CUE:
[Top of show, after three sfx bells.]

Prologue
[4/6/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

Andante

Cathedral organ

MS: Blessed Father, our convent is in need. The church is falling apart, our sisters are few,
the parishioners no longer come. Without your infinite mercy, we shall soon be forced to close our doors.

ANNOUNCER: Here she is, folks!

Where, dear Lord, oh where is our salvation?

SEGUE AS ONE
#1 TMT Nightclub
Take Me To Heaven
(Nightclub)

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Accomp.: Doug Besterman/Mark Hummel
Vocal/song arr.: M. Kosarin

[1/6/09]

ANNOUNCER: The Queen of the Scene!

The Diva with the Fee-vah!

Steven M. Alper  A03747
Lady Fabulous, 1978!

Voulez vous couchez avec --

DEL: ME! Deloris Van Carti-YAAAAAYYY!

DELORIS: Let's light it up, Philadelphia!
I've been thinkin' about cha... since receivin' your call...

can't see livin' without cha... you've got me mind, soul, body and all.

Pray and I pray every night and each day, hopin' that you'll drop a line.

Pray and I pray every night and each day.

Steven M. Alper AG3747
Pray and I pray—’til you sweep—me away, straight to cloud number nine!

You are simply too divine!

Aw...

Take me to heaven! Take me to ecstasy!

Heaven! Ecstasy!

(drum)
I'll give you all I've got, 'cause nothin's as hot as when you
Ecstasy!

groove with me. And when you strut your stuff and do your thing.

No, no, no, no. Oh

just can't help surrendering! You're so strong, you're so sweet, You're what makes

You're what makes
me complete. mf I just worship at your feet!
me complete. Ah

mf Take me to heaven! Take me to kingdom come!
Take me to heaven! Take me to kingdom come!

I'll take any vow! Just take me
now. Take me! Take me high-

Hoo—hoo f Take me! Take me high-

[Half x groove] [orig groove]

—er! Take me! Take me high—er, high—er!

—er! Take me! Take me high—er, high—er!

A bit more laid-back —124

Ow! DEL: Guess what, y'all – it's my birthday! KAY-T/LAROSA: Happy birthday, Deloris!

Ow!
DEL: And here to help me celebrate, is my boyfriend and your host, Mister Curtis Shank himself.

SHANK: Right on. Don't know how you do what you do. It's like you're

almost too good to be true! You're my hope!

Unh - huh! Hope!
You're my dream! You rock my world! You reign supreme!

Dream! You rock my world! You reign supreme!

DEL: My man's so nice to me. KAY-T/LAROSA: How nice is he?

DEL: So nice he's bringing a big-time record producer to hear me sing tonight. Don'tcha know! He's got the

Steven M. Alper A03747
booty—uhh! that moves my soul!—He's got the
booty—uhh! that moves my soul!—He's got the

mf

booty—uhh! Make me lose control!—Beep! Beep!
booty—uhh! Make me lose control!—Beep! Beep!

DELI: An' when my record producer gets here, he's gonna make me a star! Hoo hoo hoo!
My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,
My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,

Where people shake it, baby, wrapped in love's embrace!
WHERE PEOPLE SHAKE IT, BABY, WRAPPED IN LOVE'S EMBRACE!

Where people shake it, baby, wrapped in love's embrace!

Faster

Gonna take a quick five y'all – be back to sing more when my record producer shows up!

Steven M. Alper A03747
Take me to heaven! Take me to paradise!

I'll get on my knees, just take me please!

Take me there!
Fabulous, Baby!

Warn [LAROSA]: When you gonna wise up, lady?
Cue [DELORIS]: How 'bout right now?

Aggressive disco beat \( \frac{3}{4} = 154 \)

DEL: You can play me for a fool any other day of the year – but not today. Unh-uh, not the day I was born.
It's a new year, and this girl's startin' over.

LAROSA: Startin' what over? KAY-T: You ain't got nothin'. DEL: Open your eyes, girlfriends! I got plenty!

Look at my style, could it be more glam?____ Look at my look, can you say, hot damn?____

Look, and at once you know what I am:____ Me, I'm fabulous baby!

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

Steven M. Alper  A03747
KAY-T: There goes, fantamasizin' again. LAROSA: Baby, whatever you sniffin', I want me some.

Look at my moves, don't they blow your mind? Drama, and ta- lent, and sex- combined!

Hell, you could tell ev- en if you're blind, See? I'm fa- bu- lous, ba- by!

I'm meant to be where the spot-light shines! Born to be on dis-play!
Built to be dressed to the ninety-nines! And

Ready to stand and say: Hey!

Look at me! Can'tcha see I'm fabulous, baby!

Look right here. Ain't it clear where I'm heading to? And

Steven M. Alper A03747
look at the time, honey, I can't stay! Look while you can, 'cause I'm on my way!

Me, I'm fabulous baby, I got fabulous things to do! KAY-T: Where you goin'? DEL: Wherever it's happenin'! New York, Vegas -- Pittsburgh!

LAROSA: Oh now we're talkin' big-time-- KAY-T: "Hello, Pittsburgh, I'm Deloris Van Cartier!"

Steven M. Alper A03747
Look at my boobs... At my clothes... My hair!

Look what's up here, And then look back there!

Just stand back... and clear... the track! 'Cause

Look all you want I got lots to spare!
look at me! Can't cha see I'm fabulous, baby!
(Al Rosa/Kay-Ti)

Ooo

So fabulous, baby!

Check me out! Ain't no doubt where this girl is bound!

So

joke all you want, go ahead and laugh.

One day you'll beg for my autograph!
Oh, I'm fabulous, baby!

Can'tcha

So damn fabulous, baby!

see me lit up on the stage as the cam'ras adore me?

Can'tcha

Steven M. Alper A03747
see me out walk-in' red carpets, or do-in' TV?  Can't-cha

see all my millions of fans scream-in' des'rate-ly for me!  I'm a

diva, a goddess, a star on the brink!  A houserocking vision in hot shock-ing pink!  A

Oh!
party! A ri-o! The whole kit-ch-en sink! It's time for the world to find out, don'tcha think?

Wo-oh-oh!

Look at me! Can't cha see... Yeah, I'm fa-bu-ous, ba-by!

She's fa-bu-ous, ba-by!
Feast your eyes, can't disguise my star quality!

laugh all you want, I won't be denied. What I have got is too hot to hide!

I am fabulous, baby! So damn fabulous, baby!

I'll do fabulous, guarantee!
I'll be fabulous, baby! Fresh, free, fabulous, baby!

Fine and fabulous, Wait and see!

Slow Segue
“Sister Act”

Hello Mister 44

[1/6/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

CUE [KAY-T]: I get to sing lead!
LAROSA: Not if I get there first. I need the extra eight bucks!

Intensely \( \text{\textit{\textbf{j}=154}} \)

walk out that door, and ain’t nothin’ on earth gonna stop me!

SHANK: Word is you been talkin’ bout me to the police, Mr. Willard

Gonna get me an agent, the money, the fame, the whole
SHANK: Squealin' like some fat ol' stuck pig 'bout my book-makin',
and my gun-runnin', and my little Columbian import business.

WILLARD: I didn't squeal! Deloris

Gonna come out on top, does-n't mat-ter where life plans to

cresc. poco a poco

WILLARD: Curtis, y'gotta believe me! Deloris

don me.

Yes, I got ta be lieve that I'll

SHANK: Oh, I believe you, Mr. Willard.

Gonna

get there some-how.
SHANK: If I could only convince a certain friend of mine, here.

be a sensation, a wonder, a wow.

Yes, it's

SHANK: 'Cause Mr. Forty-four, he ain't so sure--

all gonna change, starting here, starting now.

A--di-

SHANK: Goodbye, Willard.

DEL: Oh my God!

os, au re-voir, sayo-nara, and ciao!

[Gunshot!]

poco rall.

A tempo

SHANK: Deloris, what the hell are you doin' out here? DEL: Oh my God!

mp cresc. poco a poco

Steven M. Alper  A03747
SHANK: Baby, you didn’t see what you think you just saw.

DEL: Oh my God!

SHANK: Come on down to your daddy, real easy now.

DELORES: Oh my GOD!!

SHANK: Get her! We can’t let her talk!
DEL: Hide? EDDIE: Just until the trial.
DEL: Hide this?!

Forcefully and freely

Look at me close; have you lost your mind?

EDDIE: It won’t be long. Two, three months, six, tops.

Look up and down, good, now look behind!

EDDIE: I’m aware of the, uh – challenges.
I’ll just make a few calls.

This you don’t hide, mister, this you find!
Deloris: Slowly, ad lib

EDDIE: Deloris, if we don't hide you, Curtis Shank will find you, and he will kill you. As dead as that dude in the dumpster. Look at me.

