Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's

South Pacific

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Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's South Pacific

Music by
Richard Rodgers

Lyrics by
Oscar Hammerstein II

Book by Oscar Hammerstein II & Joshua Logan

Adapted from the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel
Tales of the South Pacific by James A. Michener

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SOUTH PACIFIC premiered on Broadway at the Majestic Theatre in New York on April 7, 1949, presented by the Messrs. Rodgers & Hammerstein in association with Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan. The production was directed by Joshua Logan, with scenic and lighting design by Jo Mielziner, costume design by Motley, musical direction by Salvatore Dell'Isola, and orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett. The cast was as follows:

ENSIGN NELLIE FORBUSH . . . . . Mary Martin
EMILE DE BECQUE . . . . . Ezio Pinza
NGANA . . . . . Barbara Luna
HENRY . . . . . Richard Silvera
BLOODY MARY . . . . . Juanita Hall
LIAT . . . . . Betta St. John
LUTHER BILLIS . . . . . Myron McCormick
ABNER . . . . . Archie Savage
STEWPOT . . . . . Henry Slate
PROFESSOR . . . . . Fred Sadoff
LT. JOSEPH CABLE . . . . . William Tabbert
CAPT. GEORGE BRACKETT . . . . . Martin Wolfson
CMDR. WILLIAM HARBISON . . . . . Harvey Stephens
MARINE CORPORAL HAMILTON STEEVES . . . . . Jim Hawthorne
LT. BUZZ ADAMS . . . . . Don Fellows
LT. GENEVIEVE MARSHALL . . . . . Jacqueline Fisher
YEOMAN HEBERT QUALE . . . . . Alan Gilbert
RADIO OPERATOR BOB MCCAFFREY . . . . . William Biff McGuire
SEAMAN THOMAS HASSINGER . . . . . Jack Fontan
SEAMAN JAMES HAYES . . . . . Beau Tilden
SEAMAN TOM O'BRIEN . . . . . Bill Dwyer
SEABEE MORTON WISE . . . . . Henry Michel
SEABEE RICHARD WEST . . . . . Dickinson Eastham
SGT. KENNETH JOHNSON . . . . . Thomas Gleason
ENSIGN DINAH MURPHY . . . . . Roslynd Lowe
ENSIGN JANET MACGREGOR . . . . . Sandra Deel
ENSIGN CONNIE WALEWSKA . . . . . Mardi Bayne
ENSIGN PAMELA WHITMORE . . . . . Evelyn Colby
ENSIGN LISA MINELLI . . . . . Gloria Meli
ENSIGN SUE YAEGER . . . . . Pat Northrop
ENSIGN CORA MACRAE . . . . . Bernice Saunders
ENSIGN BESSIE NOONAN . . . . . Helena Schurgot

BLOODY MARY'S ASSISTANT . . . . . Musa Williams
MARCEL / HENRY'S ASSISTANT / ENSEMBLE . . . . . Richard Loo
ENSEMBLE . . . . . William Ferguson, Alex Nicol,
Mary Ann Reeve, Eugene Smith, Chin Yu

CHARACTERS

ENSIGN NELLIE FORBUSH – a nurse from Arkansas

EMILE DE BECQUE – an expatriate French plantation owner

NGANA – Emile's young, half-Polynesian daughter

JEROME – Emile's young, half-Polynesian son

HENRY – Emile's native servant

BLOODY MARY – a Tonkinese native, expert at trading with the military men

LIAT – Bloody Mary's daughter

BLOODY MARY'S ASSISTANT – Bloody Mary's daughter

LUTHER BILLIS – a sailor

ABNER

STEWPOT (CARPENTER'S MATE, SECOND CLASS GEORGE WATTS)

PROFESSOR – a sailor

LT. JOSEPH CABLE, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

CAPT. GEORGE BRACKETT, UNITED STATES NAVY – the highest-ranking officer

CMDR. WILLIAM HARBISON, UNITED STATES NAVY – the second-highest-ranking officer

LT. BUZZ ADAMS

YEOMAN HEBERT QUALE – a sailor

RADIO OPERATOR BOB MCCAFFREY – a sailor

2 SEABEES

2 SAILORS

3 MARINES

A SHORE PATROLMAN

LEAD NURSE (originally named Lt. Genevieve Marshall)

