

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK



Book by **Mel Brooks & Thomas Meehan**  
Music and Lyrics by **Mel Brooks**

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## C H A R A C T E R S

MAX BIALYSTOCK

LEO BLOOM

FRANZ LIEBKIND

ROGER DEBRIS

CARMEN GHIA

ULLA INGA HANSEN BENSON YONSEN TALLEN-

HALLÉN SVADEN-SVANSON

BUM

BAG LADY

NUNS

STREET CLEANER

MR. MARKS

JACK

DONALD

JASON

TICKET TAKER

GUNTER

STALIN

CHURCHILL

GUARD

JUDGE

JURY FOREMAN

PRISON TRUSTEE

USHERETTES

FIRST NIGHTERS

WORKMEN

LITTLE OLD LADIES

ACCOUNTANTS

CHORUS GIRLS

PIGEONS

ROGER'S TEAM

HEILOS

STORMTROOPERS

COPS

CONVICTS

GIRL PRISONERS

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# CHARACTERS BY SONG

## ACT 1

2. *It's Opening Night* .....WORKMAN, FIRST NIGHTERS, USHERETTES
3. *The King of Old Broadway* ....WORKMAN, BUM, BAG LADY, BLIND VIOLINIST, MAX,  
.....STREET CLEANER, NUNS, USHERETTES
5. *We Can Do It* .....MAX, LEO
6. *I Wanna Be a Producer* .....LEO, CHORUS GIRLS, ACCOUNTANTS
7. *We Can Do It - Reprise* .....OFFSTAGE CHORUS, MAX, LEO
8. *I Wanna Be a Producer - Reprise* .....MAX, LEO
9. *In Old Bavaria* .....FRANZ, PIGEONS
10. *Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop* .....FRANZ, MAX, LEO
- 10c. *To Be or Not To Be* .....ROGER, CARMEN
11. *Keep It Gay* .....MAX, LEO, , ROGER, ROGER'S TEAM, CARMEN
- 11a. *"Keep It Gay" - Conga* .....MAX, LEO, , ROGER, ROGER'S TEAM, CARMEN
12. *When You've Got It, Flaunt It* .....ULLA
13. *Along Came Bialy* .....MAX, LEO, LITTLE OLD LADIES, ULLA, ROGER, CARMEN,  
.....THE TEAM, FRANZ, ENSEMBLE

## ACT 2

15. *That Face* .....ULLA, LEO
- 15a. *That Face - Reprise* .....LEO, MAX
- 16a. *A Wand'ring Minstrel* .....JACK
- 16c. *"Have You Ever Heard" - Interrupted* .....JASON
- 16d. *Have You Ever Heard The German Band* .....FRANZ
17. *"It's Opening Night" - Reprise* .....USHERETTES
18. *It's Bad Luck To Say Good Luck On Op'ning Night* .....  
.....CARMEN, ROGER, LEO, FRANZ
19. *Springtime For Hitler* .....CHORUS, STORM TROOPERS, ROGER, ULLA,  
.....STALIN, CHURCHILL, THE HEIL-LOS
20. *Where Did We Go Right* .....MAX, LEO
- 20b. *Leo Goes To Rio* .....ULLA, LEO
21. *Betrayed* .....MAX
22. *Til Him* .....MAX, LEO, LITTLE OLD LADIES
23. *Prisoners Of Love* .MAX, LEO, FRANZ, ULLA, GIRL PRISONERS, ROGER, CONVICTS
25. *Goodbye* .....ALL





**ACT ONE****#1 Overture****Scene 1**

*The CURTAIN rises on Shubert Alley, with the brightly lit Shubert Theatre upstage center. The time is around ten-thirty P.M. on an evening in early June, many many years ago, 1959. The marquee of the Shubert reads, "MAX BIALYSTOCK presents FUNNY BOY!" and "FUNNY BOY...A New Musical of Hamlet ... Entire production conceived, devised, thought up, and supervised by Max Bialystock." A sign says "Opening Night." Two pretty young theatre USHERETTES enter.*

**#2 It's Opening Night****USHERETTES**

OPENING NIGHT ...

... IT'S OPENING NIGHT!

IT'S MAX BIALYSTOCK'S LATEST SHOW,

WILL IT FLOP OR WILL IT GO?

THE CAST IS TAKING ITS FINAL BOW,

HERE COMES THE AUDIENCE NOW!

THE DOORS ARE OPEN; THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY...

LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY!

*A chorus of FIRST NIGHTERS, couples in evening clothes, enter bursting out of the side doors of the Shubert Theatre.*

**MEN FIRST NIGHTERS**

*(bright, all smiles)*

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN,

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN,

**WOMEN FIRST NIGHTERS**

MAX BIALYSTOCK HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

**ALL**

WE CAN'T BELIEVE IT,

YOU CAN'T CONCEIVE IT...

**MAN FIRST NIGHTER**

HOW'D HE ACHIEVE IT?

### FIRST NIGHTERS

IT'S THE WORST SHOW IN TOWN!  
WE SAT THERE SIGHING,  
GROANING AND CRYING,  
THERE'S NO DENYING,  
IT'S THE WORST SHOW IN TOWN!

**WOMEN FIRST NIGHTER**  
OH, WE WANTED TO STAND UP AND HISS

**MEN FIRST NIGHTERS**  
OOH!

### MEN FIRST NIGHTERS

WE'VE SEEN SHIT...

### FIRST NIGHTERS

BUT NEVER LIKE THIS!

(shout)

Max Bialystock has done it again!

THE SONGS WERE ROTTEN,  
THE BOOK WAS STINKIN',  
WHAT HE DID TO SHAKESPEARE  
BOOTH DID TO LINCOLN!

### WORKMAN

(up on a ladder, flipping over the "Opening Night" sign to reveal a "Closing Night" sign)  
We have these specially made up for Max Bialystock.

### FIRST NIGHTERS

WE COULDN'T LEAVE FASTER...

### USHERETTES

WHAT A DISASTER!

### FIRST NIGHTERS & USHERETTES

WE ARE STILL IN SHOCK,  
WHO PRODUCED THIS SHLOCK?  
THAT SLIMEY, SLEAZY MAX BIALYSTOCK!

(shout)

What a bum!!

*The FIRST NIGHTERS exit revealing MAX BIALYSTOCK, a portly man in his fifties, wearing a battered hat and a shiny, worn-out and ill-fitting tuxedo from yesteryear. His face is at first obscured by a newspaper.*

**MAX**

*(lowering the paper and reading aloud to the USHERETTES)*

The reviews come out a lot faster when the critics leave at intermission.

*(USHERETTES exit into the theater)*

"... by the end of 'Funny Boy!,' Max Bialystock's hopeless musical of 'Hamlet,' everybody is dead. They were the lucky ones." And this is the best review we got.

*(MAX balls up the newspaper and throws it away as a BLIND VIOLINIST wanders on)*

Where did I go wrong? What happened to me? What happened to me?

*(to the BLIND VIOLINIST)*

You're looking at the man ...

*(turning the VIOLINIST's head so that he is looking at him)*

... you're looking at the man, who once had the biggest name on Broadway. Max Bialystock — thirteen letters!

I USED TO BE THE KING,  
THE KING OF OLD BROADWAY,  
THE BEST OF EV'RYTHING  
WAS MINE TO HAVE EACH DAY.  
I ALWAYS HAD THE BIGGEST HITS,  
THE BIGGEST BATHROOMS AT THE RITZ,  
MY SHOWGIRLS HAD THE BIGGEST TITS!  
I NEVER WAS THE PITS IN ANY WAY!

*MAX is joined by late-night Broadway denizens — a COP; a NEWSPAPER VENDOR; a BAG LADY; a BUM; two NUNS carrying Playbills from "The Sound of Music"; a STREET CLEANER; a pair of STREET WALKERS; and the two USHERETTES now dressed in street clothes.*

**WORKMAN, BUM, BAG LADY**

WE BELIEVE YOU, THOUSANDS WOULDN'T,  
WE BELIEVE YOU, EV'RY WORD.  
WE BELIEVE YOU, THOUSANDS COULDN'T,  
WE BELIEVE EACH WORD WE'VE HEARD.

**MAX**

I USED TO BE THE KING

**WORKMAN, BUM, BAG LADY**

The King?

**MAX**

... THE KING OF OLD BROADWAY...

**BLIND VIOLINIST**

It's good to be the king!

**MAX**

MY PRAISES THEY WOULD SING,  
A ZIEGFELD SO THEY'D SAY.  
MY SHOWS WERE ALWAYS FILLED WITH CLASS,  
THE BEST CHAMPAGNES WOULD FILL MY GLASS,  
MY LAP WAS FILLED WITH GORGEOUS ASS!  
YOU COULDN'T CALL ME CRASS IN ANY WAY!

**WORKMAN, BUM, BAG LADY, VIOLINIST, USHERETTES,  
NUNS, STREET CLEANER**

WE BELIEVE YOU, THOUSANDS WOULDN'T,  
WE BELIEVE YOU, EV'RY WORD.  
WE BELIEVE YOU, THOUSANDS COULDN'T,  
WE BELIEVE EACH WORD WE'VE HEARD.

**MAX**

THERE WAS A TIME,  
WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND GAY...

But straight.

THERE WAS A TIME  
WHEN I WAS BOLD.  
THERE WAS A TIME  
WHEN EACH AND EV'RY PLAY  
I TOUCHED  
WOULD TURN TO GOLD.

**CHORUS**

THERE WAS A TIME,  
HE WORE THE FINEST CLOTHES,  
HIS SHOES WERE ALWAYS NEW.  
AHH!

**MAX**

NOW I WEAR A RENTED TUX  
THAT'S TWO WEEKS OVERDUE

**CHORUS**

POOR BIALY, WHAT A SHMOOZER  
POOR BIALY, WHAT A SHAME.  
POOR BIALY, WHAT A LOSER  
POOR BIALY, GOODBYE FAME

**CHORUS**

AAAAH!  
OOOOH!

**MAX**

RENTED TUX  
OVERDUE  
WAY

OVERDUE

**MAX**

Such reviews! How dare they insult me in this manner? How quickly they forget. I am Max Bialystock - the first producer ever to do summer stock in the winter!



## CHORUS

ONCE HE WAS THE KING ...

## MAX

You've all heard of Theatre in the Round? You're looking at the man who invented Theatre in the Square! Nobody had a good seat!

## CHORUS

... KING OF OLD BROADWAY.

## MAX

I've spent my entire life in the theatre. I was a protégé of the great Boris Tomashevski.

## CHORUS

Ooh!

## MAX

Yes. He taught me everything I know. I'll never forget, he turned to me on his deathbed and said, "Maxella, alle menschen muss zu machen, jeden tug a gantzen kachen, pichin peepee kakan!"

## NUN

What does that mean?

## MAX

Who knows? I don't speak Yiddish. Strangely enough, neither did he. But in my heart I knew what he was saying. He was saying, when you're down and out, and everybody thinks you're finished, that's the time to stand up on your two feet and shout, "Who do you have to fuck to get a break in this town?!"

## CHORUS

Yay!

*DANCE extension.*

## MAX

I USED TO BE THE KING  
THE KING OF OLD BROADWAY  
AGAIN I WILL BE KING  
AND BE ON TOP TO STAY  
THERE'LL BE GALA OPENING NIGHTS AGAIN,  
YOU'LL SEE MY NAME IN LIGHTS AGAIN,  
I'LL GO FROM DARK TO BRIGHTS AGAIN!  
MY SPIRITS HIGH AS KITES AGAIN,  
I'LL NEVER SUFFER SLIGHTS AGAIN,  
I'LL TASTE THOSE SWEET DELIGHTS AGAIN!  
NO PLETHORA OF PLIGHTS AGAIN,  
NO BLOSSOMING OF BLIGHTS AGAIN,

## CHORUS

AH, USED TO BE THE KING  
KING OF OLD BROADWAY  
AHH  
ON TOP TO STAY, HEY!

**MAX (CONT'D)**

NO FRANTIC FITS OR FRIGHTS AGAIN!  
 FAME IS IN MY SIGHTS AGAIN,  
 I'LL TAKE THOSE FANCY FLIGHTS AGAIN,  
 I'M GONNA SCALE THE HEIGHTS AGAIN!  
 BIALYSTOCK WILL NEVER DROP  
 BIALYSTOCK WILL NEVER STOP..  
 BIALYSTOCK WILL BE ON TOP AGAIN

**CHORUS**

AHH  
 AHH  
  
 FAME IS IN HIS SIGHTS AGAIN  
 HE'LL TAKE THOSE FANCY  
 FLIGHTS AGAIN  
 HE'S GONNA SCALE THE HEIGHTS  
 AGAIN  
 HE'LL BE ON TOP AGAIN, HEY!

I'LL BE ON TOP AGAIN, HEY!

**#3a The King of Old Broadway Tag**

*MAX and CHORUS exit right. The VIOLINIST, seated in the STREET CLEANERS trash can, is wheeled off right, his bow pointing to the scene which has changed from the Schubert Theater to the Office of Max Bialystock.*

**ACT ONE****Scene 2**

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*Perhaps once grand, but now shabby and cluttered. There is a large desk and chair, stage left, behind which sits a small safe and refrigerator against the left wall. There are two doors left: one, to a closet; the other, to a bathroom. A pair of French doors, upstage right and upstage left, lead out onto a balcony. There is a coat closet, stage right, containing scripts, etc., and an old upright piano near the entrance door to the office, stage right. Lettering on the office door says, "Max Bialystock, Theatrical Producer." There is a large old leather sofa stage center. A half dozen or so framed posters of former Bialystock productions – including "When Cousins Marry" and "The Breaking Wind" – decorate the walls of the office. There is evidence that MAX is living in his office – i.e., we see things like a hot plate, a coffee maker, and a line of underwear and socks hung up to dry. The time is a month or so later, Wednesday, June 16th, around eleven A.M. MAX lies on the sofa, covered head to toe with his newspaper blanket. We hear a timid knocking at the door, downstage right. The door opens and LEOPOLD BLOOM peers in. HE is a meek-mannered accountant in his mid-thirties, wearing a thirty-five-dollar Robert Hall suit and carrying a ratty raincoat and a cheap looks-like-leather plastic briefcase.*

LEO

Hello. Mr. Bialystock?

*(taking a couple of steps in)*

Anybody here? Mr. Bialystock?

MAX

*(jumping up from the sofa; bellowing, scaring LEO half to death)*

Who are you? What are you doing here? What do you want? Speak to me, dummy. Speak! Why don't you speak?

LEO

Scared. Can't talk.

MAX

All right. All right. Get a hold of yourself. Take a deep breath.

LEO

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

MAX

Who are you?

LEO

I'm Leopold Bloom. I'm an accountant. I'm from Whitehall and Marks. I've come here to do your books.

MAX

Oh, you have, huh? Well ...

*(A knock on the door)*

Who is it?

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

*(from off-stage)*

Hold me. Touch me.

MAX

Hold Me-Touch Me. One of my backers.

*(pushing LEO toward the bathroom door)*

Listen, I have to meet with an important investor. Go to the bathroom.

LEO

I don't have to go.

MAX

Try, try. Think of Niagara Falls.

*MAX pushes LEO into the bathroom. Another knock on the door.*

Be with you in a moment, my darling.

*(MAX hurries to a cabinet that HE opens to reveal the framed photographs of several dozen LITTLE OLD LADIES. HE hastily hunts through them, looking for HOLD ME-TOUCH ME while mumbling aloud to himself.)*

**MAX (CONT'D)**

Lemme see, where is Hold Me-Touch Me, Hold Me-Touch Me? Kiss Me-Feel Me, Clinch Me-Pinch Me, Lick Me-Bite Me, Suck Me-F ... ah, yes, here she is, Hold Me-Touch Me.

*HE grabs HOLD ME-TOUCH ME's 5x7 photograph from the cabinet, and closes it's door. At that moment, LEO comes out of the bathroom.*

**LEO**

You know, it worked, as soon as I pictured Niagara Falls, I...

**MAX**

*(in a loud whisper; hastily shoving LEO back into the bathroom and closing the door on him)*  
Back, back! Don't make a sound. And don't listen to anything you hear.

*(HE hurries to the office door, placing the photograph prominently on the piano. He opens the door to reveal HOLD ME-TOUCH ME standing there with an umbrella in hand. SHE is a woman of eighty or so, a quintessential little old lady.)*

Sweetheart.

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

Hold me. Touch me.

**MAX**

As soon as I shut the door.

**HOLD ME -TOUCH ME**

What's the matter, Bialy? Don't you love me?

**MAX**

Love you, I adore you. Did you bring the checkee? Bialy can't produce play-ees without check-ees.

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

*(taking out a check, starting to hand it to him, and then yanking it back, just out of his grasp)*  
Here you go ... but first, can we please play a game, one dirty little game?

**MAX**

All right, you devil woman. What'll it be, "The Debutante and the Bricklayer"?

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

No.

**MAX**

How 'bout "The Rabbi and the Contortionist"? You like that one.

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

I know, let's play "The Virgin Milkmaid and the Well-Hung Stable Boy."

MAX

I don't think I have the strength

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Don't worry, I'll be gentle.

MAX

All right.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

*(using her umbrella to represent a yoke on which SHE is pretending to carry two pails of milk)*

Oooh, this milk is sooo heavy. I'll never reach the house.

MAX

Oy.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Help. Help. Oh, you there, Well-Hung Stable Boy, won't you please help me?

MAX

Of course, my little Dairy Queen. First I'll take your milk and then I'll take your virginity.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

*(as MAX grab her and holds her close)*

No, no! Never, never! Yes, yes! Give it to me, Well-Hung, give it to me!

MAX

Easy! Easy!

LEO

*(stepping out of the bathroom)*

Omigod.

MAX

You mean "oops," don't you? Just say "oops" and get back in there!

LEO

Ahhhhahhhhhhhahhhh.

MAX

Not "ahhhhahhhahhh," "oops."

LEO

Oops.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

*(grabbing MAX back into her arms)*

Send me to the moon you animal. Send me to the moon!



MAX

Yes, yes, my darling. Thursday. Come back Thursday. I'll send you to the moon Thursday. I may even join you.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Oh.

MAX

But first please, the checkee. Get the checkee. The checkee.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Checkee! Oh, yes. Here you go. I made it out like you told me. To the title of the play. Cash. That's a funny name for a play. Cash.

MAX

Yeah. So is "The Iceman Cometh". I'll see ya Thursday. Goodbye, my pouter-pigeon. Ta-ta.

HOLD ME-TOUCH ME

Goodbye, ta-ta.

MAX

Ta-ta. Bye bye.

*(SHE exits, HE pockets the check & mutters)*

You dirty old buzzard.

LEO

*(opening bathroom door)*

May I come out of the bathroom now, Mr. Bialystock?

MAX

Yeah, yeah, all right.

LEO

*(coming timidly out of the bathroom)*

I'm terribly sorry I caught you feeling up the old lady.

MAX

"Feeling up the old lady." Thank you, Mr. Tact. May I take your coat?

LEO

Thank you.

MAX

So you're an accountant, huh?

LEO

Yes, sir, I am, sir.

MAX

Then account for yourself! Do you believe in God? Do you believe in gold? Why are you looking up old ladies' dresses? A bit of a pervert, huh?

LEO

Oh!

MAX

I know what you're thinking. How dare you condemn me without knowing all the facts?

LEO

Mr. Bialystock, I'm not con ...

MAX

Shut up! I'm having a rhetorical conversation. Do you know who I used to be?

LEO

Yes, you're Max Bialystock. The king of Broadway.

MAX

No! I'm Max Bialy-! That's right. That's right.

LEO

May I say, Mr. Bialystock, and please don't take this the wrong way, you're not just a dirty old man ...

MAX

Thank you.

LEO

... you're also a great Broadway producer. And there's something about me you should know. When I was a kid, I had the good fortune to be taken to "Bialy-Hoos of 1942". I still have the ticket stub and ever since I've had this secret desire to be a Broadway produ - a Broadway produ - a Broadway produ -

MAX

Producer?

LEO

Yes sir.

MAX

A secret desire, huh? Well kid, can I give you a little advice.

LEO

Yes sir.

MAX

Keep it a secret. Do the books, do the books.

LEO

Yes, sir.

*HE sits and begins doing the books as MAX wanders over to the French door, upstage right, and gazes idly out*

MAX

Oh my God, will you look at that. There's a great big gorgeous blonde stepping out of a white Rolls Royce limo.

*(flinging open the French door and shouting out to the street below)*

That's it, baby, when you got it, flaunt it! Flaunt it! Ha ha.

*(closing the French door and stepping back into the room)*

LEO

Mr. Bialystock.

MAX

Yeah?

LEO

May I speak to you for a minute?

MAX

A minute?

LEO

Yes, a minute.

MAX

*(pulling out a pocket watch)*

Okay. One minute.

LEO

In glancing at ....

MAX

Go. You have 58 seconds left. You've wasted two seconds.

LEO

Well, in glancing at your books, I notice that in the columns marked...

MAX

You have 48 seconds left, hurry, hurry.

LEO

*(flustered)*

Oh! Uh, in the columns marked monies received ...

MAX

28 seconds. You're running out of time.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock

17 seconds. 15 seconds.

LEO

There's a discrepancy between the figures

I can't make the figures add up...

If I can have a moment...

I think I can explain

*LEO, beyond the point of endurance, pulls a piece of blue material from his pants pocket.*

LEO

Mr. Bialystock, I cannot function under these conditions. You're making me extremely nervous.

MAX

What is that? A handkerchief?

LEO

No, it's nothing. It's nothing.

MAX

*(grabbing the material from LEO)*

If it's nothing, why can't I see it?

LEO

*(reaching for the material to get it back from MAX)*

My blanket! My blanket! My blue blanket. Give me back my blue blanket!

*(mumbling, moaning)*

MAX

*(giving the blue blanket back)*

Shhh. Here, here, here, here. Don't panic. Don't panic.

LEO

Ahhhhhhh. I'm sorry. It's just I don't like people touching my blue blanket. It's not important. It's a minor compulsion. I've had it ever since I was a baby and I find it very comforting ... I need to lie down for a minute.

*(HE gets down on the floor and curls up in the fetal position, moaning to himself)*

MAX

They come here. They all come here. How do they find me?

*(crossing to stand over him, leaning down to help him up)*

Oy, would you look at this... How can I help you?

LEO

*(terrified)*

Ahhhhhhh!

MAX

What now?

LEO

You're going to jump on me!

MAX

What?

LEO

You're going to jump on me. I know you're going to jump on me and squash me like a bug! Please don't jump on me!

MAX

*(jumping up and down)*

I'm not going to jump on you! I'm not going to jump on you! Will you please get a hold of yourself?

*(once again putting out a hand to help him up)*

LEO

*(scrambling to his feet and backing away from MAX: hysterical)*

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

MAX

Stop that! What's the matter with you now?

LEO

I'm hysterical. I'm having hysterics. I'm hysterical. I can't stop. When I get like this, I can't stop. I'm hysterical.

MAX

I can see that.

*(MAX rushes to his desk, pours a cup of water)*

Hold on. I'm coming. I'm coming.

*(MAX rushes back, tosses water in LEO's face)*

LEO

I'm wet! I'm wet! I'm hysterical and I'm wet!

*(MAX slaps LEO across the face.)*

I'm in pain! I'm in pain! I'm wet! And I'm still hysterical!

MAX

What can I do? What can I do? You're getting me hysterical!

LEO

You're too close. Go away. Go away. You frighten me. Sit down over there.

MAX

*(crossing to sit at the desk and giving LEO a forced nice-guy twinkle-eyed touchy-feely smile)*

I'm sitting! How's this?

LEO

That's good. That's very nice. I think I'm coming out of it now.



## LEO (CONT'D)

*(MAX flashes even broader and phonier smile)*

Thank you for smiling, that helped a great deal.

## MAX

Well, you know what they say, "Smile and the world smiles with you." Heh, heh, heh, heh.

*(to himself)*

This man should be in a strait jacket.

*(again flashing his phoniest smile)*

Feeling better?

## LEO

*(calmed down, putting away his blue blanket)*

Yes, I'm fine now. Thank you. May I speak to you?

## MAX

Yes, Prince Miskin, what can we do for you?

## LEO

This is hardly the time for levity, Mr. Bialystock. I've discovered a serious error here in the accounts of your last show, "Funny Boy!"

## MAX

Where? What?

## LEO

Well, according to the backers' list, you raised a hundred thousand dollars. But the show only cost ninety-eight thousand. There's two thousand dollars unaccounted for.

## MAX

So I went to a Turkish bath, who cares? The show was a flop. Bloom, do me a favor, move a few decimal points around. You can do it. You're an accountant. You're part of a noble profession. The word "count" is part of your title.

## LEO

That's cheating.

## MAX

It's not cheating. It's charity.

*(thrusting his stickpin close to LEO's eye)*

Bloom, you see this stickpin? This once held a pearl as big as your eye. I used to wear hand made Italian shoes, \$500 dollar suits, and look at me now, look at me now ... I'm wearing a cardboard belt! You've got to save me. I'm reaching out to you. Don't send me to prison. Help!

LEO

OK. All right ... I'll do it, I'll do it.

MAX

Really?

LEO

Yes, I'll do it. Two thousand dollars isn't that much. I am sure that I can hide it someplace. After all, the I.R.S. isn't interested in a show that flopped.

MAX

Right, good thinking. You figure it out.

*(crossing to the couch)*

I'm gonna take a little nap. If anybody calls, I'm not in. Unless it's Yank Me - Spank Me.

LEO

*(to HIMSELF as MAX seems to fall sleep)*

Now, let's see ... if we add these deductions, we get, ah, hmmm ... amazing ... it's absolutely amazing, but under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a flop than he could with a hit.

*MAX abruptly awakens and sits up.*

#### #4 Before "We Can Do It"

LEO

Hmmmm. Yes. It's quite possible. If he were certain that the show would fail, a man could make a fortune.

MAX

Yes?

LEO

Yes, what?

MAX

Yes, what you were saying. Keep talking.

LEO

What was I saying?

MAX

You were saying that, under the right circumstances, a producer could make more money with a flop than he could with a hit.

LEO

Yes, it's quite possible.

MAX

You keep saying that, but you don't say how!

LEO

Well, it's simply a matter of creative accounting. Let's assume, for a moment, that you are a dishonest man.

MAX

Assume away.

LEO

All right. When you produced your last show "Funny Boy!" you raised two thousand dollars more than you needed. But you could've raised a million, put on your hundred-thousand-dollar flop, and kept the rest.

MAX

But what if my show was a hit?

LEO

Well, then you would go to jail. See, rather than a hundred percent of the show, you would have sold more than a thousand percent. And so if the show's a success, there's no way to pay off the backers. Get it?

MAX

Got it. So in order for our scheme to work we'd have to find a sure-fire flop.

LEO

Our scheme? What scheme?

MAX

What scheme? Your scheme, you bloody little genius.

LEO

I meant no scheme. I merely posed a little academic accounting theory. It was just a thought.

## #5 We Can Do It

MAX

Bloom, worlds are turned on such thoughts. Don't you see, Bloom. Darling Bloom, glorious Bloom. It's so simple. Step One: We find the worst play ever written. Step Two: We hire the worst director in town. Step Three: I raise two million dollars ...

LEO

Two?

MAX

Yes! One for me, one for you. There's a lot of little old ladies out there. Step Four: We hire the worst actors in New York and open on Broadway. And before you can say Step Five we close on Broadway, take our two million, and go to Rio.

LEO

Rio? No, it would never work.

MAX

Oh ye of little faith.

WHAT DID LEWIS SAY TO CLARK  
WHEN EVERYTHING LOOKED BLEAK?  
WHAT DID SIR EDMUND SAY TO TENZING  
AS THEY STRUGGLED TOWARD EVEREST'S PEAK?  
WHAT DID WASHINGTON SAY TO HIS TROOPS  
AS THEY CROSSED THE DELAWARE,  
I'M SURE YOU'RE WELL AWARE...

LEO

What did they say?

MAX

WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
WE CAN DO IT, ME AND YOU.  
WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
WE CAN MAKE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED  
IS JUST WAITING TO BE HAD.  
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, WEARING NOTHING BUT PEARLS,  
CARESSING YOU, UNDESSING YOU,  
AND DRIVING YOU MAD.  
WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO SHIRK.  
WE CAN DO IT, YOU WON'T RUE IT,  
SAY GOODBYE TO PETTY CLERK.  
HI, PRODUCER; YES, PRODUCER,  
I MEAN YOU, SIR, GO BERSERK!  
WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
AND I KNOW IT'S GONNA WORK!

Whatta ya say, Bloom?

LEO

WHAT DO I SAY,  
FINALLY A CHANCE TO BE A BROADWAY PRODUCER!  
WHAT DO I SAY?  
FINALLY A CHANCE TO MAKE MY DREAMS COME  
TRUE, SIR!  
WHAT DO I SAY, WHAT DO I SAY,

## LEO (CONT'D)

HERE'S WHAT I SAY TO YOU, SIR...

*(mournful, frightened)*

I CAN'T DO IT, I CAN'T DO IT,  
I CAN'T DO IT, THAT'S NOT ME.  
I'M A LOSER, I'M A COWARD,  
I'M A CHICKEN, DON'T YOU SEE?  
WHEN IT COMES TO WOOING WOMEN,  
THERE'S A FEW THINGS THAT I LACK.  
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, WEARING NOTHING BUT PEARLS,  
CHASING ME, EMBRACING ME,  
I'D HAVE AN ATTACK.

## MAX

Why you miserable, cowardly, wretched little caterpillar! Don't you ever want to become a butterfly? Don't you want to spread your wings and flap your way to glory?

## MAX

WE CAN DO IT,  
WE CAN DO IT...  
WE CAN GRAB  
THAT  
HOLY  
GRAIL!  
WE CAN DO IT,  
WE CAN DO IT...  
DRINK  
CHAMPAGNE  
NOT  
GINGER ALE!  
COME ON, LEO.  
CAN'T YOU SEE-O...

## LEO

MR. BIALYSTOCK,  
PLEASE STOP THE SONG,  
YOU GOT ME WRONG,  
I'LL SAY "SO LONG"  
I'M NOT AS STRONG  
A PERSON AS YOU THINK!  
MR. BIALYSTOCK,  
JUST TAKE A LOOK,  
I'M NOT A CROOK,  
I'M JUST A SHNOOK.  
THE BOTTOM LINE  
IS THAT I STINK!  
I... CAN'T ...DO... IT!

## LEO

YOU SEE RIO, I SEE JAIL!

## MAX

WE CAN DO IT!

## LEO

I CAN'T DO IT!

MAX

WE CAN DO IT!

LEO

I CANNOT, CANNOT, CANNOT, CANNOT DO IT,

'CAUSE I KNOW IT'S GONNA ...

FAIL.

MAX

Fail? How can it miss? All you need is a little courage. Bloom, you're like a fountain waiting to explode and shoot into the sky.

LEO

I'm a fountain?

MAX

Yes, don't you realize, there's a lot more to you than there is to you.

LEO

Mr. Bialystock, I'm afraid you've made a terrible error in judgment. You've mistaken me for someone with a spine. I'm going back to Whitehall and Marks. Goodbye forever!

*(HE exits)*

## #6 I Wanna Be a Producer

MAX

Bloom, wait a minute now, just think about it, just think about - Oh ...oh ...

*(sinking to his knees and shouting)*

Oh, lord, I want that money!!

*Lights fade down on MAX.*

### ACT ONE

#### Scene 3

*The Chambers Street Offices of Whitehall & Marks*

*A little later the same day. A row of six desks at each of which sits a dispirited ACCOUNTANT working at an old-fashioned hand-cranked adding machine. There is an old fashioned water bubbler downstage left. The ACCOUNTANTS work silently, pulling the side levers on their adding machines in a clicking unison. It is like a scene out of an Expressionistic silent German movie or out of Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine."*

## THE ACCOUNTANTS

(groan)

Oh.

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY ... VERY UNHAPPY.

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY ... VERY VERY VERY VERY

VERY VERY VERY UNHAPPY ...

*LEO nervously enters downstage right, timidly making his way to his desk. His boss, MARKS, a short-tempered, cigar-chomping little tyrant is waiting for him.*

## MARKS

(shouting as LEO enters)

Bloom!!! Where the hell have you been?! You're six minutes late. This is an accounting firm, not a country club. You can't come and go as you please.

## LEO

Yes, Mr. Marks.

