RUTHLESS!
The Musical

© 1995 by Marvin Laird (Music), Joel Paley (Book) and Nohners Music (Lyrics)
except
"Have I Stayed Too At The Fair"
Music & Lyrics © 1956 & 1957 by Tylerson Music Co., Inc.
Used by permission
Ruthless!
The Musical

Musical Numbers

ACT ONE
1. Prologue
2. Tina's Mother
2A. Before "Born To Entertain" Underscore
3. Born To Entertain
3A. Before "Born To Entertain" Underscore
4. Talent
4A. Talent Playoff
5. To Play This Part
5A. Miss Thorn's Entrance
5B. Before "Third Grade" Underscore
6. Teaching Third Grade
6A. Scene 3 Play-off
7. Where Tina Gets It From
7A. Scene 4 Underscore
8. The Pippi Song
9. I Asked Politely (& Scene Transition)
9A. Before "Kisses And Hugs"
10. Kisses And Hugs
10A. Miss Thorn Threat--"Third Grade" Reprise--Judy Discovers Wig
11. Talent--Reprise
12. I Hate Musicals
12A. Underscore
12B. Angel Mom--3 False Starts
13. Angel Mom
13A. Angel Mom--Playoff

ACT TWO
14. Entr'Acte
15. Act II Montage/Opening
16. Penthouse Apartment
16A. Underscore
16B. Underscore
17. It Can Never Be That Way Again
17A. Underscore
17B. I Want The Girl
17C. U.S.--Ginger Opens Door
17D. Underscore
17E. Underscore
17F. Underscore
18. Parents And Children
18A. Underscore
19. Ruthless
20. U.S./End Of Show
21. Bows

* END:

* TEACHING THIRD GRADE (A FLAT)
Prologue

"Ruthless"

[rev 10/92]
[Cue] Syliva: "I'm Syliva St. Croix"

C maj7 C F maj7 +5/8 G 9/8

C Add2 Fm (+7) C maj9 C Cmaj 9 +5

Cut on: "...generation to generation"

Cue: "Meet Judy Denmark!"
Cue: "...Blessed with an extraordinary little girl... blessed?"

Vamp 'til: "...But Judy Denmark is blessed"

"...but I'm getting ahead of myself..."

Segue to "Tina's Mother"
Tina’s Mother

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue: Telephone Rings
Moderate 2

I’ll get it!

Hello
Yes, this is Tina’s mother.

Hello
Yes, this is Tina’s mother.

Hello
Missus Peters.

Hello
Missus Miller.

C7m6
Dm6
How's that? 
How's that? 
Ti - na brought you flow - ers from our 

C maj7 C6 C Dm7 G7 G7 add6

Yes, she's a spec - ial girl. 
Well, she's so fond of you. 

D9 G7 D9 add6 G7 add6

We're ve - ry proud of her. 
Thank you for 

D9 add6 G7 add6 D9 add6

Call - ing. 
call - ing. 
good - bye. 
good - bye. 

G7 add6 C
“Tina’s Mother” (5/92)

1. [Phone rings]

31. [Phone rings]

3x

Ti - na’s moth - er here. (spoken) Hl, Mis - sus. (sung) A

C/D b D b E b/D b D b E 7

par - ty? I’ll tell her she’s in - vi - ted

E 9m9 G/A b b A - 9sus G 9 add 6/F A b g add 6/G b B b/A b B b/G b

[Phone rings]

41. [Phone rings]

43. Ti - na’s moth - er here. S o - ry Mis - sus

G b A - 9/C C/D b D b E b/D b D b E 7
Rubato

Adams. That's Saturday at four. I'm sure she'll be delighted. 'Bye. I could have been an office girl, a wizard at dictation, working fifty weeks a year, two weeks paid vacation.
"Tina's Mother"

could have been a teacher teaching one thing or another, but I'm proud to be what I am. Tina's mother.

Hello. Yes, this is Tina's mother.
(spoken) Hello, Mrs. Farmer.

How's that? Tina sang a song to your blind mother.

She's so compassionate.

And so darn talented. And that's the half of it.
Her room is always neat. I thank my lucky stars, she's positively heaven sent my kid's the perfect eight year old.

Yes, she's entralling thank you for calling goodbye.
"Tina’s Mother"

105

[Phone rings]

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

I'll get it.

113

114

115

116

Hello

Hello

117

118

119

120

(spoken) Hello?

Hello?
Vamp till: Judy: "Why, yes..."

Sylvia: "Tina's Mother?"

That's me...
Before "Born To Entertain"
(Underscore)

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue: "...and of course, the very reason I'm here, your daughter Tina..."

Out after: "It was a triumph."

Go on to "Born To Entertain"
Born To Entertain
[rev 10/92]

Cue: "She's breaking in her tap shoes"

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Vamp till: Tina: "I love company"    Judy: "Darling..."   [music out]

Cue: Judy: "Say hello to Miss St. Croix"

Tina:

M8918/892
Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5832
Cue - "Tina loves to perform"

Some girls like to cook and sew. When I cook it’s in a show.

I was born to entertain.

Some girls prefer to help morn clean. I’d rather learn a dance routine.

I was born to entertain.
"Born To Entertain" [r 693]

Instead of walk-in' I go f' hop-pin'. When I tap, I make it hap-pen-

Mom says I have Broad-way on the brain-

Don't get too com-ly in that seat When I strut my stuff you'll be

on your feet I was born to sing and dance-
In stead of walk-in' I go f lap pin' When I tap I make it hap pen

Mom says I have Broad way on the brain

Don't get too con ty in that seat When I strut my stuff you'll be

on your feet I was born to sing and dance
"Born To Entertain"

Not every show biz Cinderella has got to come from Pocatello My star will rise like bubbles in champagne...
now you guessed my one ambition. It's not to be no mathematician. I was born to amuse. From the tip of my nose to the tap of my shoes. So strike up the band. And hand me my hat and my...
After "Born To Entertain"
(Underscore)

Cue: "Tina, how would you like to be a star?"