EDDIE: Now, we've had excellent results placing witnesses at

The Golden Years Home for the Aged. DEL: Too damn old!

EDDIE: The Teens-in-Trouble Crisis Center? DEL: Too damn young!

EDDIE: The Quaker Society of Friends? DEL: Too damn Friendly!

EDDIE: Wait a minute – this place is perfect! DEL: Where?

EDDIE: The last place on earth Curtis Shank will ever think to look for you! Trust me. DEL: OK, then – let's blow
A tempo

this taco stand!
Keep me fa bu lous, ba by!

Fine and fa bu lous, ba by!

Fresh and fa bu lous, and a live!

(Overlaps first bar of #4 Sanctus)

SEGUE AS ONE
#4 SANCTUS
**Sanctus**

[Segue as one from 3A]

**MOTHER SUPERIOR:** Blend, Sisters! We sing as one! Remember, God rejoices in humble voices!

**MONSIGNOR HOWARD:** Reverend Mother, our guest will be arriving shortly—

—with due respect, I continue to question the wisdom of this scheme—

(to **MONSIGNOR**)

I ask, is it prudent to offer sanctuary to a woman whose presence here puts my entire order at risk?

Mary Patrick, now I can hear your lips moving. Thank you, Sisters.
“Sister Act”

Here Within These Walls

CUE [MOTHER SUPERIOR]:
No, it is not some kind of prison.

Strictly, \( d=78 \)

Quite the opposite. Miss Van Cartier. This is a sanctuary.

Outside, life’s a mess. No one’s pure of spirit anymore.

There’s no wrong or right, just wrong and wronger. People have amused themselves to
DEL: Aw, lighten up, Mama!  

Outside, life is grim. Filled with smut and scandal to the brim. I suppose there may be room for Him.

Frankly, I don't plan to hold my breath. But here within these walls, days are filled with grace, God is in his

Gently and evenly
place, His wisdom still respected. Here within these walls, life has a different pace from life beyond our doors. And for what it's worth, this life's now
DEL: Man, I'm gonna need a cigarette for this. Mind if I smoke?
MS: No. DEL: Great. MS: I mean "No." Smoking is forbidden in my order.

DEL: Dammit, I had to get a non-smoking order.
MS (vox last x)
Outside, all is vice. People now are absolutely shameless. Most, including those who shall be nameless,
DELI: I cared 'bout that smoke.

I won't have the out-side com-ing in. Trust me, it's a bat-te you won't

Frank-ly dear, you have-n't got a prayer. Here with-in these

walls life is sweet and good. Faith is un-der-
stood and selfishness rejected.
Here within these walls,
work, prayer and sisterhood are what
life’s built upon.
That’s how it will stay, or else you’re gone.
So put aside your
**DEL:** That's lunch!

**DEL:** Getchyer hands off my hair!

glut'ny!

Put a-side your pride!

As for car-nal

**DEL:** Don't nuns wear panties?

lust, you need a break, I trust, Put it all a-side!

Put a-side in-

**DEL:** Not my hootch, dammit!

**DEL:** Well, fu--ine.

tem-p'rance!

Pro-fa-ni-ty as well!

Put a-side each
**DEL:** My stuff! That's all my stuff! I love my stuff!

**MS:** Here we love God, and our fellow man. **DEL:** Oh, God, would I love a man! Wait. Oh, no. What is that thing? **MS:** We'll need to change your clothing. **DEL:** Aw, hell, no! I can't be seen in this muu-muu. I'll look like a blimp.

I'll look like a penguin, I'll look like -- I'll look like you!

**MS:** Miss Van Cartier, people wish to kill you. Anyone who's ever met you, I imagine. **DEL:** Look at this thing -- it don't drape, it don't breathe --

**MS:** A disguise is necessary, to protect us all. While you are here, only I shall know who and what you truly are. Now go. **DEL:** But -- **MS:** Go! Here with - in these
walls, all is stripped away. Surrender and obe-

bey, that's all that is expected. Here within these

walls, all else is kept at bay,
Though the world may go astray,

here, eternal truths hold sway. Here within these
Here within these walls, life is truly blessed!
Here you’re God’s own
Salve regina

Guest, celestially protected.
Here within these
Mater misericordiae

Walls, All’s for the very best and
Vita, dulce do
always shall be thus.
And if heav-en’s
Et spes no-stra sal-ve.

Poco meno mosso
will be done, here she’ll just be one more nun,
Sal-ve re-gi-na.

safe with-in these walls, as one of
How I Got the Calling

[Warn] DEL: Wow, great question. How 'bout you go first?
[CUE] MARY PAT: Oh, you! Sister Selfless!
Well, if you insist.

Bright folk song, \( \text{d} = 116 \)

PAT: I love this story! When I was still a school-girl standing just about yay high, I

saw the face of Jesus in a coconut cream pie.

Next morning, there was Mary in a bowl of Special K, And

ten of twelve apostles in the salad bar buffet. Now
frankly, I'm an eater and I'd polished off Saint Peter when my tummy sorta gave a little lurch, And, I knew, beyond all question, it was more than induction, and that's how I got the calling to the
DELORIS: You found God in junk food?
Church!
MARY PAT: The Lord works in mysterious ways! So I told mine,
[VAMP] now you tell yours.

DEL: Age before beauty.
MARY LAZARUS: Death before dishonor. My

mother kicked the bucket in the flood of thirty-eight.

falling Steinway piano sent my father to his fate. All
twenty of my siblings caught the plague, by some odd chance. And

something in the meat-loaf got my uncles and my aunts. The

town I lived in bit it when a freak tornado hit it, and the

heart-break took my dog to his reward. And,
figured, on reflection, I could maybe use protection and that’s

All nuns
(Exc. Rob/Pat/Laz)

How I got my calling to the Lord!

how I got my calling to the Lord!

Yes, that was how I got the calling! And it was bracing—But en-
thrilling! And I just knew I'd do as

I was bid— I'd be over fed. And I'd be

obviously dead— So thank the Lord I got the calling when I

did! Now you! No, them! The
families from "Jews for Jesus" stuck a pamphlet in my purse.

heard a voice while playing "Sergeant Pepper" in reverse.

prayed and then, by golly, my psoriasis was healed.

People always told me that I looked like Sally Field.
had a revelation when I skipped my medication. The

outfit just did wonders for my frame. And—

Yes, it may be odd to get a wake-up call from God, But in the
end, I got the calling, and I came! And that was Laz, Pat + M (5)

I got the calling and I

how I got the calling! And gave my came!

La la la la la la la!
life an overhauling!

And it was

La la la la!

Nun #9

Nun #9

loud— And firm— And oh so clear!

poco rit.

Nun #8

All Nuns (except Rob.)

Yes, it's quite a jump— But I'd be lost— afraid— a frump! So thank the

a tempo
Lord I got the calling, and I'm here! MARY PAT: Saved the best-est for last-est!
DEL: Wait, she hasn't gone yet—

MARY ROB: Oh no, not me, I can't— I didn't—
MARY PAT: Mary Robert wasn't exactly called to the convent, were ya, Mouse? Tell her. ROB: Well— You

(reatingly)

see... I mean... it's kind of like I...

Pat (quickly)

...came here as a tot.

colla voce
P/V

What I mean is...

\( \text{(Pat)} \)

...left here at the door.

\( \text{PAT: Go on.} \)

I don't know if I'm...
or...

It's...
supposed to be a nun...

...not.

\( \text{(Pat)} \)

...hard to say, but after all that's what the call is for.

\( \text{PAT: Right! So! Spotlight's back on you, Sister. Fess up!} \)

\( \text{DEL: O-kaay-} \)
Starting out very slowly

Me and Sister Sledge, we had a ministry, I guess,

working at Our Lady of Perpetual Excess. We'd

go among the village... people every day... well, night.

Lifting up the sinful, and, uh... helping the uptight. Then
suddenly one day it was like, bang! And right away I saw the light and screamed "Sweet Jesus Christ" and such. And I asked to be secluded in this hell-hole, just like you did, And that's...
How she got the calling, pretty much.

We got the calling! It was sub-

how I got the calling... Right!

And yet appalling!
oh, so right in all respects!

Ah... sweet as mountain honey....

And as

and as warm as woolen mittens

and as wild as summer lightning—

And so fierce that it was fright'ning—
bright as new-cut flowers
And or-

And as swift as April showers—

gasmic as a night of sweaty sex!

DELORIS: I'm sorry, was that out loud?

If it never came, if all our lives were just the same, Well, heaven

Slower
All Nuns (except Rob)
Pat/Laz melody

knows what might've happened to us then!

But we got the calling. Thank the Lord we got the calling! We're so

But we got the calling. Thank the Lord we got the calling! We're so

A tempo

ff

glad you got the calling, Amen!

glad you got the calling, Amen!

