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The Real Ambassadors script and sheet music used at Monterey Jazz Festival

Iola Brubeck

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THE REAL AMBASSADORS is not a musical drama in the usual sense.
The drama lies in the sudden "coming to life" of words and notes written on pieces of paper, propped on music stands before our players. Sets and costumes are far more fantastic than any of us could ever see on stage, because they exist only in our imaginations. We must paint a view of the world from an airplane window, build an African village with a church and a palace and people in its streets.

I have said our presentation is not a drama, nor is it a play, except in the sense that to play is to pretend. Nor is our offering really a concert, only in the very special sense of concert--many voices raised as one.

(C CHORD)

Ladies and gentlemen--our cast of players.

XXX

SPOT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVIN
MUSIC: EVERYBODY'S COMIN'
WATCH MUSIC FOR SPOT CUE ON LOUIS ENTRANCE
FULL LIGHTS AFTER LOUIS AND CARMEN ENTRANCE + BAND
Lights brighten at Louis entrance.
Vocal trio with Louis and Daves group

Louis' interjections are SPOKEN

Louis Armstrong will appear. Carmen's promised she will sing, Brubeck's combo's gonna swing.
Now's the time to sing and shout something bells can ring about

Everybody's turning out Swingers all without a doubt. Louis is a-comin'!

Carmen is a-comin', Brubeck is a com-in' Lambert is a-comin'

Hendricks is a-comin' Annie is a-comin' Everybody's comin'

Ev'rybody's comin', Ev'rybody's comin' Let's go!
NARRATOR

Our story concerns a jazz musician, not unlike the musicians you have seen on this stage the past three days. The personal history of our hero reads like the story of jazz—up from the shores of Lake Ponchartrain to Chicago and beyond—from New York to San Francisco, London to Tokyo and points in between. The music which poured from his horn became his identity—his passport to the world—the key to locked doors. Through his horn he had spoken to millions of the world’s people. Through it he had opened doors to presidents and kings. He had lifted up his horn, as our hero would say, and just played to folks on an even soul-to-soul basis. He had no political message, no slogan, no plan to sell or save the world. Yet he, and other traveling musicians like him had inadvertently served a national purpose, which officials recognized and eventually sanctioned with a program called cultural exchange.

XXXXX

SPOT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVAN : AT CONCLUSION OF VERSE BLACKOUT
FOLLOW MUSIC TO CUE SPOT ON LOUIS to end. BLACKOUT

MUSIC: CULTURAL EXCHANGE
LEAD - DIZZY DITTY

VERSE (Dizzy Ditty)

1. From reports on Diz-zy Gil-le-s-pie it was clear to the local press he
2. When Diz blew the ri-ots were rout-ed peo-ple danced & they cheered and shout-ed. The

That's what we call cultural ex-change.

That's what we call cultural ex-change.
CULTURAL EXCHANGE

CHORUSES (Louis' vocal and instrumental solos)

Piano lead Ab7   Ab7   Ebm7   C7(b5)   F9   Bb7

(sung) Yeah! I remember when Diz was in Greece back in '57. He did such a good job we started sending jazz all over the world.

(sung): The State Department has discovered jazz.

C7   C7(b5)   F7   Bb7

It reaches folks like nothing ever has. Like when they feel that jazzy rhythm they know we're really with 'em.

F7   G7   C7(b5)

And when all our neighbors called usQuestion mark, we sent out Woody Herman.

G7

That's what we call cultural exchange.

No commodity is quite so strange.

As this thing called cultural exchange Say that our country wants a to pic, Ex-port the Phil-har-mo

F13

nic, Thats what we call cultural exchange.

Ab   Ae7   Ebm7   C7(b5)   F13   Bb7

And just to change. Thats what we call cultural exchange.

Ab   Ae7   Ebm7   C7(b5)

John to send out Jackie Robinson? Louis says: No, man! I mean the first lady!

Er7   C7(b5)

Trummy says: you mean Jackie Robinson?

Louis says: Oh yeah I mean the first lady!
VOICE: Introduction, 1st & 2nd choruses & tag
TRUMPET: 3rd chorus melody & chords (in F sharp)

CULTURAL EXCHANGE

DIZZY DITTY - 2 CHORUSES (23 bars each) sung by trio TACET

Piano lead:

LOUIS (spoken): Yeah! I remember when Diz was in Greece, back in 'fifty-seven.

