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

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

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.

Where, dear Lord, oh where is our salvation? ANNOUNCER: Here she is, folks!

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

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

"Sister Act"

1

PIANO/VOCAL
DELORES
KAY-T
LAROSA

SEGUE AS ONE

Hot Disco Beat \( \frac{1}{4} = 148 \)

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-YAAAAYYY!

LaRosa/
Kay-T

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 ev'ry night and each day, hop-in' that you'll drop a line.

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

You are simply too divine!

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—

E-csta-sy!

...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

...Ah...

...You're what makes
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-

Now.

Hoo—hoo

[Half x groove]

[orig groove]

Takemee!

Take me!

Take me high-

er!

[Half x groove]

[orig groove]

Takemee!

Take me high-

er!

[Half x groove]

[orig groove]

Takemee!

Take me high-

er!

A bit more laid-back

124

Ow!

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

breathy

...La Rosa/Kay-T Unh-unh!

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
boogie uhh! that moves my soul! He's got the
boogie uhh! that moves my soul! He's got the

mf

boogie uhh! Make me lose control!
boogie uhh! Make me lose control! Beep! Beep!

120

DEL: An' when my record producer gets here, he's gonna make me a star! Hoo hoo hoo!

Steven M. Alper A03747
My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,

My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,

Faster

Where peo-ple shake it, ba-by, wrapped in love's em-brace! DEL: Listen, we're

Where peo-ple shake it, ba-by, wrapped in love's em-brace!

gonna take a quick five y'all – be back to sing more when my record producer shows up!
Take me to heaven! Take me to paradise!

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

Take me there!
Fabulous, Baby!

[1/6/09]

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

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
KAY-T: There she goes, fantamasizin’ again. LAROSA: Baby, whatever you sniffin’, I want me some.

Look at my moves, don’t they blow your mind? Drama, and tal-en, 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’t cha 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!"
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!

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

Ahh

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-p'rate-ly for me? I'm a

D-e-l-o-r-i-

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

Oh!
par-t-y! A ri-o-t! The whole kitch-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!

So 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, guaar-antee!
I'll be fabulous, baby! Fresh, free, fabulous, baby!

Fine and fabulous, Wait and see!

SLOW SEGUE
Hello Mister 44

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

Walk out that door, and ain't nothing on earth gonna stop me!

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

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!  

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

WILLARD: Curtis, y'gotta believe me!  

Yes, I gotta be-lieve that I'll

cresc. poco a poco

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

Gonna
SHANK: If I could only convince a certain friend of mine, here.

Deloris

be a sensation, a wonder, a wow.

Yes, it's

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

Deloris

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.

ffz

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!
DELORIS: HELP!!!

DELORIS: Save me! Save me!

Simmons

Steven M. Alper  A03747
"Sister Act"

3A

Sequester This!

DEL: Hide? EDDIE: Just until the trial.
DEL: Hide this?!

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

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!

This you don’t hide, mister, this you find!
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
“Sister Act”

Sanctus

[27/1/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: trad. Latin

PIANO/VOCAL

DELORIS (first note only)
NUNS
[MOTHER SUPERIOR]
[MONSIGNOR]

[Segue as one from 3A]

MARY PATRICK drifts up sva, louder and louder...

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

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

MOTHER SUPERIOR
I understand, Monsignor, but—Mary Patrick, dear, you’re not blending!

—-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.

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212-265-3101
“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 any longer.

There’s no wrong or right, just wrong and wronger. People have amused themselves to

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

19/5/09
DEL: Aw, lighten up, Mama! death. 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
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

[VAMP]

shameless. Most, including those who shall be nameless,
I cared 'bout that smoke.

Hard-ly seem to know or ev-en care.

Out-side, all is sin.

And

I won't have the out-side com-ing in.

Trust me, it's a bat-tle you won't

win.

Frank-ly dear, you have-n't got a prayer.

Here with-in these

A tempo

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!

glut'ny!

Put a-side your pride!

As for car-nal

DEL: Getchyer hands off my hair!

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!

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!

remnant of your former worldly shell.

