A Way Back To Then

Jeff Bowen

Dancing in the back-yard.

Kool-aid mustache and butterfly wings. Hearing Andrea Mc Ardle sing from the

Hi-Fi in the den. I've been waiting my whole life
to find a way back to then.

I aimed for the sky. A nine-year-old can see so far. I'll conquer the world and be a star and do it all by the time I'm ten.

I would know that confidence if I knew a way back to
then.

bailed on my home-town and became a college theatre dork. I was

east-bound and down, movin’ to New York. So I

packed my life in a U Haul to find my part of it all.
Then the mundane sets in. We play by the rules and plow through the days. The years take us miles away from the time we wondered when we'd find a way back to then. And when you least expect, opportunity A Way Back to Then
tun-i-ty walks through the door. You sud-den-ly con-nect with the
thing that you for-got that you were look-ing for.
And here I am right in the
mid-dle of what I love with the cra-zi-est of com-pa-ny. You're
having a kick-ass time and being who you wanted to be in this world. I'm that little girl with her wings unfurled flying again.

Back in my
back-yard dancing. I found a way back to then.
Now it's only me and you. With no one to tell us what to do. What'll we do?

He:

With no one to tell us what to do. What'll we do?

Su:

What'll we do?

Pno:

We don't have much time to dance in the
He:

Spotlight So I'm gonna treasure this Heidi and Susan duet.

Su:

Now may be the only chance I get tonight to enjoy the

Pno:

Ow! Ow! The tss tss tss The

He:

Pleasures of this invisible cigarette. tss tss tss The
He:

se-con-dar-y cha-rac-ters are sing-ing a song while the stars are snack-ing off-stage.

Su:

se-con-dar-y cha-rac-ters are sing-ing a song while the stars are snack-ing off-stage.

Pno.

It was their i-dea to bring us a-long and now we're hi-jack-ing this page of the script. We're e-quipped to steer the ship til this trip- py shit ends and by the

script.
He: end of this song we’ll be best friends.

Su: end of this song we’ll be best friends.

He: Me too. It can be really weirdness. I bet.

Su: want to apologize for any weirdness. I bet.

He: I bet you bet. And I also want to say that after all we’ve been through

Su: I do. I bet.
He: I’m so glad we’ve met. Baby! The

Su: I feel the same way baby. The

He: se con-dar-y cha-rac-ters are cal-lin’ the shots while the guys are be-ing stored in the wings

Su: se con-dar-y cha-rac-ters are cal-lin’ the shots while the guys are be-ing stored in the wings

He: We’ve been left in charge of it all while the plot’s un-fold-ing like “The Lord of the Rings” tri-lo-

Su: We’ve been left in charge of it all while the plot’s un-fold-ing like “The Lord of the Rings” tri-lo-
It'll be you and me to the very end. And like

Frodo and Samwise you'll be my best friend. My best

friend. Sing! O-K! My best frie eh ee eh ee eh ee end,

friend. hol hong wang hol ohl woo whoo hoo! My best frie
Two Nobodies

H:

In New York!

J:

In New York!

Pno.

No - bo - dies In New York!

No - bo - dies In New York!
Two Nobodies

art a springboard for fame?" And "Will fame get us a sit-com?" and "Will-a

sit-com get us on El-len?" and "Will El-len get folks to like us?" And if they

like us will they mic us me and you? Two No-bo-dies

like us will they mic us me and you? Two No-bo-dies
Two Nobodies

H: Grease. And Leader of the Pack! We could

J: Yeah! And Leader of the Pack! We could

Pno.

H: ask significant questions. We could

J: ask significant questions. We could

Pno.

H: get important points across like "Are we writing for art?" and "Is

J: get important points across like "Are we writing for art?" and "Is

Pno.
if not this festival then somewhere out west.

We could get that woman who was 2x's?

Dianna Manoff? She's awesome! She was in Empty Nest. Yeah!
HUNTER: What?
JEFF: Sweeter! We've been over this a million times.
HUNTER: Okay, but since we're stopped, does "sweeter" rhyme with "the-a-ter"?  "Swee-ter...The-a-ter".  Does that rhyme?
JEFF: Yes...I'm sorry, Larry...from the key change...

Five, Six, Seven Eight!  Maybe some day our show will get a theatre and
Two Nobodies

sell-outs? And if we sell-out will they yell out me and you? - - - - Two

sell-outs? And if we sell-out will they yell out me and you? - - - - Two

No-bo dies in New York. Key Change!

No-bo dies in New York.

May-be some day our show will get a theatre and

Two Nobodies
I think it's working. We're discovering choices, lots of things to think about when writing a show!

