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AUDITION SIDE 6—MORLEY, BOATSWAIN (DICK—MAY READ FOR AUDITIONS)
(& CHORUS)

*RALPH is pronounced “Rafe.” BOATSWAIN is pronounced “Bow-sun”
All on stage speak lines marked “ALL,” except the person who spoke just before “ALL.”*

SAILORS are speaking to RALPH, who wants to marry the CAPTAIN’s daughter.

BOATSWAIN. 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. No, no, captains’ daughters don’t marry foremast hands.

ALL [*recoiling from him*]. Shame! shame!

BOATSWAIN. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o’ yourn are a disgrace to our common natur’.

MORLEY. Now, hold it! He was agreeing with you!

DICK. [*to Morley*] It’s alright, my boy. Happens all the time.

RALPH. 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.

SAILOR 3. 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!

MORLEY. Very strange world!

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

DICK. Be that as it may. You’d best listen to me. [*crosses, Morley follows*]

SAILOR 4. [*grabbing Morley*] Morley! I’d steer clear of Deadeye—you don’ wanna be gettin’ a reputation, my boy.

MORLEY. Ah! He ain’t so bad!

SAILOR 4. I’m warnin’ you. That’s all.

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

AUDITION SIDE 11—BOATSWAIN, BUTTERCUP, DICK DEADEYE

BOATSWAIN. 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! Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend—hast ever thou 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?

BOATSWAIN. No, my lass, I can’t say I’ve ever thought that.

[*Enter DICK DEADEYE, pushing through sailors, and comes down*]

DICK. I have thought it often. [*All recoil from him.*]

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

BOATSWAIN. 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!

BOATSWAIN. 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.

BOATSWAIN. 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.

**AUDITION SIDE 14—AUDITION FOR CAPTAIN AND MORLEY
(ADD DEADEYE FOR CALLBACKS)**

Background: *Dick and Morley, in effort to be helpful, have come to tell the CAPTAIN of his daughter's plans to elope with a common sailor; but CAPTAIN fears them and is trying to remain pleasant, all the while looking for a way to escape.*

DICK: Captain!

CAPT: Deadeye! You here? *(Recoiling from him.)* Don't!

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.

[Morley pops out from the shadows]

CAPT: Master Morley, you?... Here with *Dick*?

MASTER: Let's just say that Dick and I have an understanding, Cap'n.

CAPT: What do you want with me?

DICK: *[mysteriously]* We've come to give you . . . warning.

MORLEY. Warning!

CAPT. *[backing away]* Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand; listen!

AUDITION SIDE 3—JOSEPHINE AND RALPH, WITH CHORUS

Background: *Josephine (though she truly loves Ralph) has rejected him because of his lowly rank.*

RALPH. My friends, my leave of life I'm taking; For oh, my heart is breaking; When I am gone, tell the maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

ALL. Of life, alas! his leave he's taking; For ah! his faithful heart is breaking; When he is gone we'll surely tell the maid that, as he died, he loved her well. *[turning away, weeping]. [BOATSWAIN has loaded a pistol, which he hands to RALPH.]*

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates all who love in rank above you—For Josephine I fall!

[Puts pistol to his head. ALL stop their ears] [Enter JOSEPHINE]

JOS. Ah! stay your hand—I love you!

ALL. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!

RALPH. *[incredulously]* Loves me?

JOS. Loves you!

ALL. Yes, yes—ah, yes,—she loves you!

AUDITION SIDE 13—GENEVIEVE, DICK DEADEYE, MORLEY

GENEVIEVE. Where? Where is he?

MORLEY. Well, he's right there, but I wouldn't just... *[SAILORS and RELATIVES move off, watching from without.]*

GENEVIEVE. *[Running up behind DICK.] [aside]* It is him! Oh, to be in his arms again. *[Taps him on shoulder]*

[DICK swirls around, takes her in a headlock and puts a knife to her throat]

GENEVIEVE. Oh my! This is unexpected! *[pushing away knife]*

DICK. Oh! *[releasing her]* Beg pardon, ma'am. But don't ever sneak up behind a sailor! *[Looking at her; realizing who she is. Whispers].* Gene... *[Turns to run].*

GENEVIEVE. Richard Dempsey! How dare you run from me!