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird
Talent

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Sylvia: "...and riding a bike."

Sylvia: 1  ad lib.  2

Oh, Any tyke can ride a bike  Any hat can swing a bat

Ev'ry mother's child plays with blocks

They run and skip and jump and climb on rocks.

Music: Marvin Laird
Jane
But some of us were born to entertain.

"This time I'm doin' it for you, Baby!"

Sylvia looks
You can have it all You've got talent.

Life can be a ball if you've got talent When it's
Driving 4

Oh, obvious your child's not an average ordinary tot--

Show her with love and validation.

Recognize her specialties. Celebrate the fact that she's destined to a life a
life of adoration

You're better than the rest
You've got talent
You won't have to get undressed if you've got talent
You're no
sil - ly plas - tic in - gen - ue _ in chees - y ads _ for

Bre - ck sham - pon _ Re - ally you're too good for tel - e

Tina: "Really?" Sylvia: "Really."

vis _ lon _ I'm talk - ing straight _ le

ghi, I mean, the Broad - way stage! The sil - ver screen! But first we need your
Music notation with lyrics and dialogue:

Mama, to make the right decision.

Repeat 'til cue (Relax tempo on repeat)

Dialogue: "Oh, Mama, say yes..."

Cue out: "...smallish percentage of her earnings"

Judy: "You were talking to Mommy, weren't you?"

Mysterioso

Underscore

Judy: "Don't you have any children?"

Sylvia: "Not what I'd call talent."

"God, it was all so embarrassing."

...
Piano & Vocal

"Talent"

76

ad lib.

77

78

79

never have to hide no, you've got talent

And

Not too fast

80

81

82

83

I'll be by your side to guide that talent

So kick

up your heels and tap your toes I'm your Auntle Mame, your

84

85

86

87

88

89

Mama Rose and Nothin's gonna stop us 'til we're
through
Honey
Sylvia will

make your dreams come true
You've got

ad lib.
talent
lots of talent baby
you'll have it all wait and see
For a
long with all that talent you've got your Mother and
me!

Applause segue to "Talent" play-off
Talent - Playoff

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird
To Play This Part

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Miss Thorn: "Pippi In Tahiti, the musical, by Myrna Thorn...thank you."

Music: Marvin Laird

To dance my dances

To sing my song

It's all I've wanted...all I've dreamed my whole life long...Tho' I'm
only eight years old Just a baby so I'm in it Can I

help it I already know my heart And I'll do

anything to play this part

"Let's begin, shall we?"

Cmaj7/G
\(\text{now won't you please welcome a multi talented third grader} \)
\(\text{music inst. Ms. Tina Denmark!} \)
\(\text{The}
\)
merry go round is beginning to slow now Have
\(A^b\text{maj}^7\)
\(E^b\text{11+5}\)
\(A^b\text{maj}^7\)
\(G^b\text{13}\)
\(F^b5\)
\(F^b7/4\)
\(E^b\text{maj}\)
\(E^b7\)
\(D^b\text{m9 add6}\)
\(E^b\text{maj}^6\)

I stayed too long at the fair?
\(B^b\text{m9}\)
\(E^b7\)
\(D^b\text{m9 add6}\)
\(E^b\text{maj}\)

music has stopped and the children must
"To Play This Part" [c 6/93]

"Thank you"

go now Have I stayed too long at the

Cue: "I already learned it in the hall"
La grande valse

Cue: "Jazz...5-6-7-8..."
Bouncy jazz 4

212 362-5832
"To Play This Part"

Piano Vocal

59 60 61 62

E D E D9 FT E D D9 FT Dm9 G9

Slower 4
Cue: "...interpretive"

63 (Early Philip Glass/Late Pearl Lang) 64

65 66

Cm9 M7

67 68

Cm9 M7/A D11 G11 Cm add2

V.S.
a Tempo (not too fast)

Cue: "...and now, please welcome..."

If I sound des-prate well it's be-cause

All I

want not all I need is your ap-plause

So I

pray to him on high The cast-ing a-gen in the sky
"To Play This Part"

Casts me! And I'll stay true to my art.

Anything you please pound erasers on my knees. I'll do anything to play this part.

V.S.
Miss Thorn: "And now ladies and gentlemen..."
"Boys and girls..."
"Mike and Betty..."

"The star of this year's school show..."
"Louise Lerman!"
[on her 'TAKE']

Play off
Bright jazzy 4

gliss.
F6add2
F6
C6/G
Am11
Am
Miss Thorn's Entrance

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

[Warn] Doorbell rings
[Cue] Tina: "I'll get it"
Before Third Grade
(Underscore)

Cue (Judy): “It might help her to put things in perspective.”

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Segue to “Teaching Third Grade”
Teaching Third Grade

[rev & tr 10/93]

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Moderato

Music: Marvin Laird

Miss Thorn: Moderato

There's no need to worry
Unknit your brow
For tho' Tina's taking this hard right now
Evidence tells me I'm happy to say She'll get over her disappointment some day
Cue: "...Look at me"

"Third Grade" from [Title]

Pro 1/Vocal

Teaching third grade
Shaping the minds of a new generation

No longer a...

fraid to get on with my life and off medication

Sure, I...

Moderate 2

went to New York to be an overnight sensation
"Third Grade"

More than a face — I was a winning combination of
talent and grace — should’ve packed more — ’cause I was
mugged, raped and robbed before I left Penn Station.

