**Anything Goes Audition Script**

**#1**

WHITNEY: You sure Crocker hasn’t called? He was supposed to meet me here half an hour ago.

FRED: Another drink while you’re waiting, Mr. Whitney?

WHITNEY: Sorry, Fred. Seven’s my limit.

FRED: You sure?

WHITNEY: OK, make it a double.

FRED: Hear you’re off to England, Mr. Whitney.

WHITNEY: Big stuff, Fred. The biggest.

FRED: (*Serving the drink*.) Business, huh?

WHITNEY: Henley Regatta. Boot the Yale boat home. (*BILLY COCKER enters, carrying a J. Press shopping bag. As WHITNEY sings, BILLY stands at attention and places his hand over his heart*.)

BULLDOG, BULLDOG

BOW WOW WOW

ELI YALE!

BILLY: Play ball!

WHITNEY: Crocker! Where have you been? You’re a half hour late!

BILLY: Relax, Boss, I’ve been taking care of business. (*Handing an envelope to WHITNEY*.) I’ve got your steamer ticket. English money. Train ticket up to Henley. And I picked your dog up at J. Press. (*BILLY takes a stuffed bulldog out of the shopping bag – it wears a Yale pullover*.) New sweater looks terrific!

WHITNEY: What about my passport?

BILLY: Nuts! I’m sorry, Boss. I’ll pick it up first think in the morning; bring it to you on the boat.

WHITNEY: I want you down on Wall Street first think in the morning – (*Lowers voice*) – to sell all my shares of Amalgamated Petroleum.

**#2**

RENO: He’s wrong, Billy. It was only me.

BILLY: Reno! Oh, my God! We had a date –

RENO: That’s OK. I’d say forget it, but you already did.

BILLY: Reno, I’m sorry. My boss is going to London in the morning. I had to do a thousand things for him.

RENO: I’m going to London in the morning. All you had to do for me was buy me a drink.

FRED: What’ll it be, Ma’am?

RENO: A martini – only make it with rye and put a cherry in it instead of an olive.

BILLY: Two Manhattans, Fred.

RENO: You know, I’m getting worried about you, Billy. I’m not sure this Wall Street job is good for you.

BILLY: Hey, I’m making thirty-five dollars a week.

RENO: Yeah, but look at you. Look at your coat.

BILLY: What’s the matter with my coat?

RENO: It’s got a fried egg on the pocket.

BILLY: That’s an old school crest.

RENO: From where? P.S. 88? You’re in trouble, kid. If you keep acting like a stuffed shirt stockbroker, you’re going to turn into one.

BILLY: Why do I put up with this, Fred?

RENO: You’re nuts about me. In fact, I’ve got a great idea. Why don’t you come to London with me?

BILLY: Reno –

RENO: We’ll do the town up right. Buckingham Palace, Big Ben…

BILLY: Reno, be serious.

**#3**

BILLY: Excuse me, Captain. Has a Mr. Eli Whitney come aboard?

CAPTAIN: Mr. Whitney is in the bar.

BILLY: I thought you kept the bar closed till you sailed?

CAPTAIN: He had a note from his doctor.

(*BILLY exits to the bar. The PURSER rushes on*.)

PURSER: Captain, Captain – a catastrophe! We may have to delay the sailing!

CAPTAIN: What is it? Icebergs? A hurricane?

PURSER: Worse! Charlie Chaplin just wired. He’s cancelling his berth and sailing on the Mauretania.

CAPTAIN: Good God! The passenger list! Quick! (*The PURSER hands him the manifest. The CAPTAIN flips through it furiously*.) Hope Harcourt, the debutante – that’s not bad.

PURSER: The Normandie has Jimmy Walker and Machine Gun Kelly.

CAPTAIN: Lord Evelyn Oakleigh –

PURSER: Nothing. Wealthy Englishman.

CAPTIAN: Wait a minute –

CAPTAIN: – Benjamin Franklin!

PURSER: It’s not the same one.

CAPTAIN: Then we’ve got nobody! –

CAPTAIN: – Quick, run down to the Stork Club and see if anybody’s left over from last night.

PURSER: Aye, Aye, sir.

**#4**

RENO: Billy, you came after all! (*BILLY grunts.*) I didn’t see you come aboard! Where you been hiding? (*BILLY grunts again.*) How’d you get a ticket? (*BILLY really grunts.*) Oh, you’re sore at me for last night. Listen I – (*BILLY grabs her and kisses her. He holds her in the embrace, eyeing the PURSER until the PURSER exits. Then he releases her.*) You’re not sore at me for last night. But you should be – I was out of line.

BILLY: Forget it, Reno.

RENO: No, no. It’s your love life. If you’re satisfied with second best, forget about me and go after Miss Fantastic.

BILLY: I did. She’s on the boat.

RENO: Fantastic.

BILLY: Reno, I’m in a mess. I’m gonna lose my job, my boss is gonna lose his shirt – all because of some dame!

RENO: She must be some dame.

BILLY: She is. You’re gonna love her, Reno. Her name’s Hope. Hope Harcourt.

