

**(SARAH)**

—located at 409 West 49th Street, open all day and all night, with a special prayer meeting this Thursday at—

*(Looks despairingly at Arvide. Her crowd has disappeared by this time, except NICELY and BENNY, who are standing by the newsstand reading their scratch sheets. SARAH and MISSION BAND make a disconsolate and disorderly exit L.2. MUSIC UNDER-SCORING AS THEY EXIT)*

**#3a – Exit of Sarah and the Mission Band****NICELY**

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

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

**BENNY**

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

**NICELY**

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

**BENNY**

Maybe she owns a piece of the Mission.

**NICELY**

Yeah.

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

**HARRY**

Hey! Benny Southstreet!

*(THEY shake hands)*

**BENNY**

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

**HARRY**

Yeah. How goes it?

**NICELY**

Nicely, nicely, thank you.

**HARRY**

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

**BENNY**

*(Whispers back)*

We don't know yet.

**NICELY**

The heat is on.

**BENNY**

He's still looking for a place.

**HARRY**

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

*(Crosses to R., past Nicely)*

I just acquired five thousand potatoes.

**BENNY**

Five thousand bucks!

**NICELY**

Where did you acquire it?

**HARRY**

I collected the reward on my father.

*(Exits R.1)*

**BENNY**

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

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

**NICELY**

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

**BENNY**

*(Crosses to R.)*

A pleasure.

*(Moves away)*

**BRANNIGAN**

Any of you guys seen Nathan Detroit?

**BENNY**

Which Nathan Detroit is that?

*(BRANNIGAN folds his paper with an abrupt movement and faces the two men)*

**BRANNIGAN**

I mean the Nathan Detroit who's been running a floating crap game around here, and getting away with it by moving it to a different spot every night.

**NICELY**

Why are you telling us this—Your Honor?

**BRANNIGAN**

I am telling you this because I know you two bums work for Detroit, rustling up customers for his crap game.

**NICELY**

We do?

**BRANNIGAN**

Yeah!

**NICELY**

Oh!

**BRANNIGAN**

You can tell him for me: I know that right now he's running around trying to find a spot. Well, nobody's gonna give him a spot, because they all know that Brannigan is breathing down their neck!

*(Starts to exit. NATHAN enters from above newsstand, not seeing Brannigan)*

**NICELY**

Hi, Nathan!

**NATHAN**

Fellas, I'm having terrible trouble. Everybody's scared on account of that lousy Brannigan, and I can't—

**BRANNIGAN**

Something wrong, Mr. Detroit?

**NATHAN**

*(A sickly grimace)*

Oh, hello, Lieutenant. I hope you don't think I was talking about you. There are other lousy Brannigans.

**BRANNIGAN**

Detroit, I have just been talking to your colleagues about your crap game. I imagine you are having trouble finding a place.

**NATHAN**

Well, the heat is on, as you must know from the fact that you now have to live on your salary.

(BRANNIGAN glares and exits L.1)

**BENNY**

(Crosses to Nathan)

Did you find a place?

**NATHAN**

What does that cop want from me? What am I—a sex maniac? I merely run a crap game for the convenience of those who want a little action, in return for which I take a small cut. Is that a crime! Yeah!

**BENNY**

Nathan! Did you find a place?

**NICELY**

Did you find a place for the game?

**NATHAN**

(Crosses to R. pass Nicely)

Did I find a place! Did I find—yes, I found a place! We are holding the crap game tomorrow night in the Radio City Music Hall.

**BENNY**

How you gonna fix the ushers?

**NATHAN**

I tried all the regular places. The back of the cigar store, the funeral parlour—

**NICELY**

Nathan, you said once there might be a chance of the Biltmore Garage.

**NATHAN**

I was over to the Biltmore Garage.

(BENNY crosses to Nathan)

—spoke to Joey Biltmore himself. He says he might take a chance and let me use the place, if I give him a thousand bucks.

**BENNY**

A thousand bucks!

**NATHAN**

In cash.

(Pushes BENNY)

He won't take my marker.

ADELAIDE

What do you mean?

NATHAN

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

ADELAIDE

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

NATHAN

Yeah.

ADELAIDE

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

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

NATHAN

*(Loosening his collar as he feels the strain)*

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

ADELAIDE

I know, Nathan—

*(Sneeze)*

—but I'm starting to worry about Mother.

NATHAN

Your mother? What about your mother?

ADELAIDE

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

*(Sits in chair L. of table)*

—she thinks we're married already.

NATHAN

Why would she think a thing like that?

ADELAIDE

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

NATHAN

Then why is it such a small State?

ADELAIDE

Anyway—I wrote her I was married.

NATHAN

*(Standing)*

You did, huh?

ADELAIDE

*(Each word coming through pain)*

Uh, huh. Then, after about two years—

*(She comes to a halt)*

NATHAN

What after about two years?

ADELAIDE

*(In a very small voice)*

We had a baby.

NATHAN

*(Crosses to L.)*

You told your mother we had a baby?

ADELAIDE

*(Rises, crosses to him)*

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

NATHAN

What type baby was it?

ADELAIDE

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

NATHAN

Thank you.

ADELAIDE

You're welcome.

*(Crosses way to C.)*

NATHAN

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

ADELAIDE

He's in boarding school.

(HE nods)

(ADELAIDE)

I wrote Mother he won the football game last Saturday.

NATHAN

I wish I had a bet on it.

ADELAIDE

But Nathan—

(Turns away)

—that's not all, Nathan.

NATHAN

(Crosses to her — a pause)

Don't tell me he has a little sister.

ADELAIDE

All those years, Nathan. Mother believes in big families.

NATHAN

(Puts hands to ears)

Just give me the grand total.