MS: Here we love God, and our fellow man. DEL: Oh, God, would I love a man! Wait. Oh, no. What is that thing? 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.

Slower

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
A tempo

walls, all is stripped away. Surrender and o-

PP

Ave Ma

119 120 121 122
bey, that's all that is expected. Here within these

ria

Grati

123 124 125 126
walls, all else is kept at bay,
Though the world may go astray,

here, eternal truths hold sway. Here within these
7 + Rob, walls,
7 + Pat, Laz
life is truly blessed!
Here you're God's own
Sal • ve re • gi • na

mf

135
136
guest, ce • les • tial • ly pro • tect • ed.
Here within these
Ma • ter mi • se • ri • cor • di • ae

walls,
All's for the ve • ry best and
Vi • ta, dul • ce • do
always shall be thus.

Et spes nostra salve.

Poco meno mosso

will be done, here she'll just be one more nun,

Salve regina.

safe within these walls, as one of
How I Got the Calling

How `bout you go first?
[CUE] MARY PAT: Oh, you! Sister Selfless!
Well, if you insist.

Bright folk song, $d=116$

PAT: I love this story! When I was still a school-girl stand-ing just a-bout yay high, I

saw the face of Je-sus in a co-co-nut cream pie. Next

morn-ing, there was Ma-ry in a bowl of Spe-cial K, And

ten of twelve a-pos-tles in the sa-lad bar buf-fet. Now
frankly, I'm an eater and I'd polished off Saint Peter when my tummy sort of gave a little lurch, And I knew, beyond all question, it was more than imagination, and that's how I got the calling to the
DEL: Age before beauty.  
MARRY LAZARUS: Death before dishonor.  
My mother kicked the bucket in the flood of thirty-eight.  
All falling Steinway piano sent my father to his fate.
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, I
figured, on reflection, I could maybe use protection and that's

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 -
thrill ing! 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
94 95 96 97
folks from “Jews for Jesus” stuck a pamphlet in my purse.

98 99 100 101
heard a voice while playing “Sergeant Pepper” in reverse.

102 103 104 105
prayed and then, by golly, my psoriasis was healed.

106 107 108 109
People always told me that I looked like Sally Field.

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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

Pages 9 & 10
Wrong way
Found.
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 overhaul!
And it was

La la la la!

loud— And firm— And oh so clear!
poco rit.

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

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

...came here as a tot.

Pat (quickly)
colla voce
156 (Rob) 157 158 159
What I mean is...

(Pat) 160 161 162 163
...left here at the door.

Pat: Go on.

164 (Pat) 165 166 167
I don't know if I'm...

supposed to be a nun...

...not.

168
hard to say, but after all that's what the call is for.

Pat: Right! So! Spotlight's back on you, Sister. Fess up!

Del: O-kaay—
Starting out very slowly

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

低保工作 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...
All Nuns (except Rob)
Pat/Laz melody

-15-

6. "How I Got the Calling" [6/9/99]

mf How she got the calling, pretty

how I got the calling, pretty much.

And that is

much. We got the calling! It was sub-

how I got the calling... Right!

f

lime

And yet appalling!

(new vox)

and it was
oh, so right in all respects!

Ah, sweet as mountain honey

And as

and as warm as woolen mittens

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

And as swift as April showers—

RSN #8

somatic as a night of sweaty sex! DELORS: I'm sorry, was that out loud?

poco rit.

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

glad you got the calling, Amen!

glad you got the calling, Amen!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
[Bells]
When I Find My Baby

[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!

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—
S: 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.

**[SAFETY]**

(BONES) She's gone, Boss. S: 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
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
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 under-

stand that girl! And if I want that girl, I'm gonna
get that girl, Ain’t gonna let that girl get away!

No way! And when I

find that girl, I’m gonna kill that girl! I’m gonna

wham! bam! blam! and drill that girl! Won’t rest un-
til 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
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! (gtr.) 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!
miss in' her gigs, I bet she's miss in' her booze, I bet she's
tear in' out her hair, I bet she's
Yeah, yeah!

miss in' her fun, and gettin' read y to run, and when she
SHANK: DELORIS!  
DINERO: No - soy Dinero, Señor Shank. Deloris hay mas-alto-con-el-pelo-grande-canta-muchoo-

SHANK: I KNOW WHO SHE IS!!