## MARKS

Remember, you're a nobody, a P.A., a Public Accountant. And I am a C.P.A., a Certified Public Accountant — a rank that a miserable little worm like you can never hope to achieve.

## LEO

Yes, Mr. Marks.

## MARKS

(to ALL)

You, what are you gawking at? You never saw a person humiliated before? Now get back to work, all of you!

(HE exits)

## LEO &amp; THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY...

VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY...

UNHAPPY.

## BLACK MAN ACCOUNTANT

(sings mournfully, "Old Man River" style)

OH, I DEBITS ALL DE MORNIN',

AN' I CREDITS ALL DE EB'NIN',

UNTIL DEM LEDGERS BE RIGHTTTT...

## LEO &amp; THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNTIL DEM LEDGERS BE RIGHTTTT!





**LEO (CONT'D)**

I WANNA BE A PRODUCER

AND SEE MY NAME "LEO BLOOM" IN LIGHTS!

*The office set separates as the stage magically transforms into a glitzy dream of Broadway with lighted signs reading "LEO BLOOM PRESENTS."*

*Dance Extension: Leo with tap dancing chorus girls.*

**CHORUS GIRLS**

HE WANTS TO BE A PRODUCER

**LEO**

Sell it, girls!

**CHORUS GIRLS**

OF A GREAT BIG BROADWAY SMASH!

**LEO**

Don't forget the balcony!

**CHORUS GIRLS**

HE WANTS TO BE A PRODUCER,  
EV'RY POCKET STUFFED WITH CASH!  
HE WANTS TO BE A PRODUCER,  
PINCH OUR CHEEKS 'TIL WE CRY

**CHORUS GIRL #1**

Ouch!

**CHORUS GIRL #2**

Eek!

**CHORUS GIRL #3**

Ooh!

**CHORUS GIRL #4**

Oh!

**CHORUS GIRL #5**

Aah!

**CHORUS GIRL #6**

Yes!

**CHORUS GIRLS**

HE WANTS TO BE A PRODUCER  
WITH A GREAT BIG CASTING COUCH!

*The water bubbles with pink champagne. MARKS enters to serve LEO.*

MARKS

Oh, Mr. Bloom!

CHORUS GIRLS

Aah!

*MARKS exits. ALL "drink" from champagne glasses.*

LEO

I WANNA BE ...

CHORUS GIRLS

HE WANTS TO BE ...

LEO

I WANNA BE ...

CHORUS GIRLS

HE WANTS TO BE ...

LEO

I WANNA BE THE GREATEST, GRANDEST,  
AND MOST FABULOUS PRODUCER IN THE WORLD.

CHORUS GIRLS

HE WANTS TO BE A PRODUCER,  
HE WANTS TO DINE WITH A DUCHESS AND A DUKE.

LEO

I JUST GOTTA BE A PRODUCER,  
DRINK CHAMPAGNE UNTIL I PUKE.

CHORUS GIRLS

DRINK CHAMPAGNE 'TIL HE PUKES!

LEO

I WANNA BE A PRODUCER,  
SHOW THE WORLD JUST WHAT I'VE GOT  
I'M GONNA PUT ON SHOWS THAT WILL ENTHRALL 'EM,  
LEO & CHORUS GIRLS  
READ MY NAME IN WINCHELL'S COLUMN!  
I WANNA BE A PRODUCER

*CHORUS GIRLS surround LEO and take His props away from him. He looks at them.*

'CAUSE IT'S EVERYTHING I'M NOT.

*LEO moves downstage alone as glitzy Broadway and the CHORUS GIRLS disappear upstage as the office set again enters with the ACCOUNTANTS at their desks. LEO sits glumly back down at his desk.*

## THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY ... SO UNHAPPY...

VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY ...

... SAD.

## LEO

I WANNA BE A PRODUCER.

Hold everything! Hold everything! Wait a minute, what am I doing here? Mr. Bialystock was right! There is a lot more to me than there is to me! Stop the world, I wanna get on!

## MARKS

*(rushing on)*

What in the hell is going on here?

*(sniffing something in the air)*

Do I smell the revolting stench of self-esteem? Bloom, where do you think you're going? You already had your toilet break!

## LEO

I'm not going into the toilet! I'm going into show business! Mr. Marks, I got news for you: I quit! And you're right about one thing: you are a C.P.A. — a Certified Public Asshole!

## THE ACCOUNTANTS

Yeah!

## LEO

*(handing to MARK'S...)*

Here's my visor ... my Dixon Ticonderoga number two pencil ... and my big finish!

*(CHORUS GIRLS reenter to join LEO)*

I'M GONNA BE A PRODUCER,  
SOUND THE HORN AND BEAT THE DRUM.

## CHORUS GIRLS &amp; ACCOUNTANTS

OOH!  
DA-DA-DA,  
DA-DA-DA,  
DA-DA-DA,  
AAH!

## LEO

I'M GONNA BE A PRODUCER,  
LOOK OUT BROADWAY, HERE I COME!!

## CHORUS GIRLS & ACCOUNTANTS

BROADWAY HERE HE COMES!

*The Accountant Offices exit revealing Max Bialystocks Office.*

### ACT ONE

#### Scene 4

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*A little while later the same afternoon. MAX is on his knees, praying, exactly as we last saw him. CHORUS GIRLS exit and LEO runs to the right of MAX.*

LEO

*(tapping MAX on the shoulder)*

Mr. Bialystock, I'm back. I've changed my mind.

MAX

*(to God, in awe)*

Boy, you are good.

LEO

Who are you talking to?

MAX

*(jumping to his feet)*

Never mind. Just an old friend. What happened?

### #7 We Can Do It - Reprise

LEO

Just this; when I said that I was scared I could go to jail, I didn't realize that, well, well I already was in jail. I've spent my life counting other people's money. People I'm smarter than, better than. When's Leopold Bloom gonna get his share? When's it gonna be Blooms' day? I want things... I want...I want...I want everything I've ever seen in the movies!

MAX

WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
SAY GOODBYE TO WOE AND GLOOM

WITH YOUR BRILLIANCE  
MY RESILIENCE ...

LEO

I'M GONNA BE A  
PRODUCER!

I'M GONNA BE A  
PRODUCER!

MAX

And, Leo, you're going to have it! 'Cause ...

MAX

UP TOGETHER ...

MAX & LEO

.. WE WILL ZOOM

WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT ...

MAX

EV'RY SHOW I TOUCH I DOOM!

MAX & LEO

WE WERE FATED, TO BE MATED,

WE'RE BIALYSTOCK & BLOOM!

OFFSTAGE CHORUS

AAH!

*At the musical climax, a fountain above the french doors shoots water 14' in the air.  
Blackout. Music indicates a passage of time.*

## ACT ONE

### Scene 5

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*As lights come up we discover MAX lying on the sofa reading from a play script while LEO is sitting at Max's desk doing the same. THEY are surrounded by stacks of play scripts, half eaten pizza, and food containers. THEY have gone from late afternoon of one day until dawn of the next.*

LEO

Max, let's give up. I can't read anymore. How many plays can a person read?

MAX

Stop complaining! We have to find the worst play ever written!

LEO

But we've been reading all night.

MAX

Who cares? You wanna be a producer? Read, read. Keep reading.

*(opening a new script)*

Here's one. Act One, Scene One. "Gregor Samsa awoke one morning to discover that he had been transformed into a giant cockroach."

*(HE thinks for a beat and then tosses the script aside)*

Naaaa, too good.

LEO

*(starting to read yet another script)*

"But how could you see me? The glass was frosted." Wait a minute, wait a minute. I've read this before. I know I've read it before. What's it called, what's it called? "The Frosted Glass." Max I'm reading plays I read last night. I can't go on, it's too much. Let's face it, we'll never find it.

MAX

*(sitting up with a new script HE has been reading)*

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Ho, ho, ho. We'll never find it, eh? We'll never find it, eh? We'll never find it, eh? Leo, see it. Smell it. Touch it. Kiss it. It's the motherlode. The mother of them all.

LEO

What is it? You found a flop?

MAX

A flop, that's putting it mildly. This is a catastrophe. A disaster. Certain to offend peoples of all races, creeds and religions. A guaranteed-to-close-in-one-night beauty.

LEO

Let's see it.

*(taking it and reading the title page)*

"Springtime For Hitler, A Gay Romp with Adolf and Eva at Berchtesgaden." Oh, my God!

MAX

Oh, my God is right. It's practically a love letter to Hitler.

LEO

Max, this won't run a week.

MAX

A week? Are you kidding?

*(searching the script in LEO's hand)*

This play has got to close on page 4. What's the author's name again?

LEO

Franz Liebkind. 61 Jane Street, New York, New York.

MAX

Franz Liebkind. 61 Jane Street, Jane Street? That's the village, off-Broadway. I hate off-Broadway. Mimes, experimental theatre, no parking. It's a jungle down there. Let's go. We'll get the Broadway rights to "Springtime For Hitler" even if we have to go so far as to pay him.

*(HE puts on his producer's Homburg hat)*

C'mon.



LEO

(indicating a second producer's Homburg hanging on the hat rack)  
This other hat. May I wear it?

MAX

No, you may not.

LEO

Why?

### #8 I Wanna Be a Producer - Reprise

MAX

Because that is a Broadway producer's hat and you don't get to wear a Broadway producer's hat until you're a Broadway producer. And you're not a Broadway producer until ...

LEO

I know. I know. Until I produce a show on Broadway. But I'm gonna wear that hat. And soon, too. 'Cause...

WE'RE GONNA BE THE PRODUCERS ...

MAX

YES, WE'RE HEADING TO THE TOP!

LEO &amp; MAX

WE'RE GONNA BE THE PRODUCERS  
OF A GREAT BIG BROADWAY FLOP!

*Blackout.*

## ACT ONE

### Scene 6

*The Rooftop of a Greenwich Village apartment building on Jane Street.*

*Later the same morning at around ten. FRANZ LIEBKIND, a wild-eyed German immigrant in lederhosen and a German Army helmet, is preparing to feed his homing pigeons as HE sings to himself. There are 8 Puppet pigeons in a cage upstage.*

### #9 In Old Bavaria

FRANZ

OH, HOW I MISS THE HILLS AND DALES AND VALES  
AND TRAILS

**FRANZ (CONT'D)**

OF OLD BAVARIA.

OH, IT'S SUCH BLISS TO KISS THE MISS I MISS

LIKE THIS

IN OLD BAVARIA.

OH, THE MEADOWS AND THE MOUNTAINS AND

THE SKY ...

**PIGEONS**

COO COO

**FRANZ**

NOT TO MENTION HORDES OF BROWN SHIRTS PASSING BY ...

**PIGEONS**

COO COO

**FRANZ**

BRING A TEAR TO EVERY SINGLE NAZI EYE,

IN OLD—I'M TALKING OLD—BA-VAR-I-A!

*(as his pigeons join him in cooing to the last note – to the tune of "Über Alles" – in perfect pigeon harmony)*

**PIGEONS**

COO COO – COO COO

COO COO

COO COO

COO

**FRANZ**

Very good. All right, my lieblings, chow time!

*FRANZ busies himself with his pigeons and doesn't notice as MAX and LEO enter from the rooftop door.*

**MAX**

It's just a hunch, but I'm betting this is our man.

**LEO**

He's wearing a German helmet and Lederhosen.

**MAX**

Don't notice it. Don't notice anything. Always look straight ahead. Remember, we need that play.

*(addressing FRANZ)*

Franz Liebkind?

## FRANZ

*(with a heavy German accent)*

I was never a member of the Nazi party. I only followed orders. I had nossing to do with the war. I didn't even know there was a war on. Ve lived in the back. Right across from Switzerland. All ve heard was yodeling.

*(HE yodels a bit to prove his point and then abruptly stops to shout)*

Who are you?!

## MAX

Relax, Mr. Liebkind, we're not from the government. We're producers, Bialystock and Bloom. Here to talk to you about your play.

## FRANZ

My play? You mean "Springtime For ... You-Know-Who"?

## MAX

Yes.

## FRANZ

Vat about it?

## MAX

We love it. We think it's a masterpiece.

## LEO

We want to put it on Broadway.

## FRANZ

Broadway? Oh, joy of joys. Oh, dream of dreams. I can't believe it. I must tell my birds.

## MAX

Tell your birds.

## FRANZ

Otto, Bertha, Heinz, Heidi, Wolfgang...Adolph! Do you hear? Ve are finally going to clear the Führer's name! Ach, Broadway! Lights, music, happy tippy-tappy toes. You know, not many people know it, but the Führer was a terrific dancer.

## MAX

Really? We didn't know that, did we, Leo?

## LEO

No, we sure didn't.

## FRANZ

*(angry, more than slightly nuts)*

That's because you were taken in by the B.B.C. Filthy British lies. But they never said a bad word about Winston Churchill, did they? Churchill! Vit his cigars, vit his brandy, and his rotten paintings! Rotten! Hitler! There was a painter! He could paint an entire apartment in one afternoon. Two coats!

MAX

Of course he could, Mr. Liebkind. And that's exactly why we want to produce your play. To show the world the true Hitler. The Hitler you loved, the Hitler you knew, the Hitler with a song in his heart.

*(taking out a contract and a pen and thrusting them on FRANZ)*

Here, Franz Liebkind, sign here and make your dream a reality.

FRANZ

Nein.

MAX

Nein?

FRANZ

No.

MAX

No?

FRANZ

First you must prove to me that you believe as I believe. By joining vit me in singing and dancing the Führer's favorite tune ... "Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop"!

LEO

"Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop"?

MAX

"Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop."

LEO

Oh, no, I could never sing the Führer's favorite ....

MAX

Delighted! Delighted!

*(aside to LEO)*

Shut up, he's almost ready to sign.

FRANZ

All right, first you vill roll up your pants. Jawohl?

MAX

*(HE rolls up his pants legs, revealing socks with garters)*

Jawohl!

LEO

*(reluctantly rolling up his pants legs to reveal skimpy ankle socks and very pale white shins)*

Jawohl.

FRANZ

Good, good. Key of E ...

MAX

Is there any other?

**#10 Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop**

FRANZ

Vunderbar! Eins, zwei, drei ...

*FRANZ links arms with MAX and LEO and leads them in a parody of a traditional Bavarian folk song.*

GUTEN TAG HOP HOP,  
GUTEN TAG CLOP CLOP,  
ACH DU LIEBER  
UND OH BOY!  
GUTEN TAG CLAP CLAP,  
GUTEN TAG SLAP SLAP,  
ACH DU LIEBER  
VAT A JOY!  
OH, VE ESSEN UND FRESSEN  
UND TANZEN UND TRINKEN,  
TANZEN UND TRINKEN  
UNTIL VE GET STINKIN'!

Everybody!

FRANZ, MAX & LEO

GUTEN TAG HOP HOP,  
GUTEN TAG CLOP CLOP...

FRANZ

GUTEN TAG  
MEIN LIEBE SCHATZ.  
SO VE HOP OUR HOPS,  
UND VE CLOP OUR CLOPS,  
UND VE DRINK OUR SCHNAPPS  
'TIL VE PLOTZ!

You vill svay!

MAX

Ve vill svay.

*FRANZ leads MAX & LEO in a parody of a traditional Bavarian folk/clog dance.*

FRANZ

Follow me.

MAX

Very good.

*At the end of each section of the dance, FRANZ slaps LEO across the face and kicks him. An increasingly furious LEO is restrained by MAX.*

FRANZ

Hands mach spiel.

This is a tricky one.

*FRANZ cheerfully starts another section of the dance, as MAX and LEO join in.*

MAX

Come on it's fun! Kind of.

FRANZ

Ha ha! Zee Hop-Clop! Oh, It's been so long!

MAX

It's sort of a Nazi hoe-down.

*The Dance extension ends.*

FRANZ

Vunderbar! Gentlemen, I like your dancing.

MAX

You're too kind

FRANZ

You may produce my play ...

MAX

Excellent!

*MAX pulls contract from his pocket.*

FRANZ

... but only if you vill take the Siegfried Oath.

LEO

The Siegfried Oath? What's that?

FRANZ

A pledge of eternal allegiance to our beloved Führer!

LEO

Never ...

*(MAX gives him a painful poke in the ribs)*

... took that oath before.

FRANZ

*(taking out three Nazi armbands from his pocket, hands one to each)*

Güt! Von for me, von for you, und von for you!

LEO

*(looking aghast at his armband)*

Never ...

*(as MAX again pokes him in the ribs)*

... had one on before. Thanks a whole lot.

FRANZ

You're velcome.

MAX

Nice colors.

LEO

*(aside to MAX)*

We never should've started this. I think we're getting in too deep.

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

Too deep? This is nothing. I'll tell you when we're getting in too deep.

FRANZ

All right, now, you vill raise your right forefingers und repeat after me: I solemnly svear ...

MAX &amp; LEO

I solemnly svear ...

FRANZ

... to obey the sacred Siegfried Oath...

MAX &amp; LEO

... to obey the sacred Siegfried Oath...

FRANZ

... und ...

MAX

*(switching to his middle finger)*

... und ...

LEO

*(switching to his middle finger)*

... und ...



FRANZ

... never, never, never ...

MAX & LEO

*(flexing their fingers as they speak)*

... never, never, never ...

FRANZ

... dishonor the spirit and the memory of Adolf Elizabeth Hitler!

MAX & LEO

Dishonor the spirit and ... Elizabeth?

FRANZ

Ja. That was his middle name. Not many people know it, but the Führer was descended from a long line of English queens.

MAX

Really?

MAX & LEO

*(together, finishing the oath)*

Adolf Elizabeth Hitler.

FRANZ

Güt! Now I sign your contract.

MAX

Excellent. Right on the dotted line. There you are. You'll never regret this. Thank you, Herr Liebkind.

FRANZ

Jawohl!

MAX

All righty then ...

FRANZ

Sehr gut!

*(MAX and LEO start to leave)*

HALT!

*(MAX and LEO, with hands over head, stop in their tracks)*

FRANZ

I forgot to tell you, the penalty for breaking the Siegfried Oath is death!

MAX

Death? Is that anything like death?

FRANZ

Jawohl!.

**MAX**

Sorry to hear that. Well, we'll iron out all these thorny details over strudel. Ta-ta.

*MAX hustles LEO off.*

**FRANZ**

Vat nice guys. Broadway. Wait till they hear about this in Argentina! Ach, mein lieblings!

VE'RE WINKEN UND BLINKEN

UND CLINKEN UND DRINKEN

OUR SCHNAPPS

"TIL VE PLOTZ!

*(HE clasps his hands over his heart... The pigeons, now each wearing a Nazi armband, make the Nazi salute)*

Heil you-know-who!

*Blackout.*

**#10a Intro Scene 7****ACT ONE****Scene 7**

*The Elegant Foyer and Living Room of ROGER DE BRIS's Upper East Side Townhouse.*

*Later the same day. SOUND: telephone ringing. CARMEN GHIA, a thin, strange-looking man in a black turtleneck sweater, answers the phone.*

**CARMEN**

Hello. The living room of renowned theatrical director Roger De Bris's elegant upper East Side townhouse on a sunny Tuesday afternoon in June. Whom may I say is calling? ... Listen, you broken-down old queen, he was drunk, he was hot, you got lucky. Don't ever call here again!

*(HE angrily hangs up)*

**ROGER**

*(calling from off-stage left)*

Who was that?

**CARMEN**

*(calling back to him)*

Wrong number!

### #10aa Roger's Doorbell

A doorbell CHIMES the identifying notes of "I Feel Pretty" in the foyer, stage right. CARMEN opens the door revealing MAX and LEO on the doorstep, still wearing the Nazi armbands.

#### CARMEN (CONT'D)

Yessssssssss ...

(MAX and LEO exchange looks as the "s" on the end of his "yes" goes on seemingly forever)

... sssssssssss.

#### MAX

Hello. I am Max Bialystock and this is my associate, Mr. Bloom. We have an appointment with renowned theatrical director Roger De Bris.

#### CARMEN

Ah, yes. Please, come in, please.

#### MAX

Thank you.

#### CARMEN

How do you do? I am Carmen Ghia. Mr. De Bris's common-law assistant. You are expected. May I take your hat, your coat, and your swastikas?

#### MAX

Oh, these, ha, ha, just a little joke. Hope you enjoyed it.

(aside to LEO, as CARMEN takes MAX's hat, LEO's coat, and the armbands & places them on a coatrack)

Why didn't you tell me we still had these on?

#### LEO

(aside to MAX)

I didn't notice them. You told me to look straight ahead. Do you remember that?

#### MAX

All right, let's not fight.

#### CARMEN

Walk this way, pleasssse.

(CARMEN minces back into the living room. MAX and LEO follow behind mimicking the way HE walks.)

Oh, Roger! We are not alone.

(HE exits up the stairs.)

LEO

This Roger De Bris, is he good? I mean, is he bad?

MAX

He stinks. That's why we're here. This guy couldn't direct you to the bathroom.

CARMEN

*(entering)*

Here's Roger!

**#10b Roger's Entrance**

ROGER DE BRIS

*(enters, in a silvery full-length Art Deco gown)*

Ahhh, Messers Bialystock and Bloom, I presume. Forgive the pun.

MAX

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

LEO

*(aside to MAX)*

What pun?

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

Shut up. He thinks he's witty. Ah, Roger, good to see you again.

LEO

*(aside to MAX)*

Max, he's wearing a dress.

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

No kidding.

*(to ROGER)*

Roger, you look gorgeous. Gorgeous.

ROGER

Merci. Oh, by the way, Max, darling, we loved "Funny Boy!", didn't we, Carmen?

**#10c To Be or Not To Be**

CARMEN

Worshiped it!

CARMEN (CONT'D)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE ...

CARMEN & ROGER

... YOU MEAN A LOT TO ME ....

ROGER

Show-stopper!

CARMEN

Fabulous!

ROGER

Oh, dear, your Mr. Bloom is staring at my gown.

LEO

Oh, well, I ...

ROGER

I should explain. I'm going to the choreographer's ball this evening. There is a prize for best costume.

CARMEN

We always win.

ROGER

*(looking in a mirror as HE puts on a pointed Art Deco tiara; turning back to face front)*

I'm not so sure about this year. I'm supposed to be the Grand Duchess Anastasia. But I think I look more like the Chrysler Building.

CARMEN

As far as I'm concerned, without your wig on, you're only half dressed.

ROGER

Well, then, why don't you go and get it, oh Wicked Witch of the West?

CARMEN

If your intention was to shoot an arrow through my heart ... Bulls eye!

*(HE exits)*

ROGER

Mr. Bloom, what do you think of my gown? Be brutal, brutal. God knows they will.

LEO

Uh ... where do you keep your wallet?

MAX

What a kiddie. Roger, let's face it, that building is you. Listen, I know we sent it to you only this morning, but did you get a chance yet to read "Springtime For Hitler"?

ROGER

Read it? I devoured it! And I found it remarkable, remarkable. I feel that it is a very

## ROGER (CONT'D)

important piece. Drenched with historical goodies. I for one, for instance, never realized that the Third Reich meant Germany.

MAX

Yeah, how about that? Then you'll do it?

#11 *Keep It Gay*

Do it? Of course not. Not my kind of thing. I mean, Max, please, World War Two? Too dark, too depressing....

(CARMEN re-enters with Roger's wig)

THE THEATRE'S SO OBSESSED  
WITH DRAMAS SO DEPRESSED,  
IT'S HARD TO SELL A TICKET ON BROADWAY.  
SHOWS SHOULD BE MORE PRETTY,  
SHOWS SHOULD BE MORE WITTY,  
SHOWS SHOULD BE MORE...

What's the word?

LEO

Gay?

ROGER

Exactly!

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO ON THE STAGE  
KEEP IT LIGHT, KEEP IT BRIGHT, KEEP IT GAY!  
WHETHER IT'S MURDER, MAYHEM OR RAGE.  
DON'T COMPLAIN, IT'S A PAIN, KEEP IT GAY!

CARMEN

PEOPLE WANT LAUGHTER WHEN THEY SEE A SHOW,  
THE LAST THING THEY'RE AFTER'S  
A LITANY OF WOE.

ROGER &amp; CARMEN

A HAPPY ENDING WILL PEP UP YOUR PLAY...

ROGER

OEDIPUS WON'T BOMB ...

CARMEN

... IF HE WINDS UP WITH MOM!

ROGER

KEEP IT GAY ...

**CARMEN**

KEEP IT GAY...

**ROGER & CARMEN**

KEEP IT GAY!

**MAX**

Couldn't agree with you more. And you have our blessings, Roger, to make "Springtime For Hitler" just as gay as anyone could possibly want. So, c'mon, do it for us, please.

**ROGER**

No, I'm sorry, Max, but it's simply not my cup of tea. Still, fair is fair, perhaps I should ask my production team what they think.

**MAX**

Your production team? Who are they?

**ROGER**

You'll see. They all live here.

*(calling off)*

Oh, guys! Come say hello to Bialystock and Bloom!

*(BRYAN enters)*

This is my set designer, Bryan.

**BRYAN**

KEEP IT MAD, KEEP IT GLAD, KEEP IT GAY!

**ROGER**

*(as KEVIN enters)*

And here's my costume designer, Kevin.

**KEVIN**

Hello ...

KEEP IT HAPPY, KEEP IT SNAPPY, KEEP IT GAY!

**BRYAN & KEVIN**

WE'RE CLEVER, CREATIVE,

IT'S OUR JOB TO SEE

THAT EV'RYTHING'S PERFECT FOR MR. DE BRIS!

**ROGER**

*(as SCOTT enters)*

Next, Scott, my choreographer...

**SCOTT**

Hi there ...



**ROGER**

And, ah, finally, last and least, my lighting designer, Shirley Markowitz.

**SHIRLEY**

*(a squat fireplug of a woman; sings in a low masculine voice)*

KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY.

**ROGER**

Now, they've all just read "Springtime.." What do you think of it, fellas?

**KEVIN**

It needs sequins.

**BRYAN**

It needs glamour.

**SCOTT**

It needs glitz.

**SHIRLEY**

It needs tits.

**MAX**

*(aside to LEO)*

I think, we're losin' them. Go say something nice to Roger. I think he likes you.

**LEO**

*(aside to MAX)*

But Max ...

**MAX**

*(pushing LEO toward ROGER)*

Go on, it's just showbiz ...

**LEO**

Uh, Mr. De Bris, Roger, actually I think your gown is very stunning.

**ROGER**

Why thank you, Mr. Bloom, Leo. Umm, what is that enchanting cologne you're wearing?

**LEO**

Me? I'm not wearing any cologne.

**ROGER**

You mean that smell is you? Oh God, if I could bottle you, I'd shove you under my armpits every day.

LEO

*(involuntarily gasping)*

Aaaahhh.

*(LEO hugs MAX)*

Max, we never should have started this. I think we're getting in too deep.

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

Too deep, this is nothing, I'll tell you when we're getting in too deep.

CARMEN

AND SO THE RULE IS WHEN "MOUNTING" A PLAY...

**ROGER, CARMEN & THE TEAM**

KEEP IT FUNNY, KEEP IT SUNNY, KEEP IT GAY!

ROGER, CARMEN, & TEAM hum "Keep It Gay" as CARMEN arranges wig on ROGER.)

LEO

*(aside to MAX)*

I don't think we're getting to them, Max. What should we do?

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

Watch this.

*(going to ROGER)*

Roger, I - I - I - I think that "Springtime For Hitler" would be a marvelous opportunity for you. I mean, up to now, you've always been associated with frivolous musicals.

ROGER

Oh, you're right. I've often felt as though I've been throwing my life away on silly entertainments. Dopey showgirls in gooey gowns. Two-three-kick-turn! Turn-turn-kick-turn!

CARMEN

Oh, Roger.

ROGER

It's enough to make you heave. Nonetheless, I'm sorry, Max, I just couldn't do "Springtime For Hitler."

MAX

Why not? Think of the respect.

ROGER

No.

MAX

Think of the prestige.

ROGER

No, no, no.

MAX

Think of ... the Tony!

CARMEN & THE TEAM

*(sings as ROGER is suddenly interested at the thought of winning a Tony)*

TONY...TONY...TONY...TONY...TONY!

ROGER

*(struck by a vision, yells)*

Naaaahhhhh!

MAX

What's the matter?

LEO

Is he all right?

CARMEN

He's having a stroke ...

MAX & LEO

What?

CARMEN

... of genius!

ROGER

I see it! I see it! At last the chance to do something important!

CARMEN

ROGER DE BRIS PRESENTS HISTORY!

ROGER

Of course that whole second act has to be rewritten. They're losing the war? Excuse me. It's too downbeat.

CARMEN

ROGER DE BRIS PRESENTS HISTORY!

ROGER

But maybe...it's a wild idea, but it just might work ...

I SEE A LINE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

DRESSED AS STORM TROOPERS, EACH ONE A GEM,

WITH LEATHER BOOTS AND WHIPS ON THEIR HIPS,

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

IT'S RISQUE, DARE I SAY, S. AND M.!

**CARMEN & THE TEAM**

Love it!

**ROGER**

I SEE GERMAN SOLDIERS DANCING THROUGH FRANCE,  
PLAYED BY CHORUS BOYS IN VERY TIGHT PANTS.  
AND WAIT, THERE'S MORE — THEY WIN THE WAR!  
AND THE DANCES THEY DO WILL BE DARING AND NEW,  
TURN-TURN-KICK-TURN, TURN-TURN-KICK-TURN,  
ONE-TWO-THREE, KICK-TURN!  
KEEP IT SASSY, KEEP IT CLASSY, KEEP IT...

**MAX**

That is brilliant. Brilliant! Roger, I speak for Mr. Bloom and myself, when I say that you are the only man in the world who can do justice to "Springtime For Hitler." Will you do it, please?

**LEO**

Please.

**ROGER**

Wait a minute. This is a very big decision. It might effect the course of my entire life. I shall have to think about it ... I'll do it.

I'LL DO IT!

Sabu, champagne!

*A dark-skinned HOUSE BOY enters, serves glasses of champagne, and joins the activities. He is bare chested, barefoot and wearing only a turban and loin cloth. HE looks like Sabu.*

**CARMEN & THE TEAM**

(gasp)

Ah!

**ROGER, CARMEN & THE TEAM**

IF AT THE END YOU WANT THEM TO CHEER ...  
KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY.  
WHETHER IT'S HAMLET, OTHELLO OR LEAR ...

**CARMEN**

COMEDY'S JOYOUS, A CONSTANT DELIGHT,  
DRAMAS ANNOY US ...

**ROGER & CARMEN**

... AND RUIN OUR NIGHT.

# ROGER, CARMEN, & THE TEAM

SO KEEP YOUR STRINDBERGS AND IBSENS AT BAY...

**ROGER**

*(as MAX thrusts a contract in front of him)*

I'LL SIGN ...

**KEVIN**

SIGN ...

**BRYAN**

SIGN...

**SCOTT**

SIGN...

**CARMEN**

SIGN...

**SHIRLEY**

SIGN...

**MAX & LEO**

Sign ...

**ROGER**

Roger Elizabeth De Bris!

**ALL**

**MAX & LEO**

KEEP IT GAY!!!

GAY!!!

## #11a Keep It Gay - Conga!

**ALL**

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA,  
KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY!  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA,  
KEEP IT ...

**ROGER**

Conga!

**ALL**

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA,  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA,  
AND SO THE RULE IS WHEN MOUNTING A PLAY,

**ALL (CONT'D)**

KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY!

*A brief playoff as an Indian, with full headdress, a sailor, and a sunglassed policeman join the festivities. They exit to a Conga as the scene changes to Max's Office.*

**ACT ONE**

**Scene 8**

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*Later the same afternoon.*

**MAX**

*(waving a pair of signed contracts)*

Exclusive Broadway rights to the worst show ever written! And a signed contract with the worst director who ever lived! We're in business!

**LEO**

And what a business. In the same day I'm taking the Siegfried Oath and dancing the conga with a cop, a sailor, and an extremely friendly Cherokee Indian.

**MAX**

When he said, "Let's smoke-um peace pipe," I knew it was time to go. It's not easy being a Broadway producer.

*(putting his arm around LEO's shoulders)*

But together we'll make it, partners, Leo, all the way, and nothing, or no one, will ever come between us.

**LEO**

Nothing, or no one, Max!

*THEY shake hands as there is a knock on the office door.*

**LEO & MAX**

Come in!

**#11b Ulla's Entrance**

*ULLA, a gorgeous young Swedish blonde, clearly a knock out wearing a white raincoat enters and stands in the doorway.*

**ULLA**

*(with a Swedish accent)*

Bialystock 'n' Bloom? Gut tag pa dig.