APPLAUSESEGUE

[Bells]
"Sister Act"

When I Find My Baby

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin

[Warn] MOTHER SUP.: God has brought you to this place. Take the hint.

[Cue] DEL: Damn you, Curtis Shank!
SHANK: Damn you, Deloris Van Cartier!

Cooking along ^113

SHANK: You been gone a whole damn week now, girl! That be six days longer than any girl ever keep herself off this fine piece o' man-tasm. An' The Shank just got one thing to say 'bout that:

SHANK: DAMN YOU DELORIS!

BONES: No, Boss, it's me, Bones! Deloris is more like big-hair-purple-boots-sings-a-lot—
SHANK: I know what she's like! What I do not know is where she been a whole damn week now! D'ja check her hairdresser, her manicurist, the guy who makes her boots? BONES: I checked her boot guy into Mercy General.

(BONES) She's gone, Boss. SHANK: Nah, she ain't gone. She's 'round here somewhere. And it's just a matter of time before The Shank gets up inside that head o' hers and figures out where.

way that she thinks. I know her habits and kinks. I know the stuff she's all about. I know the

Steven M. Alper A03747
people she knows— at all the places she goes. I know her
up, down, inside out! I know the
needs that she's got, I know what gets the girl hot. I know I've
got the inside track. And yeah, I
know she's upset. Well, let her play hard-to-get, 'cause if I know one thing, I'm gettin' her back! Because I know that girl! I mean, I feel that girl! I understand that girl! And if I want that girl, I'm gonna
get that girl, Ain't gon-na let that girl get away!

No way! And when I

find that girl, I'm gon-na kill that girl! I'm gon-na

wham! bam! blam! and drill that girl! Won't rest un-
till that girl is safe and sound six feet below.

No!

When I find my baby, I ain't let 'tin' her go!

SHANK: I'll get you, Deloris Van Cartier!!

TJ: No, Uncle Curtis – it's me, TJ. Deloris is more like tall-big-hair-sings-a-lot

Steven M. Alper A03747
SHANK: I KNOW WHO DELORIS IS! Any word? TJ: Zip. I scoped out her Burger King, her liquor store, her booty boutique. No one's seen her!

SHANK: Girl must be gettin' some help out there. She must've gone to the po-lice. But there's two things the po-lice don't know: One: Ya can't hide a girl like Deloris! And B:

Ya can't hide a girl like Deloris from SHANK! (grtr.) I bet wher-

ever she's at, I bet she's trapped like a rat, and pac-in'

Steven M. Alper A03747
up, down, round the floor. I bet she’s

Sure, sure!

start-in’ to sweat. That girl is bug-gin’, I bet. Bet she’s got

one eye on the door. I bet she’s

Tell us more!
missin' her gigs, I bet she's missin' her booze, I bet she's

tearin' out her hair, I bet she's

Yeah, yeah!

missin' her fun, and gettin' ready to run, and when she

Steven M. Alper A03747
S

78 does, you bet I'm gonna be there!

S

80R

SHANK: DELORIS!

DINERO: No - soy Dinero, Señor Shank. Deloris hay mas-alto-con-el-pelo-grande-canta-mucho-

S

82

SHANK: I KNOW WHO SHE IS!!

GNS

83

Dinero - top
TJ - melody (alternates)
Bones - bottom

Because you
I know her! See right through her!
Know that girl! You see right through that girl! You understand.
I understand what I have got to do to her!
Stand that girl! And when you get that girl, you're gonna
Cause when I get her, ain't gonna let her squeal
Waste that girl, 'cause you can't let that girl go and squeal!
For real! I'm gonna shoot that girl, and then I'll stab that girl, and then I'll Shoot that girl! Stab that girl! (70's chimes)

Take her, and shake her, and make her meet her maker! Let 'em Take her! Shake her! Meet her maker! Let 'em
hide that girl, sure as the tide, that girl will show.

Oh!

When I find

my baby, I ain't lettin' her go!
Just for a night! Just for an hour!

DELORIS: Lord, you're s'posed to help those in need.
DEL: I'll take anything here, just give me a sign.

DEL: Damn, you're good!

Yeah, yeah! Oh yes, I

Goons know that girl! And man, I need that girl! I gotta know that girl! Need that girl!
have that girl, so I can snuff that girl! If I

Have that girl! Snuff that girl!

know my baby, she's already runnin', and

Ahhhh!

that's how my baby is gonna be done in!
Then disembowel that girl! Then give her
drown that girl! Disembowel that girl!

skull a big dent with a blunt instrument! I tell ya,
Ooohh!

soon that girl is lookin' at a world of woe!

Soon that girl!
Woe, woe, woe, woe!
When I find
my baby, I ain't letting her go!
I know she ain't gone too far!
No! Oh

Steven M. Alper  A03747
Go and check each disco-teque, tavern and bar! Go and find

— my baby, 'cause I ain't let-tin' her go!

We'll find your baby! Ah

No, no!

Oh no!
Biker Bar Jukebox

[SEGUE AS ONE]

'Driving' \( \frac{4}{4} = 148 \)

Bluesy, dirty shuffle! approx \( \frac{4}{4} = 114 \)
DEL: Honey, I'm home! DRUNK BIKER: What the f--? DEL: Ain'tcha never heard the one about

(Deloris enters bar)

* (DEL) a nun walks into a bar? The rabbi and the priest are still back at the strip-joint.
Barkeep, set me up with a triple o' this, a chaser o' that, and a fresh pack o' those.

HUNKY BIKER: Yo, Sistuh.  DEL: Oooh, a godless heathen in need of--

[VAMP] (cue out of either measure)

uh, I'll think of somethin'.  (Deloris dances)

ease out of 12/8 blues  even Stiks a la Disco

(8th)
7A. "Biker Bar Jukebox" [23/5/0941]

ease back into 12/8 blues

Blues fills etc. - very lightly under dialogue

Repeat as needed, MARY LAZ: What'samatter--
cut on cue: y'not nun enough?

MARY LAZ: What'samatter--
Do the Sacred Mass

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

CUE [DEL]: C’mon, Sinners - it’s redemption time!
Can we get a little church music goin’ on the jukebox?
[Bangs jukebox with fist.]

Down 'n' dirty funk \( \frac{1}{4} = 102 \)

DEL: Who’s been baaaad in the eyes of our Lord?
[Bikers whoop.] Well, fellas, it’s time to come clean!
First ya sprinkle holy water.
Then ya wave the Holy Book.
Then ya do a special blessing.
And then ya shake a-round your rosary 'til

[Music notation]
ev'ry bead is shook. And shout Hail Mary! Shout Our Father! Better

Hail Mary! Our Father!

pray it like ya mean it, or don't bother! We ain't got them fancy wafers, but cha

Wooo!

all can lift a glass. So raise your cup, drink up! That's how you do the Sacred
MARY PAT: Cheese and rice, this is like no mass I've ever seen!

SKINHEAD: If this is how y'get to heaven - screw hell!

MARY ROB: I'm really ready to go now. MARY PAT: We can't go yet, I want a turn! Now let's exorcise the de-vil. Grind 'em in the ground!

Female Bikers

Male Bikers

Grind 'em in the ground!

Grind 'em in the ground!
Next you baptize all the heathens  
And then you

Baptize the heathens

Baptize the heathens

(do-si-do your partner and you) swing 'em all a-round, and shout Hosanna!

Holy Hosanna!

Hosanna!
Moses! Then ya strike a bunch-a Cath'-lic-look-in' pos-es! If you
Hol'-y Mos-es!
Wooo!
Hol'-y Mos-es!
Wooo!
wan-na free your con-science, first ya got-ta free your ass. Now say a-men and then
All Bikers
A-men!
come on and do the Sacred Mass!

see the congregation do some freestyle adoration, just like baby Jesus commands!

Praise the Lord, then hallelujah, grab who...
ever's closest to ya! We'll do confession later, but right now lay on those hands!

Yeah!

DINERO: Carajo!
TJ: Man, there's sisters everywhere!
MARY LAZ: Place is crawlin' with 'em, sonny.
BONES: Hey, Godzilla, you seen this lady?
BIG BIKER: Nope, I ain't seen her. Sister, you seen this bimbo? DEL: I have not, and she is not!

DEL: I have not, and she is not! TJ: Let's go. Chick like Deloris don't be hangin' 'round here with a buncha wacked-out nuns! HAIRY BIKER: Hey! Don't you be talkin' smack 'bout our nuns! BONES: You talkin' to me?

BIG BIKER: No, I'm talking to him. This is talkin' to you! MARY PAT: Uh-uh-uh, boys -- this is a place of worship! MARY LAZ: Speak their language, Sister! MARY PAT: Go'cha!