Now I'm back, Lord, at the blackboard teaching third
Cue: "Something to fall back on?" [Finger snap]

Something to fall back on
Sure, it works for some
But

I fell back and look what life's become
To

night I'll get cozy. Pour wine, light the tapers. Then
sit there alone there all night grading papers. The pay may be steady My

summer's are free. But do you want your daughter to turn out like

me. Yeah, I had something to fall back on. Safe and so secure With

very few surprises in store. This cheery demeanor.
"Third Grade"

It's all a charade
The truth is I'm bored I hate teaching third

Double time feel
Judy: "I wonder what's keeping Tina."

grade
Sick of Jane and sick of Dickie.

Never quiet, always sticky

Noses runny, noses bleed.
Little runs so bloodied.

Dm7/Eb
Dm7/Eb
Joan hits Jan - ice with a slink - ey
Ban makes Ter - ry touch his wink - ie

This one cried and that one pouted
I can't take it

God, I need

Something to fall back on...
from what I've fallen
Moderato

"Third Grade" ly & arr. (93/93)

Judy: "...about Tina?"

back on

far as the lead in the show my dear She'll have to get over not winning this year

In - to each life rain falls I'm a - fraid Life is a bitch

And it starts in third grade...
Scene 3 Play-Off

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Cue: "Unless, of course, something
Should happen to Leise Lerman."

Music: Marvin Laird

Misterioso

Tina: "I'll do it." [Thunder effect]

Maestoso

Tempo

Bright 4

poco rit.

Fade under dialogue
PIANO 1/VOCAL

Judy
Sylvia

Where Tina Gets It From

[rev 6/03]

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue: "What is there to say?"

"After all"

Judy:

I can't sing a

Easy, show-ballad 4

No talent
Whatsoever
I can't tell a joke
Not! I'm simply not that clever.
Make no mistake With pride I'm overcome But I
have'n't a clue as to who Tina gets it from

Here's the way I see it—First we get an agent—One in New York. One on the coast.

She's great for commercials but only a couple. Over exposure is

all too common in this highly competitive world where a professional
"Where/From" (r 6/93)

My smoked salmon spread

Fred

said is finger lickin'

Spoken: "My husband!"

Sylvia: "Fred?"

But on a stage I simply would go numb

So, I'm
up in the air as to where my daughter gets it from

She needs someone like me

Dear I've been around the block And to-

gather we'll make millions so Who cares where Tina gets it from Now
A bit brighter

Yeah I can make a bed and I can vacuum. And I can

Here's the way I see it—First we get an agent—One in New York—One on the coast—

dust And Watch me cook a chicken

She's great for commercials But only a couple—Over exposure is

My smoked salmon spread

all too common in this highly competitive world where a professional
said is finger lick-in'

kid—can make more money than her parents. She needs someone like

Dear I’ve been around the block And to—

up in the air as to where My Ti-na gets it from

gather we’ll make millions so. Who cares where Ti-na gets it from—
No matter where she got it

She's got an awful lot, My kid's a

Double-x feel

It does n't

genius It is all a mystery I guess I'll

matter Not a crumb

"Wherefrom" [r 6\(9\)]
never know where Tina gets it

where Tina gets it
"Take me home"
"Where do you live?"

where Tina gets it

from

On Cue: [Jump]
"Where I'll go"

Where Tina gets it

Where Tina gets it

from...

from...

E6 (keep steady)
Scene 4 - Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Judy: "I was adopted when I was very young."

"She's a theater critic."
Cue: "coming to see Tina's show tonight."

Cue: "Ruthless, the Life & Times Of Ruth del Marco."
Judy: "That name..."

Sylvia: "Ruth del Marco?"

Cue Sylvia: "What's the matter, Judy?"
Out on: Judy: "Wait!"

Cue: Judy: "She sang"
The Pippi Song

Cue: "All right, here we go. Places! Go music..."

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird
Cue: "Come on, Puddles"

Play

Thorn:

How-dy doo, My name is Pip-py P - I - P - P - Y "P - I - P - P - Y"

Louise:

I* Oh. Never been to school Not once A fact I can't deny I

never learned to read or write I can't spell her-ma-phro-dite
Never learned arithmetic But I don't give a lick
If ya never been to school Life is not so grim You
never have homework And you never ever have to take gim I'm
free and happy all day long Just

E-flat E-flat m7 D-m7 G-m7 C7 add 6 F7 add 6 C7 add 6 B-flat F-flat A
"The Pippi Song" [r 1/33]

singing 'an' dancin' The Pip-py song.

Vamp til:
"Shake..." [and crosses arms]

[Cue Miss Thorne:
"Let's just take it from the Charleston"

Miller Martin Sonora
I Asked Politely
(& Scene Transition)

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

After Dial:
Louise: "You don't have the range." [Wait one beat]

I asked politely I said please Now there's

nothing left to do but...

[Play after "Unkie's Muckle" during 1st announcement]

[Stop as Sylvia changes station]
Before "Kisses And Hugs"

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue: Phone rings

Vamp

A

B

Judy:

C

Hello

Yes, this is

E

F

Tina's mother.

I heard

H

Missus

Will

Sus

Cf m6

Dm6
Judy: "And I love you..."
[Sylvia flings open the front door.
Tina enters.
They exchange a look.
Sylvia dashes out!]

Sylvia: "There's more news on the accident."
Kisses And Hugs
[rev 10/92]

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird
Piano/Vocal

Cue: Judy:
"Tina, would you like to talk about what happened to Louise?"

Tina: Child-like and sprightly

I'm so very lucky that you are my mother. You don't have a son. I don't have a brother. Just me, you and Daddy. Our own family.

No other parents could ever be as
loving as my parents are to me

[F with A/]
poco rit.