Yeah! Creating a vehicle to showcase our voices and

We could

I don't mean our vocal chords I mean what's below. We could
and "Will fame get folks to art a spring-board for fame?"

Trust us? but will they trust us if it's just us me and you?

but will they trust us if it's just us me and you?

Hey, Two Nobodies In New York!
Music in a musical how can you go wrong?

We could

ask significant questions. We could

get important points across like "Are we writing for art?"

and "Is
No: 2

Two Nobodies in New York

Piano

2 X's

HUNTER: "Me too. But do you think an audience wants to sit through something like that?"

(After a long beat)

Music and Lyrics by
Jeff Bowen

Hey, that's not a bad idea perhaps we could use it, said in a song?
She might try to have my baby I guess I'll just sit back.

She might try to have my baby I guess I'll just sit back.

I guess I'll just sit back.

and wait and see. What kind of girl is she?

What kind of girl is she? Are you gonna eat that pickle?

What kind of girl is she? What kind of girl is she?
SUSAN: I didn't sign the permission slip for any new lady-friends, Hunter. She's got them boobs.

She's got those eyes. I've got these thighs! Plus! She might try to steal my husband.

I need your shoe! Plus! She might try to steal my husband.
And I feel so bourgeois
That's just moi

It's just

SUSAN: I wish I could sing like that. But at least my nose could take her nose in a cage match of noses.

HEIDI: I'm used to being the funny one in the room.
ment too, And mine blows.

I - sup - pose,

And mine blows.

HEIDI: Quel genre de fille est Susan? SUSAN: Est Heidi?

She seems so "Je ne se quoi." She seems so in - croy - a-

She seems so "Je ne se quoi."

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I wonder sometimes if she even likes me.

She seems to make you smile.

She's got a pretty style.

And she's got very kicky clothes.

She's got a kick ass style.

And she owns her apartment.

She's got a very kicky nose.
What Kind of Girl is She?

Music and Lyrics by
Jeff Bowen

Jeff: Yeah, she likes you. Why?
Susan: Funnier than me?
Hunter: She's "different" funny.

Heidi: It's nothing.
Both: I was just wondering...

SUSAN: I don't know.
Heidi: Who the hell is she?

Who the hell is Heidi?
A Way Back To Then

Dancing in the back-yard.

Kool-aid mustache and butterfly wings. Hearing Andrea Mc Ardle sing from the

Hi-Fi in the den. I've been waiting my whole life
to find a way back to then.

I aimed for the sky. A nine-year-old can see so far. I'll conquer the world and be a star and do it all by the time I'm ten.

I would know that confidence if I knew a way back to
then.

bailed on my home-town and became a college theatre dork. I was

east-bound and down, movin' to New York. So I

packed my life in a U Haul to find my part of it all.
Then the mundane sets in. We play by the rules and plow through the days. The years take us miles away from the time we wondered when we'd find a way back to then. And when you least expect, opportunity...
tun - i - ty walks through the door. You sud - den - ly con - nect with the
thing that you for - got that you were look - ing for.

And here I am right in the
mid - dle of what I love with the cra - zi - est of com - pan - y. You're
having a kick-ass time and being who you wanted to be in this world. I'm that little girl with her wings unfurled flying again. Back in my
back-yard dancing. I found a way back to then.
Secondary Characters

After various "Good lucks" and then a brief pause.

Now it's only me and you

With no-one to tell us what to do.

What'll we do-

We don't have much time to dance in the
He: So I'm gon -

Su: treasure this Hei-di and Su - san du - et.

Now may be the on - ly chance I get to - night to en - joy the

plea - sures of this in - vi - si - ble cig - a rette. tss tss tss The

Ow! Ow! The
He: Secondary characters are singing a song while the stars are snacking off-stage.

Su: Secondary characters are singing a song while the stars are snacking off-stage.

Pno.

He: It was their idea to bring us along and now we're hijacking this page of the script. We're equipped to steer the ship til this trippy shit ends and by the

Su: It was their idea to bring us along and now we're hijacking this page of the script. We're equipped to steer the ship til this trippy shit ends and by the

Pno.
He: end of this song we'll be best friends.

Su: end of this song we'll be best friends.

He: Me too. It can be really weirdness. I bet.

Su: I do. I bet.

He: I bet you bet. And I also want to say that after all we've been through
He: I'm so glad we've met. Baby! The

Su: I feel the same way baby. The

Pno.

He: se con-dar-y cha-rac- ters are cal-lin' the shots while the guys are be-ing stored in the wings

Su: se con-dar-y cha-rac- ters are cal-lin' the shots while the guys are be-ing stored in the wings

Pno.