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 under-

I understand what I have got to do to her!

stand that girl! And when you get that girl, you're gonna

'T'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

Oh!

my baby, I ain't lettin' her go!
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 need that girl! I gotta 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 dis-em-bow! that girl! Then give her
Drown that girl! Dis-em-bow! that girl!

skull a big dent with a blunt in-stru-ment! I tell ya,
Ooooh!

soon that girl is look-in' at a world of woe!

Soon that girl!
Go and check each discotheque, tavern and bar! Go and find

— my baby, ’cause I ain’t lettin’ her go!

We’ll find your baby! Ah

No, no!

Oh... no!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Biker Bar Jukebox

[SEGUE AS ONE]

'Driving' \( \text{beat}=148 \)

Bluesy, dirty shuffle! approx \( \text{beat}=114 \)

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: Mark Hummel
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)

even Stiks a la Disco

ease out of 12/8 blues

(A & R Ancestor Rico Music: Serven)

630 Ninth Ave NYC 10036

212-265-3101
7A. "Biker Bar Jukebox" [25/5/09v1]

Ease back into 12/8 blues

Blues fills etc. - very lightly under dialogue

Repeat as needed. Mary Laz: What'samatter--
cut on cue: you not nun enough?

C13  Bb13  F  F/C
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 \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 102

DEL: Who’s been baaaaad in the eyes of our Lord?
[Bikers whoop.] Well, fellas, it’s time to come clean!
First ya sprinkle ho-ly

A tempo

wat-er.

Then ya wave the Ho-ly Book...

Then ya do a special

(8ths)

DEL: Yeah, like that

bless- ing.

And then ya shake a-round your ro-sa-ry 'til

(8ths)

locu
ev’ry bead is shook, and shout Hail Mary!
Shout Our Father!
Better All Bikers

Hail Mary!
Our Father!

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

Wooow!

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 them de-mons in the ground!

The de-vil!

Grind 'em in the ground!

The de-vil!

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

Holy Moses!

Wooo!

Holy Moses!

Wooo!

wanna 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!

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!

cheek.

Love thy enemy... et-ce-tera, et-ce-tera.

Let's

**Frenetic** $\downarrow \text{=} 140$

knock the stin-kin' sons'o-bit-ches straight into next week!
"Sister Act"

I Could Be That Guy

[6/6/09]

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

[Cue] DELORIS: Don't wanna keep those papers waiting.
Night, Sweaty Eddie. [She exits.]

Easy - rubato

Sweaty Ed-die...!  Sweaty Ed-die...!  All of my life,
colla voce

that's what they've called— me, and that what I've been.

The blur in the background, The king of un-cool, The first at the

(all down-arps)
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 with-

in?

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,

Leadin' the pack when the action goes down! Yeah, I...
I'll bet-cha 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.

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.
9. "I Could Be That Guy"

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 hol-ler yes to des - ti - ny!

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...

Backup singers

I just gotta believe...

I could be that guy.

A & R Anieter Rice Music Service
630 Ninth Ave NYC 10036
212-265-3101
I just gotta, gotta, gotta believe...

I could be that guy.

If I'd only believe, if I'd only believe. I could be that guy.
ly believe, that I... yes, I could be that guy! I could be the

I could be that guy.

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

Ah

Ah
ter-ing hot in a spot center-stage! Yes, I...

I got what it takes to break a-way!

Hey! Break a-way!

Gently, poco rubato

EDDIE: Aw, who am I kidding? I'll always be Sweaty Eddie to her. But before it's
my time to die, Hell, I will be that guy some-

day: Ooh Maybe

some-day May-be some-

free riff day!

poco rit. p
Choir Practice

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

"Sister Act"

Piano/Vocal

Mother Superior

Nuns

Deloris

[Direct Segue]

[6/6/09]

Nuns (Sung mechanically and imperfectly)

Ave Maria, Ave Maria,

(onstage piano)

mp

gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

MS: Blend, Sisters. God rejoices in humble voices.