El m7 rit.
rall.

Meno mosso

[Db]
Db maj7/Ab

El m7

G7/F
Ab7/Gb

A tempo

Judy: "Why are you crying mother?"

Judy: "That poor little girl. Tina..."

Sometimes things happen as sad as can be Can

Db
Db maj7/Ab

El m7

G7/F
Ab7/Gb

I have a pop tart and go watch T. V? You're

Db
Db maj7/Ab

D o
Ab7/Eb
taking this naively well and that's grand. But if

you want to cry or hold mom's hand. Or

even stop smiling. I'd understand

Much brighter

più mosso

Tina: "Why should I cry? I didn't get killed."

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5832
Judy: "I'll get your pop tart"

Tempo 1

think that my mom - my could use a few kis - es I'll trade them for

Rubato

hugs

Oh, what bliss this is...
Miss Thorn Threat - "Third Grade" Reprise - Judy Discovers Wig

Lyrics: Joel Pahey
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue - Thorn: "Look, Mrs. D." Menacing
Dialogue continues 'til Cue -
Thorn: "...or I shall be forced to go
to the police!"

Judy: "The police?!
(no hold)"

Misterioso
(And Pзо-k.m)

"Play 2x"

rall...

Dialogue continues 'til -
Judy: "...that my eight year old killed
for a part in the school show?!!"

Cue - Thorn:
"Not just any part Mrs. Denmark, the lead!!"

Music out on: [Thorn] "...there will be an investigation!"
"Threat! 3rd Rep! Wig"

Tempo marcato

altered the costume Louise was so big Now you'll need to come up with a
red braid ed wig Smile Mis sus Den mark she's gonna be great Good

God! It's twelve thirty and the show starts at eight (move it!)

Thorn: "Now you'll get comps."

Judy puts tray on coffee table

Tina sneaks into room for script Stealthily

Judy returns

V.S.
She unzips bag
She pulls out wig

Judy: "Oh, knock it off, Tina. You're not that good!"
Cut on
Judy: "You did it, didn't you?"

Cue - Judy: "Not the play, Tina! Tell me what happened to Louise."

Cue - Judy: "Then what happened?"
Cue - Tina: "...around her fat neck and pushed her over the side!"

[Vamp 'til lights up]

Out on
Tina: "I wanted the part. What could I do?"
Talent - Reprise

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue -
Sylvia: "$Oh, Judy, lighten up..."

"...It was on sale!"

Sylvia: "She'll look
picked one up for my-self"

"...in chinch a star in what I bought her"

Now
if she just remembers all I taught her
to

night will launch her new career. It won't be long before they cheer. They'll
give us a standing ovation.

(Spoken) "Brava!"

make the kid a household name with a 'Tina doll' and the 'Tina game. She's
I Hate Musicals

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Sylvia: "Oh God, she's not going
to review the show, is she"
Judy: "I hope not."

Judy: "That's my manager.
Sylvia St. Croix."
Judy: "Mother"
Lita: "Honey"
Lita: "I must be in the wrong house!"

(Ad lib.)
I go see a play with no singin' or dan-cin' to get in the way
Then - tre is lan - guage and that should be all. Mu - sic be - longs at the Car - ne - pie Hall. Not a

reason on earth as far as I know to write, mount, and o - pen a musi - cal show.

Driving show 2

The stu - ry is

mov - ing, chock full of sus - pense.
plot takes a twist and the mood is intense

A maj7

E7b13

A maj7

A7/E

Eb7+11

someone sings a song like this it doesn't make sense

D maj7

Dm7

A maj9

D7/Al

G13

F7b13

(Spoken) "Puh-leeze..."

I hate musicals!

B7b5

B7b5

Bm9

I hate the new shows they're nothing but sets

A maj7

E7b13

A maj7
miss the Von Trapp kids, The Sharks and The Jets

Unplug those keyboards Give me real clarinets Miss

O-tis says with no regrets I hate

musicals

There
doesn't seem to be a shred of anything new

The hottest shows were all composed by late sixty two

Now if you want to create a sensation use a

Hollywood star and amplification and
"I Hate Musicals"

whether the show is a hit or a flop they sell

T-shirts and caps with their logo on top

Spoken: "One size fits all"

At a musical.
I hate the genre it's all second rate

When forced to see this stuff I always come late

I never to curtain call it all hum"me all

sit there and cough the whole night long:
Hold for applause; and as LITA crosses to sofa and STARTS to sit...
Reprise Intro

116 How I hated "Phantom" down in each candelabra

117 D6 Eb D6 Eb Em C/E E♭ B♭7 and A♭7 B♭ B♭7

118 took the book along and read through "Les Misérables"

119 D6 Eb D6 Eb Em C/E E♭ B♭7/F G m B♭7/D B♭ D

120 When it comes to subtlety the hairs fall a hair shorter

121 B m7/F5 E7 A m Am♭7 C7/A

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5X12
never enticed... It's way over-priced and I won't pay...

I hate musicals...

but I fear they're here to stay... Yes!

I hate musicals... but
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue - "She'll die in the Brownies!"
"Judy..."

"...but you're afraid"

Judy: "I am de-lir-i-ously..."
"...life."

Cut on: "Daughter"

V.S.
Cue: Judy: "And so, too, will my daughter"
Repeat ’til: "..inherited talent."

Sylvia: "Ruthless, the Life & Times..."

Cue - "Ruth Del Marco" 

Lita: "Ruth Del Marco?"
Lita: "Ruth Del Marco was insane!"
Lita: "...but totally insane"

Lita: "...certainly couldn't take constructive criticism."

Sylvia: "a review written by Lita encore"

Lita: "What of it?"