BIKER: I'm gonna do unto this bozo!

(last x) Pat (tentatively)

First you do un-to oth-ers... Then you turn the oth-er
BONES: I’ll turn his cheek into raw hamburger

ANOTHER BIKER: Love this, mo-fo!

Love thy ene-my... et-ce-te-ra, et-ce-te-ra.

Let’s knock the stin-kin’ sons-o-bit-ches straight into next week!
[Cue] DELORIS: Don't wanna keep those papers waiting.
'Night, Sweaty Eddie. [She exits.]

Sweaty Ed-die...!
Sweaty Ed-die...!
All of my life,
office, The last in the pool...... And it's true! But what can I do?

Tell me, why can't she see there's much more to me deep within?

Solid 4 \( \text{\textit{J=109}}} \)

Picture a guy, A knight in rhine-stone armor.
Gleam in his eye,— A zillion-watt smile.

Sharp threads,— Moves that get 'em star-in'.

Turner of heads,— Cool— beyond com-par-in'. Bring-in' the pride— with a spring

in his stride,— and a fistful of style!— And
I could be that guy.

I could be the cock of the walk, and the talk of the town.

Lead-in' the pack when the action goes down! Yeah, I...
I'll betcha I could set the world a-stir. If I ever

let myself try, well, I could be that guy for her

---
Fool-ish, I know. I've nev-er been a charm-er.

("Smooth backup")

Oh, no.

Charm her

Just can't let go...

But if I could,

Charm her Charm her ooh Let go.

Charm her Charm her ooh Let go.
I would show 'em but good that I...

(Eddie dances)

I could be that guy!

I could be the dude all in white bathed in light on the floor...
Livin' out loud as the crowd shouts for more! Yes, I could hold on, yes to destiny!

Time to step out, no more fear, no more doubt. It's time to grow some wings and start to fly!
Eddie vox ad lib to end

Oh, I, I just gotta believe...

I could be that guy.
I just gotta, gotta, gotta believe...

I could be that guy.

If I'd only believe, if I'd only guy.

I could be that guy.
ly believe, that I... yes, I could be that guy! I could be the
guy.
I could be that
guy.

cream of the crop! Set to pop! All the rage! Bliss!

Ah

Ah
Inter alia in a spot center stage!

Yes, I...

I got what it takes to break away!

Hey! Break away!

Hey! Break away!

Gently, poco rubato

**EDDIE:** Aw, who am I kidding? I'll always be Sweaty Eddie to her.

But before it's

-warmly-

mp
my time to die. Hell, I will be that guy some day.

Tempo I°

Ooh Maybe

some day

Maybe some day!

poco rit.
MARY PAT: Good morning, Sister Slug-a-bed! C'mon in and sing a spell!

DEL: Oh yeah, this is waaay better than sleepin' in. Girlfriend, you look like I feel. [MS cuts off choir]

(Choir cuts off raggedly)

MS: Sister Mary Clarence, may we resume our practice? DEL: Sorry, Chief – it's all yours.

[MS cues piano]

G.P.

MS: Mary Clarence, you're not singing.  MS: Please add your voice to our chorus.

DEL: Well, neither are they.
DEL: Whatever you say, Mother.

(She riffs over choir)

gratia plena,
Domini tecum.

MS: (cutting off choir) Sister! Sister Mary -- Sister Mary Clarence!

Benedicta tu in multieribus

et benedictus Fructus ventris tuui.
A Simple Chord

[11/3/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater

[CUE] Deloris: Basses, give me a D.

Good, altos, sing F-sharp.
And, sopranos -- how 'bout an A?

(weakly and off-pitch)

On three, let's go for it, ladies. One, two -- Ah!
"Sister Act"
11

Raise Your Voice

[6/6/09]

PIANO/VOCAL
DELoris
MARY PATRICK
MARY LAZARUS
MARY ROBERT
NUNS

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Song Arr.: Doug Besterman
Vocal Arr.: M. Kosarin

Warn [DELOrIS]: Well, I guess let's start at the very beginning.
MARY PATRICK: A very good place to start!

Cue [DELOrIS]: Okay, everyone find your pulse.

MARY LAZARUS: I haven't had a pulse since Pius the Twelfth.

Solid disco beat, $\frac{3}{4}$=140

DELOrIS: The pulse is your heart, and music's all about lettin' the world hear it—

MARY ROBERT: But Mother Superior always says—

DELOrIS: Yeah, I know what she always says. But trust me, girls, "humble" ain't got nothin' to do with it

First rule of singin': Get the rafters ringin'!

Toss ev'rything in; Dig down deep inside.
When you got a song worth hearin',
There's one thing to do:

Keep your fear from interferin' and let that suck'er burst through! Raise your

voice!

Lift it up to heaven! Raise your

voice!

Come on, don't be shy!

If
— you feel it, why conceal it? Let your soul rejoice! Raise the stakes!

DELORIS: Now your turn.

— Raise your game! Raise your voice! I want you to reach down and sing from— uhhhh, whatever nuns got instead of diaphragm.

[VAMP]

So who's gonna step up and make some real noise? Aww, now don't be tryin' to hide from me, Mary Robert.

[Last only]

Get right up and try it!
MARY ROB: It seems so disobedient—
NUN 5: Disrespectful— NUN 8: Loud!
MARY PAT: No, I hear what she’s saying— it’s the word
of the Lord, why should we whisper it? DEL: Amen, Sister!
[SAFETY]

[last x only]

Deloris

Don’t cha deny it Stand and sing with pride!

DEL Go, girl!

Better!

Bigger! Brighter! Bolder!

Ah Ah Ah

If you want the world to listen, stand up tall and proud.
Let 'em know what they've been miss-in' And turn the volume up loud! Bass-es!

DEL: All together now!

Al-tos!
So-pra-nos!

MARY PATRICK: Wowzers, did you hear that? We actually sang!
MARY LAZARUS: Guess I have lived long enough to see a miracle!

DELOREIS: Yeah, yeah, you sang four notes for like three seconds. And some of us weren't even doin' that!
MARY ROBERT: I’m not like you, not like them—I don’t know if I even have that—whatever it is—in me.

DELORIS: Yeah, you do, girlfriend.

DEL (cont.): It’s all teeny and quiet right now, but it’s in there—and trust me, I’m gonna cut it loose!

[ Calls after them: ] That goes for the rest of y’all, too! Work it, ladies! Pray it to the balcony!

[VAMP] [Del] (last x)

Raise your voice!

Push it to eleven!
Mary Pat

Ah!

Raise your voice!

Turn those speakers high!

Mary Lazarus

Do re mi fa sol la ti do!

MARY LAZARUS: Easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy.

Del

Don't down-play it! Stand... and say it, like you got... no choice!

Raise your game! Raise some hell!

Nuns

Raise your voice!

DEloris: Y'all've been workin' it, ladies! Now y'ready to jump it up to the next level of fabulous?
NUNS: (hearing bell tolling) Awwww.
DEBORAH: Ignore it. It's just a bell—
MOTHER SUPERIOR: Mind the bell, Sisters. It's time for your midday chores.

DEBORAH: Damn, just when we were starting to sizzle.
MOTHER SUPERIOR: By “sizzle,” I trust you mean “perform our sacred liturgy in a spirit of pious humility.”

DEBORAH: Yeah, that. Ok, girls,
(Mother Superior exits)
—lay some pious on me!

DELIRIOUS:
Again!
DELORIS:
Yeah!

Now

raise it up! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Raise it up! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Raise it up! Hal - le - lu - jah!

DEL: Hallelu -- hey you! There's my girl -- now gimme some Gloria.
DELORIS: God-can’t-hear-you!

Mary Rob

\[ \text{Gloria in excelsis Deo!} \]

Mary Pat

\[ \text{Gloria in excelsis Deo!} \]

DELORIS: Better, now join them on the third!

N5 Mary Pat

\[ \text{Gloria in excelsis Deo!} \]

DELORIS: Rock that Deo! Mary Laz, can you pick up the tempo without getting too winded?

MARY LAZARUS: Winded? Step back, Sister.
Laudamus te Benedicimus te Adoramus te! Gloria in excelsis Deo!

DELORIS: Match her!
DELORIS: Now Hallelujah in double time!

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah

N4,N6  Pat, Rob, N5, N13

Luz, N3, N7

N9,10  N4, N12
DELORES: Now that's what I call “a joyful noise”!

Laudamus te! Benedicimus te! Adoramus te! Glorificamus te!

lu jah Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah

Mary Rob

Tu solus dominus! Tu solus altissimus! Iesus Christe In

DELORIS: Amen!!!

gloria Dei Patris
Raise some Cain! Raise it to a higher plane! Raise a ruck-

(hold out ad lib)

Raise it up! Raise it up! Raise the devil! Raise it up another level! Raise your voice! Lift it up to heaven! Raise your
voice!
Spread it 'cross the sky!