LEO

What?

ULLA

Oh, excuse me. Ay bane Svenska — Svedish. Casting today?

LEO

Casting? Casting? Oh, no, no, no miss, we're not casting, we won't be casting for at least another few...

MAX

*(hastily interrupting LEO)*

Casting! Casting! Yes, we just started casting today!

LEO

We're casting?

MAX

We're casting.

*(quietly aside to LEO)*

If you don't mind, just once in my life I'd like to see somebody on that couch who's under eighty-five.

*(to ULLA)*

What's your name, my dear?

ULLA

My name is Ulla Inga Hansen Bensen Yonsen Tallen-Hallen Svaden-Svanson.

MAX

Wait! What's your first name?

ULLA

That vas my first name. You vanna hear my last name?

MAX

We don't have the time. We'll call you Ulla. What do you do, Ulla?

ULLA

Ulla sing and dance. You vant Ulla make audition?

LEO

No, no, miss, that won't be ...

MAX

Yes, make audition, make audition. Make audition all over the office.

LEO

All right, make audition.

ULLA

Picture. Resume.

LEO

What are you going to sing?

ULLA

Vell, yesterday, ven I vas stepping out of a big white Rolls Royce limo, a crazy person yelled something out a vindow that inspired me to write this song.

**#12 When You've Got It, Flaunt It**

VEN YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT,  
STEP RIGHT UP AND STRUT YOUR STUFF.  
PEOPLE TELL YOU MODESTY'S A WIRTUE,  
BUT IN THE THEATRE MODESTY CAN HURT YOU.

*ULLA removes her raincoat revealing a very short tight-fitting dress.*

VEN YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT,  
SHOW YOUR ASSETS, LET 'EM KNOW YOU'RE PROUD.  
YOUR GOODIES YOU MUST PUSH,  
STICK YOUR CHEST OUT, SHAKE YOUR TUSH,  
VEN YOU GOT IT, SHOUT IT OUT LOUD!

Now Ulla dance.

*Dance Extension.*

VEN YOU GOT IT, SHOW IT,  
PUT YOUR HIDDEN TREASURES ON DISPLAY.  
VIOLINISTS LOVE TO PLAY AN E-STRING,  
BUT AUDIENCES REALLY LOVE A G-STRING.  
VEN YOU GOT IT, SHOUT IT,  
LET THE WHOLE WORLD HEAR VAT YOU'RE ABOUT.  
CLOTHES MAY MAKE THE MAN,  
ALL A GIRL NEEDS IS A TAN.  
VEN YOU GOT IT, LET IT HANG OUT!

Remember ven Ulla dance?

MAX & LEO

Yeah!

ULLA

Ulla dance again!

*Dance Extension.*

VEN I WAS YUST A LITTLE GIRL IN SVEDEN  
MY THOUGHTFUL MOTHER GAVE ME THIS ADVICE:  
IF NATURE BLESSES YOU FROM TOP TO BOTTOM,  
SHOW THAT TOP TO BOTTOM, DON'T THINK TWICE...

Now Ulla belt!



## ULLA (CONT'D)

DON'T THINK TWICE ...!  
VEN YOU GOT IT, SHARE IT,  
LET THE PUBLIC FEAST UPON YOUR CHARMS,  
PEOPLE SAY THAT BEING PRIM IS PROPER,  
BUT EV'RY SHOWGIRL KNOWS THAT PRIM WILL STOP HER.  
VEN YOU GOT IT, GIVE IT,  
DON'T BE SELFISH, GIVE IT ALL A-VAY.  
DON'T BE SHY, BE BOLD 'N' CUTE,  
SHOW THE BOYS THAT BIRTHDAY SUIT  
VEN YOU GOT IT, IF YOU GOT IT,  
ONCE YOU GOT IT, SHOUT OUT HOORAY!!!

*(to MAX and LEO, very demurely)*

Okey-dokey. You like it?

## MAX

Like it? I want you to know, my dear, that even though we're sitting down, we're giving you a standing ovation.

*(to LEO)*

She's in the show.

## ULLA

*(squeals)*

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

## LEO

Huh? Wait a minute. We don't even know if there's a part for her in the show.

## MAX

Would you excuse us for a moment, my dear? Nonsense, Bloom. Do I have to teach you everything? There is always a part in the show for the producer's girl friend.

## LEO

But, Max, we don't even know when we're starting rehearsals yet.

## MAX

So what? We're producers, aren't we? So, until she goes into the show, she can work for us here. Because, we need — nay deserve — to have ourselves a gorgeous Swedish secretary-slash-receptionist.

## LEO

But Max, a secretary who doesn't speak English? What will people say?

## MAX

They'll say, "Oooh wee-woo-woo, wah-wah-wah whoa." That's what they'll say. Offer her the job.

LEO

*(to MAX)*

All right, if you say so.

*(to ULLA, who has started to leave)*

Just a moment, miss, we might have a position for you.

MAX

As a matter of fact, we might have several positions for you.

LEO

Until the show gets going we can offer you a job as a secretary-slash-receptionist.

ULLA

Secretary-slash-receptionist? Okey-slash-dokey. Ay can do that.

*(crosses to desk, picking up the phone)*

Answer telephone. Bialystock and Bloom, Bialystock and Bloom.

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

Smart as a whip.

*(to ULLA)*

You're hired!

ULLA

Ooh!

LEO

Well, all right... If he says so. Secretary-slash-receptionist, and maybe you could tidy up around here a little bit.

ULLA

Tidy up? Tidy up? Such a funny word. What means tidy up?

LEO

Uh, you know, clean ...

MAX

Make look nice.

ULLA

Oh, ja, Ulla can make tidy up.

LEO

Good. What time can you be here in the morning?

ULLA

Vell ... Ulla vake up every morning five a.m. From five to seven, Ulla like to exercise. From seven to eight, Ulla like to take long shower. From eight to nine, Ulla like to have big Svedish breakfast, many different herrings. From nine to eleven, Ulla like

## ULLA (CONT'D)

to practice her singing and her dancing. And at eleven Ulla like to have sex. What time should I get here?

## MAX &amp; LEO

Eleven!

## ULLA

Gut. Ulla come at eleven. Gut tag pa dig.

## MAX &amp; LEO

Gut ta pa dig.

## ULLA

Gut ta pa dig.

## MAX &amp; LEO

Gut tag pa dig.

## ULLA

God bless America!

*(SHE exits)*

## MAX

God bless Sweden.

## LEO

She's fantastic! The most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I've never felt this way before. It's like there's a volcano erupting deep inside of me. Like hot lava rising higher and higher. What is it Max, what is it?

## MAX

Didn't your father ever have this talk with you? Well, maybe when you're a little older. C'mere, I wanna show you something.

*(opening his empty safe)*

What do you see?

## LEO

Nothing.

## MAX

Exactly. But now that we've got our sure-fire flop, it's gonna be our job to fill that safe with two million dollars!

## LEO

Two million. Gee. How much do we put in?

## MAX

How much do we put in? Bloom, the two cardinal rules of being a Broadway producer are, one, never put your own money in the show.

LEO

And two?

MAX

*(up close in LEO's face, shouting)*

NEVER put your own money in the show! Get it?

LEO

Got it.

MAX

Good.

LEO

So how do we raise the money?

MAX

How? I'll tell you how...

*(HE crosses and opens the cabinet with all of his pictures of little old ladies)*

### #13 Along Came Bialy

From my investors.

Hundreds of little old ladies, all looking to Max Bialystock for one last thrill. So, in days to come, Bloom, you'll see very little of me ...

*(leading LEO to the door)*

... and right now I'd like to see very little of you. Scram while I get myself ready, for Max Bialystock is about to launch himself into Little Old Lady Land.

*LEO exits MAX busies himself getting ready for the Little Old Ladies - pomading his hair, gargling with Listerine, putting a flower in the lapel of his jacket.*

THE TIME HAS COME  
TO BE A LOVER FROM THE ARGENTINE,  
TO SLICK MY HAIR DOWN WITH BRILLIANTINE,  
AND GARGLE HEAVILY WITH LISTERINE.

Wow!

IT'S TIME FOR MAX  
TO PUT HIS BACKERS ON THEIR BACKS,  
AND THRILL THEM WITH AMAZING ACTS,  
THOSE AGING NYMPHOMANIACS...

*HE now lets out two Tarzan-like yells similar to the sounds in Serge Leone spaghetti Westerns*

AH-AH-AH!  
AH-AH-AH!

*Sings as HE continues to dude himself up for the Little Old Ladies*

**MAX (CONT'D)**

THEY WERE HELPLESS  
 THEY WERE HOPELESS,  
 THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
 THEY WERE JOYLESS,  
 THEY WERE BOYLESS,  
 THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
 THEY'RE MY ANGELS,  
 I'M THEIR DEVIL,  
 AND I KEEP THOSE EMBERS AGLOW!  
 WHEN I WOOS 'EM  
 I CAN'T LOSE 'EM,  
 'CAUSE I CAST MY SPELL 'N  
 THEY START YELLIN' ...

(shouts)

Fire down below!

THEY WERE LISTING,  
 THEY WERE SINKING,  
 THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
 THEY WERE DESP'RATE,  
 THEY WERE DRINKING...  
 THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
 SO ROMANTIC,  
 THEY WERE FRANTIC  
 THEN THEIR PRAYERS  
 WERE HEARD UP ABOVE

**MAX**

HEAVEN SENT THEM  
 THEIR BIALY!  
 I'M THE CELEBRATION OF LOVE!

**ENSEMBLE**

AAH!  
 AAH!  
 HE'S THE CELEBRATION OF LOVE!

*The scene changes to reveal Little Old Lady Land.*

**ACT ONE****Scene 9**

*Little Old Lady Land – an abstract kind of idyllic park looking like an ornate old-fashioned lacy Valentine – filled with LITTLE OLD LADIES.*

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

WE WERE HELPLESS,

**LITTLE OLD LADIES (CONT'D)**

WE WERE HOPELESS,  
THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!

*A trio of LITTLE OLD LADIES is revealed sitting next to each other on a park bench. Each is bespectacled, white-haired, elderly, in an calve-length dress with white-lace collar – a quintessential sweet old American grandma straight out of Norman Rockwell. A POLICEMAN walks by.*

**LICK ME - BITE ME**

How-de-do?

**HOLD ME - TOUCH ME**

LIFE HAD PASSED US BY,  
AND LOVE HAD STOLEN AWAY

**LICK ME - BITE ME**

AT THE END OF OUR ROPE  
WE'D GIVEN UP HOPE...  
OF ONE LAST ROLL IN THE HAY.

**KISS ME - FEEL ME**

DISCARDED DOLLS,  
ABANDONED WRECKS.

**ALL 3 LITTLE OLD LADIES**

CONDEMNED TO A LIFE  
OF SITTING AND KNITTING  
WHEN ALL WE REALLY WANTED WAS ... SEX!

*(MAX enters.)*

**MAX**

*(To Hold Me-Touch Me)*

Ah, did you bring the checkee, my little turtledove?

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

*(handing him the check, which HE quickly pockets)*

Yes, but first, Bialy, can we please play one dirty little game?

**MAX**

Here in broad daylight?

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

It'll just be a quickie.

**MAX**

All right, what?

**HOLD ME-TOUCH ME**

Let's play "The Hairless Chihuahua and the Well-Hung Great Dane."

**MAX**

Are you on some kind of medication? You're killing me! I'm exhausted, Please, let's play one game where there's absolutely no sex.

**HOLD ME - TOUCH ME**

What?

**MAX**

How 'bout the Jewish Princess and her husband?

*(MAX and HOLD ME exit left)*

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

SO ROMANTIC,  
WE WERE FRANTIC,  
THEN OUR PRAYERS WERE HEARD UP ABOVE.  
HEAVEN SENT US OUR BIALY,  
HE'S THE CELEBRATION OF LOVE!

*MAX re-enters pushing LICK ME-BITE ME on a swing.*

**LICK ME-BITE ME**

Oh, Bialy, higher!

**MAX**

All right.

**LICK ME-BITE ME**

Push me higher!

**MAX**

Okay.

**LICK ME-BITE ME**

*(handing him a check)*

Very high!

**MAX**

Here we go!

*HE pushes her and SHE and the swing disappear into the wings. We hear a blood-curdling scream from off-stage. The swing returns without HER.*

**MAX**

*(shouting offstage left)*

Omigod ... you forgot to sign the check!

*Now, a dozen LITTLE OLD LADIES enter, pushing walkers. Here follows a tap extension with the walkers providing the tap sound.*

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

Max!

**OLD LADY**

Max!

**MAX**

"Fire down below!"

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

WE WERE LISTING,  
WE WERE SINKING,  
THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
WE WERE DESP'RATE,  
WE WERE DRINKING,  
THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
SO ROMANTIC,  
WE WERE FRANTIC  
THEN OUR PRAYERS WERE HEARD UP ABOVE!  
IT'S BIALY,  
HAIL, BIALY!  
HE'S THE CULMINATION,  
THE RESTORATION,  
THE CONSUMMATION,

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

**MAX**

THE TITILLATION,  
EJACULATION,  
HE'S THE CELEBRATION OF LOVE...

Oy!

*The dance extension ends as MAX collects checks from all the Little Old Ladies.*

**MAX**

*(shouting off)*

Bloom ... Bloom!

**LEO**

*(as HE enters and hurries up to MAX)*

What, Max, what?

**MAX**

I've done it! Look, we got all the money. Now all we have to do is put on the biggest flop in history!



## LEO

That's great!

## MAX &amp; LEO

WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT,  
WE CAN MAKE A MILLION BUCKS!

## ULLA

*(pantomiming being on the phone)*

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM, BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM!  
HE RAISED THE MONEY, BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM,  
BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM, THE SHOW'S A GO!

ROGER, CARMEN & THE TEAM *now suddenly appear in a spot-light and join*  
ULLA, FRANZ and MAX and LEO *in simultaneously singing four separate parts in a*  
*manner similar to the quintet at the end of Act One of "West Side Story."*

*Part 1:*

## ROGER &amp; CARMEN

HE'S RAISED THE MONEY, WE'RE ON OUR WAY,  
KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY!  
WE HAVE OUR BACKING, OH, WHAT A DAY,  
KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY!  
WONDER OF WONDERS, WE HAVE ALL OUR CASH,  
BARRING ALL BLUNDERS, WE SHOULD HAVE A SMASH!  
WE KNOW THAT ... WE CAN DO IT!

## ROGER, CARMEN &amp; THE TEAM

GAY, GAY, GAY, GAY...  
GAY, GAY, GAY, GAY...  
GAY, GAY, GAY, GAY...

*Part 2:*

## MAX &amp; LEO

WE CAN DO IT! WE CAN DO IT!  
WE CAN DO IT,  
IT'LL BE LIKE SHOOTING DUCKS!  
E'VRYTHING WE'VE EVER WANTED  
IS SET TO COME OUR WAY!  
WE KNOW THAT ...WE CAN DO IT!  
WE CAN MAKE IT, WE WON'T FAKE IT,  
WE WERE FATED TO BE MATED ...

*Part 3:*

**ULLA**

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM...  
BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM...  
BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM!  
AND BLOOM!  
BIALY SOCK AND BLOOM!  
AND BLOOM!  
BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM...

*Part 4:*

**FRANZ**

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND,  
UBER ALLES,  
ALLES IN DER WELT!  
DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND,  
UBER ALLES,  
ALLES IN DER WELT!

*Part 5:*

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
WE WERE DESPERATE  
WE WERE DRINKING  
THEN ALONG CAME BIALY!  
BIALY WAS ROMANTIC,  
OUR PULSE BECAME SO FRANTIC.  
IT'S BIALY!  
HAIL BIALY!  
AHH!

**ULLA & FRANZ**

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ...

**ULLA, FRANZ, ROGER, CARMEN & THE TEAM**

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM ...

**MAX, LEO, ULLA, FRANZ, ROGER, CARMEN, & THE TEAM**

*(ending the five-part section)*

BIALYSTOCK AND BLOOM!!

*Now, a huge scenery piece, a lighted sign on the roof of the Shubert Theatre comes in from above, lighting up to say "Bialystock & Bloom present ... "Springtime For Hitler," A New Neo-Nazi Musical, Opening Soon!" The signature MUSIC of "Springtime For Hitler" plays under.*

**ALL EXCEPT MAX & LEO**

*(sing to "Springtime For Hitler")*

AH-AH, AH, AH-AH  
AH, AH-AH-AAH!

**ALL**

*(sing to "Springtime For Hitler")*

AH-AH, AH, AH-AH  
AH, AAH!

**MAX & LEO**

WE CAN DO IT ...

**ALL EXCEPT MAX & LEO**

THEY CAN DO IT ...

**ALL**

SAY GOODBYE TO WOE AND GLOOM.

**MAX & LEO**

WE CAN DO IT ...

**ALL EXCEPT MAX & LEO**

NOTHING TO IT...

**ALL**

CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT BING-BANG-BOOM!!

ALL EXCEPT MAX & LEO  
WITH THEIR BRILLIANCE,  
THEIR RESILIENCE,  
UP TOGETHER THEY WILL ZOOM!

**MAX & LEO**

*(shouting together, joyous and confident)*

We can't miss!

**ALL EXCEPT MAX & LEO**

THEY WERE FATED, TO BE MATED,  
THEY'RE BIALYSTOCK AND  
BLOOM!  
AHH!

**MAX & LEO**

WE'RE BIALY SOCK AND  
BLOOM!  
AHH!

*The CURTAIN falls as the signature chords of “Springtime For Hitler” are heard.*

## END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

### Scene 1

#### #14 Entr'acte

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*The CURTAIN rises on the office. Remarkably transformed into a miracle of Swedish “moderne,” with a brand-new white desk replacing the old desk, a brand-new white couch replacing the old leather couch, etc., etc. Everything is gleamingly new and all surfaces have been freshly painted a high-gloss Arctic white — white, white, everything is white.*

*The time is late morning, a couple of days after the end of Act One. ULLA is discovered alone on stage, up on a ladder, painting putting the finishing touches on the new office. SHE is wearing a Sherwin-Williams painter’s hat and a short sexy dress. After a few beats, MAX and LEO come bursting into office.*

#### MAX

I gotta make that down payment on the theatre by noon or else we ...

*(stopping and looking around in confusion)*

Oh, sorry, wrong office.

*MAX and LEO hurry out, slamming the door behind them*

#### ULLA

Bialystock ... Bloom? Max, Leo?

*After several beats of silence, the office door slowly opens and MAX and LEO stick their heads in.*

#### MAX & LEO

Ulla?

#### ULLA

*(brightly, cheerful)*

Ja.

#### MAX

*(as HE and LEO come in, leaving the door open behind THEM)*

What happened to the office?

ULLA

Like you tell Ulla. Tidy up!

MAX

Tidy up? When did you do all this?

ULLA

*(very sing-songy Swedish reading)*

Inter-miss-ion.

MAX

It figured.

*(glancing at his watch)*

Uh-oh, almost noon – that payment to the Shuberts. I'll get the cash from the safe.  
You make sure all those contracts are signed!

*(HE crosses over to safe and opens it)*

ULLA

*(to LEO)*

Gut tag pa dig.

LEO

Gut tag pa dig.

MAX

*(to money stacked in safe)*

Hello, boys. Nobody knows what I went through to get you.

ULLA

Ulla knows. You had to shtup every little old lady in New York.

MAX

*(HE takes out a stack of bills and stuffs them in his pocket as he crosses to the office door)*

That's right, and I've still got the denture bites to prove it.

*(exits, closing the door behind him)*

ULLA

*(SHE comes down the ladder to stand beside LEO)*

So, Mr. Bloom, ve're all alone.

LEO

*(clearing his throat, nervously echoing her Swedish accent)*

Uh, yes, ve are, aren't ve? I mean, we are, aren't we?

*(HE crosses down right)*

ULLA

*(following)*

Vhy Bloom go so far downstage right? Bloom no like Ulla? Ulla like Bloom.

**#15 That Face!**

LEO

*(taking out his blue blanket)*

Oh, Bloom like Ulla all right. Maybe a little too much.

ULLA

Gut, I am glad. Why Bloom need blue blanket?

LEO

It's not important. It's a minor compulsion. I've had it since I was a baby and ...  
You're a little too close.

*HE gazes lovingly at ULLA as SHE goes back to painting the wall.*

THE URGE TO MERGE CAN ROB US OF OUR SENSES.  
THE NEED TO BREED CAN MAKE A MAN A DRONE.  
WE MUST BE ON ALERT WITH OUR DEFENSES.  
FOR EVERY SKIRT WILL TEST TESTOSTERONE.  
SO KNOWING THIS I SEVERED ALL CONNECTION  
WITH ANY CREATURE SPORTING SILK OR LACE.  
I WAS FIRMLY HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION  
WHEN SUDDENLY I STUMBLED ON ... THAT FACE ...  
THAT FACE, THAT FACE, THAT DANGEROUS FACE,  
I MUSTN'T BE UNWISE.  
THOSE LIPS, THAT NOSE, THOSE EYES  
COULD LEAD TO MY DEMISE.  
THAT FACE, THAT FACE, THAT MARVELOUS FACE,  
I NEVER SHOULD BEGIN,  
THOSE CHEEKS, THAT NECK, THAT CHIN  
WILL SURELY DO ME IN.  
I MUST BE SMART,  
AND HIDE MY HEART,  
IF SHE'S WITHIN A MILE.  
IF I DON'T DUCK,  
I'M OUT OF LUCK,  
SHE'D KILL ME WITH HER SMILE.

## LEO (CONT'D)

THAT FACE, THAT FACE, THAT FABULOUS FACE,  
IT'S CLEAR I MUST BEWARE.  
I'M CERTAIN IF I FALL IN LOVE  
I'M LOST WITHOUT A TRACE  
BUT IT'S WORTH IT ... FOR THAT FACE.

## ULLA

*(standing on desk)*

Uh-oh! Bloom help Ulla down?

## LEO

All right, Bloom help Ulla down.

*ULLA comes down into LEO's arms. THEY dance a la Astaire-Rogers to an orchestral chorus of the song.*

## ULLA

THAT FACE, THAT FACE, THAT LOVABLE FACE,  
IT MELTS MY SWEDISH HEART.

## LEO

I'M CERTAIN IF I FALL IN LOVE  
I'M LOST WITHOUT A TRACE...

## LEO &amp; ULLA

BUT IT'S WORTH IT FOR ... THAT FACE.

*LEO drops his blue blanket into the waste basket. MAX enters.*

## MAX

Well, we're all set with the Shuberts! Bloom, what are you doing? Get back to cooking those books, one for the I.R.S., one for us.

## LEO

Yes, Max.

## MAX

What's the matter? Are you all right? You look happy.

*LEO crosses to the safe and takes out two large accounting ledgers.*

*(picking up phone, then hanging up)*

I'll call you back.

*(turning to spy ULLA, who is leaning over to do a little touch up painting)*

MAX (CONT'D)

THAT FACE, THAT FACE, THAT GLORIOUS FACE,  
THIS GIRL IS TRULY BLESSED,  
OH-H-WAWAWOW IF SHE UNDRESSED,  
IT'S CARDIAC ARREST.

ULLA

Uh-oh, Bialystock and Bloom, you're late.

MAX

Late? Late for what?

ULLA

Audicions. You haf to go to audicions.

MAX & LEO

*(remembering)*

Ahhh. Audicions!

LEO

THAT FACE ...

MAX

THOSE FACE ...

MAX & LEO

THAT WONDERFUL FACE,  
COULD REALLY DO SOME HARM  
BUT IT'S WORTH IT FOR THAT ...

ULLA

*(at the door, ready to leave)*

C'mon. Naughty boys, you ver late this morning. I vas waiting for you ever since eleven.

MAX & LEO

Eleven!

...FACE!

*MAX, LEO, and ULLA exit dancing a la Astaire-Rogers.*

*Blackout.*



**ACT TWO****Scene 2**

*The Bare Stage of a Broadway Theatre.*

*A producers' table on one side of the stage, an upright piano on the other.*

*Later the same day. We hear a musical figure reminiscent of "A Chorus Line." As lights come up, CARMEN is revealed leading a stage full of dancing Hitlers. They are men - as well as women doubling as men - of all shapes and sizes, and in all sorts of ludicrous get-ups, each wearing a Hitler moustache.*

**#16 Audition Opening****CARMEN**

Again! Arabesque, prepare, pirouette and twirl. And goosestep, goosestep, waltz, clog, and kick. Again! Arabesque, prepare, pirouette and twirl. And goosestep, goosestep, waltz, clog, and kick. Again! Arabesque, prepare, pirouette and twirl ....

*While the dancing Hitlers dance, ROGER enters along with FRANZ, once again in his Nazi helmet and German black-leather military trench coat. FRANZ seats himself at the producers' table. An audition PIANIST is at the piano. LEO, MAX and ULLA, settle at the producers' table.*

**ROGER**

*(having a hissy fit; stopping the audition)*

Haaalt!

**CARMEN**

Halt!

**ROGER**

Halt!

**CARMEN**

Halt!

**ROGER**

Oh, this is bedlam!

**CARMEN**

Bedlam!

**ROGER**

Bedlam!

CARMEN

Bedlam! Settle people, settle!

ROGER

We must have some order! Will all the dancing Hitlers please go wait off-stage right. And the all the singing Hitlers off-stage left!

*The DANCING HITLERS go off stage right and the SINGING HITLERS exit stage left.*  
Carmen, call in a singing Hitler, please.

CARMEN

Yesss, Roger.

*(announcing the first Hitler)*

Jacques La-Pee-Dew, Jacques La-Pee-Dew?

*(Roger looks at the card CARMEN is holding, then whispers into HIS ear)*

Jack LaPidus?

*JACK walks to stand at stage center.*

ROGER

Jack. What are you going to sing for us?

JACK

I would like to sing, "A Wandering Minstrel, I."

ROGER

*(unenthusiastic)*

If you must.

#16a A Wand'ring Minstrel

JACK

*(nods to the PIANIST, who plays a brief intro, and then sings in a high tenor voice)*

AAAAAA, WANDERING MINSTREL, I,  
A THING OF SHREDS AND ...

ROGER

*(dismissing JACK)*

Thank you!

JACK

*(sings, unable to immediately stop)*

... PATCHES!

ROGER

Next, please.

CARMEN

*(calling out as JACK dejectedly exits)*

Donald Dinsmore.

ROGER

*(as DONALD enters and goes to the stage-center mark)*

Well Donald, what are you going to sing for us?

DONALD

I would like to sing ... "The Little Wooden Boy."

### #16b The Little Wooden Boy

*(HE nods to the PIANIST, who plays an elaborate intro to the song, in which he bounces like a doll, and then opens his mouth to sing)*

ROGER

*(before DONALD has sung so much as a single note)*

Next!

*(DONALD discouragedly exits)*

CARMEN

Jason Green!

*JASON GREEN enters and walks to the stage-center mark. HE is a short, rotund man in a World War I German uniform and a Hitler moustache.*

ROGER

Well, Jason, what have you been up to lately?

JASON

*(very actor-y, in a fake German accent)*

For the last sixteen years, I have been touring in "No, No, Nietzsche"

ROGER

You played Nietzsche?

JASON

No, no.

ROGER

Hmm. What are you going to sing for us?

JASON

"Have You Ever Heard The German Band?"

ROGER

No.

JASON

That's the name of the song I'm going to sing.

ROGER

Ohhh.

JASON

*(turning towards the PIANIST)*

Play it, please.

**#16c "Have You Ever Heard" - Interrupted**

*The PIANIST plays a brief intro and JASON sings in very bad American-sounding German.*

HABEN SIE GEHOERT DAS DEUTSCHE BAND,  
MIT A BANG, MIT A BOOM,  
MIT A BING-BANG BING-BANG BOOM!  
OH, HABEN SIE GEHORT ....

FRANZ

*(standing and angrily shouting in the middle of JASON's audition)*

Halt! Halt! This man could never play Adolf Hitler! Der Führer wasn't a mousy little mama's boy. Der Führer was butch! And that is not how you sing "Haben Sie Gehoert Das Deutsche Band." This is how you sing "Haben Sie Gehoert Das Deutsche Band." B-flat. Two-two time. Modulate at the bridge!

*FRANZ scares JASON who runs off.*

*(HE sings, at the top of his lungs; in very German German and in a Jolson-like vaudeville style)*

**#16d Have You Ever Heard The German Band?**

HABEN SIE GEHOERT DAS DEUTSCHE BAND,  
MIT A BANG, MIT A BOOM,  
MIT A BING-BANG BING-BANG BOOM!  
OOOH, HABEN SIE GEHOERT DAS DEUTSCHE BAND,

**FRANZ (CONT'D)**

MIT A BANG, MIT A BOOM,  
MIT A BING-BANG BING-BANG BOOM!  
RUSSIAN FOLKSONGS AND FRENCH OO-LA-LA  
CAN'T COMPARE WITH THAT GERMAN  
OOM-PAH-PAH!  
VE'RE SAYIN' ...  
HABEN SIE GEHOERT DAS DEUTSCHE BAND ...  
MIT A ZETZ, MIT A ZAP, MIT A ZING ...  
POLISH POLKAS, THEY'RE STUPID AND THEY'RE ROTTEN,  
IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT  
SHWEIGEN-REIGEN-SCHONE-SCHUTZEN-SCHMUTZEN  
SAUERBRATEN!

Key change!

VE'RE SAYIN'...  
HABEN SIE GEHOERT DAS DEUTSCHE BAND...  
MIT A ZETZ, MIT A ZAP, MIT A ZING .  
IT'S THE ONLY KIND OF MUSIK  
THAT VE HUNS AND OUR HONEYS LOVE TO SING!

**MAX**

*(leaping to his feet and pointing at FRANZ)*

That's our Hitler!!

*Blackout.*

**ACT TWO****Scene 3**

*The Exterior of the Shubert Theatre, as viewed from West 44th Street, with Shubert Alley at stage left.*

*Early on a Thursday evening, several weeks later, mid September. The marquee of the theatre has a sign saying "Bialystock & Bloom present "Springtime For Hitler, A Gay Romp with Adolf and Eva in Berchtesgaden." The two pretty young USHERETTES enter.*

**#17 "It's Opening Night" - Reprise****USHERETTES**

OPENING NIGHT ...  
... IT'S OPENING NIGHT!

### USHERETTES (CONT'D)

IT'S MAX BIALYSTOCK'S LATEST SHOW.  
WILL IT FLOP OR WILL IT GO?  
THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE DIMMING,  
THE FOOTLIGHTS ARE BRIGHT,  
THE TOAST OF SOCIETY'S BURNING TONIGHT!  
WE'RE SO EXCITED WE CAN'T SIT DOWN  
'CAUSE "SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER"  
HAS COME TO TOWN!

*The WORKMAN enters from Shubert Alley. HE checks the "Opening Night/ Closing Night" sign to the delight of the TICKET TAKER. FIRST NIGHTERS in evening clothes enter.*

### TICKET TAKER

Have your tickets ready. Have your tickets ready! This way please, this way. Please take your seats.

*LEO, in his tuxedo, enters. HE starts to put on the producer hat as MAX, dressed in a tuxedo and cape, enters.*

MAX

Whoa, Bloom, who said you could wear that hat?

LEO

Well, nobody, Max. But, I thought, now that I'm the producer of a Broadway...

MAX

Has the curtain gone up yet?

LEO

No.

MAX

Has the curtain come down yet?

LEO

Well... No.

MAX

Then you're not a producer yet.

*(grabbing the hat from LEO)*

Gimme that hat!

*ULLA, dressed as "a late showgirl," hurries on from stage right and goes up to LEO, whose tie is lop-sided.*

ULLA

Oh, Mr. Bloom, Leo, your tie is all askew.

LEO

Askew?

*(as ULLA straightens his tie and gives him a kiss)*

Thank you, Ulla. Have a good show. Roll 'em in the aisles.

ULLA

Okey dokey, I will try to, but there's just so many of them.

MAX

*(aside to LEO as ULLA exits through the stage door)*

I thought we were partners, sharing everything fifty-fifty. Now I'm out in the cold and you two are busy askewing each other.

LEO

Askewing! Never, Max. Hugs and kisses, yes, but that's as far as I go.

MAX

I believe it.

