

## H.M.S. PINAFORE

## Script for Dick Deadeye as Narrator

## ACT I

*Overture*

V.S. No. 1. *Chorus*. "We sail the ocean blue."

V.S. No. 2. *Recit/Song*. "Hail! Men-o'-wars-men" / "I'm called little Buttercup."

V.S. No. 2a. *Recit*. "But tell me who's the youth."

V.S. No. 3. *Scena*. "The nightingale sighed."

V.S. No. 4. *Recit/Song*. "My gallant crew" / "I am the captain of the *Pinafore*."

DICK Here we go again. Spit and polish, spit and polish. 'And for what?' sez you. 'To cover up the faults of the British Navy,' sez I. We're to have an inspection today from the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty. (*Sneering*) So it's out with the holystone, me lads, polish, sweep and clean. Tchah! (*He spits*) As if Sir Joseph will look at us. He's aiming to get himself hitched to the captain's daughter, Josephine, and he's coming to inspect her, if you asks me.

And we've this here romantic simpleton, Rafe Rackstraw, a-pining his heart out for the self-same gel. (*In bitter derision*) An able-seaman. As if our captain, (*cynical*) for all his noble sentiments and fine phrases would stand for it. And the little lady herself? Well who knows what females think?

V.S. No. 4a. *Recit*. "Sir, you are sad."

V.S. No. 5. *Song*. "Sorry her lot."

DICK So ho! The little miss has some spunk in her. But her father won't stand for it. No. I thought not. He's shocked. He aims higher for his daughter than a humble foremast lad. See, he gives her a photograph of Sir Joseph and urges her to reconsider. Perhaps he should have given her this book I've just been areading. It's a bi-hography of Sir Joseph himself. (*He reads*)

'You would naturally think that the person who commanded the entire Navy would be the most accomplished sailor who could be

found, but that is not the way in which such things are managed in England. Sir Joseph Porter, who had risen from a very humble position to be a lawyer and then a Member of Parliament, was, it is believed, the only man in England who knew nothing whatever about ships. Now as England is a great maritime country, it is very important that all Englishmen should understand something about men-of-war. So as soon as it was discovered that his ignorance of a ship was so complete that he didn't know one end of it from another, some important person said, "Let us set this poor ignorant gentleman to command the British Fleet, and by that means give him an opportunity of ascertaining what a ship really is." This was considered to be a wise and sensible suggestion, and so Sir Joseph Porter was at once appointed First Lord of the Admiralty of Great Britain and Ireland.\* What is the country coming to? (*shaking his head sadly*)

V.S. No. 6. *Chorus*. "Over the bright blue sea."

V.S. No. 7. *Chorus*. "Sir Joseph's barge is seen."

V.S. No. 8. *Solos and chorus*. "Now give three cheers."

V.S. No. 9. *Song*. "When I was a lad."

DICK So we're to have an inspection after all. (*Sir Joseph looks at him.*) Very well, thank you, me Lord. (*Sir Joseph continues his inspection.*) 'Remarkably fine crew,' sez he. His party piece all prepared beforehand. 'And here's a song I've composed to sing at your leisure' — whenever that may be! And — oh my! (*Sir Joseph speaks to the Captain*) A reprimand to the Captain — don't be patronising to the men, but remember, always say please and thank you.

V.S. No. 9a. *Solo and chorus*. "For I hold that on the seas."

V.S. No. 10. *Trio and chorus*. "A British tar."

DICK Sir Joseph's song having encouraged independence of thought and action, our splendid seaman is left alone — to try his luck with the lady.

V.S. No. 11. *Duet*. "Refrain audacious tar."

V.S. No. 12. *Finale Act I*.

## ACT II

### *Entracte*

V.S. No. 13. *Song*. "Fair moon, to thee I sing."

V.S. No. 14. *Duet*. "Things are seldom what they seem."

\* From *The Pinafore Picture Book*, by W. S. Gilbert.

V.S. No. 15. *Scena*. “The hours creep on apace.”

DICK It’s a queer world. Josephine can’t make up her mind which side her bread’s buttered on. Her father, for all his learning couldn’t make head nor tail of what Buttercup was talking about. Now Sir Joseph tells him he’s disappointed in Josephine. He don’t think she will do. That really upsets Papa. He says perhaps Sir Joseph’s exalted rank (*Dick spits*) has terrified her. Would Sir Joseph be kind enough to inform her that there is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks? Poor chap, he doesn’t realize how this will strengthen the lass’s hand.

V.S. No. 16. *Trio*. “Never mind the why and wherefore.”

V.S. No. 17. *Duet*. “Kind Captain.”

DICK Ha, ha! They are foiled, foiled, foiled.

V.S. No. 18. *Chorus*. “Carefully on tip-toe stealing.”

DICK Well, well. Captain in disgrace and Sir Joseph in a fine tizzy. ‘What’s the reason for the Captain’s behaviour?’ sez he. Rafe tells him. And at that Sir Joseph blows his top. No equality for foremast hands — that’s reserved only for him and his likes. (*Dick now mimes Sir Joseph*) ‘Insolent sailor, you shall repent of this outrage. I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affection. To the dungeons with him and load him with chains.’

V.S. No. 19. *Octet*. “Farewell, my own.”

V.S. No. 20. *Song*. “A many years ago.”

DICK Here’s a fine turn up for the book. Josephine is to marry above her station. The lowly Captain can now marry Buttercup — he always had a fancy for her. But what about Sir Joseph? Ah ha, Cousin Hebe can’t see him — or his money—left alone.

V.S. No. 21. *Finale Act II*.