Blast it! Blare it! Stand—and share it! Help—the world—re-joice!—Raise a sweat!

---
---

Raise a cheer—Raise it to the stratosphere!—Raise your strength,
Raise your spirit, Ah
Raise your heart!

DELORIS:
Raise your soul.

You guys are gonna be fabulous!

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.
Deloris - free riff

Raise it up!

Laz

Raise it...

Raise

your voice!

your voice!

your voice!

your voice!

APPLAUSE
SEGUE
Take Me to Heaven
(Nun Choir Version)

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Accomp.: Besterman/Hummel/Kosarin
Vocal arr: M. Kosarin

1/8/09

Take Me to Heaven

Moderate hymn, \(
M\)

\[\text{Bells tolling}\]

MONSIGNOR HOWARD:
Welcome this Sunday morning, oh ye—few, but faithful. The choir, I am told, has been working diligently

all week under a new director, Sister Mary Clarence -- who will now lead them in sacred hymn. Sisters--
MS: Sisters, that's the loveliest you've ever sound— **DEL:** A-One-two-three-FOUR!

Solid disco beat \( \frac{1}{148} \)  

**DEL:** Here they are, folks!

Hot off their novenas -- blisterin' with sisterhood. Queen of Angels is proud to present

**cresc. poco a poco**

the Divas who Believe-a, the Nuns with the Fun, voulez vous prier avec --The Little Sisters of our Mother of Perpetual Faith!
I've been thinkin' aboutcha since receivin' your call.

Can't see livin' withoutcha, you've got me mind, soul, body and all.

Pray and I pray ev'ry night and each day, hopin' that you'll drop a line.

Pray and I pray ev'ry night and each day.
Pray and I pray 'til you sweep me a-way, straight to cloud number nine!

Pray and I pray 'til you sweep me a-way.

You are simply too divine!

Take me to heaven!

Aw...

You are simply too divine!

Heaven!

Take me to ecstasy!

breathy

I'll give you heaven!

Ecstasy! Ecstasy! I'll give you
all I've got, 'cause no-thin's as hot as when you groove with me.

And when you strut your stuff and do your thing, I

no, no, no. Ooo

just can't help surrender-ing!

Ah You're so strong, You're so sweet, You're what makes

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Take me to heaven complete.
I just worship at your feet!
Take me to heaven!
Take me to kingdom come!
I'll take any vow, just take me now!
I'll take any vow.
MS: Monsignor, I'm shocked - I don't know what to say! MONSIGNOR: Neither do I! Look, people are coming in off the street to hear them!

MONSIGNOR: Don't be shy! Plenty of room in the front pew! You're not late, it's never too late to encounter the sacred mysteries of our Lord!

Deloris: Ooh, ba - by, I wanna praise your name to the skies!

Nuns: You know just how to thrill me. Ah

mf
MS: What are you doing?! **DELORIS:** Puttin' booties in the seacies, Mama!

**NUNS:** Ooh, ba - by, I've given up on all other guys!

**MOTHER SUP:** Sister Mary Clarence!

**DEL:** Be with ya in a sec, I'm workin' the room!

Take me to heav-

Ooo. Oh! Take me to heav-

en! Take me to par-a-dise! Give me your

en! Take me to par-a-dise!

healing touch, I need it so much!

Just tell me

Ah And, oh it feels so nice.

what you want, I can’t re-fuse Day or night, I’m yours

Ooh, yeah! Oh, ba-by! Hah... Hah Hoo!

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to use!
I'll get on my knees, just take me please!

I'll get on my knees, just take me please!

DELORIS: If you like our sound, folks, shake your pockets to the beat!

Slightly heavier beat \( \text{\textit{at} } 124 \)

And toss whatever you find in the offering basket, so we can keep giving the love to The Man Up Above!
Don’t know how you do what you do, It’s like you’re almost too good to be true,

You’re my hope! You’re my dream! You rock my world!

You reign supreme!

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212-265-3101
MOTHER SUPERIOR:
Mary Patrick, oh dear Lord!
Mary Lazarus! You know better than this!
You put the boo-gie— uh! in—

to my soul! You got the boo-gie— uh! Makes me lose control! Beep beep!

My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,
Hoo hoo hoo!
Where people shake it, baby, wrapped in love's—embrace!

MOTHER SUP:
No! Not little Mary Robert!

PHOTOG 1:
Philadelphia Inquirer
M.S.: This is profanity!
PHOTOG 2:
Smile, Sisters!

PHOTOG 1:
Smile!
PHOTOG 2:
DEL: Come on, Mama, smile!

H
M + Rob, Pat,
L + Laz

Nun

M.S.: This is an abomination! DEL: Maybe so, but the crowd's eatin' it up!
MARY PAT: Look at those tithings pour in!
MARY LAZ: This'll save our parish, for sure!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Get out of my sanctuary!
DELORIS: Back off, my stage!
MONSIGNOR: Oh, Sister - you make a joyful noise!

And you, Reverend Mother - bless you for seeing the light. Sister Mary Clarence is our salvation!

Take me higher!
Take me higher!

Aw, take me to Heaven!

(drum fill)

Take me there!

END ACT ONE
"Sister Act"

13

Sunday Morning Fever

[1/6/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Accomp: Doug Besterman/Mark Hummel
Vocal/Song Arr.: M. Kosarin

Driving Disco $\frac{3}{130}$

MONSIG. HOWARD: Welcome back, faithful followers old and new!

And it is a new day, indeed, here at Queen of Angels Church, thanks to your tireless efforts and generous donations. Is it hot in here, or is it just us? Thank you, Mary Clarence, for that wonderful joke.

All Nuns

And now to raise the temperature even higher, we have a brand new hymn by our very Queen of Angels-- or should I say Disco Queen of Angels-- choir?

Hit it, Sisters!

[VAMP]
Spread the news! It's time to rock the pews! We've got the Sunday morning fever!

It's a sound that turns your soul around until it makes you a believer! Every priest,

Every deacon, everyone who feels the beat starts freakin'!
Catch the bug!    Ride the groove!    Boo-gie 'til you feel your

spirit move!    Come and get that Sunday morning fe-

ver!    Give the Lord a try!    Deloris

Give the Lord a try!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: “Queen of Angels is not your grandma's church anymore.”
God help your grandmother if it were.
"A few weeks ago this downtown parish was on the rocks, but now its sisters are rocking a new tune and the congregation is rolling in the aisles." Indeed.

Mother Superior:

Ev'ry thing that woman does infects us more and more.

Things were bad the way it was, but Lord, you're killing us with the cure!

MONSR: Welcome back, o multitudes! Our humble sanctuary overflows with your FAAABULOUS devotion!
We're feelin' hot-hot-hot! Ssst. Ouch. And how 'bout these stained glass windows, provided by the Bikers of The Lord, formerly known as Satan's Psychos.

Now, if you can't find a seat in the Nave, the Youth Ministry has set up a closed-circuit television in the Parish Hall that you may all still get-down, get-down, get-down on your knees and show the Lord how deep is your love!

Girls and boys, come make a joyful noise. And do the Sunday morning hustle!
pull your pelvic muscle! Get confessed!

Get anointed Then get down like you were double-jointed!

Feel the flow! Dig the scene! Shake it like you're Mary
EDDIE: "By popular demand, Queen of Angels Church expands to eight Masses per Sunday, all fueled by the high-octane choir direction"
of the fabulous Sister Mary Clarence.” Deloris, Deloris—what part of “hiding out” don’t you understand?!

This keeps go-in’ and crowds keep grow-in’, The word is gonna spread.

Every mention just means more attention and
you won't be so fabulous if you're dead. Now

put your hands in the air! And wave 'em all around in prayer! Let your

funky behavior show that you and the Savior got each other like Sonny and Cher!

hip, hop, a hip-pity a hip-pity A ding dong dip-pity dee! I'm a
ce-li-bate sis- ter but I’m hot as a blis- ter So hang on-to your ros-a-ry! Now I

may be a fos- sil, but my skills are co-los-sal, and I rock the mike just like an apos-tle And I

don’t stop ’til your doubts go pop And I take you ov-er the top! We got

All Nuns

Matt, Mark, Luke and John Those guys are pros and that ain’t no con so let’s
par-t-ty on—til the break,—break-a-dawn like a sanc-ti-funk-a-de-lic or-gas-ma-tron!

N.9,10,14
N.6,13
N.7,8, Laz

Get the vibe! Make some noise! Do the "Bus Stop" with the
f

Get the vibe! Make some noise! Do the "Bus Stop" with the

poco accel.

al-tar boys! Hoo Ah

al-tar boys! You can bet that Sun-day morn-ing fe-

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212-265-3101
Tempo primo

is the reason why!

is the reason why!