(Mary Patrick sings Δωρ...) 12

Benedicat tu in mulieribus.
was choir practice.

MARY PAT: Good morning, Sister Slug-a-bed! C’mom in and sing a spell!

et_ benedic tus Fruc tus ven tris tu i.

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

(Choir cuts off raggedly)

le sus.

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. DEL: Well, neither are they. MS: Please add your voice to our chorus.
DEL: Whatever you say, Mother.

She riffs over choir

gratia plena, Dominus tecum.

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

Benedicat tu in multieribus

et benedictus Fructus ventris tui.
[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 —
Raise Your Voice

[6/6/09]

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

“Sister Act”

11

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, $\dot{=}140$

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 sing-in': Get the rafters ring-in'!

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!

DEL: Better!

Mary Pat

Bigger! Brighter! Bolder!

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

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

DEL: All together now! 70

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!

DELMIRE: 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!

Raise your voice!

Push it to eleven!
Ah!

Raise your voice!

Turn those speakers high!

MARY LAZARUS: Easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy.

Do re mi fa sol la ti do!

Don’t down-play it! Stand___ and say it, like you got_no choice!
Mary Rob   Del

Raise your game!    Raise some hell!

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

DELORIS: 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.”
simply, as a rehearsal

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

DELORIS:
Again!
DELRIS:
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.
DEJORIS: God-can’t-hear-you!

Mary Rob

DELORIS: Better, now join them on the third!

Mary Pat

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! Gloriae aeternae
honor et gloriae! Laudamus te Benedicimus te Adoramus te!

DELORIS: Match her!

Gloria in excelsis deo!

Laudamus te Benedicimus te Adoramus te! Gloriae aeternae
honor et gloriae! Laudamus te Benedicimus te Adoramus te!

Crescendo, poco a poco

Hallelujah
DELORES: Now Hallelujah in double time!
DELORES: Now that's what I call “a joyful noise”!

Laudamus te! Be-ne-di-cimus te! Adoramus te! Glorificamus te!

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

Tu solus domimus! Tu solus altissimus! Iesus Christe In

DELORES: Amen!!!

gloria Dei Patris

Nuns f

Raise your
Get your mo-jo rev-vin'!

Let your freak flag fly!

Don'tcha hide it, Why not ride it like it's God's Rolls Royce!

Raise some heat!
Raise some Cain! Raise it to a higher plane! Raise a ruck-

(hold out ad lib)

Raise it up! Raise it up!

- us! Raise the devil! Raise it up another level! Raise your-

voice!

Lift it up to heaven! Raise your
211 voice!
213 Spread it 'cross the sky!

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

218 H.M

220 — Raise a cheer — Raise it to the stratosphere! — Raise your strength,
Raise it so the angels hear it! Raise your heart!

Raise your spirit, Ah

Ah

Raise your heart!

Raise your heart!

Del, Rob, N2, 9, 14

DELORIS: Raise your
You guys are gonna be faaabulous!

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.
Raise it up!

Raise it...

your voice!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Take Me to Heaven
(Nun Choir Version)

Moderate hymn, $\approx 86$

12/2/09

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

[Applause segue from "Raise Your Voice"]

**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 $\frac{4}{4}$-148

DEL: Here they are, folks!

Hot off their novenas — blisterin’ with sisterhood. Queen of Angels is proud to present

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' about you since receivin' your call.

Can't see livin' without you, 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 away, straight to cloud number nine!

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

Ecstasy! Ecstasy! 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

just can't help surrendering!

Ah

You're so strong, You're so sweet, You're what makes
Take me to heavenly complete. I just worship at your feet! Take me to heavenly complete. I just worship at your feet! Take me to kingdom come! 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!

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

You know just how to thrill me.
MS: What are you doing?! DELORIS: Puttin' booties in the seaties, Mama!

Ooh, baby, 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 hea-

Ooo.

Oh!

Take me to hea-

to use! 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 \( \frac{1}{4} = 124 \)

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!
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!

