

## THE NAVAL TREATY

ANNOUNCER 1: Hey, we'll be right back to our movie, but first we have some important announcements. Hey Colin, what comes to mind when I say Sherlock Holmes?

ANNOUNCER 2: Tapioca.

ANNOUNCER 1: Well, maybe for you, but for everyone else it must be that amazing Tony-award winning musical *The Naval Treaty*.

ANNOUNCER 2: Sherlock Holmes? I get it. It's a mystery.

ANNOUNCER 1: It's a love story.

ANNOUNCER 2: It's a musical mystery.

ANNOUNCER 1: It's a love story.

ANNOUNCER 2: It's a magical musical mystery about a love story.

ANNOUNCER 1: No, it's a love story about a mystery.

ANNOUNCER 2: And it's a musical.

ANNOUNCER 1: Something like that. And we've got all six hours of this amazing musical on three CDs. The original Broadway cast album. Years in the making. A technological marvel. A—

ANNOUNCER 2: Well, let's hear some.

ANNOUNCER 1: I was just about to get to it. Who can forget that great love song by John and Mary Watson—

ANNOUNCER 2: I've already forgotten it.

ANNOUNCER 1: Called *I Don't Know What to Do*.

MARY: I don't know what to do when he leaves me  
I find I'm still afeared.  
That whole thing with the Agra Treasure  
Well, it—it was just last year.  
I'm still a wreck,  
But I just can't object  
When he-ee wants to run  
Right off and detect

With Holmes.

JOHN: I don't know what to do when he asks me.  
I don't want to leave.  
Mary can be so fragile that it—  
It makes me grieve.  
But Holmes is a guy  
On whom I can rely.  
Mary, will you hate me if  
I've gotta fly—gotta fly  
With Holmes?

MARY: John, please go,  
I'm fine.

JOHN: I know.

MARY: It's Percy,  
From School.  
Played rugby.

JOHN: That was Bob.

MARY: That was Bob?

JOHN: Big Bob.  
Three-quarter.

MARY: Your friends  
I can't  
Keep straight.  
Please go.

JOHN: I'll go.

JOHN: I don't know how I'll do it, but I'll—  
I'll make it up to you.  
When I get back from Briarbrae-ae  
Holmes and I are through.  
I'll spend my life  
With my second wife.  
I am sure that things  
Will be fine  
With my Mare, my Mare,  
Not Holmes.

MARY: I am sure this is all temporary,  
It's hardly terminal.  
To keep John and me separated  
Would be criminal.  
He'll come back to me,  
And I'll make him see  
Everything  
Will be fi-ine  
With my John, my John  
My John.

ANNOUNCER 2: Don't you just hate it when two people sing entirely different lyrics at the same time? I just get so confused. Then I lose the plot line and—

ANNOUNCER 1: Never mind. But who can forget that great first act show-stopping song and dance number by the Tangeys, *I'm the Commissionaire*.

MR. TANGEY: Don't despair  
I'm the commissionaire.  
I sleep all day  
In the rarefied air  
Of the Office—the Foreign Office.  
Wasn't too hard  
Down at Scotland Yard?  
Forbes is a jerk—  
There ain't no cards  
At the Office—the Foreign Office.  
Now we'll go out  
And we'll just blow this Brixton flat.  
Let's go.  
Let me-ee get my cane and hat.

MRS. TANGEY: I'm so tired  
Almost I've expired  
Don't want to go out  
And get perspired  
On the floor  
No, not the dance floor.  
Please don't make me.  
I just want to go upstairs and go to bed.

MR. TANGEY: Get your gown  
Let's lose that frown  
Gonna cut the rugs  
At the clubs downtown  
Far away—we'll drink a Tanqeray.  
The kids just stink  
And you need a drink.  
I can't afford a diamond  
And I can't afford a mink.  
But I sure can dance.

MRS. TANGEY: Let the brokers  
Repo-ossess all we own.  
We'll jitterbug  
Till all the cows come strolling home.  
I won't despair

My Commissionaire  
I'm just a char woman  
But you've got me dancin' on air.  
We'll sleep tomorrow  
At work.  
Soooo take me in your arms, we'll dance away.  
Tonight!