Lounge music
Sylvia: "...after one lousy performance..." Dialogue continues...

Cue - Lita: "Perhaps she is..."

Sylvia: "What?!"

Misterioso

Cut after - Sylvia: "Surely you don't believe..."

Cue - Sylvia: "or her child"

Cue - Tina: "Sylvia"

Tina: "Sylvia"

"She kept it quiet, of course, the child's father being a senator, and all..."

Dialogue continues...

Cue - Lita: "Please, Ginger..."

V.S.
...but it's there in my blood and in Tina...

[U.S. pp 49-55] [vol 9] [Vol 9]

Revolutionary etude

Judy says...

Cue: Lita: "Oh Judy..."

Cue: Judy: "No, my name is Ginger Del Marco."

[With Judy's face]

Next: "Angel Mom"
Angel Mom-3 False Starts

[5/92]

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird
Mod. waltz (simplice)

Sylvia: "...it's almost there"
[Start]

I was a little girl, a little girl of seven

Mommy unexpectedly went on a trip to heaven

Daddy dear would kiss my tear...

Sylvia: "No, it's too cute - it needs weight! Now try it again"

Tina:
I was a little girl, a little girl of seven, my Mommy...
Sylvia: "No tears, dammit!"

Dialogue

Cue: "I'll show ya how it's done!"

I was a little girl, a little girl of seven my

Mom - my unexpectedly went on a trip to heaven And

Daddy dear would kiss my tear when I would start to cry...

Dialogue - segue to "Angel Mom"
Angel Mom

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Tina: "Mama, will you show me how it’s done?"

[Judy turns front]

F maj7  Not slow F maj/D/C G m9 C7.5

Judy:

When

F maj7 F maj9/C G m9 C7.5

I was a little girl, a little girl of seven My

F maj9 F maj7/C Gm7 sus  C7 B.F. C7/G
Mommy unexpectedly went on a trip to heaven. And Daddy dear would kiss my tear when I would start to cry and say "Tho' Mommy's dead, she's overhead, an angel in the sky."

Spoken: "Mama." Now
when I lay me down to sleep I don't turn off the light So

Mom can find me when she comes to kiss my cheek good night Of

course I raise my window now before I get in bed I

wouldn't want my angel mom to bang her angel head
Piu mosso

Spoken: "I'm a talented girl, Mam!

You may say I'm motherless but I must disappear for

A Tempo

I live for my mother and my Mother lives in me and

everything I'll ever do and everything I'll be I'll
"Angel Mum" [c.1937]

because of Mom-my dear, my Mother lives in me.

Spoken: "Tina, third chorus!"

You may say I'm moth-er-less but I must dis-a-

glee for I live for my mother dear and Mother lives in the And

every thing I'll ev-er do and every thing I'll be paco rall. I'll
be because of Mommy dear

poco a poco cresc.

Mommy's here

My Mother lives in

A Tempo

Applause segue
Angel Mom-Playoff

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Big, lush Viennese waltz

It starts to get crazy here...

Maestoso

(let ring)
Piano 1/Conductor Act 2

Ruthless!
THE MUSICAL

Book and Lyrics
by
Joel Paley

Music
by
Marvin Laird

THE CANON THEATRE
BEVERLY HILLS

©1993

Property of:

Samuel French, Inc.
45 West 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
"Entr’Acte"

40
F  G m/C  F maj7  G m/C

44
Bb6

48
[Dizzy Fingers]

52
Am7  Am7/C

56
F maj7

Segue as one to
"Montage Act II"
Act II-Montage/Opening

lyrics: Joel Paley

From "Entr'acte"

Judy:

Saturday, the twenty third of May

Frederick, darling what can I say?

Music: Marvin Laird
"Act II-Montage/Opening"

Cue: (LITA) "her performance..."

Pickup on: (LITA) "dog Puddles..."

Judy:
Oh What's to become of my only

Fm6/G Bbm6/D Bm6/D Eb Eb Eb Dm6/5
daughter who I have protected from croup to split ends

So many lessons that I should have taught her.

Like, for example, to not kill her friends.
Plaintively

Cue: "So, I've turned her in."

Cue: (HORN) "Are we on T.V.??"

Cue: Clang! (watch prison cell after Tina sentencing)

Underscore Judy's speech: "As for me, now that I know, etc."

Out after: "...By the time you read this..."

[Splendid dirge]

Tina:

Cue: (SYLVIA) "...criminally talented."

I am

Freely

at the Daisy Clover school, an actress paying dues just one of several hundred psycho-
Pathic ingenues

Judy reads the telegram

'til: "With me, Luck, Mother"

Cue:
[Tina crumples up the telegram and scrubs]

The older girls are dangerous. Their smoking makes me cough.
life is taking orders while my Mother's taking off!

must confess it really makes me burn

mother shouldn't take her daughter's turn

Cue: Sylvia: "Talent! Inherited and unstoppable..." Marcalo (a la Quasi documentary)
"Act II - Montage/Opening"

Fanfare

Cue - Sylvia: "...the name
her biological mother gave her..."

(gloss.) B♭₉ m9 C♯₇ b₉us

C

C₇
Vamp 'til:
(SYLVA) "...to the horn of success"

Cue: (SYLVIA) "...as for Tina..."

"Dear Sylvia... I am writing...

[To 136]

"...to... the... that...are...whenever... please if possible... Tina"

Segue

Vamp

(SYLVA) "On the very morning that Tina was to be released, etc."

Segue to "Penthouse Apartment"
Penthouse Apartment

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Sylvia: "...and headed straight for Ginger's apartment"

Jazzy 4

That's Pent-house a-part-ment a view of the park, oh!