ADELAIDE

(Hardly able to get the word out)

Five.

NATHAN

(Crosses to L.)

Your mother must be a glutton for punishment.

ADELAIDE

(Crosses to him)

Anyway, Nathan, now we're finally getting married, and it won't be a lie any more.

NATHAN

(A high moral tone)

Adelaide, how could you do such a thing! To a nice old broad like your mother?

ADELAIDE

But Nathan, you don't even know my mother!

NATHAN

But I'll be meeting her soon, and what'll' I tell her?

**ACT II, Scene v: Interior of Mission**

*The MISSION GROUP – SARAH, ARVIDE, AGATHA and CALVIN – sits expectantly at a long table. A new figure is present – THE GENERAL. She is pacing the room, looking at the group who are momentarily growing more uneasy. Three chairs and three benches are at stage R.*

**GENERAL**

It is now several minutes past midnight. Isn't anyone coming?

*(THEY all sit glumly)*

Sergeant Sarah, something is very wrong.

**ARVIDE**

Maybe your watch is fast.

**SARAH**

*(Rises, crosses to C. 2 steps)*

General, I know what's wrong. I'm wrong. I've failed. I've spoken to these people day after day, but my words haven't reached them – I think you had better –

*(MUGS enter – SARAH turns to them as THEY enter. ARVIDE rises)*

**ARVIDE**

*(Sits)*

Welcome, brothers. Welcome.

*(A few little grunts from the Boys then – SKY enters)*

**SKY**

Everybody here? Where's Nathan Detroit?

*(NATHAN enters)*

**NATHAN**

Present.

**SKY**

*(Crosses down C.)*

Miss Sarah, here you are. One dozen or more assorted sinners. Sorry we didn't have time to clean 'em up.

**ARVIDE**

*(Rises)*

Won't you gentlemen sit down?

*(THEY shuffle their feet a little)*



## SKY

Sit down! All of you!

(THEY do. SARAH sits in chair – BIG JULE looks at GENERAL disgustedly.  
GENERAL crosses to L. Sits at table)

## ARVIDE

I would like to welcome you gentlemen to the Save-A-Soul Mission.

(A loud Bronx cheer from one of the gang. ARVIDE sits)

## SKY

Just a minute, you guys. This is a Mission, not Roseland, and I suggest that you do not indulge in any unpleasantness. Since I am required to depart for points West tonight –

(SARAH moves)

–I am appointing Nathan Detroit major domo in my place. Nathan, anybody who does not conduct himself according to Hoyle will answer to Sky Masterson personally, and that means in person.

(He gives them a final glance, then goes – exits L.3)

## GENERAL

(From the silence)

What a remarkable young man!

(SARAH looks at her, but says nothing)

## NATHAN

(Rises – confronts them, clears his throat and shouts)

So remember that, you guys.

(Turns to Arvide)

Brother Abernathy, your dice.

(HE sits)

## ARVIDE

(Rises)

Gentlemen, we are honored tonight. The meeting will be conducted by the head of our organization, General Cartwright.

(Sits. NATHAN starts the applause)

GUYS & DOLLS  
**GENERAL**

*(Rises)*

It is wonderful to see our Mission graced by the presence of so many evil-looking sinners.

*(NATHAN starts to applaud, but realizes he may be wrong)*

Now, who would like to testify? Who would like to start the ball rolling by giving testimony?

*(THEY are silent and hang their heads)*

**NATHAN**

Benny! Give testimony.

**BENNY**

I ain't no stool pigeon.

**GENERAL**

Come, brothers—I know it is difficult. But let one of you give testimony to the sin that is in his heart.

**NATHAN**

Benny! Tell 'em what a bum you are!

*(BENNY rises)*

Benny!

**BENNY**

*(Forced to it)*

I always was a bad guy, and a gambler, but I ain't going to do it no more. I thank you.

*(Sits, quickly)*

**GENERAL**

There! Don't you feel better now?

**BENNY**

I'm alright.

**GENERAL**

Anyone else?

**NATHAN**

Big Jule.

**SARAH**

You've read the Bible twelve times?

**SKY**

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

**SARAH**

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

**SKY**

I told you. I'm a sinner.

**SARAH**

You're lying.

**SKY**

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

**SARAH**

We're managing.

**SKY**

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

*(SHE is silent)*

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

*(Crosses R. a few steps)*

—fill this place with sinners.

**SARAH**

I don't bet.

**SKY**

I'll make you a proposition.

*(Picks up cardboard from chair, writes marker)*

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

**SARAH**

And what's my end of the bargain?

SKY

Have dinner with me.

SARAH

Why do you want to have dinner with *me*?

SKY

I'm hungry — Here!

*(Gives her marker — SHE takes it)*

SARAH

What's this?

SKY

Sky Masterson's marker for twelve sinners. If you don't think it's good, ask anybody in town. I-0-U. — one dozen sinners.

*(He hands her red cardboard marker)*

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

SARAH

At noon?

SKY

It'll take us some time to get there.

SARAH

To get where?

SKY

*(Picks up hat from single chair)*

To my favorite restaurant.

SARAH

Where is that?

SKY

El Café Cubana, in Havana.

SARAH

*(Rises)*

El Café Cubana, Havana?

SKY

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

SARAH

Havana!

SKY

*(Crosses to her)*

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

SARAH

*(Crosses to cabinet R. with sheet of paper)*

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

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

SKY

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

SARAH

Please go away.

SKY

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

SARAH

I don't hate anybody.

SKY

Except me.

*(SHE looks at him)*

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

SARAH

*(Slams drawer. Crosses to D.C.)*

He will *not* be a gambler.

SKY

*(Crosses to her)*

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

SARAH

Don't worry, I'll know—

LIGHT CUE