He did such a good job we started sending jazz all over the world.

State Department has discovered jazz. It reaches folks like nothing ever has. Like when they feel that jazzy rhythm they know we're really with 'em.

That's what we call cultural exchange.

No commodity is quite so strange.

As this thing called cultural exchange.

Say that our prestige needs a tonic, Export the Philharmonic, That's what we call cultural exchange.

That's what we call cultural exchange.
2. We put "Ok-la-ho-ma" in Ja-pan. "South Pa-ci-fic" we gave to Ja-pan. And when all our neigh-bors called us ver-min, we sent out Wood-y Her-man.

That's what we call cult-ur-al ex-change. Gerah-win gave the Mus-co-vites a thril.

Bern-stein was the darl-ing of Bra-zil. And just to stop in-ter-nal may-hem we dis-patched Mar-tha Gra-ham.

TRUMPET (in Bb)

And if the world goes really wacky, we’ll get John to send out Jackie.

(Trummy) You mean Jackie Robinson?

Yes!

LOUIS (spoken): No, man! I mean the First Lady! (Sing) That’s what we call cultural exchange.

That’s what we call cultural exchange.

Oh Yes!
NARRATOR

When a State Department official came to our hero with a plan to tour the world in the name of democracy, freedom and the red, white and blue, he, who had experienced such great success as an unofficial ambassador, felt that such a tour could jeopardize his spotless, non-commital career. For in addition to his undeniable musical gifts, he possessed a gift equally as rare—the ability to keep opinions to himself and observe in silence. He had taken great pains to create a dazzle-toothed, shimmering public image, which could possibly become tarnished if he were to speak what was on his mind. He had once been known to say in a moment of pique:

JON

"LADY, IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND, YOUR HEAD WOULD BUST WIDE OPEN."

Discretion had served him well. After all, through the years he had gained the admiration of not only the public but the critics.

XXXXXX

SPOT ON CARMEN FOR 1st CHORUS:

SPOT ON LOUIS AND BAND FOR 2nd CHORUS:

SPOT BACK TO CARMEN FOR 3rd CHORUS

LOUIS CROSS OVER TO CARMEN FOLLOWING INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS
LEAD SHEET

CARMEN and LOUIS

CARMEN (spoken): The critics! Who needs 'em? Who, I wonder, reads 'em, besides us. IN THE NEWS
(1st repeat instrumental)

CARMEN:

1 There's nothing like a good review to start a day out right.
2 There's nothing like the good reviews to keep us sunny-

It's just the thing to make us swing and jam into the night. The other kind we quickly lose and drown 'em out with tears.

Although reviews can't phase us, it really does a-
Although we do regret 'em, we just try to for-

maze us when we don't face rejection. In the music
get 'em and then defy predictions, Come through with our con-

section. There's nothing like a good review to make us want to blow.
vic-tions. There's nothing like a good review to make our lives complete.

So, affirmation never ration, Change the con to pro.
Unfortunately we must take the bitter with the sweet.

For every time they praise us our ego quickly
If good we just adore 'em, if bad we just ig-

raises with the views in the news.

views in the news. Good reviews

Louis (spoken) (we hope they like us) (and did they like us?)

in the news.
NARRATOR
And there were other serious questions on our hero's mind. Like....

DAVEY
LOOK HERE, WHAT WE NEED IS A GOOD WILL TOUR OF MISSISSIPPI!

JON
FORGET MOSCOW, WHEN DO WE PLAY NEW ORLEANS!

NARRATOR
Despite such impertinences our musician was persuaded that an official tour was not only an obligation but an honor. When the band gathered at New York International Airport, the morning of their departure, members of the President's Committee of the People-to-People program for Cultural Exchange appeared to give the musicians a last minute "briefing".

XXXXXXXX
MORELLO SET RHYTHM WITH BRUSHES

SPOT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVAN

DAVEY: Passports.

YOLANDE: Shots.

JON: Identification.

DAVEY: Visas.

YOLANDE: Pamphlets.

JON: Verification.

TOGETHER: When you travel in a far off land
Remember you're more than just a band
You represent the U.S.A.
So watch what you think and do and say.

