SISTER ACT

Music by Alan Menken
Lyrics by Glenn Slater
Book by Cheri Steinkellner and Bill Steinkellner

Additional Book Material
Douglas Carter Beane

Based on the Touchstone Pictures Motion Picture “Sister Act” written by Joseph Howard

Provided solely for artists who may wish to familiarize themselves with this material prior to their auditions
Okay, okay, okay, okay!

What do you think, Curtis?

Baby, you look good, you move good, you sound good.

So can I sing in your club?

No.

What?

You're not ready to sing in my club.

But Curtis, you promised me!

I promised you I'd think about it.

But I'm ready.

Look Deloris, we are not goofin' around here like when I found you at McDonald's.

But everybody is getting discovered —

Patience.

—and I'm getting nowhere fast. Maybe I should try someplace else.

(Laughs)
Someplace else? What are you talkin' about? Where you gonna go without me, Baby? I will open those doors when you are ready. I will make it happen.

You will?
What do you think?

You’re right, Curtis...I’m sorry.

And?

And thank you.

(Curtis extends his arms and Deloris walks in to them)

I’m sorry I can’t be with you tomorrow, baby.

But Curtis, it’s Christmas Day.

I know.

Damn, I was looking forward to it.

Deloris baby, I got you a little present. When you open it, you’ll know how much you really mean to me. Merry Christmas.

(Ernie hands a box to Deloris)

Gentlemen, we have a quick meeting.

(Curtis and his four thugs exit)
Fabulous, Baby!

Callback
Song 1: “Fabulous Baby (v.2)”

[WARN] TINA: You have had nothing. You just better shut up, sit down, and do what Curtis says.
[CUE]: DEL: No. Not this time.

Dictated

I've been hear-ing "Shut up and sit down" since first grade at Saint Mary's. Twelve whole

years of those nast-y ol' mens say-ing what I can't be.

Then pro-

ducer-s, pro-mo-ters, club own-ers, the jive ne-ver var-ies. I'm too
this, I'm too fast, I'm too much, I'm not quite. I'm too loud, too demanding, too wrong, too not right. Well, too

bad if they think I should stay out of sight. Honey, open your eyes, lemme show you the

Aggressive disco beat

DEL: Goodbye, Curtis Jackson. I don't need your club, I don't need your

blue fur, and I don't need you.

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

Hell, you could tell even if you're blind, See? I'm... fabulous, baby!
I'm meant to be where the spotlight shines! Born to be on display!

Built to be dressed to the nines! And

Ready to stand and say... Hey!

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

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

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
I'm so fa-bu-lous!

Yeah! Right! Sure! Look at-chal You're so fa-bu-lous, ba-by!

Well,

Broke! Un-known! Chan-ces blown! No doubt, girl, you're fa-boot-

joke all you want, go ahead and laugh. One day you'll beg for my au-to-graph!
Oh, I'm fabulous, baby!

So damn fabulous, baby!

see me lit up on the stage as the cameras adore me?

Ah
see me out walk-in' red carpets, or do-in' it? Can't-cha

Ooo

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

De-l-o-r-i-

di-va, a god-dess, a star on the brink! A house-rock-in' vision in hot shock-in' pink! A

Obi

Abb
par-ty a ri-at the whole kit-chen sink. It's time for the world to find out don' cha think?

Woo-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'll be fabulous, baby! So damn fabulous, baby!
Fine and fabulous, Walt end see!
Gently and simply \( \frac{3}{4} \) = ca. 56

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. I'm part of one _ ter _ ri _ fic sis _ ter act.

Moving forward a bit

con pedale

yes, I love that spot _ light. Yes, I crave ac _ claim.

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.