*FRANZ, in his German helmet and leather coat, enters seated in the sidecar of a motorcycle chauffeured by GUNTER. The motorcycle screeches to a halt in front of the theatre and FRANZ leaps out.*

FRANZ

Gunter, you vill pick me up back here right after the curtain, jawohl?

GUNTER

Ja wohl, mein herr!

*GUNTER roars off on the motorcycle as FRANZ goes to MAX and LEO.*

MAX

Franz, what are you doing? It's almost half-hour. You should be ready to go on.

FRANZ

I am ready. All I have to do is change my hat and slap on my Hitler moustache.

*By now, all of the FIRST NIGHTERS have hastened into the theatre as ROGER and CARMEN enter in evening clothes all atwitter.*

ROGER

Oh, God, will they love us, will they hate us, the suspense is killing me.

CARMEN

I know. I feel like I'm going into labor. Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo.

ROGER

Ah, it's Bialystock and Bloom. Well, gentlemen ... merde!

CARMEN

Tu, tu, tu.

FRANZ

Hals und beine brüch!

LEO

And I just want to wish everybody ... good luck!

*A music sting of alarm.*

**#18 It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night**

ROGER

*(aghast)*

What?! What did you say?

CARMEN

*(equally aghast)*

Bite your tongue!

FRANZ

Gott in Himmel!

LEO

What's the matter? All I said was "good luck."

CARMEN

*(in a high-pitched shriek)*

Ahhhh! He said it again!!

ROGER

Mr. Bloom, hasn't anyone ever told you ...

IT'S BAD LUCK TO SAY "GOOD LUCK" ON OPENING NIGHT.

IF YOU DO, I TELL YOU,

IT IS CERTAIN BY THE CURTAIN

YOU ARE THROUGH!

MAX

*(at stage right, greeting cast and crew members heading down Shubert Alley toward the stage door)*

Good luck!



**CARMEN**

IT'S BAD LUCK TO SAY "GOOD LUCK" ON OPENING NIGHT.  
ONCE IT'S SAID, YOU ARE DEAD,  
YOU WILL GET THE WORST REVIEWS  
YOU'VE EVER READ!

**MAX**

Good luck!

**ROGER**

EVEN AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAIS,  
ON THE OPENING NIGHT THEY ARE SCARED.

*Several late CHORUS GIRLS enter.*

"BON CHANCE," MES AMIS, NO ONE SAYS,  
THE ONLY WORD YOU'LL EVER HEAR IS ...

**ROGER, CARMEN, & FRANZ**

MERDE!

**MAX**

Good luck, good luck, good luck.

**LATE CHORUS GIRLS**

*(shriek)*

Aah!

*(THEY exit)*

**FRANZ**

IT'S VERBOTEN VISHING "LUCK" ON OPENING NIGHT,  
TAKE ADVICE, DON'T THINK TWICE,  
OR YOUR SHOW WILL SURELY END  
UP IN THE SCHEISS!

**MAX**

*(mock German)*

Guten lucken.

**CARMEN**

AT THE FAMOUS LA SCALA IN MILAN  
ON OPENING NIGHT IT'S A RULE.  
"IN BOCA LUPA" THEY SAY WITH ELAN,  
AND JUST FOR LUCK THEY ALL SHOUT ...

**ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

"BAH FONGOOO!"

**LEO**

I got it!

NOW I'LL NEVER SAY "GOOD LUCK" ON OPENING NIGHT,  
THAT'S THE RULE, I'M NO FOOL!  
WHAT DO I SAY, I BEG?

**ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

WHAT YOU SAY IS "BREAK A LEG!"

**LEO**

Break a leg?

**ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

Yes, break a leg!

**LEO, ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

IF YOU'RE CLEVER ...

**MAX**

Good luck!

**LEO, ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

YOU'LL ENDEAVOR ...

*MAX kicks and shatters the mirror carried by a stagehand.*

**LEO, ROGER, CARMEN & FRANZ**

TO NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, EVER, EVER, EVER,  
SAY ...

*MAX picks up a black cat and throws it through the open stage door. The cat screeches.*

... ON OPENING NIGHT!!

**TICKET TAKER**

Five minutes to curtain. Curtain going up in five minutes.

**FRANZ**

Hassenpfeffer! I'm late! I muzt run!

**ALL**

*(as FRANZ runs off)*

Break a leg!

*FRANZ runs off through the stage door. There is the sound of a very long crash, accompanied by FRANZ'S screams and curses.*

MAX

*(at the stage door)*

Franz, what happened?

FRANZ

*(off)*

I broke my leg!

ROGER

Oh, God! Now we'll have to cancel the show and give everyone their money back.

MAX

Money back? Never! Never! We've gotta think of something else.

LEO

But Franz plays Hitler, Max, and he has no understudy.

MAX

You're right. What're we gonna do? There must be some way out. If I could only think... Hold it! I've got it! Roger, you could play Hitler! You know every line in the show. I've seen you at rehearsal, always moving your lips along with the actors.

ROGER

I know. It's such an embarrassing habit. I'm trying to break myself of it. But me play Hitler? No, there's no way I could go on tonight. I don't have the strength. I don't have the courage. I can't do it, I can't do it, I can't do it!

*(CARMEN slaps him across the face)*

Ow! That hurt.

CARMEN

Roger, listen to me

*(MUSIC of "Keep It Gay" quietly under the following speech)*

### #18a Carmen's Pep Talk

You can do it, you know you can do it, and I know you can do it. You've been waiting all your lifetime for this chance. And I'm not going to let you pass it up. You're going out there a silly hysterical screaming queen and you're coming back a great big passing-for-straight Broadway star!!

ROGER

All right, you're right! I'll do it! By God, I'll do it! I've got to get into make-up!

*(HE runs toward the stage door, calling back to CARMEN)*

Quick, get Franz's Hitler moustache and, oh, my lucky Gloria Swanson mole!

**CARMEN**

Got it!

*(THEY exit through the stage door)*

**#19 Springtime For Hitler**

**MAX**

*(as the MUSIC of the overture to "Springtime For Hitler" begins inside the theatre)*

Let's go. The overture!

**LEO**

Max!

**MAX**

What?

**LEO**

This is it!

**MAX**

Good luck, Leo!

**LEO**

Good luck, Max!

*The Overture to "Springtime For Hitler" comes up loud as MAX & LEO exit into the theatre. The scene ends as the "Springtime For Hitler" show curtain comes in.*

**ACT TWO**

**Scene 4**

*The Stage of The Shubert Theatre*

*We see the garish and kitschy "Springtime For Hitler" show curtain as the MUSIC of the show's overture continues to a big finish. As the overture ends, the show curtain rises on a CHORUS of six MEN and six WOMEN in traditional Bavarian peasant costumes standing in front of an Alpine drop.*

**CHORUS**

GERMANY WAS HAVING TROUBLE,  
WHAT A SAD, SAD STORY.  
NEEDED A NEW LEADER TO RESTORE  
IT'S FORMER GLORY.  
WHERE, OH, WHERE WAS HE?  
WHERE COULD THAT MAN BE?

**CHORUS (CONT'D)**

WE LOOKED AROUND AND THEN WE FOUND,  
 THE MAN FOR YOU AND ME,  
 WHERE, OH, WHERE WAS HE?  
 WHERE COULD THAT MAN BE?  
 WE LOOKED AROUND AND THEN WE FOUND,  
 THE MAN FOR YOU AND ME.

*The CHORUS exits as the drop rises to reveal a large staircase, upstage center, at the bottom of which stands a STORM TROOPER in full Nazi uniform.*

**STORM TROOPER**

AND NOW IT'S ...

*HE steps to one side and extends his hand as FOLLIES GIRL #1, Beer Stein, descends the stairs.*

SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY ...  
 DEUTCHLAND IS HAPPY AND ...  
 ... GAY!  
 WE'RE MARCHING TO A ...

*(FOLLIES GIRL #2, in an elaborate Valkyrie outfit, wearing long gold braids, descends the stairs)*

... FASTER PACE ...  
 ... LOOK OUT, HERE COMES THE ...

*(FOLLIES GIRL #3, with a large pretzel on her head descends the stairs)*

... MASTER RACE!

*(FOLLIES GIRL #4, with brautwurst on her head, descends the stairs)*

SPRINGTIME ...  
 ... FOR HITLER AND GERMANY,  
 RHINELAND'S A FINE LAND ONCE MORE!  
 SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND ...  
 GERMANY ...  
 WATCH OUT, EUROPE,  
 WE'RE GOING ON TOUR!

*(ULLA, FOLLIES GIRL #5, wearing a winged German eagle on her head and swastikas on her bosoms, appears at the top of the stairs)*

SPRINGTIME ...  
 ... FOR HITLER AND GERMANY,

**CHORUS**

LOOK, IT'S SPRINGTIME!

**STORM TROOPER**

WINTER FOR POLAND  
AND FRANCE

**CHORUS**

OOOHH!  
AAHHH!

**CHORUS & STORM TROOPER**

SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND ...  
... GERMANY!

**CHORUS**

SPRINGTIME! SPRINGTIME!  
SPRINGTIME! SPRINGTIME!  
SPRINGTIME! SPRINGTIME!  
SPRINGTIME! SPRINGTIME!

**STORM TROOPER**

COME ON, GERMANS, GO ...  
... INTO YOUR DANCE!

*A squad of tap dancing STORM TROOPERS, men and women, enter.*

**STORMTROOPER "ROLF"**

*(speaking out front in a dance break)*

I was born in Düsseldorf and that is why they call me Rolf.

**STORMTROOPER "MEL"**

Don't be stupid, be a smarty, come and join the Nazi party!

*The STORM TROOPERS' dance continues.*

**ULLA**

*(chanting as MUSIC continues)*

The Führer is coming, the Führer is coming, the Führer is coming!

*(SHE exits)*

**STORM TROOPER "ROLF"**

Heil Hitler!

**STORMTROOPER "MEL"**

Heil Hitler!

**STORMTROOPER, "MEL," & "ROLF"**

Heil Hitler!

**STORMROOPER**

SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY ...!

*ROGER DE BRIS, as HITLER, appears at the top of the stairs.***ALL**

Heil Hitler!

**ROGER**

HEIL MYSELF,  
HEIL TO ME,  
I'M THE KRAUT WHO'S OUT TO CHANGE OUR HISTORY!  
HEIL MYSELF,  
RAISE YOUR HAND,  
THERE'S NO GREATER ... DICTATOR IN THE LAND!  
EVERYTHING I DO, I DO FOR YOU!

**CHORUS**

YES, YOU DO!

**ROGER**

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A WAR,  
HERE'S WORLD WAR TWO!  
HEIL MYSELF,  
RAISE YOUR BEER!

**CHORUS**

Jawohl!

**ROGER**

EV'RY HOTSY-TOTSY NAZI STAND AND CHEER!

**CHORUS**

HURRAY!  
EV'RY HOTSY-TOTSY NAZI ...

**ROGER**

HEIL MYSELF!

**CHORUS**

EV'RY HOTSY-TOTSY NAZI ...

**ROGER**

HEIL MYSELF!

**CHORUS**

EV'RY HOTSY-TOTSY NAZI...

**ROGER**

... STAND AND CHEER!

*THE HEIL-LOs, a chorus of two women and three men, enter.*

**THE HEIL-LOS**

THE FUHRER IS CAUSING A FUROR!

**HEIL-LO WOMEN**

HE'S GOT THOSE RUSSIANS ON THE RUN

YOU GOTTA LOVE THAT WACKY HUN!

**HEIL-LO MEN**

OOH!

OOH!

**THE HEIL-LOS**

THE FUHRER IS CAUSING A FUROR!

THEY CAN'T SAY "NO" TO HIS DEMANDS,

THEY'RE FREAKING OUT IN FOREIGN LANDS

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS.

THE FUHRER IS CAUSING A FUROR!

OOH-OOH    OOH-OOH

OOH-OOH    OOH-OOH

AAH!

*The dance section ends and the MUSIC modulates into a touch of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." ROGER sits on the edge of the stage in a pin spot, a la Judy Garland at the Palace.*

**ROGER**

I WAS JUST A PAPER HANGER,

NO ONE MORE OBSCURER.

GOT A PHONE CALL FROM THE REICHSTAG,

TOLD ME I WAS FUHRER.

GERMANY WAS BLUE,

WHAT, OH, WHAT TO DO?

HITCHED UP MY PANTS

AND CONQUERED FRANCE ...

NOW DEUTSCHLAND'S SMILING THROUGH!

**ULLA**

*(enters)*

CHALLENGE TAP, CHALLENGE TAP,

ADOLF DIGS A CHALLENGE TAP!

*ULLA dances.*

BRING ON THE ALLIES TO HEAR THE NEWS ...



## ULLA (CONT'D)

THE FACTS IS THE AXIS CANNOT LOSE!

'CAUSE MR. H ...

## ROGER

Who is that?

## ULLA

MR. H ...

## ROGER

That's me!

## ULLA

IS WEARING HIS DANCING SHOES!

*(SHE exits)**STALIN enters to the MUSIC of "The Song of the Volga Boat Man."*

## STALIN

I AM STALIN. YOU'LL SOON BE FALLIN'. HA!

*STALIN tap-dances heavy-footedly, making a poor attempt at a buck-and-wing.**ROGER then does a terrific buck-and-wing. STALIN, defeated, exits. CHURCHILL enters to the MUSIC of "Rule, Britannia!"*

## CHURCHILL

I AM CHURCHILL. I AM HERE TO WIN THE DAY!

*HE tries to tap but is no match for ROGER, who literally tap dances circles around him. Defeated, CHURCHILL exits.**FDR enters in a wheelchair to the MUSIC of "America the Beautiful." HE taps mini American flags on his wheel. ROGER shoves the wheelchair and sends it speeding off into the wings.*

## ROGER

IT AIN'T NO MYST'RY,  
IF IT'S POLITICS OR HIST'RY.  
THE THING YOU GOTTA KNOW IS,  
EV'RYTHING IS SHOW BIZ.  
HEIL MYSELF  
WATCH MY SHOW  
I'M THE GERMAN ETHEL  
MERMAN DONTCHA KNOW!  
WE ARE CROSSING BORDERS  
THE NEW WORLD ORDER IS HERE

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

MAKE A GREAT BIG SMILE  
EV'RY-ONE SIEG HIEL TO ME  
WONDERFUL ME!  
AND NOW IT'S ...

*A drop rises to reveal a line of STORM TROOPERS marching downstage.*

**CHORUS**

SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY...

**ROGER**

SPRINGTIME!

**CHORUS**

... GOOSE-STEPS THE NEW STEP TODAY.

**ROGER**

GOOSE-STEPS!

**CHORUS MEN**

BOMBS FALLING FROM THE SKIES AGAIN ...

**CHORUS**

... DEUTSCHLAND IS ON THE RISE AGAIN.

*The STORMTROOPERS form a swastika that is reflected in an upstage mirror. The swastika rotates clockwise.*

**ROGER & CHORUS**

SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY ...  
U-BOATS ARE SAILING ONCE MORE.  
SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY!

**ROGER**

MEANS THAT ....

**CHORUS**

SOON WE'LL BE GOING ...

**ROGER**

WE'VE GOT TO BE GOING ...

*FOLLIES GIRLS enter riding cannons and Afrika Corps Tanks. PARATROOPERS drop from the sky and hover over the action as ROGER mounts a huge globe of the world. Cannons turn downstage and fire as part of the big finish.*

**CHORUS**

YOU KNOW WE'LL BE GOING ...

## ROGER

YOU BET WE'LL BE GOING ...

## ROGER &amp; CHORUS

YOU KNOW WE'LL BE GOING TO ...

WAR!!!

AAH!!!

## #19a After "Springtime For Hitler"

*The "Springtime For Hitler" show curtain falls as the number ends. The MUSIC of "Springtime For Hitler" then again strikes up as ALL, led by ROGER, come out in front of the curtain to take bows for their triumphant performance. CARMEN comes down the aisle of the theatre carrying a huge bouquet of roses that HE presents to a tearfully joyous ROGER.*

*ROGER, however, doesn't embrace CARMEN but instead embraces ULLA and - we see that HE is "passing for straight." MUSIC plays ROGER and the cast off as THEY exit waving and blowing kisses to the audience.*

## ACT TWO

## Scene 5

*The Office of Max Bialystock*

*Later that night, around midnight. LEO enters, stunned and shocked.*

*MAX enters reading newspapers.*

MAX

"A satiric masterpiece."

LEO

No way out.

MAX

*(reading from another paper)*

"A surprise smash!"

LEO

No way out.

MAX

*(reading from yet another of the papers)*

"It was shocking, outrageous, insulting ... and I loved every minute of it!"

LEO

No way out.

MAX

How could this happen?

### #20 *Where Did We Go Right?*

THE SHOW WAS LOUSY AND LONG,  
WE DID EVERYTHING WRONG,  
WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT?

LEO

*(reading from yet another review)*

"Christmas came early to Broadway this season - and guess who they stuffed in our stocking? Adolf Hitler!"

MAX

IT WAS SO CRASS AND SO CRUDE,  
EVEN GOEBBELS WOULD'VE BOOED,  
WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT?

LEO

*(again reading from another review)*

"Last night a new star was born on Broadway-the lovely Miss Ulla Inga Hansen Bensen Yonsen Tallen-Hallen..."

*(Leo turns the page)*

...Svaden-Svanson. We predict that her name will soon be up in lights. If they can find enough bulbs."

MAX & LEO

WE SEARCHED BROADWAY ON AND OFF,  
FOR SINGERS WITH A COUGH,  
WE HAD TRYOUTS AND AUDITIONS BY THE SCORE.  
AND TO TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC,  
WE PICKED DANCERS WHO WERE SPASTIC,  
IF ANYONE JETE'D  
WE JETE'D THEM OUT THE DOOR!

MAX

THEY SHOUTED HURRAY,  
FOR THAT SAUSAGE ON DISPLAY,  
WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT?

LEO

OUR LEADING MAN WAS SO GAY  
HE NEARLY FLEW AWAY  
WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT?

MAX

A SHOW SO EASY TO DESPISE ...

LEO

NOW IT'S UP FOR THE PULITZER PRIZE!

MAX & LEO

OH, WHERE, OH, WHERE, TELL US WHERE  
DID WE GO RIGHT?

MAX

*(reading yet another review)*

"The best new musical of the decade! Max Bialystock is a theatrical genius!" Now they like me.

MAX

OH, WE KNEW WE COULDN'T LOSE,

MAX & LEO

HALF THE AUDIENCE WERE JEWS!

LEO

IT'S THE END OF OUR CAREERS,

MAX

IT'LL RUN FOR TWENTY YEARS!

MAX & LEO

TELL US WHERE ...

DID WE GO RIGHT?!

*LEO goes to the safe and takes out two large accounting ledgers. HE closes the safe and heads for the door.*

MAX

What are you doing? What are you doing?

LEO

I'm taking these books and I'm leaving. Don't try to stop me. I've made up my mind.

MAX

Where do think you're going?

LEO

I'm turning myself in. It's the only way. I'm going to cooperate with the authorities. They'll reduce my sentence and then there's time off for good behavior. Maybe I'll get a good job in the prison library.

*(again heading for the door)*

Keep in touch. It's been very nice working with you.

MAX

Leo, Leo, Leo, Leo. Frightened Leo, nervous Leo. Relax, take it easy, you're overwrought. You don't know what you're doing. You're acting out of panic.

*(yells)*

Gimme Those Books!

*(HE starts to wrestle the books away from LEO)*

LEO

I never should have listened to you. I was an honest man before I met you.

MAX

An honest man! You were an honest mouse!

LEO

Ooohhhhh, how I hate you!

MAX

Double, double, double!

*(MAX succeeds in ripping the books out of LEO's hands.)*

Haaaaa! Ha-ha haaaaa!

LEO

Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! Fatty!

*(LEO strikes MAX on the head. MAX falls to the floor. LEO jumps on MAX's back and grapples to get the books back)*

Just gimme those fat books, you fat walrus!

MAX

Never!

*MAX and LEO are on the floor, fighting, as ROGER now bursts in with CARMEN. THEY are in joyous and triumphant spirits.*

LEO

Give it to me you fatty!

ROGER

Congratulations!

## CARMEN

Congratulations!

## LEO

Give it to me!

Give it to me!

Give it to me!

## ROGER

Now that's what I call celebrating!

## MAX

*(to ROGER; shouting from the floor)*

You lousy fruit, you ruined me!

## CARMEN

Why you ungrateful breeder, after he stepped in and saved your show!

*FRANZ enters on one crutch, with his right leg in a cast, brandishing a Luger.*

## FRANZ

Aah! You haf broken the Siegfried Oath! You all must die!

*ALL now scramble for safety as FRANZ starts wildly shooting and bullets fly in all directions. ALL shriek with fear and race about like poulets with their tetes cut off.*

## ROGER

What are you doing, you neo-Nazi nitwit? Your show's a hit!

## FRANZ

Who cares? You made a fool out of Hitler!

## ROGER &amp; CARMEN

He didn't need our help!

*FRANZ continues wildly shooting but missing. ROGER, CARMEN, and MAX exit out onto the balcony, FRANZ follows. LEO opens the stage left patio door and MAX, CARMEN, ROGER and FRANZ enter. ROGER and CARMEN cross to the stage right closet. MAX and LEO duck under the desk.*

## ROGER

*(opens closet door for CARMEN)*

Darling, back in the closet.

## CARMEN

Okay.

## FRANZ

All right, Bialystock und Bloom, now I got you. Say your prayers.

MAX

*(to LEO)*

Remember I told you I'd tell you when we're in too deep?

LEO

Yeah.

MAX

We're in too deep.

FRANZ

Aufwieddersehen! ...

*(MAX & LEO begin to cry)*

... Ach, you sniveling cowards, I show you how to die like a man.

*(FRANZ points the gun at his own temple. His gun is jammed and simply goes "click, click, click")*

Chemmed!

Boy, ven things go wrong.

*FRANZ sits with a sigh on the couch & drops the Luger at his side, which fires a shot.*

MAX

*(as HE and LEO come cautiously out from under the desk and approach FRANZ)*

What are you shooting at us for us, anyway? You teutonic twit! Wait, I just got an idea. A way to close the show. Franz, why don't you use this where it will do some good? Why don't you shoot the actors?

FRANZ

Zee actors?

MAX

Yes, zee actors. Everybody laughed at your beloved Führer tonight. And why? Because of the actors. The actors were making fun of him.

FRANZ

Ja, you're right, zee actors.

MAX

*(handing the Luger to FRANZ)*

Here. Go. Buy bullets. Kill. Kill all the actors.

FRANZ

I must kill all zee actors.



## LEO

Wait a minute. Have you lost your mind? What are you talking about? Kill the actors? You can't kill the actors. Actors are not animals, they're human beings.

## MAX

They are? Have you ever eaten with one?

*There is the SOUND from off-stage of police whistles.*

## SERGEANT

*(calling from off-stage right)*

All right, open up, it's the police!!

## LEO, MAX, FRANZ

The police!

*LEO runs and hides unseen behind the door stage right, as MAX looks frantically around for some place to hide but is too late. The office door bursts opens and in rushes a POLICE SERGEANT, who has a drawn gun, followed by three PATROLMEN, one of whom is black.*

## SERGEANT

*(HE speaks with a heavy New York Irish accent, as do the PATROLMEN)*

You! Drop that gun!

## FRANZ

Ja wohl!

*(HE drops the gun on his foot with the cast)*

Ouch!

## CARMEN

*(As Carmen and Roger come out of the closet)*

Officers!

## SERGEANT

What's going on here?

## ROGER

*(pointing at FRANZ)*

This crazy Kraut is crackers! He crashed in here and crassly tried to kill us!

## CARMEN

Oh, Roger, what alliteration!

## ROGER

Thank you darling.

SERGEANT

Okay, youse two can go.

ROGER & CARMEN

Thank you!

*(THEY exit)*

SERGEANT

*(to one of the PATROLMEN)*

Tried to kill 'em, huh? O'Rourke, take him away. Next stop, Sing Sing!

FRANZ

Sing, Sing! Nein! You'll never take me alive!

*(HE runs offstage; sounds of crashing)*

SERGEANT

What happened?

O'ROURKE

*(from offstage; as Max mouths it)*

He broke his other leg!

SERGEANT

*(to MAX)*

All right, who are you and why was he trying to shoot you?

MAX

*(putting on an Irish accent)*

I haven't the slightest idea, Sergeant O'Brien. The name is O'Bialystock. I was just passing by on me way to the Pat O'Brien Film Festival and ducked in to see what was going on. And now, I'll be on me way. As they say in the old country "Erin go braghless."

*(HE starts to exit)*

SERGEANT

Hold it! I'll decide who goes "braghless" around here.

OFFICER O'RILEY

*(having picked up the two accounting ledgers that MAX and LEO had left forgotten on the couch when FRANZ entered)*

Hey, Sarge, look at this.

SERGEANT

What?

## OFFICER O'RILEY

I found these two accounting books on the couch. This one says, "Show to the I.R.S."

## SERGEANT

And what's the other one say?

## OFFICER O'RILEY

"Never Show to the I.R.S."

## SERGEANT

I think the three of you better come downtown with me.

## MAX

Three?

## SERGEANT

Yeah, you and dem two books.

*(to the black PATROLMAN, who has up to now not spoken, indicating MAX)*

Officer O'Houllihan take this mug in.

*(HE exits.)*

## O'HOULLIHAN

*(with a thick Irish accent as HE takes MAX by the arm and starts to lead him off)*

You're a lucky man, Mr. O'Bialystock; they're servin' corned beef and cabbage down to the jail tonight. Just like me darlin' mither used to make back in dear old Kilarney.

## MAX

*(aside out front to the audience as HE is led off by O'HOULLIHAN)*

I've heard-a black Irish, but this is ridiculous.

*The stage is for a moment deserted. ULLA enters in a tight-fitting and very sexy silver lamé gown.*

## #20a Exits

## ULLA

Mr. Bialystock, Mr. Bloom?

## LEO

Ulla! Help me!

*ULLA closes the office door revealing LEO, in MAX'S overcoat, hanging from a hook on the back of the door.*

ULLA

What happened? You hung up your coat while you were still in it.  
(SHE helps him down)

LEO

Thank you for helping me down.

ULLA

What were you doing?

LEO

Hiding. I was hiding.

ULLA

From who, from what?

LEO

The police. They were just here. They arrested Max.

ULLA

Uh-oh. They found the byukes?

LEO

No, no, they found the boo — yeah, the byukes, the byukes. I don't know what to do. Poor Max. Maybe I should turn myself in and go to jail with him.

ULLA

Vell, my sweet cupcake, I know we both love Max, but it seems to me you have two choices. Number One, you can go to jail with Mr. Bialystock, for years and years and years. Or, Number Two, you can take that two million dollars and Ulla and go to Rio.

LEO

Oh, my God, what a dilemma. What should I do? Go to jail or go to Rio?

MUSIC instantly up: "That Face" played as a samba.

## #20b Leo Goes to Rio

LET'S HOP A PLANE,  
AND REALLY GO INSANE  
IN RIO BY THE SEA.  
SO IN THE END I SCREWED MY FRIEND  
SO CALL IT A DISGRACE ...

LEO & ULLA

IT WAS WORTH IT FOR THAT FACE.

LEO grabs ULLA in his arms, and THEY samba together around the stage and off.

## ACT TWO

### Scene 6

#### *A Holding Cell*

*The basement of a downtown New York City courthouse. Afternoon, a few weeks later. MAX — disheveled, in a wrinkled suit with his tie unknotted — is locked alone in the cell. There is nothing in the cell but a bare cot and sink.*

#### MAX

*(waking from a nightmare)*

No ... No ... Leo! Gotta think. Gotta think. Ten days and no Leo.. Where's Leo? Ahh, what am I worrying about? He's probably on his way here right now with the best lawyer in town. I'll be outta here in time for dinner. Leo, I can always count on Leo. He must be so worried about me. Good old Leo.

*A uniformed GUARD enters carrying a piece of mail.*

#### GUARD

Mail call! Here, Bialystock, ya got a postcard.

#### MAX

A postcard? From where?

#### GUARD

Brazil.

*(HE exits)*

#### MAX

*(examining the postcard, puzzled)*

Brazil? Who do I know in Brazil?

*(reading the card aloud to himself)*

## #21 Betrayed

Dear Max, Rio is everything you said it was and more. Ulla and I think of you every chance we get. In the morning, when we have breakfast on our terrace, many different herrings. And in the evening, when we samba together in the moonlight. Sorry, must run, Ulla's waiting, it's almost eleven. Wish you were here, Leo.

*(in a rage, sings)*

JUST LIKE CAIN AND ABEL,  
YOU PULLED A SNEAK ATTACK

# MAX (CONT'D)

I THOUGHT THAT WE WERE BROTHERS  
 THEN YOU STABBED ME IN THE BACK!  
 BETRAYED!  
 OH, BOY, I'M SO BETRAYED!  
 LIKE SAMSON AND DELILAH,  
 YOUR LOVE BEGAN TO FADE,  
 I'M CRYING IN THE HOOSEGOW,  
 YOU'RE IN RIO GETTING LAID!  
 BETRAYED!  
 LET'S FACE IT, I'M BETRAYED!  
 BOY, HAVE I BEEN TAKEN,  
 OY, I'M SO FORSAKEN!  
 I SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT CAME TO PASS,  
 I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN TO WATCH MY ASS!  
 I FEEL LIKE OTHELLO,  
 EV'RYTHING IS LOST,  
 LEO IS IAGO,  
 MAX IS DOUBLE-CROSSED!  
 I'M SO DISMAYED,  
 DID I MENTION I'M BETRAYED?!  
 I USED TO BE THE KING,  
 BUT NOW I AM THE FOOL!  
 A CAPTAIN WITHOUT A SHIP,  
 A RABBI WITHOUT A SHUL!  
 NOW I'M ABOUT TO GO TO JAIL,  
 THERE'S NO ONE WHO WILL PAY MY BAIL,  
 I HAVE NO ONE WHO I CAN CRY TO,  
 NO ONE I CAN SAY GOODBYE TO.

I'm drowning! I'm drowning here! I'm going down for the last time. I see my whole life flashing before my eyes. I see a weathered old farmhouse with a white picket fence. I'm running through fields of alfalfa with my collie, Rex. Rex, stop it! I see my mother standing on the back porch, in a worn but clean gingham gown, and I hear her calling out to me, "Alvin! Don't forget your chores. The wood needs a-cordin' and the cows need a-milkin'. Alvin, Alvin..." Wait a minute! My name's not Alvin. That's not my life. I'm not a hillbilly. I grew up in the Bronx. Leo's taken everything. Even my past!

MY PAST'S A DYING EMBER,  
 BUT WAIT ... NOW I REMEMBER.  
 HOW DID IT BEGIN?  
 HE WALKED INTO MY OFFICE WITH HIS

## MAX (CONT'D)

COCKAMAMIE SCHEME.

*(imitating LEO)*

YOU CAN MAKE MORE MONEY WITH A FLOP THAN WITH A HIT.

*(as himself)*

"WE CAN DO IT, WE CAN DO IT!"

*(as LEO)*

"I CAN'T DO IT!"

*(as himself)*

"WE CAN DO IT!"

*(as LEO)*

"I CAN'T DO IT!" GOODBYE, MAX!

*(as himself)*

LORD, I WANT THAT MONEY!

*(as LEO)*

I'M BACK, MAX!

*(as himself)*

"COME ON, LEO, WE CAN DO IT!"

STEP ONE, FIND THE PLAY!

SEE IT, SMELL IT, TOUCH IT, KISS IT,

HELLO, MISTER LIEBKIND.

"GUTEN TAG, HOP CLOP,

GUTEN TAG, HOP CLOP!"

ADOLF ELIZABETH HITLER?

"GUTEN TAG, HOP CLOP,

GUTEN TAG, HOP CLOP!"

STEP TWO, HIRE THE DIRECTOR.

'KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT GAY, KEEP IT ...'

TWO-THREE, KICK, TURN, TURN, TURN, KICK, TURN

ULLA!

OOOH WAH-WAH-WOO-WOO WAH-WAH!

STEP THREE, RAISE THE MONEY.

"ALONG CAME BIALY!"

INTERMISSION!

*(several beats of total silence)*

STEP FOUR, HIRE ALL THE ACTORS.