XXXXXXXX
BLACKOUT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVAN

SPOT ON LOUIS AND HIS BAND

MUSIC: REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

LEAD

LOUIS AND TRUMNY (REPEAT FOR INSTRUMENTALS AFTER 1st & 2nd VERSES

VAMP Ebm7

Remember who you are and what you represent.

1. Always be a credit to your government.
2. Never face a problem always circumvent.
3. Jelly Roll and Basie helped us to invent.

matter what you say or what you do, the eyes of the world are
stay away from issues, be discreet, when controversy enters
weap-on that no other nation has. Especially the Russians

watching you.
you retreat.

Re-member who you are and what you represent.

can't claim jazz.

1. 2, 3, 4

represent, represent, represent.

2. Remember who you are and what you represent.

3. Remember who you are and what you represent.

remember who you are and what you represent.
TRUMPET (in B flat)
VOICE (in concert key)

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE

INTRO

1st CHORUS

Remember who you are and what you represent.

Always be a credit to your government. No matter what you say or what you do the eyes of the world are watching you. Remember who you are and what you represent.

TAKE TRUMPET

TRUMPET (in B flat)

Gm  Gm  D7

Gm  Gm  Bb  D7

Gm  Gm  D7

Gm  C#dim  D7  Gm
3rd Chorus
Trummy (Sung)
TAGET UNTIL END OF CHORUS
15 BARS REST
(SUNG): Represent, Represent,

4th Chorus
Trummy - Instrumental
18 BARS REST
Represent.

5th Chorus
Remember who you are
and what you represent.
Jelly Roll and Basie helped us to invent
A weapon that no other nation has.
Especially the Russians can't claim jazz.
Remember who you are and what you represent,
represent, represent,

represent, represent, represent,
represent, represent, represent,
represent, represent.
NARRATOR

The members of the band knew each other well. Thousands of travel-weary miles had revealed each to the other his weaknesses and his strengths. Through a process of mutual tolerance, the band had evolved a delicate balance of power, a non-competitive friendliness which the military would have termed "esprit d'corps". However, the intrusion of a new personality was quite capable of upsetting this carefully fashioned balance, activating the store of knowledge each possessed of the other, intensifying in each man's eyes his own strengths and other's weaknesses; and, in short, completely demoralizing a heretofore smoothly functioning organization.

She did just this. Her years were few, but her experience was varied. From the moment the new vocalist joined the band, her predatory eyes had not wavered from their principle target--our hero. When he responded in the time-honored tradition of band leaders, he received a strange ultimatum.

SPOT ON CARMEN

MUSIC CUE: F STINGER FROM DAVE

CARMEN...TAKES DRAG FROM CIGARETTE....EXHALES....SINGS:

MUSIC: MY ONE BAD HABIT

FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY:

SPOT OUT ON CARMEN:

SPOT ON LOUIS:

MUSIC: SUMMER SONG
I neither smoke, nor drink, nor swear. My habits are sublime.

at the risk of seeming square, resist temptation all the time.

One weakness I possess, in all meekness I confess.

one bad habit is falling in love and falling right out a break that habit of falling in love with someone who doesn't gain. My resolution: Forget the past, don't fall too fast, care. I'm out to conquer, so love, beware. No more despair in and make it last. The dreams that mattered have all been shattered, they're this love affair. It's now or never. My last endeavor:

To long since scattered — gone! My grand illusion was all delusion. My love forever revolution is on. To more. So please treat me gently for evidently, Your bad habit, like my bad habit is falling in love — just one little shove and I'll start falling again. Oops! Let's start falling again.
Love to me is like a summer day,
I'll take summer, that's my time of year.

Silent 'cause there's just too much to say. Still and warm and peaceful. Even winter shadows seem to disappear. Gayest warmest season, That's the clouds that may drift by can't disturb our summer sky. reason I can say that I love a summer day. I hear laughter from the swimmin' hole. Kids out fishin' with a willow pole. Boats come driftin' 'round the bend. Why must summer ever end? Love to me is like a summer day. If it ends the memories will stay still and warm and peaceful. Now the days are getting long, I can sing my summer song.
Love to me is like a summer day. Silent 'cause there's just too much to say—Still and warm and peaceful. Even clouds that may drift by can't disturb our summer sky. I'll take summer, that's my time of year. Winter shadows seem to disappear.
Gay - est warm - est sea-son, That's the rea-son I can say that I
love a sum-mer day. I hear laugh - ter from the swim-min' hole,
Kids out fish - in' with a wil-low pole. Boats come drif - tin'
'tround the bend, Why must sum - mer ev - er end?
Love to me is like a summer day. If it ends, the memories will stay still and warm and peaceful. Now the days are getting long, I can sing my summer song.
NARRATOR