He: We've been left in charge of it all while the plot's un-fold-ing like "The Lord of the Rings" tri-lo-

Su: We've been left in charge of it all while the plot's un-fold-ing like "The Lord of the Rings" tri-lo-

Pno.
He: gy. It'll be you and me to the very end. And like

Su: gy. It'll be you and me to the very end. And like

Pno.

He:

Su:

Pno.

He:

Su:

Pno.

He:

Su:

Pno.
No: 2  

Two Nobodies in New York

**cue:**
HUNTER: "Me too. But do you think an audience wants to sit through something like that?"

(After a long beat)

Music and Lyrics by
Jeff Bowen

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HUNTER: "Me too. But do you think an audience wants to sit through something like that?"

(After a long beat)

— Hey, that's not a bad idea perhaps we could use ic, said in a song? —
Music in a musical how can you go wrong? We could ask significant questions. We could get important points across like "Are we writing for art?" and "Is
Two Nobodies

...and "Will fame get folks to art a spring-board for fame?"

but will they trust us if it's just us me and you?

No - bo - dies In New York!

Hey,
I think it's working. We're discovering choices, lots of things to think about when writing a show!

Yeah! Creating a vehicle to showcase our voices and...

We could...

I don't mean our vocal chords I mean what's below. We could...
Two Nobodies

ask significant questions. We could get important points.

across like "Are we writing for art?"

and "Is art a springboard for

and "Will fame get us a paycheck?" But, will a paycheck mean that we're
sell-outs? And if we sell-out, will they yell out me and you? Two Nobodies

No-body dies in New York. Key Change!

No-body dies in New York. Safety

Maybe some day our show will get a theatre and
T. - V. ac-tors in our show what

if not this fes-ti-val then some-were out west.

co ld be bet-ter? We could get.....

Swee-ter!

HUNTER: What?
JEFF: Sweeter! We've been over this a million times.
HUNTER: Okay, but since we're stopped, does "sweeter" rhyme with "the-a-ter"? "Swee-ter...The-a-ter". Does that rhyme?
JEFF: Yes...I'm sorry, Larry...from the key change...

J

Five, Six, Se-ven Eight! May-be some day our show will get a thea-tre and
H: if not this festival then somewhere out west.

Pno.

J: could be sweater?

Pno.

H: could be sweater?

J: We could get that woman who was 2x's?

Pno.

H: Diannah Manoff? She's awesome! She was in

J: on Empty Nest.

Pno.

H: Yeah!
Grease. And Leader of the Pack! We could

Yeah! And Leader of the Pack! We could

ask significant questions. We could

get important points across like "Are we writing for art?" and "Is
Two Nobodies

H:

art a spring-board for fame?" And "Will fame get us a sit-com?" and "Will-a

J:

art a spring-board for fame?" And "Will fame get us a sit-com?" and "Will-a

Pno.

sit-com get us on El- len?" and "Will El-len get folks to like us?" And if they

sit-com get us on El- len?" and "Will El-len get folks to like us?" And if they

Pno.

like us will they mic us me and you? Two No-bodies

like us will they mic us me and you? Two No-bodies

Two Nobodies

Pno.

Two Nobodies

Two Nobodies

Pno.
In New York!

No - bo - dies In New York!

In New York!

No - bo - dies In New York!
No. 8

What Kind of Girl is She?

cue:
JEFF: Yeah, she likes you. Why?
SUSAN: Funnier than me?
HUNTER: She's "different" funny.

Music and Lyrics by
Jeff Bowen

Bossa Nova

SUSAN: I don't know.
HEIDI: It's nothing.
BOTH: I was just wondering...

Who the hell is Heidi?
Who the hell is Susan?
I wonder sometimes if she even likes me.

She seems to make you smile.

She's got a pretty tv

She's got a kick ass style.

And she's got very kick-y clothes
And I feel so bourgeois
That's just moi

HEIDI: She's so downtown and funky and sassy...

It's just....

SUSAN: She's so uptown and fancy and Broadway...

SUSAN: I wish I could sing like that. But at least my nose could take her nose in a cage match of noses.

HEIDI: I'm used to being the funny one in the room.
H: She's got those eyes. I've got these

S: SUSAN: I didn't sign the permission slip for any new lady-friends, Hunter. She's got them boobs.

Pno.

H: thighs! Plus! She might try to steal her husband

S: I need your shoe! Plus! She might try to steal my husband

Pno.
She might try to have my baby. I guess I'll just sit back.

She might try to have my baby. I guess I'll just sit back.

I guess I'll just sit back and wait and wait and see. What kind of girl is she?

What kind of girl is she? Are you going to eat that pickled?

What kind of girl is she? What kind of girl is she?