MAX (CONT'D)

"A WANDERING MINSTREL I,  
A THING OF SHREDS AND ...  
NEXT! THE LITTLE WOODEN BOY.  
NEXT! THAT'S OUR HITLER!  
"OPENING NIGHT!"  
GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK!  
BREAK A LEG! I BROKE MY LEG!  
"SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY!"  
A SURPRISE SMASH!  
"SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER AND GERMANY!"  
IT'LL RUN FOR YEARS!  
"WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT,  
WHERE DID WE GO RIGHT?"  
GIMME THOSE BOOKS,  
FAT, FAT, FATTY!  
GIMME THOSE BOOKS,  
FAT, FAT, FATTY!  
BOOKS, FAT,  
BOOKS, FAT,  
BOOKS, FAT,  
BOOKS, FAT!  
LOUSY FRUIT,  
KILL THE ACTORS,  
YOU EVER EAT WITH ONE?!  
THEN YOU RAN TO RIO  
AND YOU'RE SAFELY OUT OF REACH,  
I'M BEHIND THESE BARS,  
YOU'RE BANGING ULLA ON THE BEACH!  
JUST LIKE JULIUS CAESAR  
WAS BETRAYED BY BRUTUS,  
WHO'D THINK AN ACCOUNTANT  
WOULD TURN OUT TO BE MY JUDAS!  
I'M SO DISMAYED,  
IS THIS HOW I'M REPAID,  
TO BE ...  
BETRAYED!!  
BETRAYED!!



**ACT TWO****Scene 7**

*A Downtown New York City Courtroom*

*Evening, a few later. MAX sits at a defendant's table. A spectator's section filled with a dozen or so LITTLE OLD LADIES, a FOREMAN OF THE JURY stands next to the Judge's podium, a desk for a COURT STENOGRAPHER, etc. A BAILIFF stands to one side. Presiding is JUDGE MAXWELL, elderly and grumpy.*

**#21a Max in Court**

**JUDGE**

Has the jury reached its verdict?

**FOREMAN OF THE JURY**

Yes, we find the defendant incredibly guilty.

**MAX**

Oy.

**JUDGE**

Before I pass sentence, does the defendant have anything to say on his own behalf?

**#21b Max's Speech**

Yes, your honor, I do. I admit, for the last twenty years, I've been a lying, double-crossing, two-faced, back-stabbing despicable crook. But I had no choice ... I was a Broadway producer. A man without a conscience and with no one who gave a damn about him. And that, your honor, is what hurts the most. I thought I'd at last found a loyal partner, a man I cared about, and who I thought cared about me. And what breaks my heart is, that now, when I need him most, he's deserted me, and I will probably never see or hear from him ever again.

*LEO suddenly enters, in a white suit, with ULLA, in bright Rio resort wear, right behind him; he carries a black bag. MUSIC: "That Face," played as a samba.*

**LEO**

That's not true!

**LITTLE OLD LADIES, ETC.**

*(in shocked disbelief, upon seeing LEO)*

Aaahhh!

JUDGE

Order in the court! Order in the court! And stop that samba!

*MUSIC: Out*

JUDGE

Who are you?

LEO

I am Leopold Bloom, Max Bialystock's partner. A rat who deserted a sinking ship.

JUDGE

I see.

*(to ULLA)*

And who are you, my dear?

ULLA

My name is Ulla Inga Hansen Bensen Yonsen Tallen-Hallen Svaden - Svanson ... Bloom.

JUDGE

Bloom? You're his wife?

ULLA

Ya, your honor. He wouldn't do it unless we got married.

LEO

*(stepping forward and placing the black bag on the judge's bench)*

Your Honor, this was all my scheme. I wish to turn myself in, and here is the two million dollars we stole. Minus hotel, airfare, and a large jar of cocoa butter.

JUDGE

Bailiff, mark this Exhibit "A".

*(the BAILIFF takes the bag & exits)*

Now, Mr. Bloom, tell me this why in God's name did you come back and give yourself up?

LEO

Why? To speak on his behalf. To tell you what this man is really like. We all know that Max Bialystock is a lying, double-crossing, two-faced, slimey, manipulative, underhanded ....

MAX

*(out of the side of his mouth to LEO)*

Please, don't help me.

LEO

*(aside to MAX)*

Max.

MAX

*(aside to LEO)*

What?

LEO

Do you remember when we were on the floor fighting over the books?

MAX

Yes.

LEO

I'm sorry I called you fat, fat, fatty.

MAX

Thank you.

## #22 'Til Him

LEO

Your Honor, if I may address the court. As I understand it, the law was created to protect people from being wronged. So whom has Max Bialystock wronged? Not these dear ladies ...

LITTLE OLD LADIES

No.

LEO

... And certainly not me, not me. I was this ... nobody ... no one ever called me Leo before. I mean, your honor, I know it isn't a big legal point, but even when I was in kindergarten, everybody always called me Bloom. I guess, what I'm trying to say is ... even when I was in Rio and had everything I'd ever dreamed of, I suddenly realized that ... this man ... this man ...

NO ONE EVER MADE ME FEEL LIKE SOMEONE ...

'TIL HIM.

LIFE WAS REALLY NOTHING BUT A GLUM ONE ...

'TIL HIM.

MY EXISTENCE BORDERED ON THE TRAGIC,

ALWAYS TIMID, NEVER TOOK A CHANCE,

THEN I FELT HIS MAGIC

AND MY HEART BEGAN TO DANCE.

I WAS ALWAYS FRIGHTENED, FRAUGHT WITH WORRY...

LEO (CONT'D)

'TIL HIM.

I WAS GOING NOWHERE IN A HURRY...

'TIL HIM.

HE FILLED UP MY EMPTY LIFE,

FILLED IT TO THE BRIM.

THERE COULD NEVER EVER BE

ANOTHER ONE...LIKE HIM.

MAX

Leo ... I never realized ... you're a good singer.

LEO

Thank you Max, I sang it for you. I sang it because I'm your friend.

MAX

You are? Gee, I've had a lot of relationships, but you couldn't call any of them friend. But come to think of it...

... NO ONE EVER EVER REALLY KNEW ME ...

*(HE sings and the LITTLE OLD LADIES join him singing fills at appropriate points throughout the song)*

MAX

...'TIL HIM.

EVERYONE WAS ALWAYS OUT TO SCREW ME

'TIL HIM.

NEVER MET A MAN I EVER TRUSTED,

ALWAYS DEALT WITH SHYSTERS IN THE PAST,

NOW I'M WELL ADJUSTED,

'CAUSE I'VE GOT A FRIEND AT LAST

*At this point, the LITTLE OLD LADIES do an especially ornate and lengthy fill; MAX says, out of the side of his mouth to them, spoken.*

MAX

ALWAYS PLAYING SINGLES,

NEVER DOUBLES,

'TIL HIM.

NEVER HAD A PAL

TO SHARE MY TROUBLES

'TIL HIM

LITTLE OLD LADIES

AHH AHH AHH AHH AHH AHH!

AHH AHH AHH AHH AHH!

LITTLE OLD LADIES

OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH!

OOH OOH OOH OOH!

**LEO**

HE FILLED UP MY EMPTY LIFE

**LEO & MAX**

FILLED IT TO THE BRIM

**LITTLE OLD LADIES**

AHH AAH AAH AAH AAH AAH!

OOH OOH OOH OOH!

**MAX**

Don't help me.

**LEO**

THERE COULD NEVER EVER BE

ANOTHER ONE ... LIKE HIM.

**JUDGE**

Gentlemen, it breaks my heart to break up such a beautiful friendship. So I won't.

*(slamming down his gavel)*

Five years in the state penitentiary at Sing Sing! Court adjourned!

*General consternation. ULLA and the LITTLE OLD LADIES scream and protest, ad lib, "No, no, please, no!" as LEO and MAX are dragged off by the bailiff.*

**ACT TWO****Scene 8****#23 Prisoners of Love**

*Sing Sing*

*CONVICT #1, in a striped prison uniform and cap, appears in a spotlight.*

**CONVICT #1**

GOTTA SING ... SING!

**CONVICT #2**

*(appearing in a spotlight)*

GOTTA SING ... SING!

**CONVICTS #3 & #4**

OH, YOU CAN LOCK US UP,

AND LOSE THE KEY,

**CONVICTS # 1-4**

BUT HEARTS IN LOVE

ARE ALWAYS FREE!

MAX

All right, you animals, break's over. Let's take it from the top.

CONVICT #1

Hey, this is good! Bloom, put me down for ten grand.

CONVICTS

PRISONERS OF LOVE,  
BLUE SKIES ABOVE,  
CAN'T KEEP OUR HEARTS IN JAIL!

MAX, LEO, & FRANZ enter in striped prison uniforms.

MAX

Tempo fellas! Pick up the tempo!

SIX CONVICTS

MAX

PRISONERS OF LOVE  
OUR TURTLE DOVES  
SOON COMING 'ROUND WITH BAIL!

That's it!  
Yes!

LEO

Sing out boys!

SIX CONVICTS

OH, YOU CAN LOCK US UP,  
AND LOSE THE KEY,

LEO

Let 'em hear you in solitary!

SIX CONVICTS

BUT HEARTS IN LOVE  
ARE ALWAYS FREE!  
PRISONERS OF LOVE,  
BLUE SKIES ABOVE...

SIX CONVICTS

MAX

'CAUSE WE'RE STILL PRISONERS,  
WE'RE STILL PRISONERS,  
WE'RE STILL PRISONERS OF LOVE!!

Take it home, boys!  
  
We open in Leavenworth Saturday night!

PRISON TRUSTEE

(racing in waving a paper in one hand)

Bialystock, Bloom, Liebkind, good news! This just came from the governor.  
"Gentlemen, you are hereby granted a full pardon for having - through song and  
dance - brought joy and laughter into the hearts of every murderer, rapist, and sex

**PRISON TRUSTEE (CONT'D)**

maniac in Sing Sing." You're free!

**LEO & CONVICTS**

Free!

**MAX**

Next stop, "Prisoners of Love" on Broadway!

**CONVICTS**

Broadway!

**FRANZ**

Broadway! I must tell my birds!

**FRANZ & CONVICTS**

BUT HEARTS IN LOVE

ARE ALWAYS FREE!

*The MUSIC of "Prisoners of Love" builds as the set changes to a Broadway version of Sing Sing. ULLA enters followed by ROGER DE BRIS as a sadistic, whip-wielding GUARD. A chorus of GIRL PRISONERS, scantily clad in glitzy & very abbreviated Broadway versions of striped chain gang convict uniforms enter.*

**ULLA & GIRL PRISONERS**

PRISONERS OF LOVE,

BLUE SKIES ABOVE,

CAN'T KEEP OUR HEARTS IN JAIL!

**ROGER**

CAN'T KEEP OUR HEARTS IN JAIL!

**ULLA & GIRL PRISONERS**

PRISONERS OF LOVE,

OUR TURTLE DOVES ...

**ROGER**

SOON COMING 'ROUND WITH BAIL!

**ULLA & GIRL PRISONERS**

TOTE THAT BALE!

*MALE PRISONERS enter in glitzy Broadway prison garb and join in.*

**MALE PRISONERS**

YOU CAN LOCK US UP,

AND LOSE THE KEY,

**ALL**

BUT HEARTS IN LOVE

ARE ALWAYS FREE!

*The scene segues to Shubert Alley, as in the opening scene of the show. The marquee of the Shubert Theatre lights up saying, "Bialystock & Bloom present their new smash-hit musical 'Prisoners of Love'!" Another sign lights up saying, "Straight From Sing Sing – Non-Stop Laughs – A Prison Riot!" "Now in it's 4th Smash Year!"*

### ROGER, ULLA, & ALL PRISONERS

PRISONERS OF LOVE,  
BLUE SKIES ABOVE,  
'CAUSE WE'RE STILL  
PRISONERS ...  
WE'RE STILL  
PRISONERS...  
WE'RE STILL  
PRISONERS OF LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!  
LOVE!

*ALL exit into the Shubert, ULLA and ROGER last. Before ROGER can exit, CARMEN runs onstage with a bouquet of roses and hands them to ROGER. ROGER guides CARMEN into the Shubert, then exits after him.*

*LEO and MAX enter from the Shubert Theatre. Both are resplendent in evening clothes. But hatless. MAX carries two hats, one behind his back. MAX hands a hat to LEO and they both put on their matching hats at rakish angles. THEY shake hands*

### LEO & MAX

LEO AND MAX  
UP OFF OUR BACKS,  
BACK ON  
THE GREAT WHITE WAY!  
LEO AND MAX,  
BACK ON OUR TRACKS,  
WE'RE BACK



## LEO &amp; MAX (CONT'D)

ON TOP TO STAY!  
 SO WHEN WE TAKE YOUR MONEY,  
 NEVER FEAR,  
 WE'LL KNOCK BROADWAY  
 RIGHT ON ITS EAR!  
 THE CAST IS GREAT,  
 THE SCRIPT IS SWELL,  
 BUT THIS WE'RE TELLIN' YOU, SIR,  
 IT'S JUST NO GO, YOU GOT NO SHOW,  
 WITHOUT THE PRODUCERS!  
 WE'LL NEVER QUIT,  
 HIT AFTER HIT ...

*The set parts and the logos of future Bialystock & Bloom are revealed upstage, lighting up one after the other in the following order: "MAIM," "KATZ," "47TH STREET," "SOUTH PASSAIC," "HIGH BUTTON JEWS," "DEATH OF A SALESMAN - ON ICE!," "A STREETCAR NAMED MURRAY," "SHE SHTUPPS TO CONQUER," and "FUNNY BOY 2."*

*(as THEY walk arm-in-arm together into a literal sunset)*

YOU AND ME-O,  
 WE GUARANTEE-O,  
 YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT  
 LEO AND MAX!!

## ENTIRE ENSEMBLE

*(off-stage)*

THE PRODUCERS,  
 LEO AND MAX!

## CURTAIN

## #24 Bows

*At the end of the bows, ALL sing.*

## #25 Goodbye

## ALL

THANKS FOR COMING TO SEE OUR SHOW,

**ALL (CONT'D)**

SAD TO TELL YOU WE GOT TO GO,  
GRAB YOUR HAT AND HEAD FOR THE DOOR,  
IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE,  
THERE AIN'T ANY MORE!  
IF YOU LIKE OUR SHOW TELL EV'RYONE BUT ...  
IF YOU THINK IT STINKS  
KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT!  
WE'RE GLAD YOU CAME BUT WE HAVE TO SHOUT,  
ADIOS, AU REVOIR, WIEDERSEHEN, TA-TA-TA,  
GOODBYE ... GET LOST ... GET OUT!!!

**#26 Exit Music**

**THE END**

# SONGS BY CHARACTER (VOCAL BOOK)

## MAX

2. It's Opening Night	111
3. The King of Old Broadway	117
5. We Can Do It	129
7. We Can Do It - Reprise	148
8. I Wanna Be a Producer-Reprise	151
10. Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop	153
11. Keep It Gay	158
11a. "Keep It Gay" - Conga	168
13. Along Came Bialy	175
15a. That Face - Reprise	198
20. Where Did We Go Right	234
21. Betrayed	239
22. 'Til Him	247
23. Prisoners Of Love	252
25. Goodbye	262

## LEO

5. We Can Do It	129
6. I Wanna Be A Producer	136
7. We Can Do It - Reprise	148
8. I Wanna Be a Producer-Reprise	151
10. Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop	153
11. Keep It Gay	158
11a. "Keep It Gay" - Conga	168
13. Along Came Bialy	175
15. That Face	191
15a. That Face - Reprise	198
18. It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night	209
20. Where Did We Go Right	234
20b. Leo Goes To Rio	237
22. 'Til Him	247
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## FRANZ

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10. Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop	153
13. Along Came Bialy	175
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18. It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night	209
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25. Goodbye	262

## ROGER

10c. To Be or Not To Be	157
11. Keep It Gay	158
11a. "Keep It Gay" - Conga	168
13. Along Came Bialy	175
18. It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night	209
19. Springtime For Hitler	213
23. Prisoners Of Love	252
25. Goodbye	262

## CARMEN

10c. To Be or Not To Be	157
11. Keep It Gay	158
11a. "Keep It Gay" - Conga	168
13. Along Came Bialy	175
18. It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night	209
23. Prisoners Of Love	252
25. Goodbye	262

## ULLA

12. When You've Got It, Flaunt It	170
13. Along Came Bialy	175
5. That Face	191
19. Springtime For Hitler	213
20b. Leo Goes To Rio	237
23. Prisoners Of Love	252
25. Goodbye	262



## 1

*Overture*

TACET

## 2

*It's Opening Night*

Maestoso



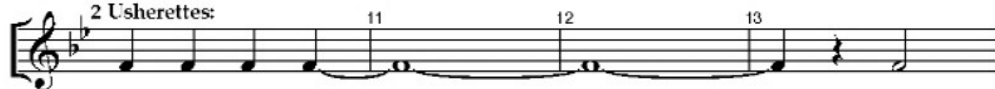
6

Fast 2



10

2 Usherettes:



O - pen - ing night\_\_\_\_\_ It's



O - pen - ing night!\_\_\_\_\_



It's

22



Max Bi - al - y - stock's la - test show\_\_\_\_\_

(2 Usherettes:)

26 27 28 29

Will it flop\_\_\_\_\_ or will it go?\_\_\_\_\_ The

30 31 32 33

cast is tak - ing its fi - nal bow\_\_\_\_\_

34 35 36 37

Here comes\_\_\_\_\_ the au - di - ence now\_\_\_\_\_ The

38

39 40 41

doors are o - pen, they're on their way\_\_\_\_\_ Let's

42 43 44 45

hear what they have to say\_\_\_\_\_

*1st nighters stream out of theatre*

46-48 3 49 Men:

He's

50

51 52 53

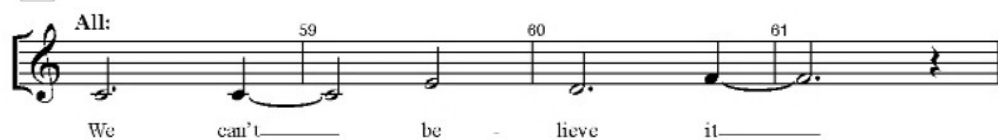
done it a - gain,\_\_\_\_\_ He's done it a - gain\_\_\_\_\_

54 Women:

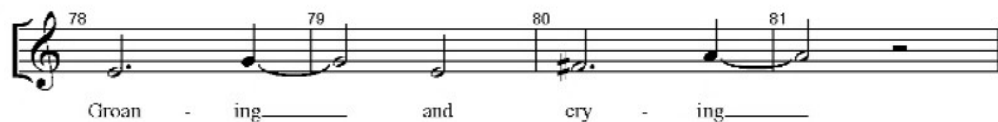
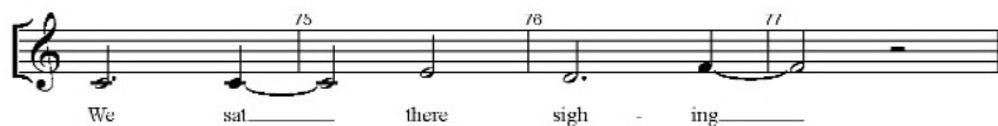
55 56 57

Max Bi - al - y - stock has done it a - gain\_\_\_\_\_

58



74



90

(Women:)

want - ed to stand up and hiss

Men: *p* N.E. Oo

but nev - er like

*f* We've seen shit but nev - er like

*Ad lib laughter from 1st Nighters*

this

this

100

All:

Max Bi - al - y - stock has done it a - gain The

104

Women:

songs were rot - ten the book was stink - in' What

Men: songs were rot - ten the book was stink - in' What



(Women:) 108 109 110 111

he did to Shakes - peare Booth did to Lin - coln

(Men:)

he did to Shakes - peare Booth did to Lin - coln

112

Workman: "We have these 'specially made up for Max Bialystock."

112-115 4

116-117 2

Sign changes to "closing night"

118 (Ratchet) 119 W: *ff*

We

M:

We

120

121 122 123

could - n't leave fast - er

could - n't leave fast - er

2 Usherettes:

124 125 126 127

What a dis - as - ter

**Women:**

128 We are still in shock\_\_\_\_\_

**Men:**

We are still in shock\_\_\_\_\_

132 Who pro - duced this schlock?\_\_\_\_\_ That

133

134

135

Who pro - duced this schlock?\_\_\_\_\_ That

136 slim - y, slea - zy Max Bi - al - y -

137

138

139

slim - y slea - zy Max Bi - al - y -

140 - stock\_\_\_\_\_ (yelled) 142 What a bum!

141

143 (yelled) What a bum!

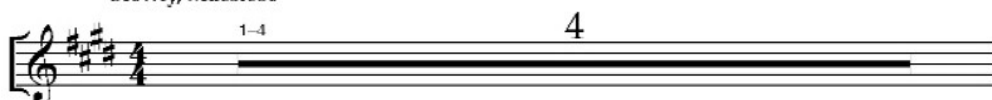
- stock\_\_\_\_\_

Segue

## 3

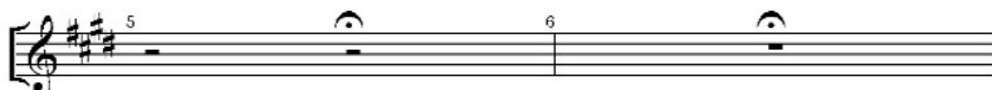
*The King Of Broadway*

Slowly, Maestoso

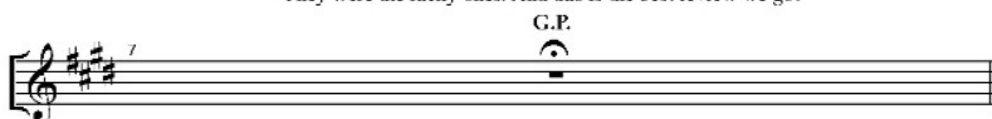


**Max:** "The reviews come out a lot faster  
when the critics leave at intermission"

By the end of 'Funny Boy', Max Bialystock's  
hopeless musical of Hamlet, everybody is dead.



They were the lucky ones. And this is the best review we got"



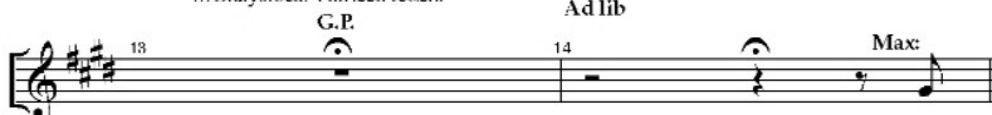
8 Slowly

*Blind violinist enters* **Max:** "Where did I go wrong?  
What happened to me? What happened to me?"

**Max:** "You're looking at the man...  
*He turns violinists head*  
[Music out]"



... you're looking at the man...  
... Bialystock. Thirteen letters"



Ad lib

Max:

I

15



used to be the king the king of old Broad - way The



best of ev - 'ry - thing was mine to have each day. I

23 Start slowly, then accel.  
(Max:)



al-ways had the big-gest hits, the big-gest bath-rooms at the Ritz, my



show-girls had the big - gest tits I nev - er was the pits in an - y

27 **A tempo (Fast 4)**

(Max:)



way

**Woman:**



Two men:



30

(Woman:)



ev - 'ry word                      We   be - lieve   you                      Thou - sands   could - n't

(Two men:)



Ad lib

33 34 35 Max:

I

(Woman:)

We be-lieve each word we've heard

(Two men:)

We be-lieve each word we've heard

36 Tempo I

(Max:) 37 38 39

used to be the king the king of old Broad - way My

Two men/woman: Blind violinist:

The king? It's good to be the king

40 (Max:) 41 42 43

prais - es they would sing A "Zieg-feld" so they'd say My

44 Start slowly, then accel.

45

shows were al-ways filled with class The best cham-pagnes would fill my glass My

46 47

lap was filled with gor-geous ass You could n't call me crass in an - y

## 48 A tempo (Fast 4)

(Max):

way

Women:

We be-lieve you Thou-sands would-n't We be-lieve you

Men:

We be-lieve you Thou-sands would-n't We be-lieve you

51 (W:)

ev-ry word We be-lieve you Thou-sands could-n't

(M:)

ev-ry word We be-lieve you Thou-sands could-n't

54 55 Max:

There was a

(W:)

We be-lieve each word we've heard

(M:)

We be-lieve each word we've heard

## 56 In 6 (Slow, Hungarian feel)

(Max):

time when I was young and gay, but straight There was a

58 (Max:) 59  
time \_\_\_\_\_ when I was bold There was a

60

61  
time \_\_\_\_\_ when each and ev - 'ry play \_\_\_\_\_ I

62 (Max:) 63 *Più mosso*  
touched \_\_\_\_\_ would turn to gold

Men/Women:  
There was a

64

65 66  
Oy

time he wore the fin-est clothes his shoes were al-ways

67 68 (Max:) 69  
Now I wear a rent-ed tux that's

(W:) (Opera wail)  
new Ahhh Aaah Oooh

(M:)  
Aaah Oooh

## #3 - The King of Broadway

70

Fast 4

(Max:) 

two weeks o-ver due


72

(Max:) 


Rent-ed

(W:) 

Poor Bi-a-ly What a schmoo-zer

(M:) 

Poor Bi-a-ly What a schmoo-zer



tux O-ver



Poor Bi-a-ly what a shame



Poor Bi-a-ly what a shame

76



due way o-ver



Poor Bi-a-ly What a los-er



Poor Bi-a-ly What a los-er



78 (Max:) - due

79

(W:) Poor Bi - a - ly Good - bye fame!

(M:) Poor Bi - a - ly Good - bye fame!

Max: "Such reviews! How dare they insult me in this manner? How quickly they forget. I'm Max Bialystock! The first producer ever to do summer stock in the winter!"

80

80A Vamp

81 Men/Women: Once he was the

Max: "You've heard of theatre in the round? You're looking at the man who invented theatre in the square. Nobody had a good seat!"

82

83 Vamp

84 King of old Broad -

king!

Max: "I've spent my entire life in the theatre. I was a protege of the great Boris Tomashevski"

85

85A Vamp

86 Slower Others: "Oooh"

- way!

87 Sadly Max: "He taught me everything I know. he turned to me on his deathbed and said I'll never forget,

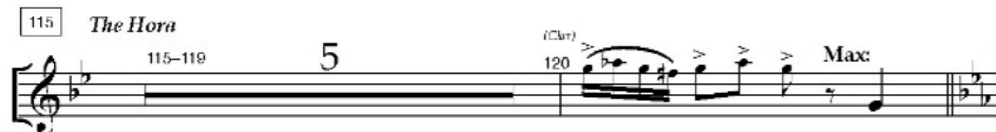
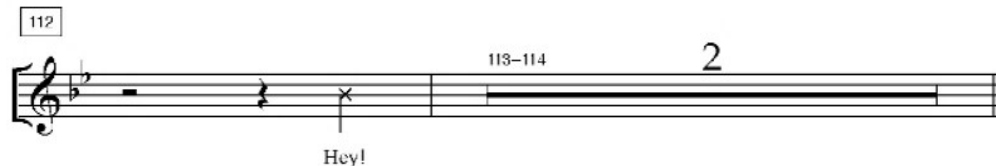
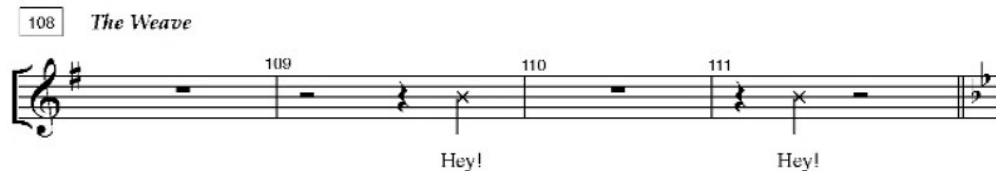
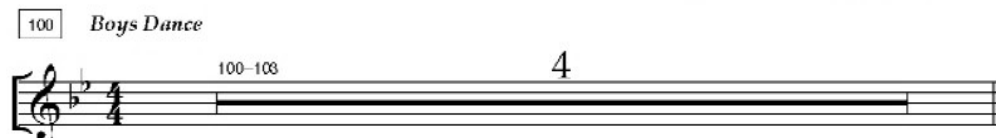
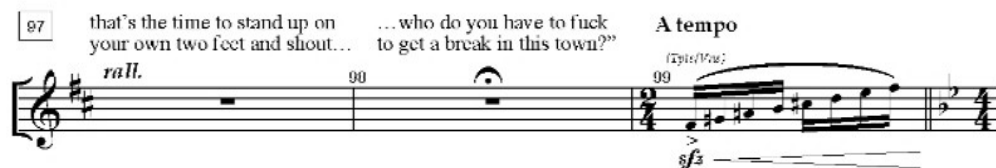
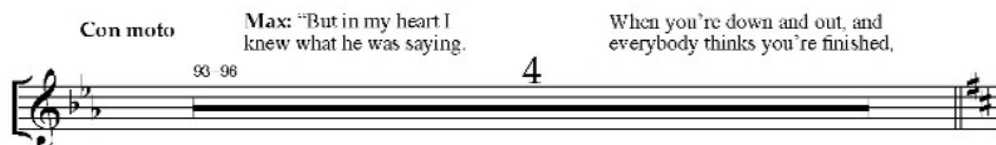
3

"Maxeleh, alle menschen, muss zu machen, jeden tuga gantzen kachen pipi cachen"

90

91

Nun #1: "What does that mean?" Max: "Who knows? I don't speak Yiddish. Strangely enough, neither did he."



121 *Nutty Russians*

(Max:) 122 123

used to be the king the king of old Broad -

W: Ah! Used to be the king

M: Ah! Used to be the king

124 125 126

- way A - gain I will be king and

King of old Broad - way

King of old Broad - way

127 128 129

be on top to stay There'll be

On top to stay Hey!

On top to stay Hey!

Start slowly, then accel.

Colla voce



ga - la op - 'ning nights a - gain, You'll see my name in lights a - gain I'll



go from dark to brights a - gain! My spir - its high as kites a - gain, I'll



nev - er suf - fer slights a - gain, I'll taste those sweet de - lights a - gain! No



pleth - o - ra of plights a - gain. No blos - som - ing of blights a - gain No



fran - tic fits or fights a - gain



Fame is in my sights a - gain I'll take those fan - cy flights a - gain, I'm



gon - na scale the heights a - gain

Bi -

Slower

(Max) [To 146]

143 a - ly stock will nev - er drop Bi - a ly stock will nev - er stop Bi -

W: *sfz* Ahh! Ahh!

M: *sfz* Ahh! Ahh!

A tempo

(Max)

146 a - ly - stock will be on top a -

147 148

149

(Max)

150

- gain

M/W:

Fame is in his sights a - gain He'll take those fan - cy flights a - gain He's

151 152 153

I'll be on top a - gain Hey!

gon na scale the heights a gain He'll be on top a gain Hey!

Applause segue

**3A***The King Of Broadway~Tag*

Ensemble:

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

**3**
**4***Before "We Can Do It"*

TACET

## 5

*We Can Do It!*

**Leo:** "I merely posed a little academic accounting theory. It was just a thought."

**Max:** "Bloom, worlds are turned on such thoughts. Don't you see, Bloom, Darling Bloom, glorious Bloom, it's so simple."

Step one: **[Music in]**

We find the worst play ever written...

... Step two: **[Music in]** We hire the worst director in town.



Step three: **[Music in]** I raise two million dollars"

**Leo:** "Two?"

**Max:** "Yes! One for me, one for you. There's a lot of little old ladies out there."

Step four: **[Music in]** We hire the worst actors in New York and open on Broadway. And before we can say...



Step five, **[Music in]** we close on Broadway, take our two million dollars and go to Rio."

6

**A tempo, Slow 4**

**Leo:** "Rio? It will never work." **Max:** "Oh, ye of little faith!"



9



What did Lew-is say to Clark when ev-'ry-thing looked bleak?



What did Sir Ed-mund say to Ten-zing as they strug-gled t'ward Ev-er-est's peak?



What did Wash-ing-ton say to his troops when they crossed—the Del-a-ware?—

Leo: "What did they say?"



17 Slow 2

*accel. poco a poco*

33 A tempo



41





49



65



Max: "Whataya say, Bloom?"