Pops (for that's what his friends call him) and his singer came to an understanding. The State Department Tour was a triumph. Here is where our story should end; but our hero refused to let it end here. He was beginning to feel the power that was in his horn. It was somehow linked with the power that was within the people. Vague dreams began to stir in our hero's mind as day after day he stared out his window at the landscape of the moving world and wondered what it was he could do.
LEAD

KING FOR A DAY

LOUIS AND TRUMMY

LEAD - SOLO CHORUS 12 BARS

AFTER LOUIS' SOLO CHORUS (OVER VAMP G / Gm7)

LOUIS: MAN! IF THEY'D JUST LET ME RUN THINGS MY WAY THIS WORLD WOULD BE A SWINGIN' PLACE

TRUMMY: YEAH POPS! WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

LOUIS: THE FIRST THING I'D DO IS CALL A BASEMENT SESSION

TRUMMY: UH, POPS, YOU MEAN A SUMMIT CONFERENCE

LOUIS: MAN, I DON'T MEAN A U.N. KIND OF SESSION. I MEAN A JAM SESSION.

TRUMMY (sings): If you're king for only a day, How'd you go 'bout havin' your way? WELL if my ev'ry wish is your command I'd go and form a swingin' band with all the leaders from ev'ry land. CAN'T you hear that messed up beat? I'll tell you now you'll meet defeat. WHY they will fall right in a swingin' groove and all the isms gon-na move, relationships is bound to improve. How can they agree on one melody? Won't each man call his own tune? They will king is wise can't he realize — Rome wasn't built in a day? Won't a want the song they've played all along. You're expecting too much too soon. diplo-mat just be apt to scat in a "hip-py" crit-i-cal way?

LOUIS: Don't you mind, I'll swing this deal. Just you send the world ap-peat. Say "It's the Not if they are playin' jazz. There'll be no such razz-ma-tazz. 'Cause it's a

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LOUIS: Don't you mind, I'll swing this deal. Just you send the world ap-peat. Say "It's the Not if they are playin' jazz. There'll be no such razz-ma-tazz. 'Cause it's a
On - ly ses - sion of it's kind where Har - mo - ny you're sure to find. The sess - sion where we jam the blues - Khruschev pound-in' both his shoes -

World can take a hol - i - day If I'm king for a day. Yes!

Could - n't have the fi - nal say Could - n't have the fi - nal say

Yes! yes! yes! If I'm king for a day.

LOUIS and TRUMMY (over vamp)

TRUMMY: POPS, YOU GOT EYES TO WEAR A CROWN?
LOUIS: I MIGHT ENJOY BEING KING, AFTER ALL, BUDDY BOLDEN WAS KING.
TRUMMY: AND THERE'S KING OLIVER.
LOUIS: THERE'S COUNT BASIE.
TRUMMY: AND DUKE ELLINGTON.
LOUIS: AND EARL "FATHA" HINES.
TRUMMY: MAN, QUIT JIVIN' ME. THAT CAT AIN'T NO EARL. THAT'S HIS FIRST NAME!

LOUIS: (spoken)

NO, MAN, HE HAD ME FOOLED ALL THESE YEARS!
(spoken) MAN! IF THEY'D JUST LET ME RUN THINGS MY WAY! THIS WORLD WOULD BE A SWINGIN'!

(Trumny): Yeah Pops!

What would you do?

PLACE.

THE FIRST THING I'D DO IS CALL A

Uh Pops, you mean a summit conference.

MAN, I DON'T

MEAN A U.N. KIND OF SESSION.

I MEAN A JAM SESSION.

(concert key) Trumny: If you're king for only a day. How'd you go 'bout hav-

in' your way?

(sung): WELL IF MY EV'RY WISH IS YOUR COMMAND I'D GO AND FORM A SWING-IN' BAND WITH Can't you hear that messed up beat? I'll

ALL THE LEAD-ERS FROM EV'RY LAND.
tell you now you'll meet defeat.