Life is a lark - o- for Ging-er Del Mar-co. The liv-in' is easy from

mor-nin' 'til night - oh. You know you're a star when the ta-ble light-ers light, oh!

Music: Marvin Laird
Hey, look at me, oh! a kid from To-le-do,
Liv' in' the high life I wish it were my life.

Bein' persistent I became her assistant,
I took up the plummum and

some times I am her.
I put on her undies, her perfume and jewels. I slip into her nightgown and slap on her mules.

Guzzle her liquor, I eat all her food. I coddle her Torns when I'm in the mood.

Sprawl on her bed. I read all her mail. I study her movements every detail.
Slightly Slower

I'm a Vocal

"Ten House Apartment"

wanna be ready for one day perhaps I'll be waitin' in the wings when Ginger snips

I pick up her tissues when she has the flu, choose

I pum-ice her bun-ions This week she had two, sew I cook and clean I wash and sew, I

walk the dog and shovel snow... I'm a glor-i-fied maid but I'm
"Penthouse Apartment"

havin' the time of her life and gettin',

I want a

Penthouse apartment

A view of the park oh yeah

Oh Yeah!
Cue - Block: "As opposed to, let's say, the suburbs."

[Music notation with chords and instructions]
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

[Cue] Block: "The fabulous Ruth Del Marco"

[Cue] Ginger: "Overnight..."

Slowly

"...look at that line"

[Cue] Block: "Toast?...or should I say..."

Cue: "Danish?"

"Didn't it used to be Denmark?"

"As in Judy Denmark?!!"
It Can Never Be That Way Again

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

"Ruthless"

[Tr 1/93]
Ginger: "Can I sing it?" Miss Block: "Please."

[Cue] Ginger: "Boys?"

"Never Again"

Moderato (K. Weill feel)

Ginger:

Once life was

simple and entrance

I was an

Spoken: "Sorry"

Oh how I

E maj7

Bm7

E 7
loved to cook and clean. My life an open magazine just like

A maj7

ev'ry hoppy housewife way back when.

C1m9

never be that way again. I lost the

F1m9 poco a poco cresc.

A tempo

A maj7/B B7 sus B9 B9

a theme. I found my voice. And now I

EE77 m7/A

A711

B79
live my life on stage I have no choice

A woman

deemed to entertain must use applause to ease the pain when she

gets that old familiar housewife yen

But it can

never be that way again
love me!

From hell to heaven

So it's good.

Bye to apple pie—Bouquet champagne

Pet scop to

Ad lib

You thus won't make sense. I'll always miss my pocket fence—

The way my life was simple way back when

Poco rit.
Ad lib

star in B'way shows 'cause in my veins the talent flows it will

Gm7  A7m7  Bb maj7  ff  A7  A7m

A tempo

never be that way

Gm7  C7 sus  C 5

píeza a poco cresc.

F maj7

F maj7

This time I'm doin' it for me, Mama.
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue - Ginger notices wig: "Aaugh!"

[Cue] Brock: "And now Miss Del Marro" [Scream]

Cue - Sylvia: "Don't you know what day it is?"

Cut on Cue: "...October the 6th"

Cue - Sylvia: "...your daughter is being released"

Cue - Ginger:
"And you're my manager, not my mother"

Keep it going 'til -
Ginger: "Knock it off!"

(Long dialogue)

[Cue] Judy: "Butt out, Sylvia!"

Segue as one to:
"I Want The Girl"
I Want The Girl

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

A
Ginger: "Butt out, Sylvia"

B
C
D

Agitato

mf

You say— that I can have anything— that I want; I want the girl.

You say— that you will pay any price, may I be blum? I want the girl.
"I Want The Girl"

Look around, look what I've made here... I didn't do it for you, I'm not cutting out 'til I'm paid, dear... so save your behavior, it's much too abusive.

I want the girl and I want an exclusive...

You think that you can tear us apart. You've got your...
nerve; I'll get the girl. So hopelessly wrapped up in your life, you don't de-
serve that little girl. True, your reviews may be glow-
ing.

The critics, darling they say... well, darling your ego is show-ing. To-

day's hot tomato to-mor-row grows colder, the future is here, dear, look over your shoul-

local a poco cresc. rit.

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5832
I'm gonna take her...

a bigger star, a brighter star than you...

can't let it happen, not again; I can't face the loss, not again.

Pick-ing out a dress.

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5812
"I Want The Girl"

Working on your smile.
Remembering your lines, forgetting you've a child.

Lady you're on top.
Go on and take a bow; go

on and take another.
How can you be blamed? You're no different from your mother.

Stand back! This time she's hitting the heights, that gorgeous
face, those golden curls. I see a blazing theatre marquee: my name in lights... I mean, the girl's. One day you may understand, dear.

Maybe you'll thank me someday for taking these matters in hand, dear. Now go on and polish your star as it rises, but don't burn your bridge, life's full of surprise... poco a poco

Gm Gm7 Gm6 Gm m7
"I Want The Girl"

To be me.
Be me!
To be me.
Be me!
U.S.-Ginger Opens Door

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue - Ginger: "Bye, bye."

Maestoso

Cue - Door slam
after "Hello Tina" - "Hello Mother"

Rubato-Slowly

[Cue] "You look different"

Cut on - Ginger:
...Please sit down"
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

[Cue] Eve: "...because I quit!"
[Stop on] "Like they was books."

[Cue] Ginger: "Get out!"
[Cue out] "Charity. It made me feel good in here."

Piano 1/Vocal
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

Cue-
Tina: "I hear you were very good"

[Out on] Ginger: "I can play anything you know"

[On cue] Tina: "Can you play the part of my mother again?"

(Rubato) $f$

[Eb/D♭] B 7/D♭ D♭maj7 G♭/A♭

[To 28] "...talent come from"

A♭9♭5 A♭8 D♭add9 D♭ poco accel...

