul to a brutish Major-General who will this very day take me as a bride and sexual play thing to do with what he will. In the meantime I've met the Naughty Boy and fallen in love and wish to be wed to he. Our dilemma is simple. Do we keep the bargain my Nan agreed to – which will make me miserable beyond pity – or is there an even higher calling, like "The Calling of Love?"

(The **CHORUS GIRLS** *enter and pose again.)*

(Hinting to conductor) "The Calling of Love?"

*(***BERNIE** *is turned away from the stage, cleaning his ear with his finger, and doesn't hear the cue.)*

MAYOR. You mean… "The Calling of Love?"

CHORUS GIRL #1. She means "The Calling of Love."

SWEET CARNATION. Oh, get back in line.

CHORUS GIRL #1. But…

SWEET CARNATION. Ah, forget it.

(mutters)

I only have three stinking songs in the whole show…

CHORUS GIRL #1. Three too many if you ask me. We all know why you got the lead. And it wasn't because of your voice.

SWEET CARNATION. Bitch.

(The **CHORUS** *exits.)*

MAYOR. Ya ya. So anyway.

(To **NAUGHTY BOY***)*

You're an Englishman. You can never break your word, Naughty Boy.

NAUGHTY BOY. That's what I said.

SWEET CARNATION. O hideous dilemma.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. You must help us, Mayor. I'll do anything. Anything.

MAYOR. *(ad libbing)* Then go put a bag over your head and keep me from gagging, you garlic-reeking, bosom drooping old sow.

LORETTA *(***SWEET CARNATION'S NAN***)*. Stick to the script, Chuck.

MAYOR. *(enjoying himself)* "Stick to the script?" Your breasts are sticking to the floor!

*(***SWEET CARNATION'S NAN** *grabs the back of his tights and pulls. He is castrated.)*

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. *(to* **MAYOR***)* As I was sayin', if you helps me Sweet Carnation, I promise to focus me attentions on another man. Never to wait for ye. Or bother ye again. I'll just live out me life in a pathetic maiden's squalor.

MAYOR. *(high-pitched)* Deal.

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *&* *the* **NAUGHTY BOY** *rejoice.)*

SWEET CARNATION. Oh happiness divine!

NAUGHTY BOY. Ditto!

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Bless you, sir. Bless you.

NAUGHTY BOY. But wait. How can we do this? I can't break our word. I'm an Englishmen.

CHORUS. *(Entering on cue)* Hooray!

MUSIC CUE #7: "I AM FIRST AN ENGLISHMAN"

NAUGHTY BOY.

I AM FIRST AN ENGLISHMAN,
A NOBLE, CULTURED ENGLISHMAN,
THAT'S WHY MY SHOES ARE SPICK AND SPAN,
BECAUSE I AM AN ENGLISHMAN.

TOWNSFOLK.

HE IS FIRST AN ENGLISHMAN,
A NOBLE, CULTURED ENGLISHMAN,
THAT'S WHY HIS SHOES ARE SPICK AND SPAN,

ALL.

BECAUSE HE IS (I AM) AN ENGLISHMAN.

TOWNSFOLK.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A ROOS-IAN,
OR EVEN BEEN A PROOS-IAN,
A TURK OR AN ALBANIAN,
A SWEDE OR A LON CHANEY-AN,
A SPANIARD OR PARISIENNE,
AN ESKIMO ARTESI-AN,

ALL.

BUT NO (I AM) HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN!

NAUGHTY BOY.

YES, I AM AN ENGLISHMAN,
A TIGHT-ASSED LITTLE ENGLISHMAN,
MY TEETH ARE BAD, I GET NO TAN,
BECAUSE I AM AN ENGLISHMAN.

TOWNSFOLK.

YES, HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN,
A TIGHT-ASSED LITTLE ENGLISHMAN,
HIS TEETH ARE BAD, HE GETS NO TAN,

ALL.

BECAUSE HE IS (I AM) AN ENGLISHMAN.

(The **NAUGHTY BOY** *dances and struts during the following.)*

TOWNSFOLK.

HE ISN'T A SOMAL-I-AN,
OR EVEN AN I-TAHL-I-AN,
HE'S NOT A LITHUANIAN,
HE'S NO BIG FAT UKRAINIAN,
HE ISN'T FROM AFGHANISTAN,
HE'S NOT A HEATHEN HINDUSTAN,

ALL.

BUT NO (I AM) HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN!

NAUGHTY BOY.

LOOK AT ME, AN ENGLISHMAN,
A FOPPISH POMPOUS ENGLISHMAN,
I DRESS IN DRAG, I GOT NO CAN,
BECAUSE I AM AN ENGLISHMAN.