ENSIGN DINAH MURPHY

ENSIGN JANET MACGREGOR

7 ENSIGNS

ENSEMBLE – large singing ensemble consisting of **ISLANDERS**, **OFFICERS**, **SAILORS**, **MARINES**, **SEABEES**, and **SOLDIERS**

CASTING NOTE

The story takes place in the South Pacific during World War II. The cast includes Americans and people native to the South Pacific. Those characters native to the area should be cast accordingly. The use of makeup or prosthetics to alter an actor's ethnicity is prohibited.

SETTING

The action of the play takes place on two islands in the South Pacific.

TIME

During World War II.
There is one week's lapse of time between the two Acts.

ADDITIONAL SONG

In Act I, Scene Six, an additional song, Music No. 18A "My Girl Back Home," sung by Lt. Cable and Nellie, as well as an adjoining Scene Change music cue, can be added. This additional song insert replaces all dialogue and action on page 44 of this script. Please contact Concord Theatricals to license the music for this song.

NOTES ON THE MILITARY

When *South Pacific* was first produced in 1949, audiences were largely familiar with the military aspects of the show. The further World War II recedes into memory, however, the more unfamiliar the rankings, ratings, machinery, behavior, and feel of wartime military behavior become. By way of assistance we offer this brief guide to the military aspects of the show.

The characters in *South Pacific* have decidedly different ranks. Captain Brackett is the highest-ranking officer, followed by Commander Harbison. They do not salute each other, but everyone else would salute either or both. When Captain Brackett and Commander Harbison first enter, however, [Act I, Scene Three] the men pretend to be preoccupied and do not salute. This might bother the Captain if he weren't so furious at Bloody Mary as not to notice. Joe Cable is a Marine Lieutenant and, as such, merits a salute from the enlisted men which he would return with a salute. He would also salute Captain Brackett and Commander Harbison. When Cable first enters, the men should rise to salute him, but Billis signals them to desist. Luther Billis is a sailor who bullies, bribes, and charms his way through military life, although ultimately he always loses. He has no respect for authority unless he is scared or wants something.

The enlisted men are rated, not ranked. The ratings are Sailors, Marines, and Seabees and differ by their functions in war. Sailors serve at sea, Marines are amphibious troops who serve both on ships and on land, and Seabees are sailors who serve in the Construction Battalion (hence their acronym, C.B.) and are responsible for the construction and maintenance of the bases and their equipment. As the action of *South Pacific* takes place one step removed from the battlefront, there is a decidedly casual aspect to the enlisted men. They are caught in a middle ground – not quite in the war, not quite out of the war.

As for equipment, a PBY was a slow but steady seaplane used mostly for reconnaissance. Jerry cans are large, metal, rectangular cans to hold gasoline or other liquids, frequently seen strapped to the sides of jeeps.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

"Opening (Dites-Moi)" ..... Ngana & Jerome
"A Cockeyed Optimist" ..... Nellie
"Twin Soliloquies" ..... Nellie & Emile
"Some Enchanted Evening" ..... Emile
"Dites-Moi (Reprise)" ..... Ngana, Jerome and Emile
"Bloody Mary" ..... Sailors, Seabees, Marines
"There Is Nothin' Like A Dame" ..... Billis, Sailors, Seabees, Marines
"Bali Ha'i" ..... Bloody Mary
"Cable Hears 'Bali Ha'i'" ..... Cable
"I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" ..... Nellie & Nurses
"Some Enchanted Evening (Reprise)" ..... Emile & Nellie
"I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy" ..... Nellie & Nurses
"Bali Ha'i (Reprise)" ..... French & Native Girls
"Younger Than Springtime" ..... Cable
"I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy (Reprise)" ..... Nellie & Emile
"This Is How It Feels" ..... Nellie & Emile
"I'm Gonna Wash That Man (Encore)" ..... Emile
"Finale Act I" ..... Emile