[To 28] "...born..."

D♭°sus (add 6) D♭°+6 D♭7 D♭/Gb G♭
[Music out on] Ginger: "I know the answer now."

Tina: "It was a hard couple of years, but I learned something."

Rubato (Hymn-like)

[To 40B]

Out on-
Tina: "I can make you happy again."

[Cue]
Tina: "Open it."

[Out on] "Put it on."

Cue-
Tina: "Don't send me away."

Sofly, tenderly

Ginger: "Oh, knock it off, Tina."

Out after-
Tina: "What do you think I'm doing here?"
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

[Cue] Ginger:
“What are you really doing here?”

[I’m a Broadway star, not a Broadway mind reader!]

[Segue to “Parents And Children”]
Lyrics: Joel Paley

Cue - Tina:
"And you're my mother,
[music in]

You're not my only reason to exist, dear...

When I think of all the life I might have missed, dear...

Yes, I had a life before your birth, dear...

You're not my only reason to be living here on earth dear...

[Music notation]
A Tempo (not quite as fast)

Being a mother is only a fraction. Even a mother's entitled to action.

Don't get me wrong, Kid. I know the score. But, I've done double duty, and

now I want more. I fed you. I dressed you. You sneezed and I God-blessed you.

Now I have a life. I'm more than a mother. I'm more than a

\textit{poco rit.} rall. \textit{rall.}
A Tempo

I am your kid an' there's no going back, Mom.

wife

Ebm 11
Ab 7 b9
Db maj 9
Db 9+
G13/Db
F6/Ab 7
Ab 13

here and now I think I'll go un-pack, Mom.

whatever I am, Mom

Db maj 9
Db 9+
Ab m9
Db 7 b9
Gb maj 7
Gb m6

owe it to you.

So you can't disregard me and discard me on cue.

My
lawyers all agree
good or bad luck, Mom, you’re stuck, Mom, with me

Rubato

Judy:

Let’s be calm
Let’s not shout
Let’s

try and understand what this is really all about
Who'd have tho' we'd come to this position
Mother Daughter locked in competition

Who'd have tho' we'd come to this position
Mother Daughter locked in competition

all I'm saying all I'm praying

all I'm wanting all I'm hoping all I'm praying

is for you to look at me Look at me Look at me

poco accel. accel.
Piano/Vocal

[Move it a bit!]

Pet for attention, vie for respect

Parents and children acting like strangers and

If you take a moment to reflect you'll see we're no
Rubato

different from any family

You're my mother

You're my daughter

Look At Me

Look At Me

rit.

Earp shimmer

mp
Underscore

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue- Ginger: "My Mother's dead"
Sylvia: "Am I?"

[Cue] Ginger: "I don't understand, Sylvia"
Sylvia: "The name is Del Marco"

Dialogue continues...
"...not even my own child..."

"Then, when they..." etc.

Opt. repeat
Time it so that "...passing cruise ship" is in clear
Cue-
*Sylvia: "...fortunately, no one recognized me with wet hair"

Opt. repeat

Cut after: "Or should I say Sylvia St. Croix was. They loved me!"

(chromatic run)

Cue-
[Sylvia glares at Tina]

Cut after: "Hello Dolly"
Cue-Sylvia: "I jumped at it"

Sylvia: "It didn't matter..."

[Cue to continue]

Sylvia: "I've got my pride"

Cue-Ginger: "Why did you try to take Tina from me?"

With feeling (or indifference, whichever you prefer)

Out by-
"...with your daughter"
Tina: "I want that part"
(Still in two)
[Cue] Ginger: "Cute kid, too"
Ruthless

Lyrics: Joel Paley

Music: Marvin Laird

[Cue] Tina: "I can learn. Teach me?"

[Cue] Eve exits in a huff (GINGER)

Fast

member the night that I won my first Tony

thanked my producers, the gang down at Sony
thanked my di - rec - tor, my hair - dres - ser Paul,

thanked all the peo - ple both lit - tle and small, And I as -

sure you the tears that I dabbed

not for the backs that I stubbed
Be ruthless, take a gander at me. Ruthless, unconditionally ruthlessly, that's the game you must play to hit the heights I guarantee. Ruthless puts you on the marquee, ruthless, they're notorious. Ly ruthlessly, those who have a career, dear...
Being sweet and affectionate only leads to rejection, it never wins you a Tony award... Lord, you've helped me find my niche. Thanks to talent I'm filthy rich, 'Tho' God knows you're a ruthless bitch! I'm fly-in' high and adored.

"Ruthless"
We ruthless, Granny, Mommy and inc. ruthless, Go—take a tip from the
three ruthless ladies sing in this song.

Can the compassion, the fashion is ruthless. Whether you're young or you're
grey-haired and toothless, the key to success is ruthless.
next!

A low-cut dress

might impress, but to get the gig you gotta have big ruthlessness! The

key to success is ruthlessness.

ch... ch... ch... ch... ch... ch... ch... ch...
"Ruthless"

U.S./End of Show

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird

Cue: (EAVE) "Suit yourself"
Cue: (EAVE) "No"
Cue: "The name's Lerman"
Cue: (TINA) "Hey Betty, how's the lumber game...?"
Cue: (EAVE) "It's me"

1
1A
1B
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13

Let it ring
[cluster]

Fight

Act one

Grave

Menacing

She dies

(She dies)

(TINA grabs gun from table)
Cue: "Back off Sylvia, I've killed before"

Fight

Cue: (LTA) (bursts in) "Where's my granddaughter?"