82

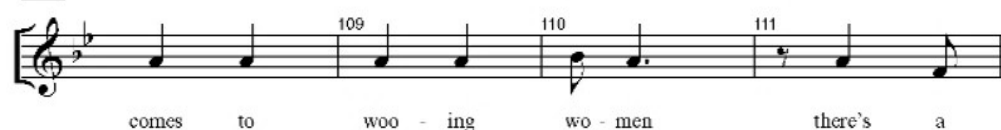




92 **A tempo**



108



116



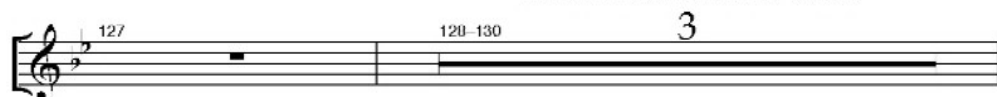


123

Max: "You miserable, cowardly, wretched little caterpillar.



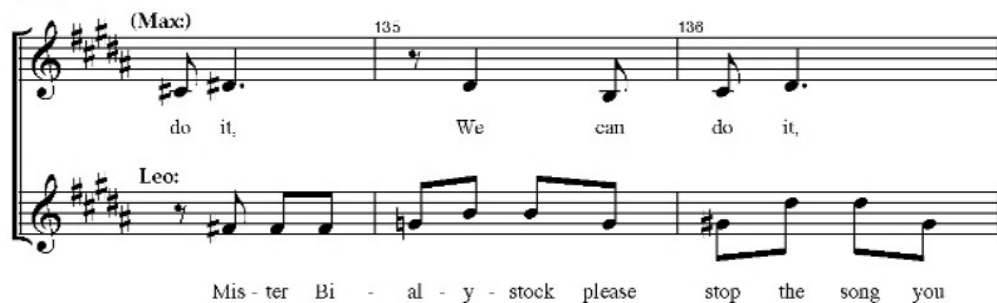
Don't you ever want to become a butterfly?  
Don't you want to spread your wings...



and flap your way to... glory?"



134



140 (Max) 141 142

Grail We can do it,

(Leo:) per - son as you think Mis - ter Bi -

143 144 145

We can do it, Drink cham -

- al - y - stock just take a look I'm not a crook I'm

146 147 148 149

- pague, not gin - ger - ale Come on

just a shmook the bot - tom line is that I stink!

150

151 152 153

Le - o can't you see - o Ow!

I can't do it You see

154 155 156 157 158 159 (Max:)

We can

(Leo:)

Ri - o I see jail \_\_\_\_\_

160

161 162 163

do it, \_\_\_\_\_ We can

I can't do it \_\_\_\_\_

164 165 166 167

do it, \_\_\_\_\_

I can - not can - not can - not can - not do it 'cause I

168 (Leo:) 169 170 171

know it's gon - na

**Max:** "Fail? Fail? How could it miss? Bloom, you're like a fountain waiting to explode and shoot into the sky."

**Leo:** "I'm a fountain?"

**Max:** "Yes, don't you realize all you need is a little courage. Bloom, Bloom, don't you realize, there's a lot more to you than there is to you?"

172 173 174

fail. \_\_\_\_\_

Vamp [fade on cue]

Segue as one "I Wanna Be A Producer"

## 6

*I Wanna Be A Producer*

[Warn] Leo: "You've mistaken me for someone with a spine.  
I'm going back to Whitehall and Marks now. Goodbye forever."

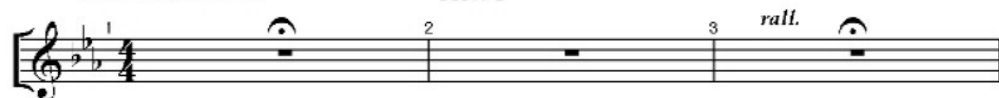
Max: "Wait a minute. Just think about it, Bloom. Just think about it..."

*Continue on cue*

Max: "Dear Lord,  
I want that money!"

[Cue] *Leo slams door*

Slow 4



Fast 4

*Applause*



4



*(Typewriter keys)*

*(Ratchet)*



12

Accountants:



Un - hap - py un - hap - py ver - y un - hap - py



Un - hap - py un - hap - py ver - y ver - y ver - y ver - y



ver - y ver - y ver - y un - hap - py

[To 30]

**Marks:** "Bloom, where the hell have you been?! You're six minutes late. This is an accounting firm, not a country club. You can't come and go as you please."

**Leo:** "Yes, Mr. Marks"

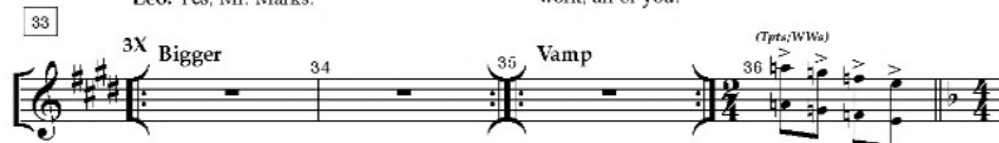
**Marks:** "Remember, you're a nobody, a P.A., a Public Accountant. And I am a C.P.A."



a Certified Public Accountant—a rank that a miserable little worm like you can never hope to achieve."

**Marks: (to all)** "You, what are you gawking at? You never saw a person humiliated before? Now, get back to work, all of you!"

**Leo:** Yes, Mr. Marks."



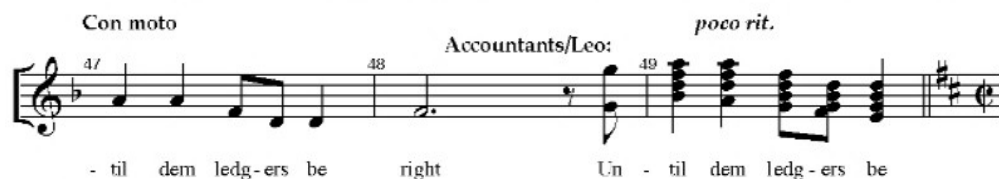
Un - hap - py un - hap - py  
*rit.*



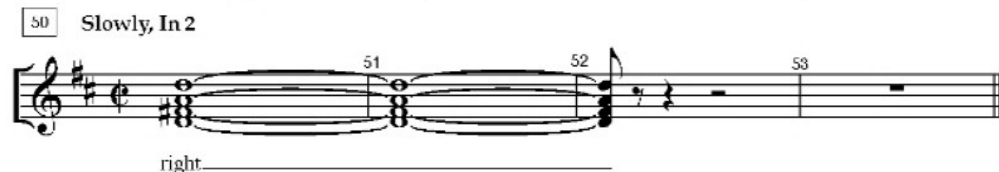
ver-y ver-y ver-y ver-y ver-y ver-y ver-y un - hap - py Oh, I



deb its all de mor - nin' And I cred its all de eve - nin' un -



- til dem ledg-ers be right Un - til dem ledg-ers be



right

54

Leo: 55 56 57

I spend my life ac - count - ing with fig - ures and such To

Accountants:

Un - hap - py

58 59 60 61

what is my life a - mount - ing it fig - ures not much

Un - hap - py

62

(Leo:) 63 64 65

I have a se - cret de - sire hid - ing deep in my soul

*poco rit.*

66 67 68 69 [To 72]

It sets my heart a fi - re to see me in this role——

72

## Soft Shoe, In 4

(Drums in)

73-75 3

76

76-79 4



80

(Leo:)

I wan-na be a pro - duc - er with a hit show on Broad - way

I wan-na be a pro - duc - er lunch at Sar-di's ev-'ry - day

88

I wan na be a pro - duc - er sport a top hat and a

came I wan-na be a pro - duc - er and drive those

*File cabinet shakes*

cho - nus girls in - sane

97

1st girl out of cabinet      2nd girl      3rd girl      4th—5th—6th

(Synth)      (1pts)

101

101-102      2      103      (cush register) 104

(ka - ching!)

105

(Leo:) 106 107 108

I wan-na be a pro - duc - er and sleep un - til half past two

Showgirls: (no vibrato)

Oooh \_\_\_\_\_ Oooh \_\_\_\_\_

A tempo

109 110 111 112

I wan-na be a pro - duc - er and say you you you not you

Oooh \_\_\_\_\_

113

114 115

I wan-na be a pro - duc - er wear a tux on op - 'ning


Oooh \_\_\_\_\_

116 117 118

nights I wan-na be a pro - duc - er and see my

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

119 (Leo:) 120 121

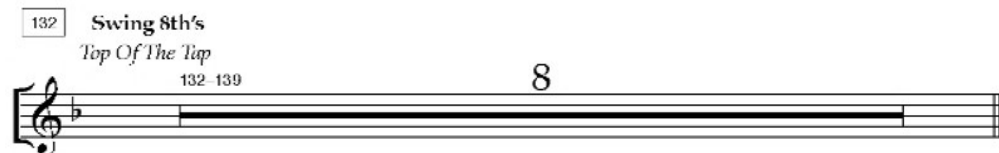


name, Le - o Bloom in lights

122 Più mosso 122-125 4 [To 132]



132 Swing 8th's Top Of The Top 132-139 8



140 Push beat 140-143 4



Ratchet 144-145 2 146 (Fls) >

155

(Showgirls:)

*louder*

He wants to be a pro - duc - er pinch our cheeks 'til we cry

158 Girl #1: #2: #3: #4: 159 #5: #6: [To 164] (Showgirls:)

Ouch! Eek! Ooo! Oh! Ah! Yes! He wants to be a pro -

165 *(belt it!)* 166 167

- duc - er with a great big cast - ing couch

168

Marks: "Oh, Mr. Bloom..."

169-171 3

Swing 8th's

*Glass Pass*

172 173 174

175

Here's To You

175 176

177

Dance Insert

177-180 4

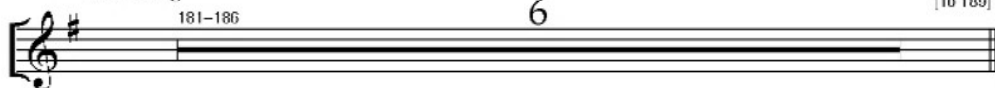
181

*Partnering*

181-186

6

[To 189]



189

*Heel Shuffle*

189-194

6

**Drunkenly**

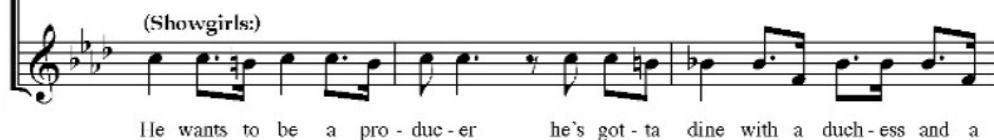
198

(Leo:)

199

**Showgirls:****Straight 8th's**  
*poco rall.*

202

**Slow swing***Kick Line**accl. poco a poco*

## A tempo

(Leo:) Flap Circle

205 206 207

I just got to be a pro - duc - er drink cham

(Showgirls:)

duke Oooh

208 209

- pagne un - til I puke

Drink cham - pagne 'til he

210

211 212 213

I wan - na be a pro - duc - er show the world just what I've got I'm gon - na

puke!

214

## Stripper Legs

215 216

put on shows that will en - thrall 'em Read my name in

Read my name in

217 (Leo:) 218 219

Win - chell's col - umn I wan - na be a pro - duc - er

(Showgirls:)

Win - chell's col - umn

*The Rape* *Colla voce*

220 (Leo:) 221 222

'cause it's ev - 'ry - thing I'm

223 **A tempo**

(Leo:) 224 224A

not

Accountants:

Un - hap - py Un - hap - py So un - hap - py

*poco rit.*

225 (Accountants:) 226

ver - ry ver - y ver - y ver - y ver - y ver - y ver - y ver - y

*Slowly*

(Leo:) 227 228 3 229 230

I wan - na be a pro - duc - er

(Accountants:)

sad

Applause Segue

231 Tempo 1°

Vamp

[To 233]

233

Leo: "Hold everything. [Music out]  
What am I doing here? Mr. Bialystock  
was right! There is a lot more to me!

Stop the world.  
I want to get on"  
[Music in]

234

(Trio.)

235

Marks: "What's the hell's going on here? Do I smell the revolting stench  
of self-esteem? Bloom, where do you think you're going! [Music out]

You already had your toilet break."  
Leo: "I'm not going into the toilet, I'm going into show business.

236

Mr. Marks, I've  
got news for you.  
I quit!

And by the way, you're right, you are  
a C.P.A. A certified public asshole!"

237

238

Accountants: "Hooray!"

Leo: "Here's my visor..."

[Grabs visor-Music]

...my Dixon, Ticonderoga

number two pencil...

[Grabs pencil-Music]

...and my big finish!

A tempo

239

240

(Strings)



241

Leo: 242 243

I'm gon-na be a pro-duc-er sound the horns and beat the

All:

Ooo

244 245

drum I'm gon-na be a pro-

3 3 3

da da da da da da da da da!

(ossia) poco rall.

246 247

-duc-er Look out Broad-way here I

Aaah!

A tempo rall.

248 249 250 251

come!

Broad-way here he comes!



21 (Max:) 22 23 24 25

woe and gloom With your bril-liance my re -

(Leo:)

I'm gon - na be a pro -

26 27 28 29 30 31

- sil - iance up to - ge - ther we will zoom! We can

- du - cer we will zoom! We can

32

33 34 35

do it We can do it Ev - 'ry

do it We can do it

36 37 38 39

show I touch I doom! We were

We were

40

(Max:) 41 42 43 44

fat - ed to be mat - ed We're Bi - al -

(Leo:) 41 42 43 44

fat - ed to be mat - ed We're Bi - al -

45 46 47 48 49 [to 52]

- y - stock and Bloom! \_\_\_\_\_

- y - stock and Bloom! \_\_\_\_\_

*Fountain*

Offstage voices: 52 53 54 55

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Applause segue

7A

*Time Passes*

TACET

## 8

*I Wanna Be A Producer-Reprise*

[Warn] Max: "No, you may not."

Leo: "Why not?"

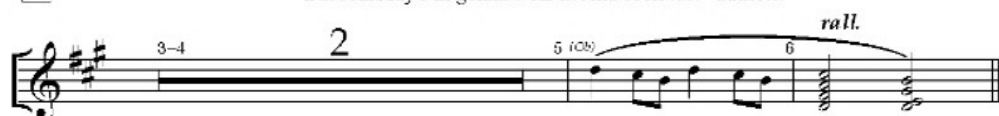
[Cue] Max: "Because that's a Broadway producer's hat..." [Music In]

Maestoso

...and you don't get to wear a Broadway producer's hat until you're a Broadway producer. And you're not a Broadway producer until..."



3

Leo: "...I know, I know, until I produce a show on Broadway.  
But someday I'm gonna wear it. And soon too. 'Cause..."

7

Faster, In 2



We're gon-na be the pro - du - cers Yes, we're head - ing to the



top We're gon-na be the pro - du - cers of a



great big Broad - way flop! \_\_\_\_\_



Segue as one "In Old Bavaria"

## 9

*In Old Bavaria*

1 4 5 Franz:  
Oh how I

6 Colla voce  
miss ze hills und dales und vales und trails of old Ba-var-i-a Oh, it's such

(kiss)  
8 9 bliss to kiss the miss I miss like this in old Ba-var-i-a Oh, ze

10  
11 Pigeons: Franz:  
mea-dows und ze moun-tains und ze sky Coo cool not to

12 Pigeons: Franz:  
men-tion hordes of Brown Shirts pass-ing by Coo cool Brings a

14 15 16  
tear to ev-'ry sin-gle Na-zi eye in old I'm talk-in'

(Franz:) 17 18 19 20 rit. Franz kisses pigeon  
old Ba-var-i-a

Pigeons:  
Coo coo coo coo coo coo coo coo.

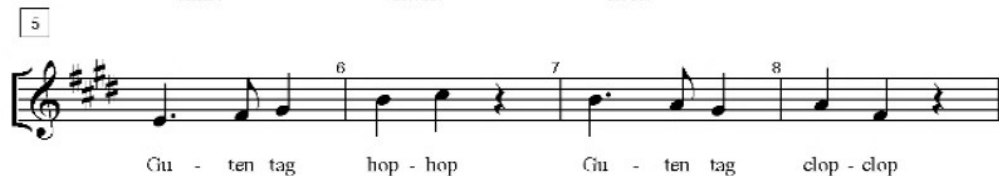
## 10

*Der Guten Tag Hop-Clop*

[Warn] Franz: "All right, key of E"

Max: "Is there any other?"

[Cue] Franz: "Vunderbar!"



Franz: "Everybody"

30

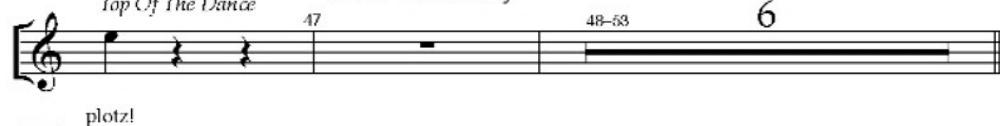


46

Slightly faster

*Top Of The Dance*

Franz: "You vill svay."



54





## 70 Stalking



## 76 Patty-Cake

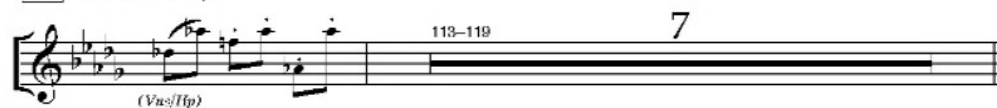


This is a trick - y one

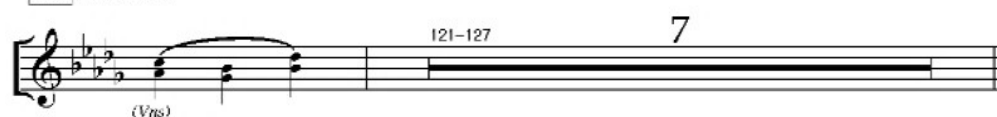
## 92



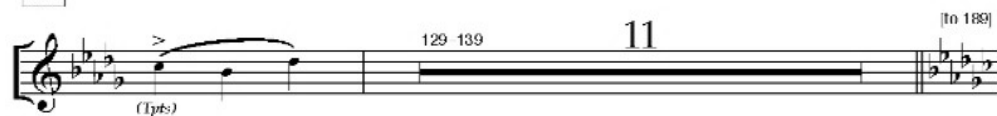
## 112 Elbow Hook-up



## 120 Allemande



## 128



## 189 Dialogue



205 *Continue on cue:*  
Franz: "Now repeat after me..."

206-228 23 *Vamp* 229-230 2

(Pizz Stgs)

231 **Religioso** ...I solemnly swear..." Max & Leo: "I solemnly swear..."

233-234 2

(Vibes)

Franz: "...to obey the sacred Siegfried oath..."

235-238 4 *Dialogue continues*

239-246 8

247

248 249-258 10

(Vibes)

259 **Vamp** ...Adolf Elizabeth [Music stops] Hitler!"

259-260 2 [to 263] 263 **G.P.** *Dialogue* [to 268]

268 **Cue: Door slams** Franz: "What nice guys! Broadway! Wait 'til they hear about this in Argentina!"

269-273 5

(Pizz Stgs/Accordion)

*rall.* Franz: "Mein Lieblings!"

274 275 276 **Franz:** Ve're

(Vins/Cls)

277 **Faster, In 1**

(Franz:)

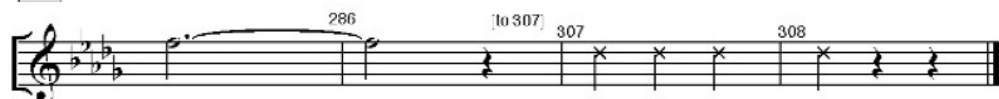


wink - en und blink - en und clink - en und trink - in our



schapps\_\_\_\_\_ 'til ve

285



plotz\_\_\_\_\_ Heil you know who!

Applause segue

**10A***Into Scene 7*

TACET

**10B***Roger's Entrance*

TACET

**10C***To Be Or Not To Be**For Rehearsal Only*

Very fast



To be or not\_\_\_\_\_ to be You mean a lot\_\_\_\_\_ to me.

## 11

*Keep It Gay*

[Cue] Max: "Then you'll do it?"

Roger: "Do it? Of course not. [Music in] Not my kind of thing. I mean, Max, please. World War Two? Too dark, too depressing."

Vamp 2

The thea-tre's so ob-sessed with dra-mas so de-pressed it's

hard to sell a tick-et on Broad-way Shows should be more pret-ty

Rubato

Shows should be more wit-ty Shows should be more what's the word? Gay?

Roger: "Exactly" 11 Moderate waltz, In 3

No mat-ter what you do on the stage keep it

light keep it bright keep it gay Wheth-er it's

19

mur - der may - hem or rage Don't com -

(Roger:) 23 24 25 26

- plain, it's a pain keep it gay

27

Carmen: 28 29 30

Peo - ple want laugh - ter when they see a show The

31 32 33 34 Roger/Carmen:

last thing they're af - ter's a lit - a - ny of woe A hap - py

35

36 37 38

end - ing will pep up your play

39

Roger: 40 Carmen: 41

Oe - di - pus won't bomb if he winds up with

42 Roger: 43 Carmen: 44 Roger/Carmen:

mom Keep it gay keep it gay keep it

45

Max: "Couldn't agree with you more. And you have our blessings, Roger, to make 'Springtime For I tittler' just as gay as anyone could possibly want. So c' mon, do it for us, please?"

46-50 5

gay

51

Roger: "No, I'm sorry Max, but it's simply not my cup of tea. Still, fair is fair."

(Tts/Vns) 52-56 5

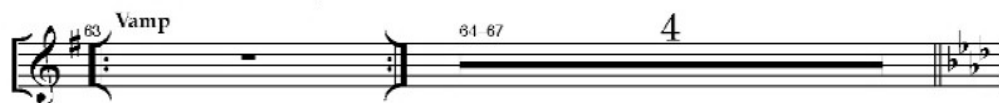
57

Perhaps I should ask my production team what they think."



*Cue to continue*  
 Max: "Who are they?"

Roger: "You'll see. They all live here. Oh guys!  
 Come say hello to Bialystock and Bloom!"



68

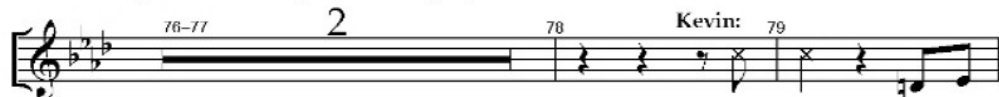
Roger: "This is my set designer, Bryan"



mad— keep it glad— keep it gay—

76

Roger: "And here's my costume designer, Kevin"



Hel - lo Keep it



hap - py keep it snap - py keep it gay— We're

84



clev - er cre - a - tive, it's our job to see that

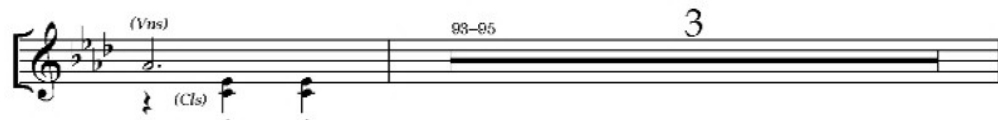


ev - 'ry - thing's per - fect for Mis - ter De - bris

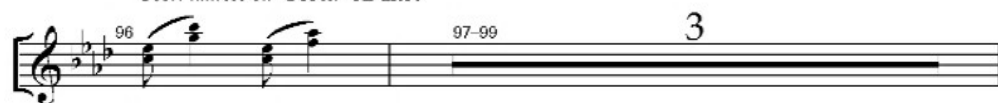
## #11—Keep It Gay

92

Roger: "Next, Scott, my choreographer."



Scott dances on Scott: "Hi there"



102

Meno mosso



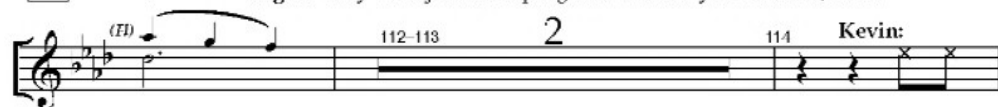
107



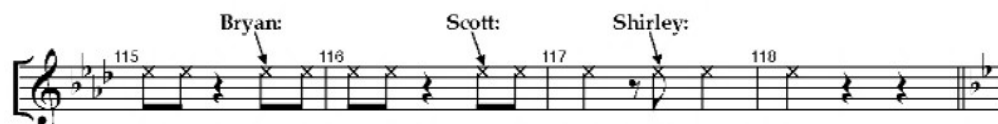
111

A tempo

Roger: "They've all just read 'Springtime.' What do you think of it, fellas?"



It needs

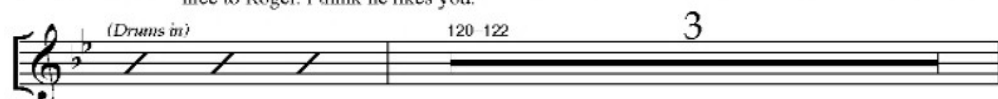


se - quins It needs glam - our It needs glitz It needs tits

119

Max: "We're losin' them. Go say something nice to Roger. I think he likes you."

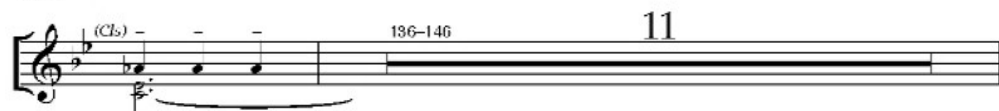
Leo: "But Max..." Max: "Go on, it's just showbiz."



Dialogue continues



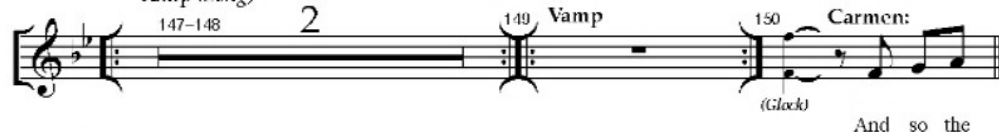
135



Roger: "God, if I could bottle you,  
I'd shove you under my ampits every day."

Cue to continue  
Max: "I'll tell you when  
we're in too deep."

Vamp (long)



151

Carmen: "Ha! Ha!"



Roger/Carmen/Roger's Team:



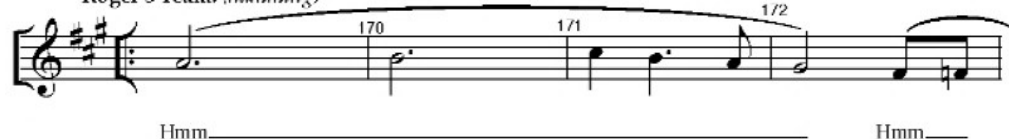
169

Stop on cue then cut to 201

Leo: "I don't think we're getting to them.  
What do we do now?"

Dialogue continues

Roger's Team: (humming)



## #11 - Keep It Gay



(Roger's Team:)

173 174 175 176

Hmn \_\_\_\_\_

177

178 179 180

Hmn \_\_\_\_\_

181 182 183 184

185

(Cls) 185-192 7

193

Max: "Why not? Think of the prestige." Roger: "No."

(Vns) 193-196 3

Max: "Think of the respect." Roger: "No, no, no." Music stops, cut to bar 201 Max: "Think of..."

197-200 4

201

Max: "...The Tony!" Carmen/Roger's Team:

(Tpts) 201 202 203

To - ny To - ny To - ny To - ny To - ny! \_\_\_\_\_

Roger: "Ngahh!"

Max: "What's the matter?"

Leo: "Is he all right?"

Carmen: "He's having a stroke..."

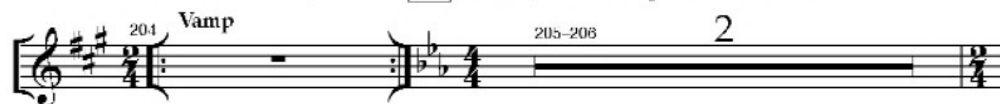
Max/Leo: "What?"

Carmen: "...of genius!"

205

March, In 4

Roger: "I see it, I see it!"



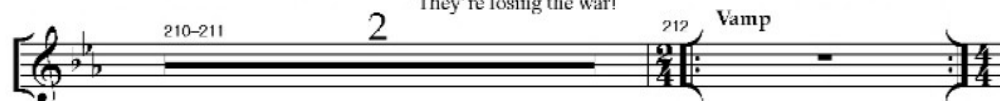
At last the chance to do  
something important!"



Ro - ger De - bris pre - sents his - to - ry

Roger: "Of course, that whole second act has to be rewritten.  
They're losing the war!"

Excuse me. It's too downbeat."



213

Carmen:

Roger: "But maybe...it's a wild  
idea, but it just might work..."

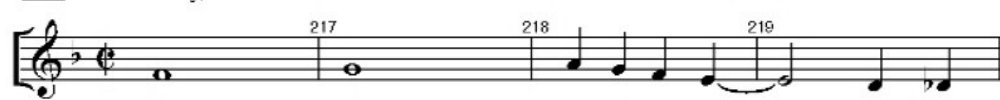


Ro - ger De - bris pre - sents his - to - ry!

I see a

216

Start slowly, then accel.



line of beau - ti - ful girls — dressed like



storm troop - ers each one a gem

With leath - er

224

A tempo



boots

and

whips on their hips —

It's ris -

(Roger:) Carmen/Roger's Team: Roger:

228 229 230 231

- qué, dare I say, S and M Love it! I see

232

233 234 235

Ger - man sol - diers danc - ing through France— played by

236 237 238 239

cho - rus boys in ver - y tight pants— And wait there's

240

241 242 243

more they win the war— And the

244 245 246 247

dan - ces they do will be dar - ing and new

248

249 250 251

'Turn, turn, kick, turn, turn, turn, kick, turn One, two, three, kick, turn Keep it

**Bigger** 4X

252 253 254 255 2

sas - sy keep it clas - sy keep it... say that you're the only man in the world who can do justice to Springtime For Hitler. Will you do it please?"

Leo: "Please."

Roger: "Wait a minute."

This is a very big decision. It might affect the course of my entire life. I'll have to think about it... [Music out]

...I'll do it."

256 Vamp 258 Roger: I'll

259 Fast 4

Carmen/Roger's Team:

260 261 262 (+ Roger:)

263 do it! Sa - bu cham - pagne! Ahh If at the

264 265

end you want them to cheer— Keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it

266 (Roger/Roger's Team:) 267 268

gay Whether it's Ham - let O - thel-lo or Lear— Keep it

Carmen (sounding *8va*):

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

269 270

gay, keep it gay, keep it gay

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

271

Carmen: (sounding *loco*)

272

Com - e - dy's joy - ous, a con - stant de - light—

## #11—Keep It Gay

273 (Carmen:) Roger/Carmen: Roger/Carmen/Roger's Team:

Dra - mas an - noy — us — And ru - in our night — So keep your

275 Carmen/Roger's Team: Roger: I'll sign —

Strind - bergs and Ib - sen's at bay — Kevin: Sign! —

(R:) 278 279 280 Max/Leo: [To 282]

(K:) Shirley: Sign! Sign! Sign!

Scott: Sign! —

Bryan: Sign — Carmen: Sign!

282 Roger: Roger/Carmen/Roger's Team:

Ro ger E - liz a beth De - bris! Keep it

284 (Roger/Carmen/Roger's Team:)

gay! —

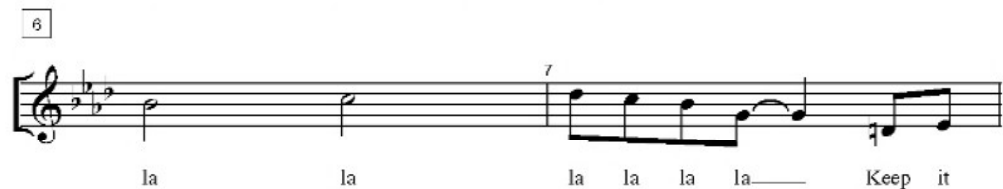
Max/Leo: Fast segue

Gay! —

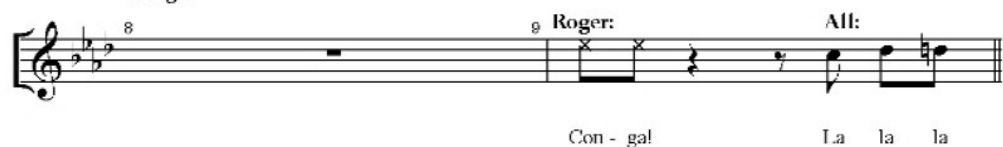
## 11A

*"Keep It Gay"~Conga!*

Gaily



Conga



14

(Alt:)

rule is when mount - ing a play Keep it

gay keep it gay keep it

gay. Repeat and fade into scene

11B

*Ulla's Entrance*

TACET

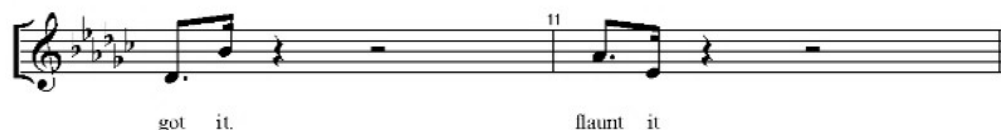
## 12

*When You've Got It, Flaunt It!*

2 Swing



10





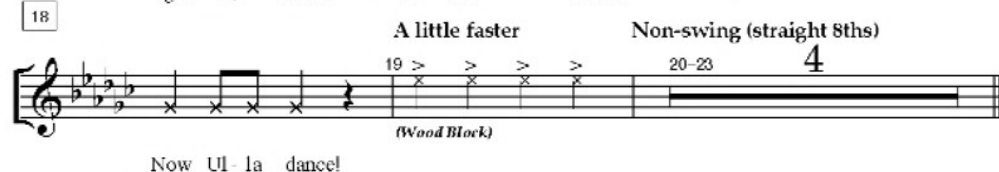
16 (Ulla:) 17



got it, shout it out loud!