ANNOUNCER 1: How about that? No confusing two sets of lyrics, huh?

ANNOUNCER 2: Here are some lyrics: Get Tim Rice.

ANNOUNCER 1: Maybe here's something you'll like: a solo performance by Sherlock Holmes himself.

HOLMES: Dear moss-rose  
Such a lovely flower.  
Our hopes and goodness  
Lay within your powers.  
Dear moss-rose,  
Dare I speak her name?  
I still see her face,  
I still feel her flame.  
Dear Irene,  
You're my only flower  
Since the moment that  
You said goodnight to me.  
Each night I've thought about you,  
Each night I've wrestled with your clues.  
You're my moss-ro-ose evidently.

It's been two long years  
Since I've looked upon your face,  
Even though it was disguised to me.  
But I still gaze upon  
Your photograph.  
If I could just get rid of Godfrey,  
I know you would come back to me.

Dear moss-rose,  
Did I touch your heart?  
Is there a seed of love  
Deep inside that grows?  
For the fire that I set in your room  
I find it lights up my gloom.  
You're evidently my moss-rose.

You're evidently my moss-rose.

ANNOUNCER 2: Sherlock Holmes. It's a mystery all right. A mystery as to where they got this lyricist.

ANNOUNCER 1: Well, here's something you might like: a great little duet by Percy Phelps and Annie Harrison.

PERCY: My Annie dear  
I must look away  
I feel like something has died.  
It's been ten weeks.  
You've nursed me well,  
And I thank you so.  
But how can I provide?

I'm gonna lose my job  
Since the treaty has fled.  
The fam'ly's riches are sunk.  
Our investments are dead.

Oh, Annie.

ANNIE: My Percy dear,  
You've been through so much  
My love for you is ensured.  
It doesn't matter to me  
Whether we're rich or poor.

I know!  
We'll find a little place  
In the West End.  
You'll find a job I am sure,  
I'll learn how to mend.  
Oh, Percy.

PERCY AND ANNIE: My soul-mate dear,  
We'll always be true  
There's nothing that  
Can divide us in two.  
I love you.

PERCY: I draw my strength from you.

ANNIE: I give my strength to you-ou-ou-ou.

ANNOUNCER 2: That brought the house down. No seriously, the building contractor is under indictment.

ANNOUNCER 1: We're not here to talk about that. We're here to sell CDs.

ANNOUNCER 2: Right you are. So let's give 'em the good stuff—what little there is.

ANNOUNCER 1: How about that great finale?

ANNOUNCER 2: Well, how about it?

ANNOUNCER 1: Well, here it is.

ANNOUNCER 2: Is it a love song?

ANNOUNCER 1: Well, kinda. Just remember to call that number on your screen. Call it now, call it often.

ALL: Holmes.  
He's our man.  
Holmes,  
Yes, he can.  
Holmes  
He's the one to call when your sick with fear.  
If it's lost  
And out of sight.  
He'll find it—  
He'll make it right.  
He'll locate anything that's disappeared.

JOHN: Mare,  
I'm coming home.  
Back  
Where I belong.  
Back  
To my practice and my wife, my dearest friend.

MARY: Oh, Hamish,  
I've missed you.  
My dearest,  
I've wished you  
Back into my arms—don't pick up that pen.

PERCY: Annie, here's my hand,  
Let's get married.

ANNIE: My love, let's make it soon.

PERCY: Is that because—because you adore me?

ANNIE: Well, Joseph wants to give me away,  
And he'll be convicted any day.

ALL: Holmes,  
He's no slouch  
Holmes,  
Off the couch.  
Holmes,  
With no hallucinogenic stimulants.  
The crime,  
He'll solve it  
The mystery,  
Resolve it.  
Murders and mayhem and  
Rob'ries and papers and  
Forg'ries, abductions and  
Red-heads and hound dogs  
And cyclists  
And blow-guns.  
Professors.  
That's Holmes.

ANNOUNCER 1: *The Naval Treaty: The Musical.*

ANNOUNCER 2: Order yours today. It's almost as good as tapioca.