WHY THEY WILL FALL RIGHT IN A SWING-IN' GROOVE AND

(Trummey) How can they

ALL THE IS-MS GON-NA MOVE, RELA-TION-SHIPS IS BOUND TO IM-PROVE.

(all agree on one mel-o-dy? Won't each man call his own tune?) They will

want the song they've played all along you're expect-in' too much too soon.

(T.ouis): DON'T YOU MIND! I'LL SWING THIS DEAL. JUST YOU SEND THE WORLD

AP-PEAR. SAY "IT'S THE ON-LY SES-SION OF ITS KIND WHERE HARMONY YOU'RE SURE TO FIND" THE

WORLD CAN TAKE A HOLIDAY IF I'M KING FOR A DAY. YES! YES! YES!

(Trummey) (spoken): Pops, You got eyes to wear a crown?

IF I'M KING FOR A DAY.

(And there's)

(spooken): I MIGHT ENJOY BEING KING. AFTER ALL, BUDDY BOLDEN WAS KING.

King Oliver.

and Duke Ellington.

THERE'S COUNT BASIE.

AND EARL "FATHA" FINES.
Man I Quit jivin' mo. You know that cat ain't no Earl, That's his first name!

Trumy (sung): Al-though my king is wise can't he

(Louis): NO! MAN, HE HAD ME FOOLLED ALL THESE YEARS.

re-al-ize Rome wasn't built in a day? Won't a dip-lo-mat just be

apt to seet in a "hip-py"-cri-i-cal way?

LOUIS (sung): NOT IF THEY ARE PLAY-

IN' JAZZ. THERE'LL BE NO SUCH RAZZ- A-MA-TAZZ. 'CAUSE IT'S A SES-SION WHERE WE

JAM THE BLUES. KHURSHICH FOUSED-IN' BOTH HIS SHOES COULDN'T HAVE THE FI-NAL SAY

IF I'M KING FOR A DAY. YES! YES! YES!

IF I'M KING FOR A DAY.
The musicians peered anxiously through windows of the small plane. They were losing altitude. They had just passed over a tin-roofed settlement on the river's edge. A ribbon of road stretched from the river through the jungle to a high clearing, which they recognized as an airstrip. This was Talgalla, the newest of the new African nations.

A tiny, tribal monarchy, it had been unknown and unrecognized as a nation until the two great powers simultaneously discovered its existence. Suddenly Talgalla was a nation to be reckoned with. Russian technicians built the empty road that lay below them. U.S. equipment had cleared the airfield. Talgalla would soon have a delegation in the United Nations.

The United States had recognized its importance by appointing an Ambassador, due to arrive momentarily. But it was not for these political reasons that our trumpet playing hero had taken it upon himself to bring his band to Talgalla. All over Africa he had heard rumours of the Festival of Talgalla, a traditional expression of the hopes of Africa. At this time each year the tribal social order was turned upside down for one week. After five days of topsy-turvy celebration, and one day of fasting, the people of Talgalla on the seventh day, honored their most loved citizen by crowning him king for 24 hours. The rulers and the ruled traded places for one day—a challenging concept to our hero.

**SPOT ON LOUIS AND TRUMSY**

**MUSIC:** KING FOR A DAY

(Continue)
The airplane had scarcely touched the ground when it was surrounded by thousands of laughing, shouting Talgallans. Our hero emerged from the plane, trumpet in hand, and as a sign of greeting, raised the instrument to his lips, gave forth with a blast like the triumphal sound of the ancient ram's horn. (SOFT BRUSHES...OFF BEAT CLAPPING BEGINS SOFTLY) The festival crowd responded with a shout, and the rhythmic clapping of hands. The musician played on. A tall man with gold rimmed spectacles, dressed in western clothes, pushed his way to the landing stairs and extended his arm in greeting. The smiling band leader brushed palm against palm, laughed and waved his white handkerchief to the crowd. The awestruck bespectacled man said in clipped mission school English...

"We did not expect you so soon. You are the American Ambassador, aren't you?"

PIN SPOT ON LOUIS

LOUIS

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME.....AMBASSADOR SATCHE

LAMBERT*HENDRICKS*BAVAN

TOGETHER:

Th' American Ambassador...ambassador...ambassador
Th' American Ambassador...ambassador......ambassador

(REPEAT IN WHISPERS UNDER FOLLOWING NARRATION)

NARRATOR

News swept through the crowd like a ritualistic chant. The people of Talgalla could not believe their good fortune that out of all the Americans such a wondrous man should be chosen as their Ambassador. They raised him onto their shoulders and carried him down the road into the town of Talgalla.