Mary Rob
My boot-y's head-in' for a special place,

Hoo hoo hoo!
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 offa 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!

Aw, Take me to Heaven!

(drum fill)

Take me there!
"Sister Act"

Sunday Morning Fever

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

Driving Disco \( \boxed{= 130} \)

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.

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!

ver! 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 freak-in'!
Catch the bug! Ride the groove! Boo-gie 'til you feel your spirit move! Come and get that Sunday morning fever!

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

(last x)

Every thing that woman does infects us more and more.

[SAFETY]

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!
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...

Ev'ry 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 a-round in prayer! Let your

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

hip, hop, a hip-pi-ty a hip-pi-ty A ding dong dip-pi-ty dee! I’m a

Poco meno mosso

sub. mp

Mary Laz

Nuns (except Laz)
celebrate sister but I'm hot as a blister So hang on to your rosary! Now I

may be a fossil, but my skills are colossal, and I rock the mike just like an apostle And I

don't stop 'til your doubts go pop And I take you over the top! We got

All Nuns Mary Laz

Matt, Mark, Jake and John Those guys are pros and that ain't no contest so let's
Tempo primo

is the reason why!

is the reason why!

All Nuns

mf

beep beep!

Mary Rob

Dudes and chicks—Whip out your crucifix, and join the Sunday celebration.

Beep, beep! Toot, toot! Uh-huh!
Get them clap-pin'! And you'll see that mir-a-cles can happen!

Uh-huh.

Aw beep

MONSIGNOR: Sisters, sisters! I bear remarkable news! A miracle has happened! Bishop Donahue read last week's

beep!

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:** OOOOH!

**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:** That's right, Sisters!

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

---

**A&R Ariadne Rice Music Service**

630 Ninth Ave NYC 10036

212-265-3101
Fill the church! Pass the plate! Ev'ry-body transub-
станти-ате! Come and get that Sun-day morn-ing fe-
ver superna'tral high!
Mass appeal was never so real
And can't cha feel that Sunday fever

Mass appeal was never so real
And can't cha feel that Sunday fever

Laz, N3, 13
N2, 7, 8
Mens, M2
M3, M5
M4, M1
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!

Patrick + N5
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!

Deloris + N1
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!

Mother Superior
Cool it down, ya gotta promise me — ya will.
Just imagine what the Pope will make of them!
B’ry se-quined, boot-y-shake of them.
"Sunday Morning Fever" [1/6/09]

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 you will

Let us pray he isn't too cas--ri-al And that somehow God's true glory'll

N4, 12

Rise!

Thank God it's Sun-day! Sun-day fever rise!

(Monsignor)

eyes!

Thank God it's Sun-day! Sun-day fever rise!

(MS)

rise!

Thank God it's Sun-day! Sun-day fever rise!

(Eddie)

rise!

Sun-day fever rise!

(MS)

Sun-day fever rise!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
After Sunday Morning Fever

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

A tempo \( \frac{\text{b}}{\text{d}}=130 \)

[Fade on scene]
Lady in the Long Black Dress

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 $\frac{3}{4} = 89$


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 vo-tive

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

“A&R Antler Rice Music Service
630 Ninth Ave NYC 10036
212-265-3101"
can-dle-light.
Just one thing could make the mood more right.

God drop-pin' in to sing like Bar-ry White.
Hey, la-dy in the

long black dress.
Let's give you som-eth-ing to con-fess.
Wo-oh-

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,
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 away 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-man-c[e.

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
hombre exclu-sivo?

(TJ, Bones)

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

Amoroso! I'm a virtuoso!

Frankly,

And if I'm just so-so frankly,

you won't know, so... Sweet lady in the long black dress!

you won't know, so... [Dinero] Sweet lady!

Bones Sweet Lady!
Please tell me, what's La-tin for "yes"?
Wo-oh-oh! Hey la-dy, don't cha

look as-kance!

Come on, say hi-yah to your love me-si-ah
And don't

make me try a new ad-vance

For-get Je-ho-vah, 'Cause the

wait is ov-a Come to Ca-sa-no-va... for ro-
BONES: Man, we're smooove!