DICK. *[stopping, back turned to GENEVIEVE]* I don't know no Richard. The name's Deadeye. Dick Deadeye.

GENEVIEVE. Well, sir. I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. If you'd just turn this way so that I may make a proper apology. *[He continues out]* If you please! *[DICK turns toward her. She looks intently at him and recognizes him.]*

GENEVIEVE. *[Whispering]* Richard! It is you. I can see it in your eyes... Well, the one eye.

DICK. I didn't want you to see me like this.

GENEVIEVE. What... what happened to you?

DICK. What happened to me? You happened to me. You made me love you, then you abandoned me and left me to the wolves!

GENEVIEVE. I didn't...

DICK. I waited for you. Under the clocktower. Waited all night. And the next night. And the next. Until my ship sailed. Every time we got back in port, I looked for you, but you never came.

GENEVIEVE. I tried. I tried so very hard! But Papa found out. The servants held watch over me day and night. Didn't you get my letters?

DICK. There were no letters. No news. Nothing. Nothing for years. *[wrestling with staying or going]* Get out of my sight. Or, what's left of it.

GENEVIEVE. But we've found each other now. We can start again. Where we left off.

DICK. *[reaching for her, hopefully whispering]* Genevieve. *[changing his mind]* Oh! Look at me. Look at me! I'm not the man I was. If you took me now, it would only be out of pity! No. It's best that we part ways now.

[DICK exits. GENEVIEVE follows, running after him]

GEN. Wait! I still make the best blueberry tart this side of Cornwall!

AUDITION SIDE 8—JOSEPHINE, CAPTAIN (CAPTAIN MAY READ FOR AUDITIONS)

Background: Josephine has just told her father that she loves Ralph.

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

JOS. 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. 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.

JOS. 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.

AUDITION SIDE 12—BUTTERCUP, CAPTAIN

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! 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. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. 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. 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. Oh no—do not say “all”, dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

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.*] 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. I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty—and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT. Destinies?

BUT. There is a change in store for you!

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye—be prepared!

AUDITION SIDE 15—SIR JOSEPH, RALPH, CAPTAIN

Background: Sir Joseph has just arrived on board the Pinafore. He is inspecting the troops and relishes giving CAPTAIN a difficult time.

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

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. What, never?

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. 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 patronised 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*]

SIR JOSEPH. [*shrinking in astonishment*] 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. 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. [*taking RALPH aside*] Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honour.

AUDITION SIDE 7—SIR JOSEPH, HEBE (CAPTAIN MAY READ FOR AUDIITONS)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter.

HEBE. Yes, we are much disappointed with your daughter. We don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph?

HEBE. No, I'm afraid not.

SIR JOSEPH. I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance; but hitherto without success.

HEBE. I endorsed all Sir Joseph's remarks, and added some of my own, but, so far, ineffectually.

SIR JOSEPH. Cousin Hebe, your interference was well meant, but I do not think you materially assisted my cause.

HEBE. You do not?

SIR JOSEPH. I do not.

HEBE. Oh.

CAPT. Really Sir Joseph, I can scarcely account for it. Josephine is, of course, sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

HEBE. Yes. Naturally.

SIR JOSEPH. Don't.

HEBE. Oh!

CAPT. It may be that your exalted rank dazzles her.

HEBE. That may be so.

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.

AUDITION SIDE 9—JOSEPHINE (SOPRANO), RALPH (TENOR),

JOS. 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. 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! [*Overcome by emotion.*]

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw!

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

RALPH. 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. 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*] Oh, my heart, my beating heart! [*Aloud*] This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! [*aside*] Common! oh, the irony of the word! [*Crossing, aloud.*] Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

AUDITION SIDE 10—JOSEPHINE, SIR JOSEPH

Background: Sir Joseph has told Josephine that it's alright to marry below one's social class.

JOS. Oh! 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. 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.

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