XXXXXXXX

SPOT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVAN

MUSIC: BLOW SATCHMO
Blow Satchmo

WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR (first time)

What are you wait-in' for?

Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Come on blow some more.

Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Walls will tumble down.

You can wear that crown.

Take us by the hand, Lead us to that promised, To that Promised,

to that promised land.
Absorbed with his new duties as Ambassador to Talgalla, Pops momentarily forgot obligations of a different nature.

SPOT on CARMEN STANDS WITH BACK TO AUDIENCE DURING PIANO INTRO.

MUSIC: IN THE LURCH

BLACKOUT ON CARMEN

MUSIC: DAVE STRICKES G CHORD
In the lurch, caught standing in the shadow of the church, will reverse that old cliché this gal intends to make

just like a love-bird piping on his perch, the piper pay then I'll be on my way. where's my mate? It's touche

must I always wait? But first I If he's gonna play.

I think I've waited long enough for him to come.

Some guy somewhere will want someone to love as I love him.

Tired of sitting on a limb. Though I'm burned,

I'll chalk it up to one more lesson learned, And wonder why my heart can't

be returned. I might need it some day.
MUSIC: DAVE STRIKES G CHORD

NARRATOR

Oh-oh, Pops! Here comes trouble!

SPOT ON LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-BAVAN, SIMULTANEOUS WITH NARRATOR'S LINE

USE: PIANO CHORD AS CUE.

MUSIC: THE REAL AMBASSADOR

SPOT ON LOUIS FOLLOWING DOUBLE TIME CHORUS BY L-H-B.

KEEP SPOT ON L-H-B, ALSO.

BLACKOUT FOLLOWS L-H-B FINAL CHORUS.....FOLLOWING LOUIS' SOLO
THE REAL AMBASSADOR

LEAD

TRIO: first verse (repeated)
Louis: second verse

TRIO: Who's the real Ambassador? It is evident we represent America so society, Noted for its etiquette its manners and sobriety, government to take your place. All, I do is sing the blues and meet the people face to face.

LOUIS: I'm the real Ambassador? It is evident I wasn't sent by government to take your place. It is the American way, I'm the U. S. A. though I represent the government the dipломats in our proper hats our attire becomes habitual a humble way I'm the U. S. A. though I represent the government the long with all the ritual. The diplomatic corps has been analyzed and criticized by N. B. C. and C. B. S. learned to be concerned about the constitutionality.

Senators and congressmen are so concerned they can't recess. In our nation segregation isn't a legality.

State Department stands in awe your coup d'etat has met success and Soon our only differences will be in personality.

caused this great uproar. That's what I stand for. Who's the Real Ambassador?

Yeah! the Real Ambassador.
NARRATOR

To Pops,

Life was a series of exciting crises and adventures strung together with uncalculated whim. He lived with the knowledge that bad days would pass—as would the good—and it was his obligation to live each hour as it came. His brief days as official ambassador had given Pops his first taste of responsibility. And when the people of Talgalla had remained loyal to him, even after the official Ambassador arrived, he felt toward them a gratitude and a kinship. He suddenly found himself thinking in terms of the future—not his future, particularly—but everybody's future. Suddenly, everything Pops thought or did began to matter. The girl—she had been just another girl in a long series of girls—suddenly she mattered very much.

***

SPOT ON CARMEN

CARMEN SITS ON STOOL, SO THAT HER BACK IS TURNED TO POPS

POPS CROSSES OVER TO CARMEN'S MIKE FOR THIS NUMBER

MUSIC: ONE MOMENT WORTH YEARS

CARMEN STANDS FOR END OF NUMBER...."baby...it's worth waiting for!"

BLACKOUT
LOUIS & CARMEN

ONE MOMENT WORTH YEARS

CARMEN: Must I spend a life-time just in waiting, while others have fun?

LOUIS: Stop and think it over just a minute. CARMEN: I've had time to think for several days.

LOUIS: Let me plead my case and I will win it. CARMEN: Enough of your ways.