All Nuns

Dudes and chicks—Whip out your crucifix, and join the Sunday celebra-

Beep, beep! Toot, toot! Uh-huh!
MONSIGNOR: Sisters, sisters! I bear remarkable news! A miracle has happened! Bishop Donahue read last week's newspaper article about our choir—

NUNS: OOOH!

MONSIGNOR: Wait, that's not the news! He called Archbishop Narsutis, who called
Cardinal McCanna, who has invited us to come and sing this week—

NUNS: OOOH!

MONSIGNOR: No, no, let me finish! He has invited us to sing this week for a special visitor—a very special visitor from -- the VATICAN!

MARY PAT: You mean the Po-ho-ho—?! the Po-ho-ho—?!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Calm down, Sister! The Po-ho-ho—?!

MONSIGNOR: Can you believe it? The Po-ho-ho— himself!

[VAMP] That's right, Sisters!
Fill the church! Pass the plate! Ev’rybody transubstantiate!

Come and get that Sunday morn-ing fe-ver. supernatural high!

Fill the church! Pass the plate! Ev’rybody transubstantiate!

Come and get that Sunday morn-ing fe-ver. supernatural high!
Rise! Rise! Rise!

Monsignor

Good Lord! Thanks to You! All this, Right in front of our

(Eddie)

...or you'll blow it, guarantee you will. And the odds that Shank... will see... will

Let us pray he isn't too censorious... And that somehow God's true glory'll

(Monsignor)

Thank God it's Sunday! Thank God it's Sunday...

(Monsignor)

Thank God it's Sunday! Thank God it's Sunday...

(Monsignor)

Thank God it's Sunday! Thank God it's Sunday...

(Monsignor)

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

(Eddie)

(Shank)

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

(Shank)

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

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Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!

Sun-day fe-ver rise!
After Sunday Morning Fever

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

A tempo $\frac{3}{4}$=130

[Fade on scene]
Lady in the Long Black Dress

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glen Slater
Accomp.: Doug Besterman/Mark Hummel
Vocal Arr.: M. Kosarin

Cue [BONES]: They were women first, bro. And this man knows how to talk to a woman. Even a nun. Watch and learn.

Laid back and smooth  \( \frac{d}{89} \)


I dig sunsets, strollin’ on the beach, and lovin’ my neighbor as myself.
And right now, baby, I’m standin’ next door— to you.

Picture you and me one sweet, sweet night, in a pool of...
can-dle-light. Just one thing could make the mood more right.

God drop-pin’ in to sing like Barry White. Hey, lady in the

long black dress. Let’s give you something to confess. Who-

oh! Hey, lady, take a good long glance. I ain’t no pastor; I’m a stone cold master of ro-
TJ: That ain't no way to get a lady, honky. Here's how you talk to a sister:

Ave, baby. My name's TJ. Scorpio. An' lemme guess—Virgo, right? Well, put away that rosary, girl,

'cause I'm here to sweep you off your knees
and take you to a place I like to call... TJ-Town. So—

Loosen up those vestments, just a bit.... Drop that bible, baby,

[SAFETY]
yeah, that's it. 
See, I know—what all your vows permit—And

I don't mind—keepin' it immaculate!

(TJ)

Dinero/Bones
Hey, lady in the long black dress—
Let's sneak a-way and

Hey!

long... black dress...
go trans-gress... Wo-oh-oh! Hey la-dy, why not take a chance?

Come...go trans-gress... Wo, wo! Hey la-dy, why not take a chance?

on, proud Ma-ry, meet your mis-sion-a-ry of ro-mance.

Why not lose that veil and wim-ple, ba-by! Have some sa-cra-men-tal wine!
Let me lay it on ya simple, baby:

Sister, you know I gotta, so let me worship at your shrine.

And if you got stigmata, show me yours, I'll show you mine!

Ay, mami, en el vestido provocativo! Porque es Cristo tu

Oh wo!
hom-bre ex-clu-si-vo?

(TJ, Bones)

Soy

Wo-oh-oh! Hey la-dy, no more won'ts or can'ts!

a-mo-ro-so! I'm a vir-tu-o-so!

Frankly,

And if I'm just so-so frankly,

Dinero

you won't know, so.... Sweet la-dy in the long black dress!

Bones

you won't know, so... Dinero] Sweet la-dy! Sweet La-dy!
Please tell me, what's Latin for "yes"?

Woo-hoo! Hey lady, don't cha look askance!

Come on, say hi-ya to your love messiah

And don't make me try a new advance.

Forget Jehovah, 'Cause the wait is o-va.

Come to Casanova, for ro-
BONES: Man, we're smooove!

TJ: No nun can say no to us! DINERO: Vamos, hermanos! Al convento!

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Baby, baby, baby

Wo, Wo, Wo!
CUE [DEL]:
Fine, circle up. Let's see what I got in me, here --
Blessing, blessing, blessing ---

Hesitantly, rubato

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

“Sister Act”
15

Bless Our Show
[1/6/09]

Bless our show... Bless our music... Bless the songs we're gonna sing. Bless the stage that we'll stand on when we stand and do our thing. Bless each line, every number, all the steps that we've rehearsed. And allow us, somehow, to be great, at the worst. Bless each

Steven M. Alper A03747
Quasi tempo

note, and each lyric, Help us try to stay on key. Bless the lights, and the sound-board. Bless our

chor - e - o - gra - phy. From the top of the down-beat 'til the

very quickly

final curtain call, Bless the day, Bless our show, Bless it

mf

A tempo, with drive \( \frac{1}{4} = 116 \)

DEL: Well, that’s our prayer, everybody! Good night and God bless!
MARY PAT: No, wait, Mary Clarence—there’s still so much more to pray for!

DEL: What’d I leave out? I blessed the soundboard, for Chrissake!

nun 12: 

Rob: 

Nun 2: 

Nun 3: 

Laz: 

Nun 5: 

moves! Make ’em kill-er! Let us nail the funk-y bits! Bless our
vibe! Give us mo-jo! Help our boot-ies shake on cue! Let us rest when we're stressed so our best shines through. Bless our riffs and ar-range-ments! Let our so-los tru-ly rock! Help us tear up the suck-er so they hear us down the block! Let us
lay down the boogie 'til it's bouncing wall to wall! Bless our

mikes! Bless our amps! Bless it all!

Let our voices gleam and glitter!

Grant us

strength to sing our best!

And let
all of those who listen feel they  
too are truly blessed!

Playfully

Steven M. Alper A03747
Slower but still moving along

Bless our love and our friendship. May it somehow be enough. Most of all, keep us smiling while we're strut ting all our stuff. Let us lift one another till our

Steven M. Alper A03747
spirits fill the hall!
Bless the beat! Bless the bass! Bless each person in the place! Bless the foot-lights! Bless the spot-lights! Let 'em light up every face! Bless our
Here Within These Walls
Reprise

CUE [MOTHER SUPERIOR]:
We shall survive this, as well.
MARY PAT: But--

strictly, \( \frac{d}{78} \)

MOTHER SUPERIOR: It is God's will.

Outside, that's her place.
All in all, it's surely for the better.

Given time and prayer you'll soon forget her.
Still, it won't be easy, I can tell.

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin

[1/6/09]
16 “Walls — Reprise (1/6/09)

Outside she shall go. And somehow we will stumble through her show. The Pope won’t be amused, but even so, May He bless you all, and her as

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Get some rest, Sisters. Tomorrow, after the Holy Father’s visit, we shall return to our normal lives.

Well.

And here within these

Flowing

walls, once we’re free of her we’ll be as we

mp
were completely unaffected.

Here within these walls, safe from the worldly stir, we'll stay as God arranged. She will be all

More freely

right, I pray. Heaven speed her on her way.
But here, with-in these walls, we'll stay unchanged.

SEGUE AS ONE
#16A Into The Robing Room
Into The Robing Room

SEGUE AS ONE

In one $\frac{1}{4}=96$

[Mary Robert runs on.]

MARY ROB: Oh, thank goodness you're still here, Sister Mary Cla -- Miss Van Cart --

DEL: Deloris, baby. I'm back to just Deloris. MARY ROB: Deloris, I need to talk to you.

[Fade on scene]
The Life I Never Led

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: Doug Besterman/M. Kosarin

CUE [MARY ROBERT]: Ever since you came here, everything's changed! I've changed!

Starts in easy one, steady tempo

You showed me so many things I never thought I could do, never thought I could be—never even thought—I've never talked back. I've never slept late. I've never sat down when told to stand straight. I've never let go and gone with the
flow, and don't even know, really, why. I've never asked questions or taken a dare. I've never worn clothes that might make people stare. I've never rebelled, or stood up and yelled, or even just held my head high.
And all of the feelings unspoken,

all of the truths unsaid,

all I have left of the life I never led.