ACT II

"Opening Act II" ..... Nellie, Nurses, G.I.s
"Happy Talk" ..... Bloody Mary & Liat
"Honey Bun" ..... Nellie, Billis, Ensemble
"You've Got To Be Carefully Taught" ..... Cable
"This Nearly Was Mine" ..... Emile
"Some Enchanted Evening (Reprise)" ..... Nellie
"Honey Bun (Reprise)" ..... All
"Finale Ultimo" ..... Nellie, Ngana, Jerome, Emile

ACT I

[MUSIC NO. 01 "OVERTURE"]

Scene One
The Terrace of Emile de Becque's Plantation Home

(The terrace of Emile de Becque's plantation home on an island in the South Pacific. Stage left is a one-storied residence. Stage right is a teakwood pagoda at the edge of the cacao grove, on which is placed two teakwood chairs, a coffee table, and a small bench used as a seat behind the table. The house and pagoda are bordered and decked in the bright, tropical colors of the flaming hibiscus, the purple bougainvillaea, and the more pale and delicate frangipani. Between the house and the pagoda you can see the bay below and, on the open sea beyond the bay, the island of Bali Ha'i from which twin volcanoes rise.)

[MUSIC NO. 02 "OPENING (DITES-MOI)"]

(At Rise: Two Eurasian children – **NGANA***, a girl about eleven, and* **JEROME***, a boy about eight – are, with humorous dignity, dancing an impromptu minuet. A bird call is heard in the tree above.* **JEROME** *looks up and imitates the sound. The eyes of both children follow the flight of the bird.* **NGANA** *runs over to the pagoda and climbs up on the table and poses on it as if it were a stage.* **JEROME** *lifts his hands and solemnly conducts while they both sing.)*

NGANA & JEROME.

DITES-MOI
POURQUOI
LA VIE EST BELLE,
DITES-MOI
POURQUOI
LA VIE EST GAIE!
DITES-MOI
POURQUOI,
CHERE MAD'MOISELLE,

*(***NGANA** *curtseys,* **JEROME** *bows.)*

EST-CE QUE
PARCE QUE
VOUS M'AIMEZ?

*(***HENRY***, a servant, enters from the house and scolds them.)*

HENRY. Allez-vous! Vite! Dans la maison!

NGANA. Non, Henri!

JEROME. *(Mischievously delivering an ultimatum.)* Moi, je reste ici!

HENRY. Oh, oui? Nous verrons bien…

(He chases **JEROME** *around the giggling* **NGANA**.*)*

Viens, petit moustique!

(He catches **JEROME**. *He is not as angry as he pretends to be, but he grabs* **JEROME** *by the ear and leads him off squealing, followed by* **NGANA**, *who protests violently.)*

NGANA. Non, Henri…non…non!

(As she runs off, **NELLIE** *and* **EMILE** *are heard offstage from around the corner of the house.)*

NELLIE. *(Offstage.)* What's this one?

EMILE. *(Offstage.)* That is frangipani.

NELLIE. *(Offstage.)* But what a color!

EMILE. *(Offstage.)* You will find many more flowers out here.

*(**NELLIE** enters, looking around her, entranced by the beauty of the scene. She turns upstage to gaze out over the bay. **HENRY** enters, crossing to a small coffee table with a tray on which are set two large brandy snifters, coffee pot, bottle of brandy, sugar bowl, two demitasse, and sugar tongs. **EMILE**, entering a few paces behind **NELLIE**, crosses and addresses **HENRY**.)*

Je servirai le café.

HENRY. Oui, Monsieur.

EMILE. C'est tout.

HENRY. Oui, Monsieur de Becque.

(He exits into the house.)

NELLIE. *(Crossing to* **EMILE**.*)* Well, I'm just speechless! ... And that lunch! Wild chicken – I didn't know it was ever wild. Gosh! I had no idea that people lived like this right out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

EMILE. *(Pouring coffee.)* Sugar?

NELLIE. Thanks.