LOUIS: It can happen just once in a life-time that a touch can bring visions of bliss. So don't wait for perfection, stop for reflection, yield with a tender kiss. Dry your tears and just think of this moment, one moment worth years.

Only once in a life-time of waiting does the world seem to promise you more than you thought could exist. So please don't resist. You'll discover what living is for. It may happen just once in a life-time. It's a moment too rare to ig...
It's you I need! So follow my lead! Let's see what life has in store! Dry your tears and just think of this moment, one moment worth years. 

CARMEN: Only once in a lifetime of waiting does the world seem to promise you more. LOUIS: Then you thought could exist. So please don't resist. You'll discover what living is for. It may happen just once in a lifetime. It's a moment too rare to ignore. 

It's you I need! So follow my lead! Let's see what life has in store! Dry your tears and just think of this moment. CARMEN: And baby, (Louis-free) (CARMEN) it's worth waitin' for! (Louis-free)
When vespers tolled at the mission, Pops (perhaps unconsciously) turned, as did half the village, to follow the beckoning sound. The streets of Talgalla were unusually quiet. Festivities had halted at sundown. Tomorrow the people's king would be revealed. There would be time enough then for celebration. Now was the time for solemnity and prayer.

The mission, which had for a century been Talgalla's only link with the Western world, stood at one end of the village plaza, facing the king's modest court, its wide flung doors welcoming the women who gathered at the plaza fountain. It was here the Talgallan children learned to read and write, were christened, married and buried. The mission had adapted itself to the customs of Talgalla, just as Talgalla had accepted the mission; and over the years the little church had become as much a part of the life of Talgalla as the river, the plaza, and the fountain in the square.

As Pops watched the silent figures file into the mission, he felt the urge to follow, hesitated when he saw the doors close, then, turned to look at the empty square. Lights from the palace, the church and the moon splashed across the plaza. All else was shadows. The service began. Pops sat on the steps outside the church and pondered its message and the puzzle of man.

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MUSIC: THEY SAY I LOOK LIKE GOD

SPOT FIRST L-H-B, THEN LOUIS: LIGHT ON L-H-B MUST NOT BE AS INTENSE AS ON LOUIS. AT END OF THIS NUMBER: DIM SLOWLY LOUIS: THEN L-H-B TO COMPLETE BLACKOUT AS LAST NOTE DIES AWAY.
I look like God. Could God be black my God!

Oh, give me eyes to see you breathed in life with trust.

That great day come when every one is one?

If all are made in the image of Thee, could

And if He cared if you're black or white He'd

That our creation was meant to be an

And gave to man the choice to be a

And there will be no more misery when

Thou perchance a zebra be?

Mixed one color, one just right.

Act of God to set man free.

Lone on earth or one with Thee.

Godd tells man He's really free.

No, not He.

One just right.

Set man free.

One with Thee.

Really free.
SPOT ON LOUIS and BAND: LIGHT and BRIGHT

MUSIC: SINCE LOVE HAD ITS WAY

CARMEN CROSSES OVER TO LOUIS

SPOT DIM:

MUSIC: I DIDN'T KNOW TILL YOU TOLD ME

DIMOUT
LEAD SINCE LOVE HAD ITS WAY

LUTIS: 1st chorus - vocal; 2nd chorus - instrumental; repeat last 16 - vocal

Since love had its way life has more meaning.

I'm noticing things not seems before.

Look for something new. Somewhere left to do, life was such a bore.

Then I found, when you came around, that I heard a sound straight from heaven's door. Since love's here to stay why do we linger?

That old marriage vow now seems worth while.

You smile, suddenly it's spring! There's a wedding ring on your finger,

and love's had its way. its love's had its way.
I didn't know 'til you told me that fallin' in love could be lonely. That waitin' for your one and only makes a day an eternity. I just thought to be free was the answer, a detached but avid romancer changing partners just like a dancer at the art ball in gay Paris.

It's time that I reconsider. Life is losin' all its glitter. The sweetest things somehow seem bitter. You're a stay-er I'm a quitter. I believe all the things that you told me since I've just found the (man) that can hold me. On all of the points you have sold me. It's goodbye to my life so free. Love, say hello to me.
In a remote spot in Africa, a flickering dream of human dignity had been kept alive. No one had yet succeeded in wresting from the citizens of Talgalla the remnant of democracy...the freedom to run through the streets shouting their simple, if untenable dreams.