18

A little faster Non-swing (straight 8ths)

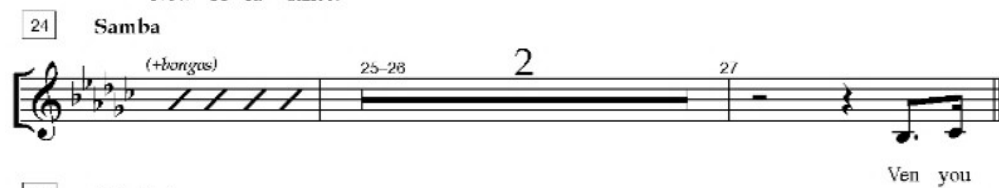


(Wood Block)

Now Ull-la dance!

24 Samba

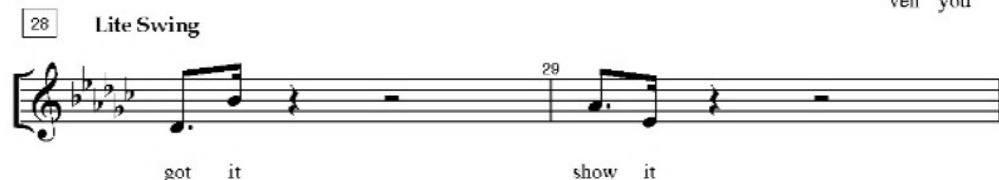
(+bongos)



25-28 2 2/

Ven you

28 Lite Swing



got it show it

30 31



put your hid-den trea-sures on dis-play

32 33



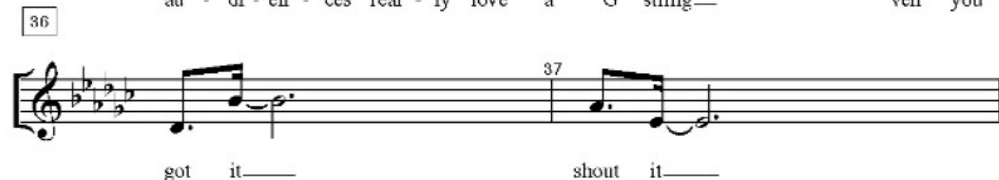
Vi-o-lin-ists love to play an E string— But

34 35



au-di-en-ces real-ly love a G string— Ven you

36



got it— shout it—



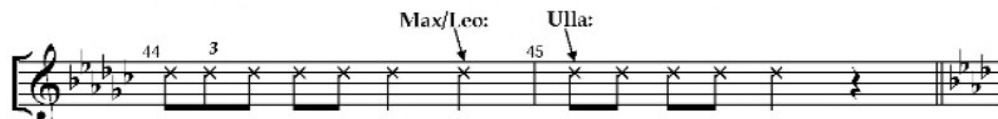
Let the whole world hear vat you're a - bout



Clothes may make the man, all a girl needs is a tan Ven you



got it let—— it hang out—— Re -



mem - ber when Ul - la dance? Yeah! Ul - la dance a - gain

46

Non-swing (straight 8ths)



50



Ven

58



I vas yust a lit - tle girl in Sve - den—— my



thought - ful moth - er gave me this ad - vice If

62 (Ulla:) 63

na - ture bless - es you from top to bot - tom\_\_\_\_\_

Lite swing

64 65

Show that top to bot - tom, don't think twice Now U - la

66 67 68

belt Don't think twice \_\_\_\_\_ Ven you

69 70

got it \_\_\_\_\_ share it \_\_\_\_\_

71 72

Let the pub - lic feast u - pon your charms

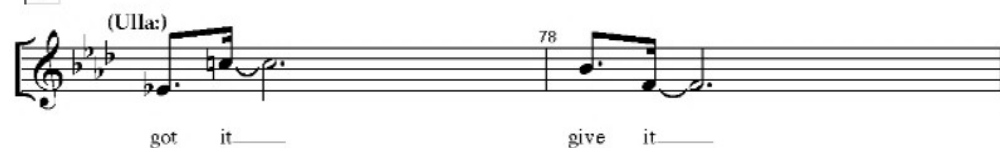
73 74

Peo - ple say that be - ing prim is pro - per\_\_\_\_\_ But

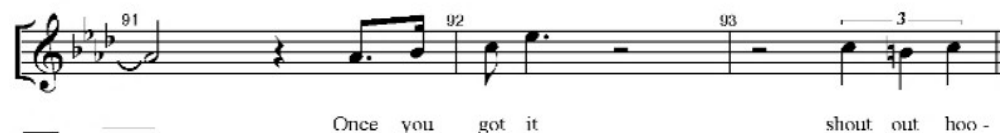
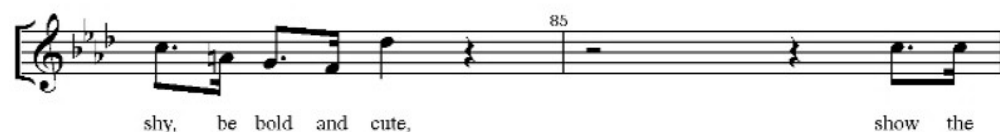
75 76

ev - 'ry show - girl knows that "prim" will stop her\_\_\_\_\_ Ven you

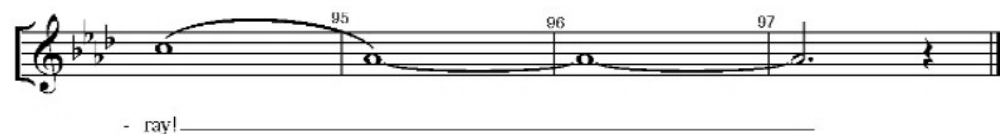
77



84



94



## #12 - When You've Got It, Flaunt It!

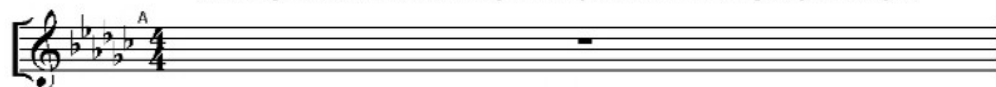
## 13

*Along Came Bialy*

[Cue] Max: "How? I'll tell you how"

Max opens cabinet—Music in

Max: "From my investors. Hundreds of little old ladies, all looking to Max Bialystock for one last thrill. So, in days to come, Bloom, you'll see very little of me...  
...and right now, I'd like to see very little of you. Scram, while I get myself ready..."



...for Max Bialystock is  
about to launch himself  
into Little Old Lady Land."

Tango

Vamp Stop on cue

G.P.

Door slams

Max:

(Tpts)

The

4 Colla voce

time has come

to be a lo-ver from the

Ar-gen-tine

Max: "Wow!"

Lys-ter-tine

13

It's

time for Max

to put his back-ers on their backs

A tempo

16 (Max) 17 18

and thrill them with a - maz - ing acts Those a - ging nym pho ma - ni

19 Tango

20 21 22

- acs Ah! Ah!

24

23 25

They were help - less— they were hope - less— then a -

26 27 28

- long came Bi - al - y They were joy - less— they were

29 30 31

boy less— then a - long came Bi - al - y They're my

32

33 34

an - gels— I'm their de - vil— And I keep those em - bers a - glow

35 36 37

— When I woos 'em— I can't lose 'em— 'cause I

## #13—Along Came Bialy



cast my spell and they start yel- lin' "fi- re down be- low" They were

40 **Beguine**



list - ing — they were sink - ing — then a -



- long came Bi - al - y They were des - p'rate — They were



drink - ing — then a - long came Bi - al - y So ro -

48



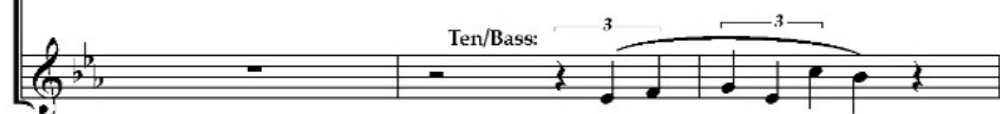
- man - tic — they were fran - tic — then their prayers were heard up a -



- bove Hea - ven sent them — their Bi -



Ah! —



Ah! —

### #13 - Along Came Bialy

*poco rall.*

53 (Max:) 53A 54

- al - y I'm the cel - e - bra - tion of

(S/A:) 3 3

Ah! He's the cel - e - bra - tion of

(T/B:) 3 3

Ah! He's the cel - e - bra - tion of

55 A tempo

56

love!

love!

love!

57

**Little Old Ladies:**  
*Men singing in falsetto*

58 59

We were help - less — We were

60 61

hope - less — then a - long came Bi -

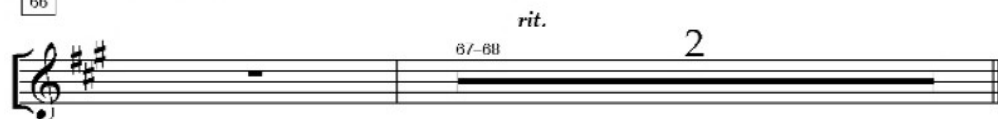


62

(Old Ladies:)

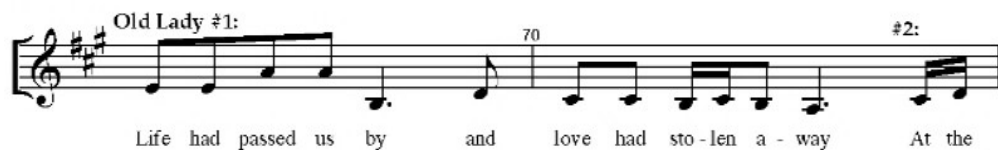


66

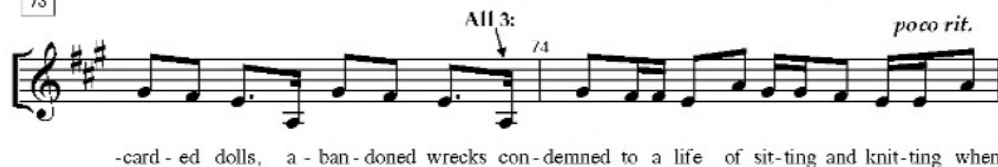


69

Moderate 4

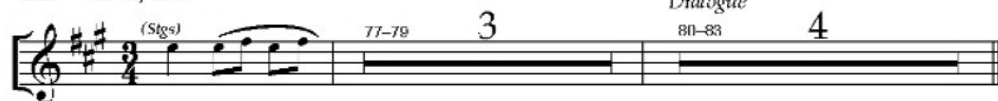


73

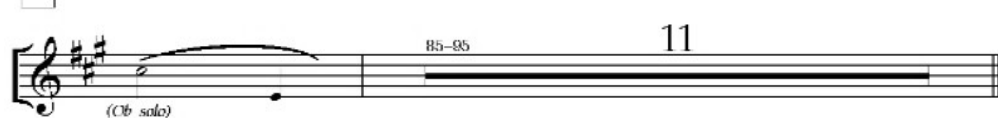


76

Faster, In 1



84



96



116

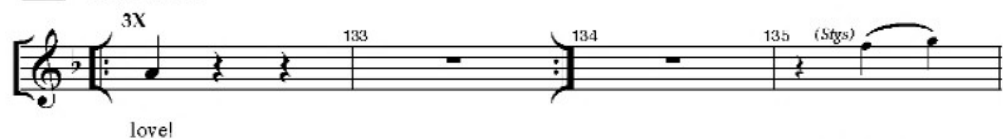
Little Old Ladies:

Men singing in falsetto



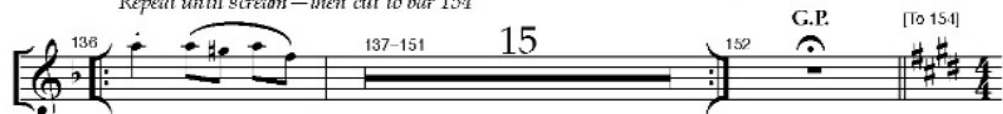
132

Presto, In 1



Repeat until scream—then cut to bar 154

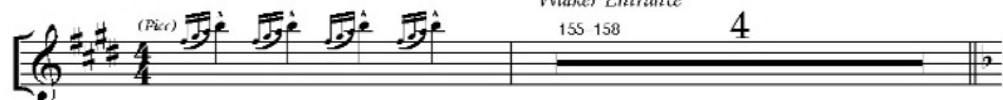
Max: "Oh my God! You forgot to sign the check!"



154

Excitedly, In 4

Walker Entrance



159



163

Stop Time

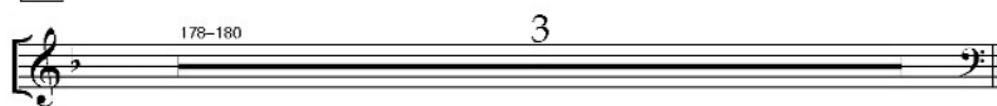
*Walkers-Tap break*

171

Rhythm Circle



178



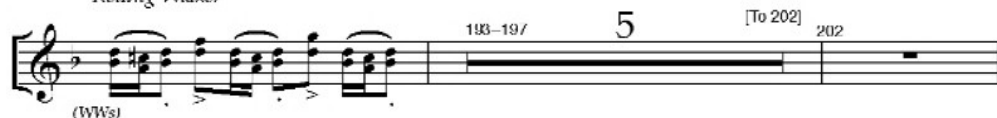
181

Russians



192

Rolling Walker



203 (Slgs) 204 205 Max: yelled Little Old Ladies:

Fi - re down be-low We were

206

*Pulse Dance*

207 208

list - ing — we were sink - ing — then a - long came Bi -

209 210 211

- al - y We were des - p'rate — we were drink - ing — then a -

212 213 214 Baris on lower octave

- long came Bi - al - y So ro - man - tic — we were

215 216 217

fran - tic — then our prayers were heard up a - bove It's Bi -

218 219 220


- al - y — Hail Bi - al - y! — He's the cul - min - a - tion the

221 222 223

rest - or - a - tion the con - su - ma - tion the tit - i - la - tion e -


### #13—Along Came Bialy

224 (Old Ladies) Max: "Oy"



- jac - u - la - tion he's the cel - e - bra - tion of


227 Walker domino fall Furioso



love!

231 Max: "Bloom! Bloom!" Leo: "What Max, what?"  
Max: "I've done it! Look, we've got the money.  
Now all we have to do is put on the biggest flop in history." Continue on cue  
Leo: "That's great!"

Dialogue



235

Max/Leo:



We can do it We can do it We can make a mil lion


245

Ulla:



bucks Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

247



- al - y - stock and Bloom He raised the mo - ney Bi -

249



- al - y - stock and Bloom Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom The

251 (Ulla:) 252

show's a go!

Roger/Carmen:

He raised the

253

254 Little Old Ladies: 255

Then a-long came Bi -

(Rog/Car:)

mo - ney we're on our way— Keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it

256 (Old Ladies:) 257 258

- al - y We were des-p'rate We were drink-ing

(Rog/Car:)

gay We have our back - ing Oh, what a day— Keep it

Max/Leo:

We can do it! We can do it! We can do it it - 'll

Ulla:

Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

## #13—Along Came Bialy

259 (Old Ladies:) 260

Then a - long came Bi - al - y ———

(Rog/Car:)

gay, keep it gay, keep it gay

(Max/Leo:)

be like shoot - ing ducks ——— Ev - 'ry -

(Ulla:)

- al - y - stock and Bloom Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

261

262

Bi - al - y was ro - man - tic

+ Roger's Team:

Won - der of won - ders we have all our cash ———

- thing we've ev - er want - ed ——— is

- al - y - stock and Bloom and

263 (Old Ladies:) Our pulse be - came so fran - tic

(Rog/Car/Team:) Bar - ring all blun - ders we should have a smash We know that

(Max/Leo:) set to come our way We know that

(Ulla:) Bloom

265

266 (Old Ladies:) It's Bi - al - y Hail Bi - al - y

(Rog/Car/Team:) we can do it

(Max/Leo:) we can do it

(Ulla:) Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom

Franz: Deutsch - land Deutsch - land ii - ber al - les

## #13 - Along Came Bialy



(Old Ladies:) 267 268 269

Ah! He is the cul-min-a-tion

(Rog/Car/Team:) Roger's team:

Gay, gay, gay, gay R/C: Gay! Gay!

(Max/Leo:)

We can do it! We can make it

(Ulla:)

Bi-al-y

(Franz:)

Al-les in der Welt! Deutsch-land Deutsch-land

(Little Old Ladies)

270 271 272

the con-su-ma-tion the tit-i-la-tion e-jac-u-la-tion

Team:

R/C: Gay! Gay! Gay! Gay Gay! Gay

We won't fake it We were fat-ed to be mat-ed

-stock and Bloom and Bloom Bi-

ii-ber al-les al-les in der Welt!

273 (Rog/Car/Team:) 274

Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

(Max/Leo:)

Bi -

(Ulla:)

- al - y - stock and Bloom Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

(Franz:)

Bi - al - y - stock and Bloom Bi -

275 276

- al - y - stock and Bloom

- al - y - stock and Bloom

- al - y - stock and Bloom

- al - y - stock and Bloom

277

All: *except Max/Leo* 278 279 280

Ahl\_\_\_\_\_

281 All: 283 284 Max/Leo:



Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ We can

285 (Max/Leo:) 286 287



do it Say good - bye to woe and

Ensemble:




They can do it Say good - bye to woe and

288 289 290

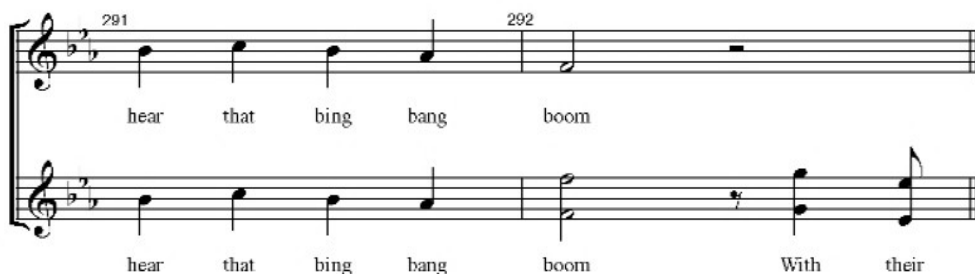


gloom We can do it Can't you




gloom Noth - ing to it Can't you

291 292



hear that bing bang boom



hear that bing bang boom With their

293 Women: 294 295



bril liance Their re - sil iance Up to - geth - er they will

Men:



Max/Leo: 296 297 298

We can't miss!

(Women:)

zoom! They were fat - ed to be

(Men:)

299 300 301

We're Bi - al - y - stock and

mat - ed They're Bi - al - y - stock and

302

*rall.*

303 304 305 306

Bloom Ah!

Bloom Ah!

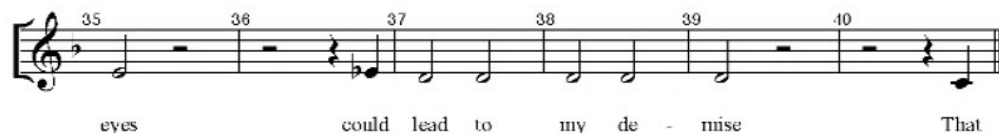
End Act I



## 17 Più mosso

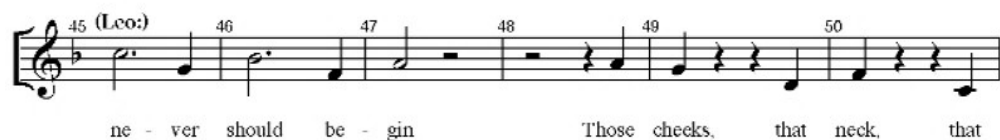


## 25 With a lilt, In 2



## 41

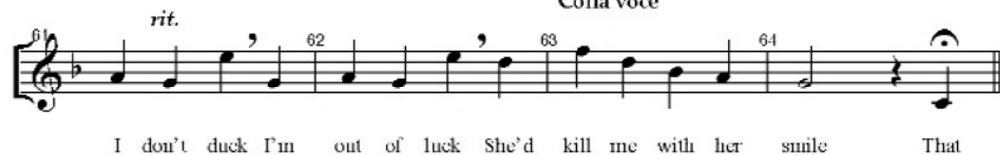




57



Colla voce



65

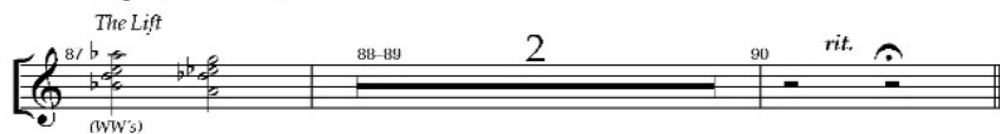
A tempo



81 Ulla: "Oooh. Uh, oh. Bloom help Ulla down?" Bloom: "Oh, all right. Bloom help Ulla down."



A tempo (meno mosso)



Fred & Ginger, In 2



95



113





*Rock Step/Wacky Waltz* *Kicks*

121 122-124 3 125-126 2

(Tpts)

127

127-130 4

131 *Dress Unravels* *Turns*

132-135 4

(WW's)

*Lift* *Couch*

136-137 2 138-139 2

140 **Swingy**

*Ball Change Challenge Tip*

140-143 4

144 **"Polka"**

144-149 6

*Spot Turns*

150 151 151A, 151B, 152-153 4 [to 162]

(R)

*Slide Hop Jazzy*

162 163-166 4

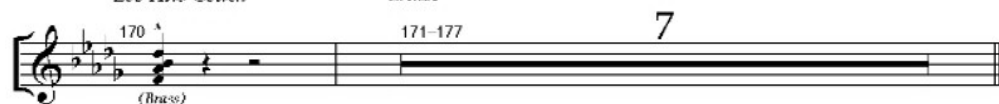
(Brass)

## Ulla Runs

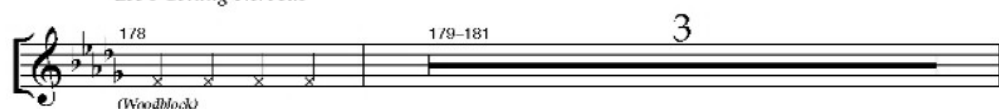


## Leo Hits Couch

## Crawl



## Leo's Getting Nervous



## Tie grab

## Leo behind couch



186

## Ulla head up

188

## Waltz, In 1 (♩ = ♩)



190

## Waltz

## Many legs

[To 202]



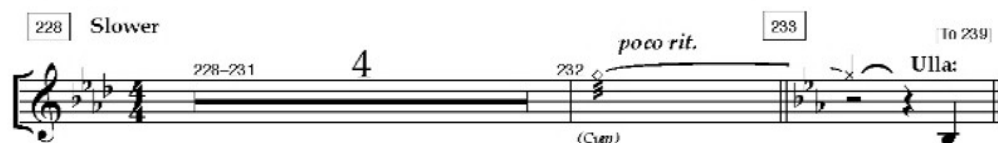
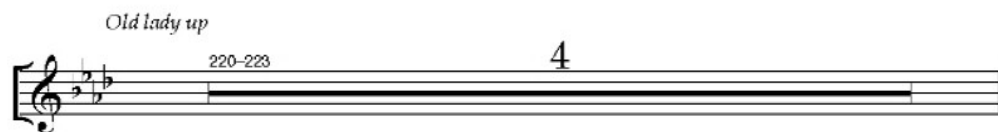
## Back Stroke



## Ulla backbend

## Ulla sinks





250 (Leo:) 251 Both: 252 253 *poco rit. tenderly*

trace But it's worth it for that

254 Slow 2

face.

*rall.*

260-261 2 262 263

## 15A

*That Face!~ Reprise*

[Warn] Max: "...cooking those books... one for us."

Leo: "Yes, Max"

[Cue] Max looks at Ulla

2 Colla voce

1 Max: 3 4

That face, that face, that glo - ri - ous face

— this girl is tru - ly blessed ohh - wa wa wow if she un -

Faster, In 2

- dressed It's car - di - ac ar - rest

Ulla: "Uh oh, Bialystock and Bloom, you're late."

Max: "Late? For what?"

Ulla: "Auditions. You haf to go to auditions."

Max & Leo:  
"Ahhh, auditions"

18 18-20 3 21 Leo: That

A tempo

22 Max: 23 Both: 24 25 face, those face, that won - der - ful face — could

Slowly, In 2

26 *poco rit.* 27 [To 34] 34 35 *ten.* real - ly do some harm — But it's worth it for that

Ulla: "Comon...naughty boys, you ver late this morning. I was waiting for you ever since eleven." [Music out]

Leo & Max: "Eleven!"

36 // 3/4

### 37 Bright waltz, In 1

38 39 40 41 face! —

42-46 5 47

### 48 Presto

48-51 4 52 Door slams (Tpts)



23 (Carmen:) 24 25 26

Goose - step Goose - step waltz clog and kick

27 28 29 30

Ar - a - besque Pre - pare pi - ro - utte and twirl

31 32 33 34

Goose - step Goose - step waltz clog and kick

## 16A

*A Wand'ring Minstrel*

[Cue] Roger: "If you must."

2-3 2 4 Jack: A

5 A tempo

Roger: "Thank you!"

wan - d'ring min - strel I, A thing of shreds and patch - es

**16B***The Little Wooden Boy*

TACET

**16C***"Have You Ever Heard" - Interrupted*

[Cue] Jason: "Play it, please"

Slow March Tempo, In 4



5



Ha - ben Sie - ge hört das Deut - sche band? mit a



bang, mit a boom mit a bing bang bing bang boom Oh

13



ha - ben Sie - ge hört das Deut - sche band? \_\_\_\_\_



## 16D

*Have You Ever Heard The German Band?*

[Cue] Franz: "Bb. Two two time. Modulate at the bridge"

Bright march, In 2



5



Ha - ben sie ge - hört das Deut - sches band? Mit a



bang mit a boom mit a bing bang bing bang boom Oh

13



Ha - ben sie ge - hört das Deut - sches band? Mit a



bang mit a boom mit a bing bang bing bang boom

21



Rus - sian folk songs and French oo - la - la

25 (Franz:) 26 27 28

Can't com - pare with that Ger - man oom - pah - pah Ve're say - in'

29 30 31 32

Ha - ben sie ge - hört das Deut - sches band? Mit a

33 34 35 36

zetz mit a zap mit a zing!

37 38 39 40

Po - lish pol - kas they're stu - pid and they're rot - ten It

41 42 43 44

don't mean a thing if it ain't got that schwei - gen rei - gen

45 46 47 48

*rall.* Franz: "Key change!"

schö - nen schüt - zen schmiüt - zen sau - er - bra - ten Ve're say - in'

49 Pullback 50 51 52

*accel. poco a poco*

Ha - ben sie ge - hört das Deut - sches band? Mit a

A tempo

53 (Franz:) 54 55 56  

 zetz mit a zap mit a zing\_\_\_\_\_ It's the

57

58 59 60  

 on - ly kind of mu - sic that ve huns and our ho - neys love— to

61 62 63 Max: 64  

 sing.\_\_\_\_\_ That's our Hit - ler!

Fast segue

17

*It's Opening Night~Reprise*

Fast 2

1 2 3-8 6  

 (Cl, Vns)

9

2 Usherettes: 10 11 12  

 O - pen - ing night\_\_\_\_\_ It's

13 14 15 16  

 O - pen - ing night!\_\_\_\_\_



It's

21



Max Bi - al - y - stock's lat - est show \_\_\_\_\_



Will it flop \_\_\_\_\_ or will it go? \_\_\_\_\_ The



house - lights are dim - ming the foot - lights are bright \_\_\_\_\_ The



toast of so - ci - e - ty's burn - ing to - night \_\_\_\_\_ We're



so ex - cit - ed we can't sit down \_\_\_\_\_ 'cause

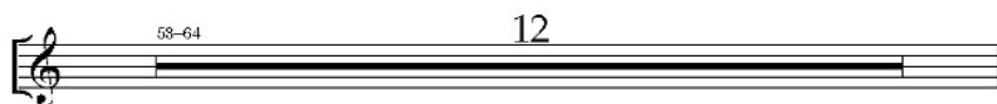


'Spring - time for Hit - ler' has come to town \_\_\_\_\_

## #17-It's Opening Night



49 Scene with Max & Leo



69 Scene with Ulla



Continue on cue

Ulla: "Okey dokey, I will try to. But there is just so many of them"



85 Cue to continue  
Max: "I believe it." Vamp 16 101 [To 133]

133 Franz's Entrance 134-140 7  
(Tpts-mutes)

Dialogue continues 141-148 8

149 149-152 4 [To 163]

Continue on cue  
Franz: "All I have to do is change my hat and slap on my moustache." Vamp 163-164 2

165 Hesitation waltz Scene with Roger & Carmen 168-173 6  
(Tpt Solo)

174 Stop on cue  
Roger: "It's Bialystock and Bloom" Vamp 174-179 6 180 181 Fast Segue



13 (Carmen:) 14 Max: Roger:

get the worst re-views you've ev - er read. Good luck! E - ven

15

16

at the Co - me - die Fran - cais On the

17 18 19

op - 'ning night, they are scared "Bon chance mes a - mi" no one

20 21

says The on - ly word you'll e - ver hear is

Roger/Carmen/Franz:

Actor: Aah!

22 Max: 23 Franz:

merde! Good luck! Good luck! Good luck! It's ver -

24

25

- bo - ten vish - ing luck on op - 'ning night Take ad -

26 27

- vice Don't think twice or your

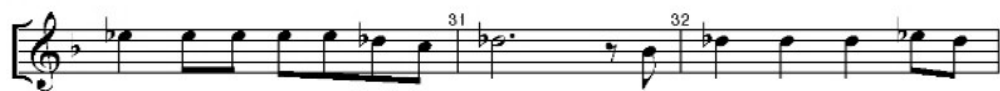
## #18—It's Bad Luck to Say Good Luck on Op'ning Night





show will sure - ly end up in the scheiss! Good - en luck - en! At the

30



fa - mous La Sca - la in Mi - lan On op - 'ning night it's a



rule "In Bo - ca Lu - pa" they say with e - lan And just for



luck they all shout "Bah fon - gool! I got it! Now I'll

38



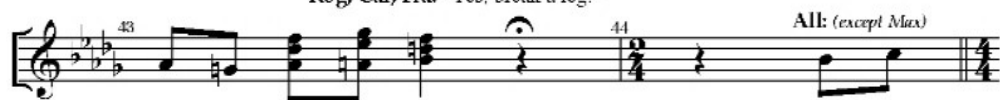
ne - ver say good luck on op - 'ning night That's the



rule I'm no fool What do I say I beg? What you

Leo: "Break a leg?"  
Rog, Car, Fra: "Yes, break a leg!"

A tempo



say is "break a leg!" If you're

45

(All:) *no Max* 45A *Max:* All: *no Max* 45B 46 *Mirror shutters*

cle ver— Good luck! You'll en - dea vor— to

47 48

ne - ver ne - ver ne - ver ne - ver e - ver e - ver e - ver say

49 *Cat screech* *Carmen/Leo:* 50

(meow!) on o - pe - ning night.

*Roger/Franz:* R: F:

on o - pe - ning night.

51 Ticket taker: "Five minutes to curtain. Curtain going up in five minutes!" Franz: "Hassenpfeffer! I'm late! I muzt run!"