EMILE. One?

NELLIE. Three.

*(**EMILE** looks up, then puts two lumps of sugar in the cup.)*

I know it's a big load for a demitasse to carry.

*(**EMILE** puts a third lump of sugar in the cup.)*

All right, I'm a hick. You know so many American words, do you know what a hick is?

EMILE. A hick is one who lives in a stick.

NELLIE. Sticks. Plural. *The* sticks.

EMILE. Pardon. *The* sticks. I remember now.

(He hands **NELLIE** *the coffee cup.)*

NELLIE. How long did it take you to build up a plantation like this?

EMILE. I came to the Pacific when I was a young man.

NELLIE. Emile, is it true that all the planters on these islands – are they all running away from something?

EMILE. *(Pausing briefly, cautious in his answer.)* Who is not running away from something? There are fugitives everywhere – Paris, New York, even in Small Rock...

*(***NELLIE** *looks puzzled.)*

Where you come from...

NELLIE. *(Suddenly understanding what he means, she bursts out laughing.)* Oh, *Little* Rock!

EMILE. *(Laughing with her and shouting the correction.)* *Little* Rock! ...You know fugitives there?

*(***NELLIE** *runs over to where she has left her bag.)*

NELLIE. I'll show you a picture of a Little Rock fugitive.

(Taking an envelope from the bag.)

I got this clipping from my mother today.

(She hands it to **EMILE**, *who reads.)*

EMILE. "Ensign Nellie Forbush, Arkansas' own Florence Nightingale..."

NELLIE. *(Apologetically.)* That was written by Mrs. Leeming, the social editor. She went to school with my mother. To read her, you'd think that I'm practically the most important nurse in the entire Navy and that it's only a matter of time before I become a lady admiral.

EMILE. In this picture you do not look much like an admiral.

NELLIE. Oh, that was taken before I knew what rain and heat and mud could do to your disposition.

*(***EMILE** *looks fixedly at her. She, embarrassed, cannot meet his gaze, turns and crosses.)*

But it isn't rainy today. Gosh, it's beautiful here.

[MUSIC NO. 03 "MUSIC UNDER SCENE"]

Just look at that yellow sun! You know, I don't think it's the end of the world like everyone else thinks. I just can't work myself *up* to getting that *low*.

*(**EMILE** smiles.)*

Do you think I'm crazy too? They all do over at the fleet hospital.

[MUSIC NO. 04 "A COCKEYED OPTIMIST"]

You know what they call me? Knucklehead Nellie. I suppose I am, but I can't help it.

WHEN THE SKY IS A BRIGHT CANARY YELLOW
I FORGET EVERY CLOUD I'VE EVER SEEN –
SO THEY CALL ME A COCKEYED OPTIMIST,
IMMATURE AND INCURABLY GREEN!

I HAVE HEARD PEOPLE RANT AND RAVE AND BELLOW
THAT WE'RE DONE AND WE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD –
BUT I'M ONLY A COCKEYED OPTIMIST,
AND I CAN'T GET IT INTO MY HEAD.

I HEAR THE HUMAN RACE
IS FALLING ON ITS FACE
AND HASN'T VERY FAR TO GO,
BUT EVERY WHIPPOORWILL
IS SELLING ME A BILL
AND TELLING ME IT JUST AIN'T SO!

I COULD SAY LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF JELLO,
AND APPEAR MORE INTELLIGENT AND SMART
BUT I'M STUCK
(LIKE A DOPE!)
WITH A THING CALLED HOPE,
AND I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEART...
NOT THIS HEART!

*(She crosses to **EMILE**, continuing.)*

Wanna know anything else about me?

EMILE. Yes. You say you are a fugitive. When you joined the Navy, what were *you* running away from?

[MUSIC NO. 05 "THE SCENE CONTINUES"]

*(He returns the clipping to **NELLIE**.)*

NELLIE. Gosh, I don't know. It was more like I was running to something. I wanted to see what the world was

like – outside Little Rock, I mean. And I wanted to meet different kinds of people and find out if I like them better.