Each year their ritualistic drama was enacted with fervor and hope that somehow, someday it could be translated into action. With the arrival of the trumpet playing, swinging Ambassador from the United States, the people of Talgalla felt that day was about to dawn. Talgalla would become a monument to freedom... ...

On the morning of July 10, 1961, a small child, clad in white, with a garland of flowers upon her shoulders, placed a crown upon our hero.

The real ambassador was the symbol of the universal dream.

MUSIC: SWING BELLS

WATCH MUSIC FOR LIGHT CUES
TRIO AND LOUIS + TAG

(C9) Swing bells! The great day may now begin. Ring out the news! The world can laugh again. This day we're free! We're equal in every way. Ring bells! Swing bells! Declare a holiday.

C9 F6 C7+11

Holiday! Holiday! Let's declare a holiday! Holiday!

C7 F6 C7 F6 C7

Holiday! It's a holiday! Swing bells! Ring bells! The great day may now begin. Ring out the news! The world can laugh again. This day we're free! We're equal in every way. Ring bells! Swing bells! Declare a holiday!

C9 F6 C7 E♭/F C7

declare a holiday!

L (LOUIS) I hear a trumpet blowin' clear, tellin' me the day is near. The day that I've been waitin' for.

Bring peace to earth for evermore. And there's Gabriel lookin' in...
down at me (say-in') Blow your horn. Set man free. One blast that the whole world can hear.

Circle the earth and wipe out all fear. (TRIO) Cry loud! Spare not! Lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show thy people their transgressions and their sins. The wicked are like the waters of a troubled sea.

Lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show thy people their transgressions and their sins. The wicked are like the waters of a troubled sea.

Un-do the bur-dens, Let the op-pressed go free.

1) What are you wait-in' for? What are you wait-in' for?
2) Jo-shua stood at the wall. God told him it would fall.

Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Make that trumpet roar.
Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Make that trumpet roar.

Blow Satch-mo, Blow for-er-more.
Blow Satch-mo, Blow for-ever-more.

Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Make that trumpet roar.
Blow Satch-mo, Blow Satch-mo, Make that trumpet roar.
Blow Satch - mo,
Can it really be, That You'll set all
Take us by the hand, Lead us to that
people free?
promised land.

Agitato (same speed = 128)

Can't you hear us? You can hear us, Hear us talk-in', Talk-in' to you,

Can't you hear us? You can hear us, Hear us talk-in', Talk-in' to you,

Can't you hear us? You can hear us, Hear us talk-in', Talk-in' to you,

Good Lord set us free. Blow Satch - mo, Come on blow your horn.

Blow Satch - mo, That's why you were born. Blow Satch - mo,

Can it really be That you'll set all people free? (segue)
1. Been waitin' so long, Lord; How long will it be? Been waitin' so long, Lord.
2. So heavy the load, Lord, Oh, help us to pray! So heavy the load, Lord.
3. We're goin' to heav- en, How long will it be? We're goin' to heav- en, Lord.

An eternity. Been waitin' so long, Lord. Will we ever see the day that we'll be free? Will we ever see the day that we'll be free!

So heavy the load, Lord, Oh, help us to pray! So heavy the load, Lord. Will we ever see the day that we'll be free? Will we ever see the day that we'll be free!

We're goin' to heav- en, We're goin' to heav- en, We're goin' to heav- en, Lord.

An eternity. Been waitin' so long, Lord. Will we ever see the day that we'll be free? Will we ever see the day that we'll be free!

Oh, sweet by and by, but we'll see the grey. Oh, lift up the load, Lord, and show us the way, Oh, sweet by and by, but we'll see the grey. Oh, lift up the load, Lord, and show us the way,

The day that we die, The day that we die, The day that we die, Lord.

The day that we die, The day that we die, The day that we die, Lord.

Blow, Satch - mo, Blow, Satch - mo, blow some more. Blow, Satch - mo, Blow, Satch - mo, blow some more.

Blow, Satch - mo, Blow, Satch - mo, We all want some more. Blow, Satch - mo, Blow, Satch - mo, We all want some more.
You can wear that crown.

Blow, Satch-me,

Take us by the hand,

Lead us to that promised land.

To that promised, To that promised land.

Now I leave you, Now I go. Now I think you know as much as old Satchmo.