DELRIS: Yeah, life's one big ol' to-do list, ain't it? Toss me that coat, please.
never gone surfing or ran with a crowd, or danced on a table, or

laughed much too loud. I've never quite dared to leave myself

bared. I've just been too scared I might fall. I've

never seen Paris, swum naked, been kissed! I've never quite realized just
how much I've missed. And what did I get for hedg-ing each 

bet? An-o-ther re-gret, and that's all. And 

all of the wish-es un-asked for, all of the 

needs un-fed, They're all that re-main of the
Well how,
how can I go on ig-
no - ring the waste of it?
After all of the
years that I've clung to my fears, won't you help me let go?

Help me let go!
DELORIS: Girlfriend, if you wanna skinny-dip and skateboard and all that, you got my blessing.

But right now I got a life to live too, and I gotta make sure no one stops me from doin’ it.
I can’t help you right now - I gotta think of me. Wait. [Pulls off boots.]

Here. If you’re ever stuck, just click ’em three times. I saw it in a movie once. I think it worked.

MARY ROB: Thank you. And [removes rosary] – I hope this works for you. DEL: Thanks.

Quasi tempo

want to be brave. I want to be strong. I want to be -
lieve I'm where I belong. To stand up and say I'm

seizing the day, to not just obey, but to choose...

And

Tempo I°

I may not surf, I may not see France. But I have to know I

still have the chance. And maybe I'll make a painful mistake. It's
mine, though, to take or refuse._ And all of the doors yet to
open,_ all of the rooms ahead._ They're
beckoning bright, scary and new, But I'm standing tall, and
I'm walking through. What's gone may be gone, but I won't go on play-
Slower

It's time to start living the life I never led!
The Life I Never Tagged

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

Powerfully

[fade on scene]
Eddie Gets Snogged

CUE [EDDIE]:
...the biggest and best there ever was.
[Deloris kisses him, On his smile;]

Warmly

Building,  \( \text{\textit{d=156}}} \)

DEL: Right on. I'm on my way to stardom. And I don't need a buncha nuns to do it, neither.

SEGUE AS ONE
\#18 Fab Baby Reprise
"Sister Act"

Fabulous, Baby!
Reprise

1/6/09

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

With drive, $\frac{d}{dt}=156$

Gonna walk out that courthouse and find me a night-club to

DEl: And none o' that downtown
disco -- I'm talkin' someplace classy.

Gonna get me that agent, the record, the gigs, the whole

DEL: This time — ain't nuthin' stoppin' me!

Gonna knock the world out, and there

Steven M. Alper  A03747
ain't an-y fence I won't swing at... I'm to-mor-row's sen-sa-tion, the

new dis-co queen, the next dou-ble-deck-ered hit-re-cord ma-chine, a

bomb-shell-to-be like the world's nev-er seen. And no, I won't miss that whole sis-ter rou-

DEL: Ladies and gentlemen, get ready--here she comes--Deloris Van Cartier is back!

tine!
Look at my star ris-in' right on cue!
Look at my dreams as they all come true!

Del: Lights!

Look at me now, baby, dig that view!

Glitter!
Glamour!

Look at my act, baby,
ain't-chawowed?
Every-thing goes, and it's all al-lowed!
I'm back in business with my own crowd.

And of course—my fans! C'mon, people! Lemme feel the love!

Look at me! Can't cha see
I'm fabulous, baby!

She's fabulous, baby!
Check me out! Ain't no doubt where this girl should go!

No no no!

don't hold me back, 'cause I'm good as gone.

Straight down the track, honey, movin' on!

Ooo

Movin' on!

Me, I'm fabulous, baby!

Much too fabulous to...
Serenely (L'istesso)

Nuns

A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple...

mp

Disco Backups (beckoning)

D-E-L-O-R-I-S. D-E-L-O-R-I-S.

mf

D-E-L-O-R-I-S. Yes, yes, yes!

f

Steven M. Alper A03747
Look at my look, ain't I look-in' good? Look out, Man-hat-tan and Hollywood! Look, I'm at last do-in' what I should!

Serenely (L'istesso)

Salve Regina, mater misericordiae,

Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra salve... You're
2, 4, 5, 7
1, 8

Got-ta
fa-bu-lous,
fa-bu-lous,
fa-bu-lous,
fa-bu-lous!

96

get to that place where for once it'll be all about me!

Got-ta

D - E - L - O - R - I - S!

99

get to a place where at last I can feel I belong!

Got-ta

Nuns

De pro-fun-dis cla-ma-vi!
18. Fabulous, Baby -- Reprise [I/6/89]

get to a place where at last I'll be loved and be need - ed!

Stop! I can't! Please! Let me be!

Look at me!

Steven M. Alper  A03747
Stop!!!

Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look! Look! Look! Look!

Backups

Nuns

Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look! Look! Look! Look!

SEGUE AS ONE
#19 Sister Act
Sister Act

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin

"Sister Act"

Gently and simply

I don't need a spotlight.

I don't need a crowd.

I don't need the great wide world to shout my name out loud.

Don't need fame or fortune, nice as those things are.
I've got all I need to feel like I'm a star.... I've got my sisters by my side.... I've got my sisters' love and pride.... And in my sisters' eyes I recognize the star I want to be.... And with my sisters, standing strong.... I'm on the stage where I belong....
And nothing's ever gonna change that fact.

part of one terrific sister act.

yes, I love that spotlight. Yes, I crave acclaim.

I'll admit I love the sound when strangers scream my name.
All that glitz and glamour, they're all right, no doubt. But what are you left with when the lights go out? I'll have my sisters with me still, I'll have my sisters, always will. And with my con pedale sisters' love, no star above will shine as bright as me. And as a
sister and a friend, I'll be a sister 'til the end, and

no one on this earth can change that fact. I'm

part of one terrific sister

ACT.

poco rit.

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Foxxy Brown Hot Cuppa Coffee

APPLAUSE SEGUE

Slower than "When I Find My Baby" (\<113)

SHANK: I thought I ordered me up one Hot Chocolate Foxxy Brown Sweet Cuppa Coffee to go, boys.

And here y'all come crawlin' back to me with NUTHIN'? TJ: That Big Mama Nun slammed the door in our face.

BONES: I could've had her! DINERO: Esto es un desastre!

SHANK: Chill, my bros. There's two things you don't know. 1) I had a feelin' you'd fail.

(increasingly darkly)
[VAMP]

And B) I got a feelin’ I won’t. We’re playin’ this my way now. Here, put these on. Your new work clothes.

And trust me, boys, they’re gonna work.

molto rit.

Shank

You see, I

SEGUE AS ONE
#20 m.5
When I Find My Baby
Reprise

“Sister Act”
20

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin

know that girl... I un-der-stand that girl... I see right through that girl... like straight in-
to that girl... She’s got no clue, that girl, that I can tell which line she’ll toe...
Oh, no.– So I’ll find my ba-by… I know where I’ll find my ba-by… And when I find my ba-by…

SHANK: I ain’t lettin’ her go.

SEGUE AS ONE
Word Up, Sistuh

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: Mark Hummel

[DIRECT SEGUE FROM 20]

MARY PAT: Heavenly Father, please bless our show for the Po-ho-ho-- The Po-ho-ho-- The Holy Pontiff.

DEL: Blessings, Sister.

MARY PAT: Blessings to you, Sist-- Mary Clarence! Oh my heck, I can't believe it! Is it really you?

DEL: No, it's the other ten Mary Clarences -- yeah, it's me, baby! What -- didja think I'd let you girls have all the fun without me? We're a team-- Right, ladies?

BONES: Word up, Sistuh.
We stick together.
TJ: An' we stickin' to you like white on the Pope's pointy hat. And speaking of the Pope—

DINERO: Aquiii es SHA-ANK! SHANK: Kiss my ring, baby. DEL: Kiss my ass!

SHANK: Circle 'round, dammit! Grab her!

MARY PAT: Oh my heck, oh my heck, oh my heck! Mother! SISTERS! Help! HEEELLLPP!
MOTHER SUPERIOR: Mary Patrick! What is it?  MARY PAT: They! She! Mary Clarence! Those men!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: They're here?!  MARY LAZ: We've got to help her!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: No! Go to your cells! MARY PAT: But Reverend Mother–

MOTHER SUPERIOR: I'll call the police! MARY LAZ: There's no time! Those men are armed!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: The police will handle it. And we shall do what we do in time of crisis: Pray for the Lord to intercede on our behalf. Now return to your cells at once. MARY ROB: No.
In one, poco rubato

**MOTHER SUP:** What did you just say?

**MARY ROB:** I said no.

always been good. I've always obeyed. I've
lived as you taught me, I've prayed as you've prayed. I've

never once missed a rule on your list. I've

done as a sister should do. But

now, I won't bend! Now, I won't bow! My
sister's in need of a sister right now! And

I will not stay and blindly obey and

just turn away from what's true. You

promised one day God would call me,
Isn't that what you said? Well,

A tempo
this is that day,
this is that call. I'm

legeto
cresc. poco a poco al fine

either a sister or nothing at all. So

I'm going now, or leaving forever in

Steven M. Alper A03747
stead!