Slightly slower

part of one- ter - ri - fic sis - ter

A Tempo

poco rit.
When I Find My Baby

[5/4/12]

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

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 un-der
stand that girl! And if I want that girl, I'm gonna.

got 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! bang! 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, ain't lettin' her go!
Yeah, yeah! Oh yes, I know that girl! And man, I need that girl! I gotta have that girl, so I can snuff that girl! If I know my baby, she's already runnin', and
that's how my baby is goin' to be done to!

Then disembowel that girl! Then give her a big dent with a blunt instrument! I tell ya, soon that girl is lookin' at a world of woe.
When I find my baby, I ain't lettin' her go!

I know she ain't gone too far!
Go and check each disco- teque, tavern and bar! Go and find my baby 'cause I ain't lettin' her go!

No, no!
Police Station

An officer stands by two recently arrested hookers. Deloris runs on and starts talking to the cop. Officer Eddie Souther is at his desk, listening.

DELORIS

Help me! I just saw somebody kill somebody!

EDDIE

Who killed who?

DELORIS

Ernie. Ernie Williams got killed.

EDDIE

Ernie Williams got killed?

DELORIS

Yeah.

EDDIE

He was our best informant.

DELORIS

Informant?

EDDIE

I bet Curtis Jackson killed him.

DELORIS

Yeah.

EDDIE

Damnit.

(He hits the desk)

Ow!

(Looking at Eddie)

Wait a minute.

What?

DELORIS

I know you.
SISTER ACT

EDDIE

Well I know you too, Doris Carter.

DELORES

It's Deloris Van Cartier now. As in Cartier's.

(Beat)

I do know you—high school!

EDDIE

Yeah, that was me.

DELORES

You had a crush on me.

EDDIE

Yeah, that was me.

DELORES

I'd come around and you'd get so nervous...you'd start to sweat.

EDDIE

No, that wasn't me.

DELORES

I called you Sweatý Eddie!

EDDIE

Look I'd appreciate it if you didn't...

DELORES

Sweaty Eddie! How ya doin' Sweaty Eddie?

EDDIE

That's not my name.

DELORES

Sweaty Eddie. Damn.

EDDIE

Look Doris.

DELORES

Deloris.

EDDIE

Curtis Jackson needs to be put away. We've been working on this case for over a year. We got a lotta hidden film on him and you're not safe. If you saw Ernie get killed, you need protection and there's no protection like the Philadelphia police department. We need to hide you.
DEBORIS
You can’t hide me, how you gonna hide me...how you gonna hide this?

EDDIE
Here’s a picture of the last guy who talked. Or what’s left of him. Look.

(He hands Deloris the picture)

DEBORIS
Oh my God. You gotta help me.

EDDIE
Then you gotta be our witness.

DEBORIS
No way.

EDDIE
Deloris, Curtis will kill you. We need you testify so we can put him away.

DEBORIS
But what’s gonna happen to me?

EDDIE
We need a place he’d never think to look. And we gotta disguise you.

DEBORIS
You mean I gotta go incognito?

(She puts on her sunglasses)

EDDIE
Wait a minute.

What?

DEBORIS
I got the perfect place. Let’s go. Hurry up. We gotta move.

EDDIE
But what about your gun?

DEBORIS
Guns make me nervous.

DEBORIS
Well, ain’t this my lucky day. Got a man who wants to kill me and a cop without a gun. Goody goody.
I Could Be That Guy

[5/4/12]

US Audition Version

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

"Sister Act"

EDDIE
Song 1: I Could Be That Guy
of-fice, 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-


Picture a guy, a knight in rhinestone ar-


9/11
Gleam in his eye, a million-watt smile.

Sharp threads, moves that get 'em star-in',

Turn'er of heads, cool beyond compar'in'. Bring-in' the pride with a spring

in his stride, and a fistful of style!
I could be the dude all in white... bathed in light... on the floor...

Liv'lin' out loud... as the crowd... shouts for more!... Yes, I...
I could holler yes to destiny!

Time to step out, no more fear, no more doubt. It's time to grow some wings and start to fly!
I could be that guy

Oh, I,

I just gotta believe...