51-53 3

*Franz runs off stage* 54 55 2 56 *Vamp*

*Continue until Stage door closes [Crash off stage]*

## 18A

*Carmen's Pep Talk*

TACET

## 19

*Springtime For Hitler*

Maestoso



Fast 2



9

Bavarian peasants:



Ger - ma - ny was hav - ing trou - ble what a sad, sad sto - ry



Need - ed a new lead - er to re - store its for - mer glo - ry

Meno mosso



Where oh where was he? Where could that man be? We



looked a - round and then we found the man for you and

23A

A tempo, In 2



me

Where oh where was he?

23E (Bav peas:) 23F 23G

Where could that man be? We looked a - round and

23H 23I 23J 24

then we found the man for you and me.

Scrim rises

25 26 38 13 39

(WW's) (I pts)

soloist 42

40 Storm trooper: 41 43

And now it's

44 With a lilt, In 4

45 46 47

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny

48 49 50 51

Deutsch - land is hap - py and gay

52 53 54 55

We're march - ing to a fas - ter pace



Look out, here comes the mas - ter race\_\_\_\_\_

60



Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny



Rhine - land's a fine land once more\_\_\_\_\_



Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny Watch out



Eur - ope we're go - ing on tour

76

Click #1 begins  
(Strm trpr:)



Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny



Women:

Look! It's Spring - time



Men:

Look! It's Spring - time

80 (Strm trpr:) 81 82 83

Win - ter for Po - land and France

(W:) Ah! Ah!

(M:) Ah! Ah!

84 85 86

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny

87 88 *fp* >

2nd Sop: Spring - time

*fp* >

Alto: Spring - time

Ten: Spring - time

*fp* >

Bari: Spring - time

#19 - Springtime For Hitler

1st Sop: Spring - time Spring - time

2nd Sop: Spring - time Spring-time Come on

Alto: Spring - time Spring-time

Ten:  
Bari:

Spring-time Spring-time Spring-time

Storm trooper:

Jazzy (Swing 8ths)  
*molto accel.*

92 (Strm trpr:) 93 94 95

Ger - mans go in - to your dance

96 Straight 8ths  
*Buffalo*

98 Stop Time

96-97 2 98-99 2

100 Rolf:

101

I was born in Düs - sel - dorf und dat is vy they call me Rolf

102-103 2

104 Voice of  
Mel: Mel Brooks

105

Don't be stu - pid, be a smar - ty come and join the Na - zi par - ty

*Click out**Gun shots*

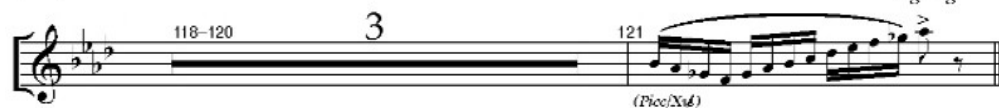
112 Double x feel

*Ascending Phrase*

114 Ramrods



118



122 Double-time feel

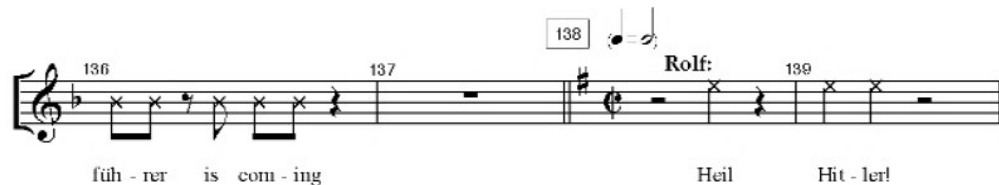
*Stage Right Break*

126



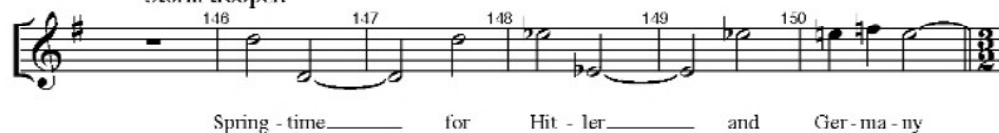


132 A little slower

*Bounces*

145

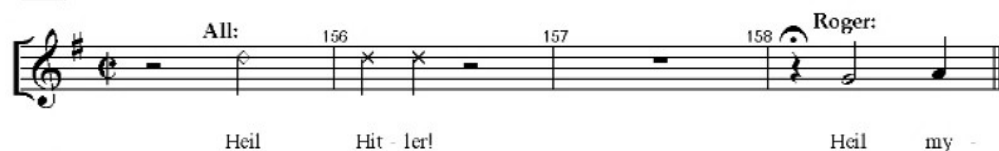
Storm trooper:



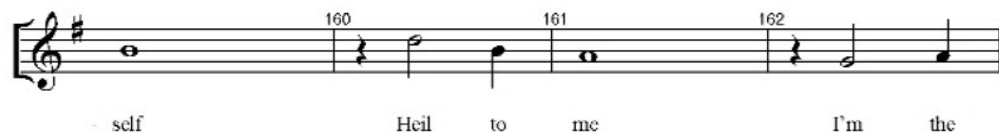
151



155



159 Colla voce



*accel. poco a poco*

163 (Roger:) 164 165 166

Kraut who's out to change our his - to - ry Heil my -

167 (Roger:) 168 169 170

self raise your hand There's no

Chorus: *no vibrato*

Ooh

*A tempo*

171 (Roger:) 172 173 174

great - er dic - ta - tor in the land

175

(Roger:) 176 177 178

Ev - 'ry - thing I do I do for you If you're

(Chorus:)

Yes, you do!

179 (Roger:) 180 181 182

look - ing for a war here's World War Two Heil my -

183

(Roger:) 184 185 186

- self \_\_\_\_\_ Raise your beer \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - 'ry

Women: *pp* n.v. *f*

Ooh \_\_\_\_\_ Ja wohl!

Men: *pp* n.v. *f*

Ooh \_\_\_\_\_ Ja - wohl!

187 188 189 190

hot - sy tot - sy Na - zi stand and cheer

Hoo-ray! \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - 'ry

Hoo - ray \_\_\_\_\_ Ev - 'ry

191

192 193 194

Heil my - self \_\_\_\_\_

hot - sy tot - sy Na - zi Ev - 'ry

hot - sy tot - sy Na - zi Ev - 'ry

## #19 - Springtime For Hitler

195 (Roger:) 196 197 198

Heil my - self

(W:) hot sy tot - sy Na - zi Ev - 'ry

(M:) hot sy tot - sy Na - zi Ev - 'ry

199 200 201 202

Stand and

hot - sy tot - sy Na - zi

hot - sy tot - sy Na - zi

203 (Roger:) 204 205 206

cheer

207-209 3 210 The Heil-Los:

The

211

Women Heil-Los:

füh - rer \_\_\_\_\_ is caus - ing a

Men Heil-Los:

füh - rer \_\_\_\_\_ is caus - ing a

fu - ror \_\_\_\_\_ He's

fu - ror \_\_\_\_\_

219

got those Rus - sians on the run \_\_\_\_\_ You

Ooh \_\_\_\_\_

got - ta love that wack - y hun \_\_\_\_\_ The

Ooh \_\_\_\_\_ wack - y hun \_\_\_\_\_ The

227

(Heil-Los, W:) 228 229 230 3  
 füh - rer is caus - ing a  
 (Heil-Los, M:) 3  
 füh - rer is caus - ing a

231 232 233 234  
 fu - ror They  
 fu - ror They

235

236 237 238  
 can't say no to his de - mands They're  
 can't say no to his de - mands They're

239 240 241 242 *spoken*  
 freak - in' out in for - eign lands He's  
 freak - in' out in for - eign lands He's *spoken*

243 (Heil-Los, W:) 244 245 246 *sung*

got the whole world in his hands\_\_\_\_\_ The

(Heil-Los, M:) *sung*

got the whole world in his hands\_\_\_\_\_ The

247 248 249 250 251 252

füh - rer\_\_\_\_\_ is caus - ing\_\_\_\_\_ a fur - ror!\_\_\_\_\_

füh - rer\_\_\_\_\_ is caus - ing\_\_\_\_\_ a fur - ror!\_\_\_\_\_

254 Slower, dreamy (In 4)

[to 258]

253 255

Ooh\_\_\_\_\_

Ooh\_\_\_\_\_

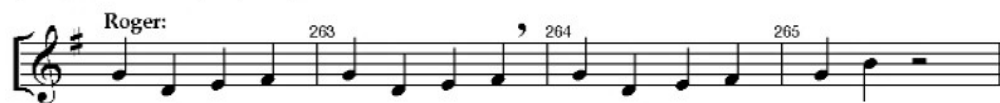
250

258-260 2 261 *molto rit.* *ten.*

Ahh

Ahh

262 Colla voce (very free)



I was just a pa-per hang-er no one more ob-scur-er

Più mosso



Got a phone call from the Reich stag told me I was fñh-er

Slower



Ger-ma-n-y was blue What oh what to do? Hitched

rit.



up my pants, and con- quered France Now Deutsch- land's smil- ing

277 Fast, Jazzy 2



through!

Chal- lenge tap!

Chal- lenge tap!

282

[To 293]



A- dolf digs a chal- lenge tap!

Bring

293



on the Al- lies to hear the news The



297 (Ulla:) 298 299 300

facts is the Ax - is can - not lose 'Cause

301 302 Roger: 303 Ulla: 304 Roger: Ulla:

Mis - ter "H" Who is dat? Mis - ter "H" Dat's mel Is

305 306 307 308

wear - ing his danc - ing shoes!

309 A little slower

Stalin: 310 311 312

I am Sta - lin You'll soon be fal - lin'

Faster, swing 8ths

313 Onstage taps 314 315

316 317 318

319

Straight 8ths

320 321 322

323

**Churchill:**

324 325 326

I am Chur - chill I'm here to win the day!

*Onstage Taps*

*Onstage Taps*

327 > 328 329 337 3 — 3 — 3 338

339 340 341 342

343 344 345 346

347

347-350 4 351 352 [To 358]

(Rds/Vns)

358

**Roger:**

359 360

It ain't no mys - 'try if it's po - li - tics or

361 362 363

his - 'try the thing you got - ta know is

*rall.*  
 364 (Roger:) 365 366 367 [To 370]  
 ev - 'ry - thing is show biz Heil my -

370 **Big Pullback**

*accel. poco a poco*  
 371 372 373  
 - self Watch my show I'm the

*a la Merman*  
 374 375 376 377  
 Ger - man Eth - el Mer - man don - 'cha know We are

*A tempo*

378 379 380 381 3  
 cross - ing bor - ders the new world or - der is

382 383 384 385  
 here \_\_\_\_\_ Make a

386

387 388 389  
 great big smile ev - 'ry - one sieg heil to

390 391 392 393 3  
 me \_\_\_\_\_ won - der - ful

394



mel \_\_\_\_\_



And now it's

404

*Click #2 begins- al fine*

Spring - time \_\_\_\_\_



Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny \_\_\_\_\_



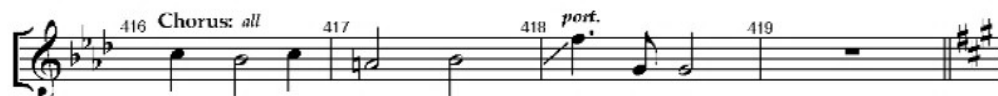
Goose - steps \_\_\_\_\_



Goose - steps the new step to - day \_\_\_\_\_



Bombs fall ing from the skies a - gain



Deutsch - land is on the rise a - gain

## #19 - Springtime For Hitler

420



422

**Tempo di Bolero***Chorus & Roger***Women:**

means that

435 Fast 2

**Chorus:**

436 437 438

soon we'll be go-in' You

**Roger:**

We've got to be go-in'

**Chorus & Roger**

**Women:**

439 440 441 442

know we'll be go-in' You

**Men:**

You bet we'll be go-in' You

443 444 445 446

know we'll be go-ing to

know we'll be go-ing to

447

448 449 450

war!

war!

451 (Chorus & Roger)  
(W:) 452 453 454

(M:) 455 456 457 458 459

single voice on top

Ahl

single voice on top

Ahl

Applause segue

## 19A *After "Springtime For Hitler"*

TACET

## 20

*Where Did We Go Right?*

Leo: "No way out."

Max: "How could this happen?"

[2] Colla voce

Max: *spoken*

The show was lou - sy and long we did ev - 'ry - thing wrong

A tempo

Leo: (*reading*) "Christmas came early to Broadway this season,

4 *sung*

Where did we go right?

6 Vamp

and guess who they've stuffed in our stocking? Adolf Hitler!"

[8] Colla voce

7 *spoken*

(WW's)

It was so crass and so crude, e - ven Goeb - els would have booed

9

A tempo

10 *sung*

Where did we go right?

11

Leo: (*reading*) "...if they can find enough bulbs."

12 Vamp

13

(Bsn/TI)

Max/Leo:

We searched

[14]

15

Broad - way on and off for sing - ers with a cough We had



16 (Max/Leo:) 17

try outs and au di - tions by the score And to

18 19

trip the light fan - tas - tic we picked dan - cers who were spas - tic If

20 21 22 Max: (to 25)

an - y - one je - tayed We je - tayed them out the door They

25

26

shout - ed hoo - ray for that sau - sage on dis - play

27 28 Leo:

Where did we go right? Our lead - ing

29

30

man was so gay hic near - ly flew a - way

31 32 Max:

Where did we go right? A show so

33 (Max) Leo: *rall.*

ea - sy to des - pise Now it's up for the Pu - lit - zer prize

*A tempo*

35 Max/Leo: 36 37

Oh where, oh where tell us where did we go

38 Max: (*reading*) "The best new musical of the decade! Max Bialystock is a theatrical genius! Now they like me!"

right?

Max crumples newspaper *Slowly* Max: [To 50]

50 Max/Leo: *rall.*

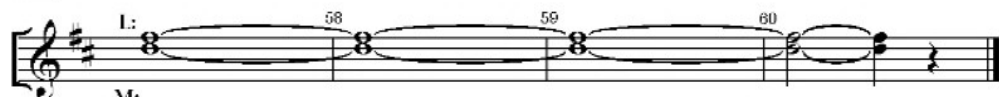
knew we could - n't lose, Half the au - di - ence were Jews!

52 Leo: Max: *A tempo* 53

It's the end of our car - eers It - 'll

54 Max/Leo: 55 56 L: M:

run for twen - ty years Tell us where did we go

57 **Faster**

M:

right? \_\_\_\_\_

**20A***Exits*

TACET

**20B***Leo Goes To Rio*

[Cue] Leo: "Oh, my God, what a dilemma. What should I do?  
Go to jail, or go to Rio?" [short pause]

Samba

*accel. e cresc. poco a poco*

(Rds)



(Vns)

9 **A tempo**

Leo:

13

Let's



hop

a

plane

and

real - ly go

in - sane —

in

#20b — *Leo Goes To Rio*

17 (Leo:) 18 19 20

Ri - o by the sea \_\_\_\_\_ So

21

22 23

in the end— I screwed my friend— so call it a— dis -

24 Ulla/Leo: 25 26

- grace It was worth it for that

27

Ulla/Leo samba off

(1st x only) 28 29 30 (2nd x only)

face

31

31-40 10

Max's nightmare  
Vamp accel. e cresc.

41 42

Max: "Ten Days and no Leo. Where's Leo? Ahh, what am I worrying about? He's probably on his way here right now with the best lawyer in town. I'll be out of here in time for dinner. Leo, I can always count on Leo. He must be so worried about me. Good old Leo."

43

Slowly

44 45-50 6

(Solo Vn)

Almost segue as one "Betrayed"





32



41



(Max)  
45 3 46 47  
I'm so dis-mayed Did I men-tion I'm be-trayed? I

48

49 50 51  
used to be the king but now I am the fool A

52 53 54 55 [To 57]  
cap-tain with-out a ship A rab-bi with-out a shul Now

57

58  
I'm a-bout to go to jail there's no one who will pay my bail I

59 60 [To 108]  
have no one who I can cry to no one I can say good-bye to

Max: "I'm drowning! I'm drowning here!  
I'm going down for the last time!"

100

4x 109 Vamp 110 (Vns)  
I see a weathered old farmhouse, and a white picket fence. I'm running through fields of alfalfa with my collie, Rex. Stop it, Rex. And I see my mother, standing on the back porch, in a worn but clean gingham gown, and I hear her calling out to me, 'Alvin! Alvin! Don't forget your chores.

111

Bucolic, In 4

7

The wood needs a-cordin' and the cows  
need a-milkin'. Alvin! Alvin...

Wait a minute, my name's not Alvin.  
That's not my life. I'm not a hillbilly!  
I grew up in the Bronx!

118 118-121 4 122 Vamp 123 G.P.

124 125-126 2 127 Max:

(Drums enter)

My

128 129 130 131 132

past's a dy - ing em - ber But wait,

133 134 135

now I re - mem - ber How did it be - gin? He

136 137

walked in - to my of - fice with his cock - a - ma - nie scheme

138 139

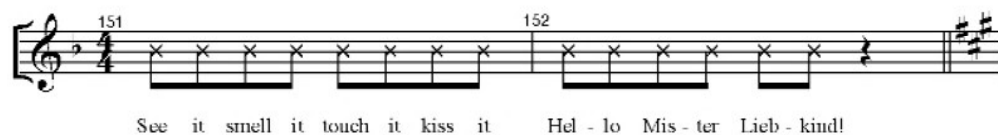
You can make more mon - ey with a flop than with a hit We can

140 141 142

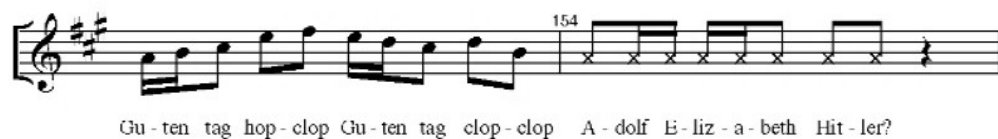
do it We can do it I can't do it We can



143



153



156



159 (Max) 160

Two three kick turn Turn turn kick turn Ul - la!

161 162 163

Ooh wah wah wah wow wow wow - ie! Step three raise the mon - ey A -

164 165 166 G.P.

- long came Bi - a - ly — In - ter - mis - sion!

167

168

Step four! Hi - re all the ac - tors A

169 170

wan - 'dring min - strel I a thing of shreds and Next! The

171 172 173

lit - tle woo - den boy Next! That's our Hit - ler

174

175

O - pen - ing night — Good luck good luck good luck!

176 (Max) 177

Break a leg! I broke my leg

178 179

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny — A sur - prise smash!

180

181

Spring - time for Hit - ler and Ger - ma - ny — It - 'll run for years!

182 183

Where did we go right? Where did we go right?

184 185

Gim - me those books fat fat fat - ty Gim - me those books fat fat fat - ty

186 187

Books fat books fat books fat books fat

188 189

Lous - y fruit Kill the ac - tors You ev - er eat with one?

190



Then you ran to Ri - o and you're safe - ly out of reach

*molto rall.*

I'm be hind these bars, you're bang ing Ul - la on the beach

194

Slowly-In 8

*accel. poco a poco*

In 4



Just like Jul - ius Cae - sar was be - trayed by Bru - tus



Who'd think an ac - count - ant would turn out to be my Ju - das

A tempo

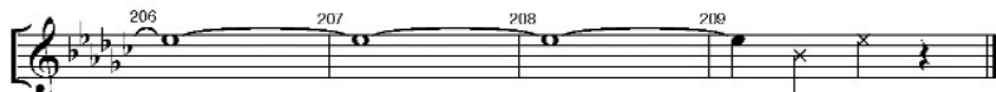


I'm so dis - mayed \_\_\_\_\_ Is this how I'm re -

204

**Presto**

- paid? \_\_\_\_\_ to be be - trayed! \_\_\_\_\_



Be - trayed!

Applause Segue

**21A***Max In Court*

TACET

**21B***Max's Speech*

TACET

**22***'Til Him***[Cue]** Leo: "Your honor, if I may address the court."

Leo: "Your honor, as I understand it, the law was created to protect people from being wronged.  
So whom has Max Bialystock wronged? Not these dear ladies. And certainly not me, not me.



I was this nobody...no one ever called me Leo before. I mean, your honor, it's not a big legal point  
but even when I was in kindergarten, everybody always called me Bloom.

**9**

I guess, what I'm trying to say is, when I was in Rio...

**15**

...and had everything I'd ever dreamed of, I suddenly realized... this man... this man..."

**19**

No one e - ver made me feel like some - one 'til him

#22 - 'Til Him



Life was real-ly noth-ing but a glum one 'til him

27



My ex - is - tence bor - dered on the tra - gic



Al - ways ti - mid ne - ver took a chance



Then I felt his ma - gic and my heart be - gan to dance

35



I was al - ways fright - ened, fraught with wor - ry 'til him



I was go - ing no - where in a hur - ry 'til him

43



He filled up my emp - ty life filled it to the brim

*poco rall.*

Colla voce



There could ne - ver e - ver be a - no - ther one like

49

Max: "Leo...I never realized... you're a good singer." Leo: "Thank you, Max.



him

55

I sang it for you. I sang it  
because I'm your friend."Max: "You are? Gee, I've had a lot of relationships...but you could  
never call any of them friend. But come to think of it..."

61



No one e - ver e - ver real - ly knew me, 'til



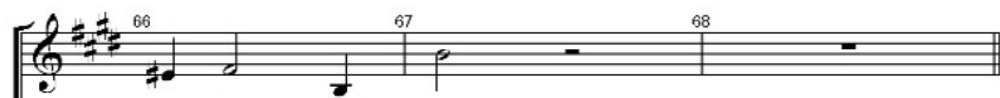
him

Ev - 'ry - one was al - ways out to



Little Old Ladies:

Ah!



screw me, 'til him



Ah!

69



Ne - ver met a man I e - ver trust - ed



Al - ways dealt with shy - sters in the past



Now I'm well ad - jus - ted 'cause I've got a friend at



last



(Old Ladies:)

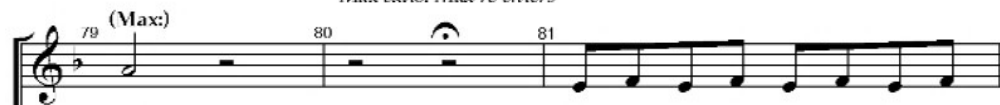
Ahl

77



Al - ways play - ing sin - gles, ne - ver dou - bles 'til

Max exits. Max re-enters



him

Ne - ver had a pal to share my



(Old Ladies:)

Oooh

Ooh



82 (Max:) 83 84

trou - bles 'til him

(Old Ladies:)

Oooh\_\_\_\_\_

85 Leo: 86 Max/Leo: 87 88 *poco rit.*

He filled up my emp - ty life filled it to the brim\_\_\_\_\_

Ahh\_\_\_\_\_ Oooh\_\_\_\_\_

89 Leo: 90 91 *poco rit.*

There could ne - ver e - ver be a - no - ther one\_\_\_\_\_ like

92 **A tempo (meno mosso)** 93 *rall.* 94 95

him.\_\_\_\_\_

Max's head on  
leo's shoulder

Leo's head on  
Max's shoulder

(Bs)

## 23

*Prisoners Of Love*

[Cue] Judge: "It breaks my heart to break up such a beautiful friendship, so I won't"

*He bangs  
his gavel*

Judge: "Five years State  
Penitentiary at Sing Sing."

2

A la "Dragnet"



8 In 2



Got - ta

12

Convict #2:



Sing - Sing! \_\_\_\_\_ Got - ta

18



Sing - Sing! \_\_\_\_\_

24



Oh you can

32



lock us up and lose the key\_\_\_\_\_ But hearts in

Convicts:

All

Max: "All right, you animals,  
break's over, let's take  
it from the top."



love are al - ways free\_\_\_\_\_

Convict #1: "This is good. Hey, Bloom, put me down for ten grand."



45



Pris - 'ners of love\_\_\_\_\_ Blue skies a - bove\_\_\_\_\_

Max: "Tempo, fellas! Pick up the tempo!"



Can't keep our hearts in jail\_\_\_\_\_

Max: "That's it!"

Max: "Yes!"



Pris - 'ners of love\_\_\_\_\_ Our tur - tle doves\_\_\_\_\_

Leo: "Sing out, boys. Let 'em hear you in solitary."



Soon com - in' 'round with bail\_\_\_\_\_ Oh you can

81

(Convicts:)



lock us up and lose the key\_\_\_\_\_ But



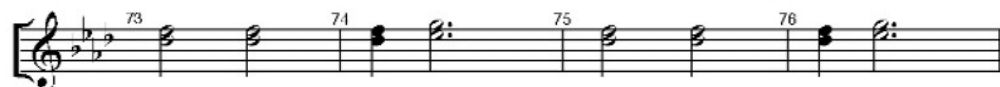
hearts in love are al - ways free\_\_\_\_\_

69



Pris - 'ners of love\_\_\_\_\_ Blue skies a - bove 'cause

Max: "Take it home, boys. We open in Leavenworth on Saturday night!"



we're still pris - 'ners we're still pris - 'ners



We're still pris - 'ners of love!\_\_\_\_\_

Prison Guard: "Bialystock, Bloom, and Leibkind good news! This just came from the governor.

Reading: 'Gentlemen, you are hereby granted a full pardon for, having through song and dance, brought joy and laughter into the hearts of every murderer, rapist and sex maniac in Sing Sing!'

81



12

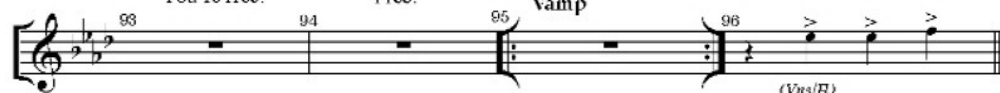
Max: "Next stop, 'Prisoners Of Love' on Broadway!"

Convicts/Leo:

You're free!"

"Free!"

Vamp



(Vns/R)

97



But



hearts in love are al - ways free

104

**Più mosso***Ulla's Entrance*

111

*Roger's Entrance*

117

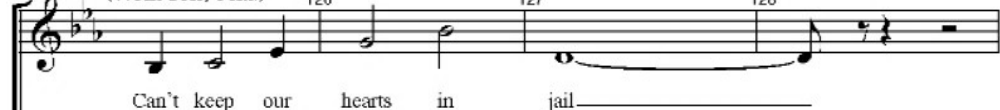
*Girls' Entrance*

121

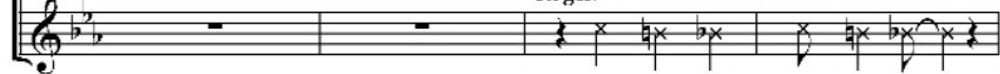
**Women Prisoners/Ulla:**

Pris - ners of love — Blue skies a - bove —

125

**(Wom Pris/Ulla:)**

Can't keep our hearts in jail —

**Roger:**

Can't keep our hearts in jail —

129 (Wom Pris/Ulla:) 130 131 132

Pris-ners of love— Our tur-tle doves—

133 (Wom Pris/Ulla:) 134 135 136

Tote that bail! *not rough* Men:

Spoken A La Jolson  
Roger:

137 Soon com-in' 'round with bail— You can

138 139 140 Women:

But

lock us up and lose the key— But

141 142 143 144

hearts in love are al-ways free—

145 hearts in love are al-ways free—

146 147 148

Pris-ners of love— Blue skies a-bove— 'cause

Pris-ners of love— Blue skies a-bove— 'cause

#23 - Prisoners Of Love

149 (Women:) 150 151 152

We're still pris - 'ners We're still pris - 'ners

(Men:)

We're still pris - 'ners We're still pris - 'ners

153 154 155 156 157

We're still pris - 'ners of love! Love! Love!

We're still pris - 'ners of love! Love! Love!

158 159 160 161 162

Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! Love!

163

164 165 166

Love!

Love!

167 (W:) 168 169 170

(M:)

Gymnast 171-176 6 177 178 Ulla kick

(Picc/Glock)

179 Carmen enters 180 181 He leaps 182

(Ten Sax)

Soon we'll be going to doors 183-186 4 187 188

(Timp)

189 Maxi/Leo enter 190-194 5

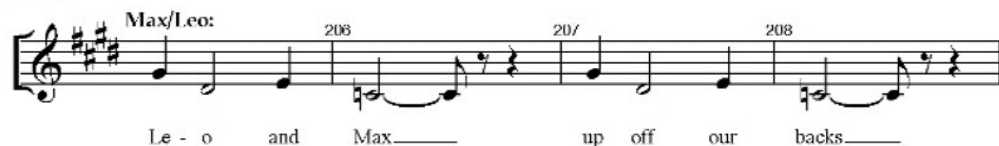
(Vns)

195 Maestoso New tempo (a little slower) Presentation of the hat The Four Chords 195 202 8 203 204

(Buss)



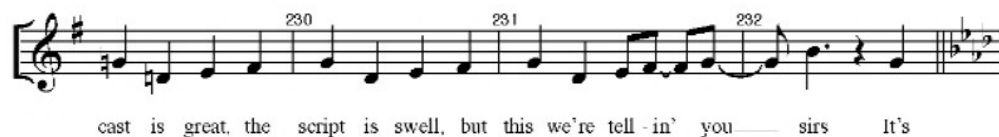
205



221



229



233

(Max/Leo:)

*poco rall.*

just no go you've got no show with - out the pro - duc - ers

237

Feet Cane Hand-Hat

**Macstoso***molto rall.**poco accel.*

We'll nev - er quit Hit af - ter hit

243

*The Eight Signs*

253

*Funny Boy 2!*

255

**Max/Leo:**

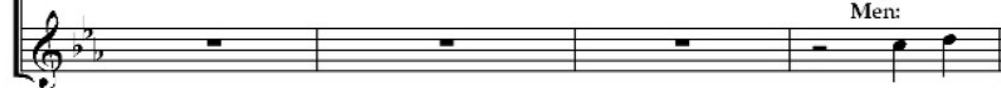
You and me - o We guar - an - tee - o You're



look - in' at Le - o and Max \_\_\_\_\_



The pro -

**Men:**

The pro -

267 (Women:) 268 269 270

- duc - ers \_\_\_\_\_ Le - o \_\_\_\_\_ and

(Men:) \_\_\_\_\_

- duc - ers \_\_\_\_\_ Le - o \_\_\_\_\_ and

271

272 273 274

Max! \_\_\_\_\_

Max! \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.* 275 276 277 278 279

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_

End Act II  
Applause segue

24

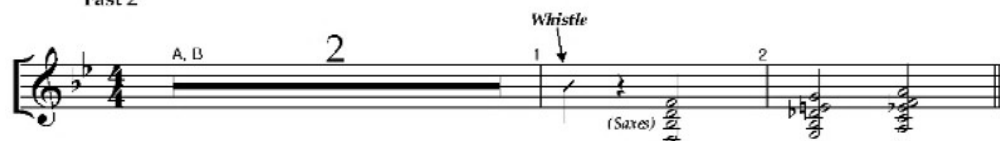
## Bows

TACET

25

*Goodbye*

Fast 2



3

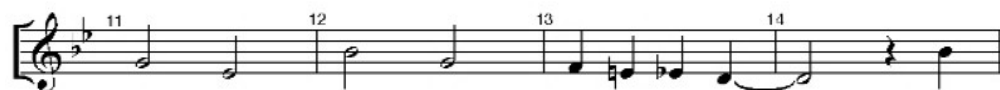


Full company:

Thanks for com - ing to see our show \_\_\_\_\_



Sad to tell you we got to go \_\_\_\_\_



Grab your hat and head for the door \_\_\_\_\_ In

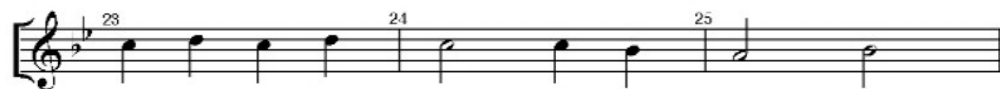


case you did - n't no - tice there ain't a - ny - more \_\_\_\_\_

19



If you like our show tell ev - 'ry - one but \_\_\_\_\_



If you think it stinks keep your big mouth

26 (Company:) 27 28

shut We're

29

30 31 32

glad you came but we have to shout— Ad - i -

33 34 35 36

- os Au - re - voir Wie - der - sehn Ta - ta - ta Good -

37 38 39 40

- bye— Get lost Get

41

42 43 44

out!—

26

*Exit Music*

TACET