TJ: No nun can say no to us!

DINERO: Vamos, hermanos! Al convento!
Bless Our Show

[1/6/09]

CUE [DEL]:
Fine, circle up. Let’s see what I got in me, here —
Blessing, blessing, blessing ——

Hesitantly, rubato

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, ev’ry number, all the

steps that we’ve rehearsed. And allow us, somehow, to be great, at the worst. Bless each

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

A tempo, with drive \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 116 \)

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 5

props! Bless our costumes! Give our sequins extra glitz! Bless our

moves! Make ‘em kill-er! Let us nail the funky bits! Bless our

Steven M. Alper A03747
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 arrange - 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 glint! Grant us
strength to sing our best! And let
all of those who listen feel they too are truly blessed!

Playfully
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 'til our
spirs fill the hall!

Bless the

Tempo 1° \( \frac{\text{n.d.}}{4} \)

beats! 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
hearts! Bless our souls!

Bless us all!

Bless our church!

Bless our sisters!

Bless our
Here Within These Walls
Reprise

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

Strictly, \( \frac{3}{8} \)

MOTHER SUPERIOR: It is God's will.

[1/6/09]

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

And here within these

Flowing

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

MP

sim.
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, within these walls, we'll stay un
changed.

a tempo  poco rit.  mp

a tempo  poco rit.

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

[23/5/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

`Sister Act`

16A

SEGUE AS ONE

In one $d=96$

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

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.

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.

DELORES: Yeah, life's one big 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

bare. 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 hedging each

bet? Another regret, and that's all. And

all of the wishes unasked for, all of the

needs unfed, They're all that remain of the

17 “The Life I Never Led” [06/09]
life I never led. And

now, now that you've given me one little

mf

taste of it, And now,

now that I know what I know,
Well how, how can I go on ignoring 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!
DEBORAH: 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 ROSE: 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 -
I'm where I belong. To stand up and say I'm

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

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 playing
Slower

dead

It's time to start living the

life I never led!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
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, $\downarrow=156$

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
Fabulous, Baby! Reprise

With drive, $\frac{4}{4}$=156

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

mp

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

Gonna get me that a-gent, the record, the gigs, the whole

sfz mp

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

deal.

Gonna knock the world out, and there

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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, ba-by, dig that view!__

Glitter!__ Glamour!

Look at my act, ba-by,

ain’t cha wowed?__ Ev-’ry-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! So

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...
Disco

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

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

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

Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look! Look! Look! Look!
"Sister Act"

Gently and simply

1. I don’t need a spotlight.

2. I don’t need a crowd.

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

4. Don’t need fame or fortune, nice as those things are.

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

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 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. pp

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Foxxy Brown Hot Cuppa Coffee

[1/6/09]

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

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.

Shank

You see, I

molto rit.

SEGUE AS ONE

#20 m.5
When I Find My Baby
Reprise

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

[27/5/09]

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...
SHANK: I ain't lettin' her go.

find my baby... And when I find my baby...

Oh, no. So I'll find my baby... I know where I'll

(SEQUE AS ONE)
Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: Mark Hummel

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

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.
The Life I Never Led
Reprise

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

legato
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
Poco maestoso

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

stead!

It's

time to start living the life I never led!

(Overlap m.1 of CHASE)

colla voce

ff

Steven M. Alper A03747
Chase

[SEGUE AS ONE]

\( \text{\textit{MARY PAT: Come on, everyone!}} \)

\( \text{\textit{MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sisters!}} \)

\( \text{\textit{led!}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Goon pattern/bridge}} \)

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: Mark Hummel
(Deloris screams!)  

(Boys run on and... crash!)  

(Loopy) Loco  

(Boys crash into doors)
(Mary Laz serves up liquor to nuns!)
Overlap first measure of #23

SHANK: FREEZE! TJ: Check it out -
DINERO: Mira – arriba BONES: I’d know those purple kicks anywhere

(Goons see “Doloris”)
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-feedin', 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

**(add trem. stgs)**

(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**

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hum - ble pray’r, The faith that I bear, Ac - cept my

SHANK: Step aside, mama. SHANK: Get out of my face -

sac - ri - fice. Take all my heart and soul... My

-- all of you! joy and love... I am rea - dy, sweet Lord a - bove.