I just gotta, gotta, gotta believe...
If I'd only believe, If I'd on-

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

cream of the crop! Set to pop! All the rage! Bits -
ter-ing hot in a spot center stage! Yes, I...

I got what it takes to break away.  

EDDIE: Aw, who am I kidding

Gently, poco rubato

warmly.

I'll always be Sweaty Eddie to her.  

But before it's

my time to die. Hell, I will be that guy some
MOTHER SUPERIOR

(To God)
Dear Lord, if this is a test, I cannot fail with you by my side. May she be of faith, of modesty...

DELRIS

(From offstage)
Woah! Would you look at this place—damn!

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Perhaps the choir of angels drowned me out and you didn’t hear me lord. Faith... modesty...

(Deloris and Eddie enter with Monsignor O’Hara)

DELRIS
I’m cold!

(She hears a small echo, then, loudly and off towards the ceiling-)
Great acoustics!

(Yelling back to the ceiling)
I’m in a church!

(It echoes back)
With a bunch of nuns!

(It echoes back)
Yeah—I like that reverb. You know I’m a singer. Professional. Hey—Mother May I— When this is all over with, could I borrow this space for a few weekends? Fridays, Saturdays...

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Sunday is usually booked.

DELRIS
Hey, I just wanna say thanks for letting me stay here and—and I say this to people all the time—I really dig what you nuns are doing. I love your work. I mean at the end of “The Sound of Music,” when you sisters steal the Nazi’s car parts so the singing children can get away. That’s good stuff.

Thank you.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

DELRIS
So listen, while I’m here, these are my ground rules. I want three meals a day and I’ll need two rooms, one for my clothes, one for my down time.
MOTHER SUPERIOR
And these are my rules. You will stay in your room. When you are not in your room, you will behave as a nun. Do you know how a nun behaves?

DELORIS
Hey, I went to catholic school when I was a kid.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
The benefits of which are quite apparent. Now. You will only come out of your room for meals or prayer—do you pray, child?

DELORIS
Well, one time when I saw Donna Summer, she was wearing a white sequin dress and had a white fur—and I said to myself “Jesus Christ I wish I had that dress.” Does that count as prayer?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
No.

(Beat)

The material world has no value here. This is a different world you enter now. Behind these walls we live a life of adoration and grace.
Here Within These Walls

US Audition

5/4/12

CUE [MS]:
Behind these walls we live a life.

Strictly, \( \frac{3}{4} \)

of adoration and grace. 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
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
gently and evenly
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 yours.

So put aside your
Put aside your pride!
As for carnal

jast, you need a break. I trust, Put it all aside!

Put aside in-

tem-rance!
Pro-fa-nity as well!

Put aside each

remnant of your former worldly shell.

Here within these
walls, all is stripped away. Surrender and escape.

...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...
walls, life is truly blessed! Here you're God's own

guest, celestially protected. Here within these

walls,

All's for the very best and

always shall be thus. And if heaven's
Here Within These Walls

Poco rubato

will be done, here she'll just be one more nun. Safe within these walls, as one of us.

A tempo

poco rit.
Solid disco beat, $\frac{4}{4}=140$

Mary Rob

Tu so-lus do-ni-nus! Tu so-lus al-tis-al-nus! I e-su Chris-te In

(glory of De-l' Pa-tris)

[Rest]

Raise your voice!

Get your mo-jo rev vin! Raise your voice!
(MARY ROBERT)
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,
AND ALL OF THE TRUTHS UNSAID,
THEY’RE ALL I HAVE LEFT
OF THE LIFE I NEVER LED.

I’VE 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 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 LIFE I NEVER LED.

AND NOW,
NOW THAT YOU’VE GIVEN ME ONE LITTLE 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,
(MARY ROBERT)
WON'T YOU HELP ME LET GO?
HELP ME LET GO!