Underscore

Cue: (LTA) "Why, Ruth Delmarcet!"
(SYLVIA) "Come here, Tina"

[Cue to stop] Tina: "Who's gonna handle me?"
[Cue] Sylvia: "And remember, Tina"

Quick Bb7 arpeggio

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5832
You can go first class if you've got talent. The world will kiss your ass if you've got talent. "Gingie...??"

"baby"

You have it all, don't you see?

And all of that talent came from Cue: (SYLVIA falls dead)

Cue: (LITA) "She never could sing!"

BANG! (gun)
Weird music-box

(JUDY) "What's happened? Where am I?" Out

(a little faster, more maniacal)

(TINA) "You're Ginger Dimarco"
Segue

(JUDY) "No, my name is Judy. Judy Demark.

"That's my name. Judy. Judy Demark."
(TINA) "Judy?"

(JUDY) "Oh, Tina..."

(Cue: (TINA) "Mommy, Mommy!")

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5032
"U.S./End of the Show"

[Out on] Ginger

"Who needs Broadway"

"... get your suitcase, sweetheart — we're going home!"

Tina: "You're right, mother. There's no money on Broadway"

[Gun shot]

[Cue] Tina: "I'm getting a series!"

(in tempo)

(gliss.)
You can call the shots if you've got talent,

The world is gonna plottz from all this talent.

why be in__ a Broadway show__ when you can star__ on vid__-__e__-__o__ and

not have__ to live in__ this slum.
Hey. Hollywood, here I come!

Bang!

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street N.Y.C. 10024
212 362-5822
Fred: "Honey, I'm home!"  Maestoso

"U.S. End of Show"
Bows

Lyrics: Joel Paley
Music: Marvin Laird
Cut on cue to Bar 25
Cue: Ginger motions to pianist for bow

On cue:

```
A7 3 3  Gadd9/B 3 3  C 7  A7/C1
```

```
He  Ruthless, Un-  de- ni- ably  She  Ruthless,  Ev- er- y- bod- y's  a
D  D/A  D  D+/A
```

```
wee  Ruthless  some- where deep in their  hearts  So if you're smart you'll
D  D6/A  Fm11  Fm7  Bm7  B  B+/A
```
“Howz”

Can the con-pas-sion, the fash-ion is ruth-less, Whether you’re young or you’re
grey-haired and tooth-less, the key to suc cess is ruth-less.

[Continue on cue]
Cue: Actors break Downstage,
Bow and go Upstage

Hold until door slam

Maestoso

F, Gb
I’ll Be An Unkie’s Muncle

Music by Marvin Laird
Lyrics by Joel Paley

I’ll be an unkie’s mun-

I’ll be a gun of a son-

When you’re my bun-ny hun-

Every thing’s dunky hour

(continue Jazz/Bounce Fill)

A3946/902
Miller Music Service
252 W. 89th Street NYU 10024
212-362-5832
"Unite's Muncie"

Well, it just shows you
does it?

That the time is tight
For you and me too

ud-dle cup and nance, nance, nance all night

More than a bid-dle lit I love you and I'll be

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212 362-5832
shipped in dit you love me too

In listesso "2"

I'll be an unkie's uncle

I'll be a gun of a son

Miller Music Service
251 W. 89th Street NYC 10024
212-362-5832
"Uncle's Mastic"

35

Everything's dumb

Dm

36

ky

Dm(7)

37

hour

Dm7

38

When you're my hun

G 13

39

ny hun

Gm7

40

Yeah, you're the whit

Gm9

41

tens kiss

G(add9)

42

ers an'

F 69

43

I'm an uncle's muckle

F10

44

Ain't we got gun

F6 G

("Base" Ending)

ff
Better Copy
Not all the music is here
2 copies of this

TEACHING THIRD GRADE
from Ruthless

Lyric by JOEL PALEY
Music by MARVIN LAIRD

Moderato

MISS THORN:

There's no need to worry
Un-knit your brow
For tho' Ti-na's tak-ing this

hard right now
Experience tells me I'm happy to say
She'll get

over her dis-app-o-ment some-day
Teaching third grade Shaping the minds of a

new generation No longer afraid to get on with my life and

off medication Sure, I went to New York to be an

overnight sensation More than a face I was a
winning combination of talent and grace

I should’a packed my mace ’cause I was mugged, raped and robbed before I left Penn Station

Now I’m back, Lord, at the blackboard teaching third grade.
Something to fall back on
Sure, it works for someone
But

I fell back and look what life’s become
Tonight I’ll get cozy, Pour
wine, light the tap-ers Then sit there alone there all night grading papers

The pay may be steady My summer’s are free But do you want your daughter to
Dbmaj9  Eb7sus4  Eb7b5  Eb7  Eb7#5/A  Abmaj7

turn out like me    Yeah... I had some-thing to fall back on

E7/G#  Abmaj7  Gb13#11  F7sus4

Safe and so se-cure With ve-ry few sur-pris-es in store... This

Bbm9  Bdim  Cm7  F7b9(add6)  Eb7sus4/Bb  Cm7

chee-ry de-me-nor... It’s all a cha-rade The truth is I’m bored I hate

Double-time feel

Dbmaj9  Emaj7

teach-ing third grade

(8va)
Sick of Jane and sick of Dick-ie, Never quiet, always sticky

Noses runny, noses bleed, Little runs so bloody needy,

Joan hits Jan-ice with a slink-ey__ Bart makes Terry touch his wink-ie_

This one cried and that one peed__

Db/Eb Db+/Eb

Dmaj7/E Dmaj7#5/E

E9 G6/E
I can't take it
God, I need

Something to fall back on

from what I've fallen back on

As
far as the lead in the show my dear She'll
have to get over not winning this year

Into each life rains I'm afraid Life is a bitch
poco rit.          rall.

And it starts in third grade.