(STHANK): NUNS, variously: I got a lot of bullets in this thing! 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

 My brave sisters,

cantabile

 My sweet sisters,

 My strong

 accel. e cresc.  

 All my loving sisters...

 rit. e dim.  

 I'm
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.

Very slowly

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

(gunshot)
Who Am I Today?

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?
Get ‘em, Mother!

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!
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: Sis-tuh.
Spread the Love Around

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

CUE [SEGUE AS ONE]

Freely — ad lib.  MS

All things be - ing ev - en, here's what I be-lieve in:

mp

No-thing mat - ters more than love...  Del

Friend-ship and af - fec - tion, real-

con - nec - tion, it's a gift from a - bove...  MS

Ev'ry song-

Steven M. Alper A03747
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 \( \frac{4}{4} = 134 \)

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

\( \text{(ad lib riffs)} \)

(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!

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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!

H + Rob, Pat, Laz

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

H + Rob
M + Pat

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

L + Laz

And get up! Get up, and join the crowd on the floor!
that's what your spirit is for!— Reach out!

Jump in, that's what your spirit is for!— Reach out! Embrace the

love that-cha found!

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

love that-cha found!— Then go a-head, let it spread all a-round!

with all your heart and your soul!— Dance on! be-come a

Get down, with all your heart and your soul! — Dance on, be-come a
Spread it around!

Ah!

Ah!

(pyramid)
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 burst-in' through! So give in

Oh Oh Oooh

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

you completely away! Grab a partner and

(Refrain on low part)

Hey, Grab a partner and
head out on the parquet!

Get up!

(Nuns)

and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in!

that's what your

Get up, Jump in,

spirt is for! Reach out! Reach out, embrace the love that cha found!

(Rob on high part)

(Pat Laz on low part)

Reach out, embrace the love that cha found!
Life's only love! Spread the love around!

Everyone, join your hands together. Everyone, find the common ground.

Everyone, sister and brother, love one another, spread it around!
Ev'ry one, join your hands together.

Ev'ry one, find common ground.

Ev'ry one, love.

Ev'ry sister and brother, love.
one another, spread it around! and get down!

one another, spread it around! and get down!

Get down!

Get down!

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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!
Get up, and join the crowd on the floor! Jump in!
Ev'ryone, join your hands together. Ev'ryone, find...
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

Steven M. Alper A03747
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-oth-er, spread... it a-round!... Get down!

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

mf

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!

f

Steven M. Alper A03747
Become a part of the whole!

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!
Mother Superior enters

Deloris enters ("Sister Act")

Grandly, but moving along
Raise Your Voice
Full Company

[Applause segue from "Bows"]

\[ \text{Music: Alan Menken} \]
\[ \text{Arr.: M. Kosarin} \]

\[ \text{[1/6/09]} \]
voice! Spread it 'cross the sky!
voice! Spread it 'cross the sky!

Blast it! Blare it! Stand and share it! Help the world rejoice! Raise a sweat!

raise a cheer Raise it to the stratosphere! Raise your strength,
raise a cheer Raise it to the stratosphere!
Raise it so the angels hear it! Raise your heart!

Raise your spirit. Ah.

Raise your heart!

Ah

Raise it so the angels hear it! Raise your heart!

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.

Raise your soul.
Gloria in excelsis deo

Laudamus te! Bene-dici-mus te! Adoramus te! Glorificamus te!

Mary Robt, N1, N4

Halle-

Gloria in excelsis deo

Laudamus te! Bene-dici-mus te! Adoramus te! Glorificamus te!

Raise it up!

26. RVV Full Company [B+W]

A&M Arioso Rise Music Service

630 Ninth Ave NYC 10003

212-265-5151
Raise your voice!
Raise your voice!
Raise your voice!
Raise your voice!

END ACT TWO