(She turns, looks at **EMILE**, *notices that he is looking at her, and she suddenly become self-conscious. She turns and looks front.)*

And I'm finding out.

EMILE. *(Tactfully.)* Would you like some cognac?

NELLIE. *(Relieved.)* I'd love some.

[MUSIC NO. 06 "TWIN SOLILOQUIES"]

(She replaces the clipping in her bag and watches **EMILE** *thoughtfully. He goes to the table to pour the brandy. In the following verses,* **EMILE** *and* **NELLIE** *are not singing to each other – each is soliloquizing.)*

WONDER HOW I'D FEEL,
LIVING ON A HILLSIDE,
LOOKING ON AN OCEAN
BEAUTIFUL AND STILL.

EMILE.

THIS IS WHAT I NEED,
THIS IS WHAT I'VE LONGED FOR,
SOMEONE YOUNG AND SMILING
CLIMBING UP MY HILL!

NELLIE. *(Turning toward* **EMILE.** *He is pouring the brandy.)*

WE ARE NOT ALIKE;
PROBABLY I'D BORE HIM.
HE'S A CULTURED FRENCHMAN –
I'M A LITTLE HICK.

EMILE. *(Pausing as he starts to pour the second glass.)*

YOUNGER MEN THAN I,
OFFICERS AND DOCTORS,
PROBABLY PURSUE HER –
SHE COULD HAVE HER PICK.

*(***NELLIE** *catches his eye. They exchange a quick look. Each averts their eyes from the other as* **EMILE** *corks the bottle and replaces it on the tray.)*

NELLIE.

WONDER WHY I FEEL
JITTERY AND JUMPY!
I AM LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL,
WAITING FOR A DANCE.

EMILE. *(Picking up the two filled brandy snifters.)*

CAN I ASK HER NOW?
I AM LIKE A SCHOOLBOY!
WHAT WILL BE HER ANSWER?
DO I HAVE A CHANCE?

(He approaches **NELLIE** *as the music segues to:)*

[MUSIC NO. 07 "UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS"]

(He passes **NELLIE** *her snifter. She has apparently never drunk from one before. She watches him carefully as he warms his brandy, holding the snifter in the palms of both hands and making a gentle circular motion. She does the same. As they drink, the music rises to great ecstatic heights. One is made aware that in this simple act of two people falling in love, each drinking brandy, there are turbulent thoughts and feelings going on in their hearts and brains. They lower their glasses; the music dies down.* **EMILE** *struggles to say something. He plunges into the middle of his subject as if continuing a thought which he assumes she has sensed.)*

In peacetime, the boat from America comes once a month. The ladies – the wives of the planters – often go to Australia during the hot months. It can get very hot here.

NELLIE. *(Immediately.)* It can get hot in Arkansas, too.

(She takes another quick swallow.)

EMILE. Ah, yes?

NELLIE. *(Nodding her head.)* Uh-huh.

(She takes another quick sip.)

EMILE. *(Puts his glass down on the table.)* I have many books here... Marcel Proust?

*(***NELLIE** *looks blank.)*

André Gide?

(This evokes a faint smile of half-recognition from **NELLIE**.*)*

Did you study French in school?

NELLIE. Oh, yes.

EMILE. Ah, then you can read French?

NELLIE. *(As though saying, "Of course not.")* No! *(A feeble attempt to add a note of hope.)* I can conjugate a few verbs.

(Realizing how silly this must sound to him, she changes the subject.)

I bet you read a lot.

EMILE. Out here, one becomes hungry to learn everything.

(He rises and paces pensively.)

Not to miss anything, not to let anything good pass by.

(He pauses and looks down at **NELLIE**.*)*

NELLIE. Yes?

EMILE. One waits so long for what is good...and when at last it comes, one cannot risk to lose.

(He turns away, searching for more words.)

So...so one must speak and act quickly...

[MUSIC NO. 08 "INTRO TO 'SOME ENCHANTED EVENING'"]

...even...even if it seems almost foolish to be so quick.

(He has gone too far to stop now.)