TOWNSFOLK.

LOOK AT HIM, AN ENGLISHMAN,
A FOPPISH POMPOUS ENGLISHMAN,
HE GETS IN DRAG, HE'S GOT NO CAN,

ALL.

BECAUSE HE IS (I AM) AN ENGLISHMAN.
ROOS-IAN, PROOS-IAN,
ALBANIAN, LON CHANEY-AN,
PARISIENNE, ARTESI-AN,
SOMAL-I-AN, I-TAHL-I-AN,
LITH-WAN-I-AN, UKRAINIAN,
AFGHANISTAN, A HINDUSTAN,
BUT NO (I AM) HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN!

NAUGHTY BOY.

I'M A STINKING ENGLISHMAN,
A PANTY-WEARING ENGLISHMAN,
I SLEEP WITH SHEEP ON THE DIVAN,
BECAUSE I AM AN ENGLISHMAN.

TOWNSFOLK.

HE'S A STINKING ENGLISHMAN,
A PANTY-WEARING ENGLISHMAN,
HE SLEEPS WITH SHEEP ON THE DI-VAN,

ALL.

BECAUSE HE IS (I AM) AN ENGLISHMAN.
(I AM) HE'S FIRST AN ENG-LISH-MAN…!

(The **CHORUS** *exits.)*

NAUGHTY BOY. So, you see, Sweet Carnation, we're sunk!

SWEET CARNATION. Damn your being English.

MAYOR. Wait. Holy Mackerel. I just remembered. I can break my word.

NAUGHTY BOY. How?

SWEET CARNATION. Yes, how?

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. Yes, 'ow?

MICKEY (**NAUGHTY BOY**). *(Concerned)* What's the matter?

LORETTA (**SWEET CARNATION'S NAN**). Nothing.

NAUGHTY BOY. Oh.

(to **MAYOR***)*

How can you break your word, Mayor?

MAYOR. Easy. I'm not English. I live in the Alps.

NAUGHTY BOY. By Jove. He's right.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. 'e's so brainy, 'e is.

MAYOR. And so sure am I that I can make everyone in my hamlet happy this very day, that I vow here and now to marry you, old toothless odor-reeking Nan, should I fail in this my given task.

SWEET CARNATION'S NAN. O anticipated rapture! You're a witness! You're a witness!

NAUGHTY BOY. What shall we do, Mayor?

MAYOR. First things first. Run and hide. The Major-General approaches.

SWEET CARNATION. How do you know?

MAYOR. Women are swooning.

(Sound Efects: "Women Swoon.")

Trumpets are sounding.

(Sound Effects: "Trumpets Fanfare.")

And he's standing right over there.

(spotlight on the **MAJOR-GENERAL** *– in a kaiser WWI uniform)*

*(***SWEET CARNATION** *and* **NAUGHTY BOY** *exit stage left.)*

MUSIC CUE #8: "I AM A SOLDIER"

(The women squeal as the **MAJOR-GENERAL** *marches in all his splendor. The* **TOWNSFOLK** *all march along, turning the song into an elaborate pinwheel number.)*

MAJOR-GENERAL.

I AM A SOLDIER,
I'M BRAVE AND TRUE.
AND I BEAT THE CRAP,

OUT OF MEN LIKE YOU.
I SLASH THEIR CHESTS,
AND I GOUGE THEIR EYES,
AND I TAKE WHAT'S LEFT,
AND I MAKE MEAT PIES.

CHORUS.

HE'S BRAVE AND TRUE
BEATS MEN LIKE YOU.
SO HIDE YOUR EYES.
OR HE'LL MAKE MEAT PIES.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

THEN I GRAB THEIR HAIR,
AND WHACK OFF THEIR HEAD,
THEN I KICK IT AROUND,
TO MAKE SURE IT'S DEAD.
AND I STICK THE SKULL,
ON A BIG LONG SPIKE.
AND I MARCH AROUND,
AND I CALL IT "MIKE."

CHORUS.

BLEED FROM THE HEAD,
YOU'LL BE QUITE DEAD.
YOUR HEAD ON-A SPIKE,
WITH-A NEW NAME "MIKE."

MAJOR-GENERAL.

FOR I'M A SOLDIER,
BRAVE AND TRUE.
AND I'LL RAPE YOUR WIFE,
AND I'LL RAPE YOU, TOO.
I'LL CUT OUT YOUR HEART,
LIKE A PIECE OF SPAM,
NOW I'M SORRY FOLKS,
THAT'S THE WAY I AM.

CHORUS.

HE'S BRAVE AND TRUE,
HE'LL RAPE YOU, TOO.
HE EATS HIS SPAM,
THAT'S THE WAY HE AM.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS