**The Great All-American Pastime** from “Waa-Mu: Gold”  
Music & Lyrics by  
Christopher Anselmo & Jared Corak  

**Premise:** “Waa-Mu: Gold” follows a group of Americans as they travel to Germany to participate in the 1936 Berlin Olympics. This is the first year that basketball has been recognized by the Olympics, and the U.S.A. team is not doing too well by this point. Gene, their coach, attempts to excite the team, the crowds, and mostly the press, in order to find the support and confidence necessary to win the game.

*A crowd of reports come rushing into the locker room, swarming the players.*

**EUDOLPHA**  
With such a poor showing, what is your response to those who said basketball should never be an Olympic sport?

**GENE**  
I’d say, “Keep watching.”

**EUDOLPHA**  
What are you going to say to your boys to make sure they turn things around for the second half?

**GENE**  
Fine. You know what I’ll say to them? I’ll say: I’ve seen you beat better teams with your eyes closed. I’ve seen you run circles ’round legendary sportsmen with your legs tied together and your feet on fire. Gentlemen, we are creating a new Great All-American Pastime! And with every shot you make, a New York Yankee goes crying to his mama.

**THIS GREAT ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME, BOYS, IS YOURS AND YOURS ALONE. NOW LISTEN, THEY CAN LEARN TO PLAY IT, LOVE IT, AND BE MIGHTY PROUD OF IT, BUT THEY’LL NEVER REALLY FEEL AT HOME ON THE COURT. THIS IS OUR SPORT! IT TAKES A HARD-BOILED MAN, AN AMERICAN, TO SCOOT HIS HOCKS UP AND DOWN THE LANE. I TELL YA, WITH PAWS OF STEEL, PACKIN’ HEAT IN THE HEEL, AND KEEN SENSE IN THE BRAIN, YOU’RE SURE TO WIN!**

**TAKE TEX HERE, FOR EXAMPLE: A MIGHTY FINE SPEC-EE-MIN. HE WAS BORN IN A JAIL CELL TO A HOMICIDAL MOTHER IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLIZZARD IN THE MIDDLE OF ARKANSAS,**
GENE (cont’d)
BUT GOD DAMMIT HE MADE IT, AND HIS PAST DON’T MATTER WHEN HE’S OUT THERE WITH THE BALL, ‘CAUSE AMERICA’S THE LAND WHERE EVEN JAIL-CELL BABIES GROW UP TO HAVE IT ALL!

THIS GREAT ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME NEEDS A GREAT ALL-AMERICAN TEAM. FROM A GROUP OF ZEROES TO AMERICAN HEROES WHO ACHIEVE THE AMERICAN DREAM.

SO LACE UP THOSE AMERICAN HIGH-TOPS— BETTER THAN ANY STORY ANY AMERICAN TOLD, WHEN WE SINK THE ROCK, AT THE END OF THE CLOCK AND WIN THAT AMERICAN GOLD!

EUDOLPHA
That’s lovely and all, but you’re not winning anything.

GENE
Not winning? We’ve made it to the Olympics, haven’t we? We’ve jumped through hoops to get here!

GENE (cont’d)
NOW THE TALE OF JACKIE REGAN, FROM RICHES TO RAGS TO BALLS. WHEN I FOUND HIM HE WAS MAKING MILLIONS MANAGING A MILLION MOPING MINIONS IN A MINESHAFT IN SIOUX FALLS. BUT ONE FAULTY STICK OF DYNAMITE, AND BOOM—SHE GOES UP IN FLAMES! SO HE PackED HIS BAGS, PICKED UP A BALL, AND SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

AND LOOK AT OL’ VICTOR VAUGHN, HERE, WITH GRIT LIKE SHREDDED WHEAT. YA KNOW, HIS DADDY WAS BUSY EACH NIGHT WITH A DIFFERENT DIZZY DAME, A MARVELOUS FEAT, BUT POPS WAS A MEAN DRUNK! HOPPED UP ON BOOZE-HOOCH-GIGGLE-JUICE, HE WOULD BEAT LITTLE VIC EACH NOON AND NIGHT, BUT NOW VICKY’S OFF TO FIND THOSE SOUR KRAUTS AND PICK A DIFFERENT FIGHT!
+ BASKETBALL TEAM (w/o Francis)

THIS GREAT ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME
NEEDS A GREAT ALL-AMERICAN TEAM.
FROM A GROUP OF ZEROES TO AMERICAN HEROES
WHO ACHIEVE THE AMERICAN DREAM.

SO LACE UP THOSE AMERICAN HIGH-TOPS—
BETTER THAN ANY STORY ANY AMERICAN TOLD,
WHEN WE SINK THE ROCK, AT THE END OF THE CLOCK
AND WIN THAT AMERICAN GOLD!

GENE

Sing it with me now!

ALL

(joining in a round)

GREAT ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME
NEEDS A GREAT ALL-AMERICAN TEAM!
GREAT ALL-AMERICAN HEROES
(etc.)

EUDOLPHA

NO! I DON’T BUY A WORD YOU’RE SAYIN’!

Gene pushes Eudolpho aside and leads the crowds in a marching band dance break.

GENE

You asked for a show. Now you’re gettin’ one! Show ‘em, boys.

The team lines up.

TEX

GREAT ALL-AMERICAN...

VICTOR

GREAT ALL-AMERICAN...

HARRY

GREAT ALL-AMERICAN...

JACK

GREAT ALL-AMERICAN...
GENE
(aside; to Francis)
Francis. C’mon, Francis.

FRANCIS
No. I’m not supporting this. We’re here to play a game, not put on a show.

GENE
We’re a team, Frank!

FRANCIS
We’ll be a team on the court. Here, we’re just a circus.

Gene gives up. He signals for the team to finish.

TEAM
PASTIME!

The team runs into the stands to excite the crowds.

TEX
NOW, YOU COULD GET A BASELINE, BOUNCE-PASS, BACKBOARD, BANK-SHOT

CROWD
BEAT THE BRITS BY ONE!

VICTOR
YOU COULD TAKE A TIP-OFF, TURN-OVER, TO THE HOOP AND TIP IT IN

CROWD
THEN THOSE TURKS ARE DONE!

JACK
YOU COULD FOUL A FOUR-EYED, FAILING FORWARD, FUMBLING HIS FREE-THROWS

CROWD
AND BEAT THE FRENCH BY THREE!

HARRY
YOU COULD SINK A SEVEN-FOOT JUMP SHOT IN SUDDEN-DEATH
GENE
AND GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

ALL
DOWN IN HISTORY!

GENE
No one gives a damn about baseball anymore!

Big finish.

THIS! IS! OUR!

ALL
GREAT ALL-AMERICAN PASTIME.
WE'RE A GREAT ALL-AMERICAN TEAM.
FROM A GROUP OF ZEROES TO AMERICAN HEROES
WHO ACHIEVE THE AMERICAN DREAM,

SO LACE UP THOSE AMERICAN HIGH-TOPS—
BETTER THAN ANY STORY ANY AMERICAN TOLD—
WHEN WE SINK THE ROCK, AT THE END OF THE CLOCK,
AND WIN THAT AMERICAN—

GENE
BETTER THAN ANY STORY ANY AMERICAN TOLD!

ALL
WE'LL WIN THAT AMERICAN GOLD!