RENO: Hope Harcourt?! The debutante Hope Harcourt?! The one who came out on a zeppelin?! The one who chases foxes on the cover of Life?

BILLY: (*Defiantly*) What are you saying – she’s out of my league?

RENO: Billy!

BILLY: Maybe she is….

RENO: Billy –

BILLY: No, no, I can see it now. Guys like me deliver her groceries, they don’t walk her down the aisle. Besides, she’s engaged – to some English guy. An earl or something.

RENO: Billy. Where’s the old Crocker confidence? You think some tea bag can compete with you? You think he’s got one tiny fraction of your brains, your looks, your… your…

**#5**

HOPE: Try taking deep breaths, dear. That always helps me. (*EVELYN takes a deep breath; he gags.*) Maybe you should go lie down.

EVELYN: And leave you alone? Wouldn’t dream of it. Besides, I’ll be right as rain as soon as we escape these swells.

HOPE: But the sea’s as flat as a pancake, dear.

EVELYN: Please, Hope, I wish you wouldn’t mention food just now.

HOPE: Sorry. I’ll go get you a Bromo. (*SHE pats his shoulder and starts off. BILLY enters and casually passes her.*)

BILLY: Hi, Hope, how ya doin’?

HOPE: Hello, Billy… Billy!

BILLY: You know, you’re beautiful when you’re about to faint.

HOPE: (*Thrilled*) Billy, I didn’t know you were sailing!

BILLY: I didn’t either.

HOPE: Then what are you doing here?

BILLY: I’m selling lifeboats. Hope, I stowed away to be with you. I couldn’t let you go.

HOPE: Oh, Billy… (*THEY reach out to each other. EVELYN groans.*) Oh! Billy, this is my fiancé, Lord Evelyn Oakleigh.

BILLY: (*Grabbing EVELYN”S hand and pumping furiously.*) Billy Crocker. Pleased to meet you!

EVELYN: Forgive me, I’m afraid I rather overdid it in the dining room.

BILLY: Me too! Did you have the sweetbreads? Best brains I ever ate!

(*EVELYN blanches.*)

HOPE: Billy –

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**#6**

MOON: Listen to that jerk! Sounds like meatloaf nights at Leavenworth!

ERMA: Zip me up, will ya, Moonie?

MOON: Where d’ya think you’re going?

ERMA: The boiler room. A certain sailor is going to show me the finer point of stoking.

MOON: You’re not goin’ anywhere. With your big mouth, you could land us both in Sing-Sing. Sit down, we’re gonna play cards.

ERMA: I don’t wanna play cards!

\*Music – underscore fades

(*MOON picks up the gun and trains it on ERMA. SHE “humphs” and picks up a hand of cards.*)

ERMA: Got any fours?

MOON: Go fish. (*A knock on the door. MOON grabs the gun.*) Who is it?

BILLY: (*From outside the cabin.*) It’s me, Billy.

MOON: Hang on! I’m saying my prayers! (*MOON mumbles “prayers” and wrestles the gun into the violin case.*) Amen! Come in, my son – (*BILLY enters looking dejected.*) Pull up a pew.

BILLY: Thanks, I’ve got to lay low for awhile. I don’t think the Purser believes I’m Murry Hill Flowers.

MOON: You seem troubled. Perhaps I can assist you in some way.

BILLY: I don’t think a minister can help me. The girl I’m in love with is going to marry another guy.

MOON: I could kill the other guy.

**#7**

RENO: Who’s he looking for?

MOON: He’s looking for Billy.

RENO: Billy ought to be a big help to him. (*EVELYN enters. HE sees RENO and stops in his tracks.*)

EVELYN: What ho, it’s Reno Sweeney! I say, Lord Evelyn Oakleigh. Might I have your autograph?

RENO: Why not? (*HE hands her his notebook. SHE begins to write.*)

EVELYN: Do you know, I spent the most smashing evening at your club! “Lawdy, Lawdy! Saints preserve us!” Your singing stirred me to a frenzy! Had me dancing about like Bojangles!

RENO: Thank you. (*RENO hands HIM the notebook.*)

EVELYN: (*Reading*) “Are you drunk or crazy? Good luck. Reno Sweeney.” (*HE guffaws*) I say, why don’t we all have tea in my cabin? I know my fiancé, Miss Harcourt, would love to meet you.

RENO: That’s very sweet, but I’m afraid –

MOON: She’d love to.

EVELYN: Marvelous! Shall we say four o’clock?

MOON & RENO: Four o’clock!

EVELYN: Neaters! (*Peeking in his notebook*) See ya later, elevator! (*EVELYN exits.*)

RENO: Moonie, that’s the Tommy that’s making time with Billy’s girl. This is going to be like consorting with the enemy.

MOON: Exactly. Here’s the plan. You get to his cabin early, wearing something that slips off easy. I bust in and catch him tearing your clothes off, then we blackmail him into breaking the engagement.

RENO: Moon, that’s despicable.

MOON: You don’t like it?

RENO: I love it! (*THEY laugh*)