I know it is only two weeks. A dinner given at your Officers' Club. Do you remember?

NELLIE. Yes.

EMILE And that is the way things happen sometimes… Isn't it, Nellie?

NELLIE. *(Swallowing hard.)* Yes, it is…Emile.

[MUSIC NO. 09 "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING"]

EMILE.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER,
YOU MAY SEE A STRANGER
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM.
AND SOMEHOW YOU KNOW,
YOU KNOW EVEN THEN,
THAT SOMEWHERE YOU'LL SEE HER AGAIN AND AGAIN.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
SOMEONE MAY BE LAUGHING,
YOU MAY HEAR HER LAUGHING
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM –
AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
AS STRANGE AS IT SEEMS,
THE SOUND OF HER LAUGHTER WILL SING IN YOUR DREAMS.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?
WHO CAN TELL YOU WHY?
FOOLS GIVE YOU REASONS –
WISE MEN NEVER TRY.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING,
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR TRUE LOVE,
WHEN YOU FEEL HER CALL YOU
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM –
THEN FLY TO HER SIDE
AND MAKE HER YOUR OWN,
OR ALL THROUGH YOUR LIFE YOU MAY DREAM ALL ALONE.

ONCE YOU HAVE FOUND HER,
NEVER LET HER GO.
ONCE YOU HAVE FOUND HER,
NEVER LET HER GO!

[MUSIC NO. 10 "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING (ENCORE)"]

EMILE.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING,
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR TRUE LOVE,
WHEN YOU FEEL HER CALL YOU
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM –

(There follow several seconds of silence. Neither moves. **EMILE** *speaks over the music.)*

I am older than you. If we have children, when I die they will be growing up. You could afford to take them back to America – if you like. Think about it.

*(***HENRY** *enters from the house.)*

HENRY. Monsieur de Becque, la zheep de Mademoiselle est ici.

*(***EMILE** *and* **NELLIE** *turn as if awakened from a dream.)*

La zheep de Mademoiselle.

*(***NELLIE** *turns to* **HENRY**.*)*

Votre zheep!

(He smiles and indicates with both hands as if steering.)

NELLIE. My "zheep"? Oh, my jeep!

(She looks at her watch.)

Gosh! Thank you, Henry. I'm on duty in ten minutes!

*(***HENRY** *exits.* **NELLIE** *holds out her hand to* **EMILE**.*)*

EMILE. Before you leave, Nellie, I want to tell you something. A while ago, you asked me a question – why did I leave France?

NELLIE. Oh, Emile, that was none of my business.

EMILE. But I want to tell you. I had to leave France. I killed a man.

(Pause.)

NELLIE. Why did you kill him?

EMILE. He was a wicked man, a bully. Everyone in our village was glad to see him die. It was not to my discredit. Do you believe me, Nellie?

(Another pause, unbearable to him.)

NELLIE. You have just told me that you killed a man and that it's all right. I hardly know you, and yet I know it's all right.

EMILE. *(Deeply moved.)* Thank you, Nellie.
(His voice suddenly exultant.) Do you like my place?

NELLIE. Yes.

EMILE. You will think?

NELLIE. *(Smiling up at him.)* I will think.

(They are silent and motionless for a moment. Then **NELLIE** *turns and suddenly walks off very quickly.* **EMILE** *looks after her and starts to hum softly. He picks up the demitasse she has left on the fountain and smiles down at it. He holds the cup up so he can examine its rim.)*

EMILE. Lipstick! ...Three lumps of sugar in this little cup!

(He laughs aloud, then resumes his humming and walks, almost dances, across the stage to the table in time to his own music. **NGANA** *and* **JEROME** *enter from the house and walk behind him across the stage, imitating his happy stride. As* **EMILE** *puts down the cup, the* **CHILDREN** *join him, humming the same melody. He turns quickly and frowns down on them with mock sternness. They giggle.)*

Eh bien!

JEROME. Bravo, Papa!

(The **CHILDREN** *both applaud.)*

EMILE. Merci, Monsieur!

NGANA. Nous chantons bien, aussi.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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