DEloris
Baby you gotta do it on your own. You can leave or you can stay but the change you’re looking for? I wish I could tell you what to do but I can’t.

(Beat)
Hey—if you feel you want a little adventure in your life, here.

(She hands her the purple boots)

MARY ROBERT

(With a gasp)
So beautiful!

DEloris
Those are my FM boots!

MARY ROBERT
F...M?

DEloris
Yeah FM stands for fu—fu—Father Mulcahy. And all the good work he did in Korea.

MARY ROBERT
The blessed boots of Father Mulcahy!

DEloris
Okay honey—I just made that up.

MARY ROBERT
I know, but I’ll believe in them anyway. Thank you.

(She looks at the shoes with delight. And then)
Take my rosary—

(Hands Deloris a rosary)

DEloris
But, I don’t believe in that.

MARY ROBERT
Take it anyway. You might need some extra help.
DELORES

(to Mary Robert)

Enjoy those boots little sister.

(Deloris runs off with Eddie)

MARY ROBERT

I WANT TO BE BRAVE,
I WANT TO BE STRONG.
I WANT TO BELIEVE
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 DEAD—
IT'S TIME TO START LIVING
THE LIFE I NEVER LED!
WARN [ROB]: I want to go with you. The others - they all know that this is where they belong. They've all received their calling.

CUE [ROB]: But maybe this life isn't for me.

Warmly, poco rubato, in one

[ROB]: Or maybe it is. I don't know.  DEL: Honey, I'm not a priest.  ROB: I know.

A tempo

But you're my friend, and I -- I want to know what I'm missing.

never talked back. I've nev-er slept late. I've nev-er sat down when told to stand straight. I've
neve-r let go and gone with the flow, and don't ev-en know, rea-ly, why.... I've
never asked ques-tions or tak-en a dare I've nev-er worn
clothes that might make peo-ple stare. I've nev-er re-belled, or
stood up and yelled, or ev-en 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.

I've
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 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
life I never led.

And

now, now that you've given me one little

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 hung to my fears, won't you help me let go?

Help me let go!
Well how, how can I go on ig-

no - ring the waste of it?  

Af - ter all of the

years that I've clung to my fears, won't you help me let go?

Help me let go!
DEL: Baby, you gotta do it on your own.
You can leave or you can stay but the change you're looking for? I wish I could tell you

what to do, but I can't.

Hey - If you feel you want a little ROB: So beautiful! DEL: Those are adventure in your life, here --- my FM boots! ROB: FM?

poco rit.

DEL: Yeah, FM stands for fu-- fu-- Father Mulcahy, and all the good work he did in Korea.

ROB: The blessed boots of Father Mulcahy!

DEL: OK, honey, I just made that up.
ROB: I know, but I'll believe in them anyway. Thank you.
DELABut, I don't believe in that.
ROB: Take it anyway. You might need some extra help.
Take my rosary.
DEL: Okay. enjoy those boots, little sister. [Exits]

Quasi tempo

want to be brave. I want to be strong. I want to believe I'm where I belong. To

stand up and say I'm seizing the day. To not just obey, but to choose. And

-195-
A tempo, with force

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 dead.

It's time to start living the life I never led!
Changing room

Deloris is in her street clothes. Mary Robert enters.

MARY ROBERT

Deloris?

Oh you scared me.

DELORIS

MARY ROBERT

Tomorrow is the biggest day of our lives. How can you leave us now?

DELORIS

Baby I gotta think about my own life.

MARY ROBERT

Then I want to go with you.

DELORIS

What?

MARY ROBERT

I want to go with you. The others—They all know that this is where they belong. They’ve all received their calling. But maybe this life isn’t for me.

# 5 - The Life I Never Led

Or maybe it is. I don’t know.

DELORIS

Honey, I’m not a priest.

MARY ROBERT

I know. But you’re my friend and I...I want to know what I’m missing.

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.