It's

Poco maestoso

time to start liv-ing the life I nev-er led!
(overlap m.1 of CHASE)
colla voce

ff
Chase

[SEGUE AS ONE]

MARY PAT: Come on, everyone!

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sisters!

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Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: Mark Hummel

630 Ninth Ave NYC 10036

212-265-3101
(Mary Laz serves up liquor to nun!)

Mary Laz's whistle

Heroic (a la Indiana Jones/Supaman!)
Overlap first measure of #23

SHANK: FREEZE! TJ: Check it out -

DINERO: Mira – arriba!

BONES: I’d know those purple kicks anywhere!

(Goons see “Dorlis”)
Sister Act
Reprise

Freely and ominously
(dialogue placement to m9 approximate)

SHANK: End of the line, Deloris!
One more step, and we gonna find out
what’s black and white and red all over.

DEL: Stop, Curtis -- no!
You don’t want her — you want me.
Get out, Mary Robert. Run! Now!

[ Mary Robert exits ]

SHANK: Well, well, well. Look who came
runnin’ back. Just like the Shank said she would.

You may dress up like a nun, Deloris;
but you don’t fool the Shank.

DEL: You don’t know
nothin’ about me, Curtis.
SHANK: Under that get-up, you ain't nothin' but a spotlight-hungry, bottom-feeding', raggedy-ass, lousy lounge singer. You ain't no sister. **MS:** She is a sister!

She is Sister Mary Clarence, and she is as true a sister as this convent has ever known.

SHANK: Well, then Sistuh better start saying her last prayer right now. Pray. I said PRAY!

Very freely

_TJ:_ Uncle Shank, put that down. You can't shoot no nun!  
**SHANK:** I ain't gonna shoot no nun. I'm gonna shoot Deloris. **MS**

Steven M. Alper  A03747
SHANK: Step aside, mama. [Rob]

SHANK: Get out of my face - [Pat]

sac - ri - fice.

Take all my heart and soul... My

-- all of you! [Mary Laz]

joy and love... I am rea - dy, sweet Lord a - bove.

(SHANK):
I got a lot of bullets in this thing!

NUNS, variously: Take me! Take me! etc. I've got my
Poco appassionato

sisters by my side. I've got my sisters' love and pride. And with my

(Not loud, but with determination and force)

sisters here, I have no fear... I'm right where I should be. And with my

sisters in my heart, I know we'll never be a part. And
no one on this earth can change that

 semplice

 fact. My brave sisters,

cantabile

My sweet sisters, My strong

sisters, All my loving sisters... I'm

accel. e cresc. --- rit. e dim. ---
PART OF ONE TERRIFIC SISTER

DEL: I’m not afraid of you any more, Curtis. ’Cause after all those years singin’ bout heaven, now I know what it really means.

SHANK: Good to know, Deloris. ’Cause I’m takin’ you there, right now!

(gunshot)
CUE: [EDDIE] And I hit him!
[SHANK grabs Eddie's arm.]

SHANK: I'm gonna get you, sucka.
EDDIE: Oh, yeah? [On punch:] Take that, mofo!

(EDDIE): Who am I today?

MS: I've worked some pretty tough parishes in my day.
Sisters, remove these gentlemen.  

**EDDIE:** Do the crime, ya gotta do the time.

And soon as I finish doin' my paperwork in triplicate -- I'm taking you to dinner. I mean, if that's OK with you --

**DEL:** Eddie Souther, I shoulda said this way back at all those spring formals: Yes!

**Tempo 1° (with building excitement)**  

**[THEY HUG]**
EDDIE: Can't keep the Pope waiting. It's showtime!

[MS and DEL eye each other.]

Slower

MS: Well -- DEL: Uh, yeah. So, here's the deal with me, Reverend Mother. I'm not humble, I don't blend.

MS: And if your room is a-rocking, don't come a-knocking?

DEL: Now you're talkin' my talk.

MS: Perhaps we've both been talking the same talk all along, Sister. DEL: Sis-tuh. MS: Si-stuh.
Spread the Love Around

CUE [SEGUE AS ONE]

Freely — ad lib.

All things being even, here's what I believe in:

No-thing mat-ters more than love... Friendship and af-fec-tion, real-

con-nec-tion, it's a gift from a-bove... Ev'ry song-

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Glenn Slater
Arr.: M. Kosarin/Mark Hummel

“Sister Act”

24
that we play, ev'ry prayer that we pray, makes a bond in a way that's profound...

We're just here to spread that love all around...

Disco beat \( \downarrow=134 \) (ad lib riffs)

Spread it a-round... Spread it a-

(ad lib riffs, topping her)

round!
MONSIGNOR: Queen of Angels welcomes the Po-ho-ho, the Po-ho-ho, the Po-ho-

Welcome, Your Supreme Holiness!
Start a conversation, throw a celebration, let whatever's in you out...

Welcoming and sharing, simply caring,

that's what life is about. Don't just sit on the side. Go along—

that's what life is about. Hoo...
for the ride, with your heart open wide as it goes!

Hoo Oh

Let love's music fill you down to your toes!

And get up! and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in!

And get up! Get up, and join the crowd on the floor!
part of the whole! Don’t stop! until you’re lost in the sound!

part of the whole! Don’t stop, until you’re lost in the sound!

Spread the love around! Spread it ‘round!

Life’s only love! Spread it ‘round!

Ah

Spread it ‘round!

Ah

Spread it ‘round!

Spread it ‘round!
Once you start to spread it, baby, if you let it, love—

starts right on back to you

Ooo.
- sion and devotion, real emotion. Watch it come burstin' through! So give in

Oh

Oh

Ooo

to the beat and get knocked off your feet. Let it sweep

you completely away! Grab a partner and

Hey, Grab a partner and

Steven M. Alper A03747
head out on the parquet!
head out on the parquet!

Get up!

(Nuns)

Altered Boys

and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in!

that's what your

Get up, Jump in,

spiri-rit is for! Reach out! Reach out, em-brace the love that-cha found!

(Rob on high part)

(Pat Laz on low part)

Reach out, em-brace the love that-cha found!
Life's only love! Spread the love around!

(Altered Boys)

Ev'ryone, join your hands to-gether. Ev'ryone, find the common ground.

Ev'ryone, sis- ter and brother, love one an-o-ther, spread it a-round!
All Women

Ev'ry one, join your hands together.

Ev'ry one, find common ground.

Ev'ry one, sister and brother, love.
Get up, and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in! that's what your

Get up, and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in! that's what your

Get up, and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in!

Ev'ryone, join your hands toge ther. Ev'ryone, find

Join your hands toge ther!
Spirit is for! Reach out! Embrace the love that cha found!

that's what your spirit is for! Reach out! Embrace the love

the common ground. Ev'ryone, sister and brother, love

Find the common ground! Ev'ryone, love
Then go a-head, let it spread all a-round! Get down!

Then go a-head, let it spread al a-round! Get down!

one an-othe-er, spread it a-round! Get down!

one an-othe-er, spread it a-round! Get down!

Get down, with all your heart and your soul! Dance on!

Get down, with all your heart and your soul! Dance on!

with all your heart and your soul!
Become a part of the whole!

Whoo! Become a part of the whole! Don't stop!

Don't stop until you're lost in the sound!

Don't stop until you're lost in the sound!

until you're lost in the sound!
Monsignor enters

Shank enters

Mary Robert enters

Eddie enters
Mother Superior enters

Deloris enters
("Sister Act")

poco rall.

Grandly, but moving along
Tempo 1°

Full company re-enter

APPLAUSE SEGUE
#26 Raise Your Voice (Full Company)
Raise Your Voice
Full Company

[Applause segue from "Bows"]

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

[1/6/09]
P/V

voice!

Spread it 'cross the sky!

voice!

Spread it 'cross the sky!

Blast it! Blare it! Stand and share it! Help the world re-joice! Raise a sweat!

Blast it! Blare it! Stand and share it! Help the world re-joice! Raise a sweat!

Raise a cheer Raise it to the stratosphere! Raise your strength,

Raise a cheer Raise it to the stratosphere!
Raise your voice!

Raise your voice!

Raise your voice!

Raise your voice!

Raise your voice!

END ACT TWO
Exit

[4/8/08]

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

“A Sister Act”