Prologue

Simply, with hesitancy (♩ = 120)

Music and lyrics by Jason Robert Brown

Segue as One

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Scene One:
Still Hurting
(Cathy)

Spare and thoughtful \( \frac{\text{j.}}{= 64-66} \)

Ja-mie is o-ver and Ja-mie is gone...
Ja-mie’s de-cid-ed it’s time to move on.
Ja-mie has new dreams he’s build-ing up-on,

I’m still hurt-ing.

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5/22/02
Jamie arrived at the end of the line.

Jamie's convinced that the problems are mine.

Jamie is probably feeling just fine.

And I'm still hurting.

What about lies, Jamie? What about things that you swore to be true?
What about you, Jamie?
What about you?

Jamie is sure something wonderful died.
Jamie decides it's his right to decide.

Jamie's got secrets he doesn't confide,

I'm still hurting.

(sempre mf)
Go and hide and run away!
Run away,

run and find something better!

Go and ride the sun away!
Run away,

like it's simple, Like it's right...
we Had no chance at all.

Ja-mie is o-ver and where can I turn? Co-vered with scars I did no-thing to earn?

pp Piano Solo

May-be there’s some-where a les-son to learn,

But

that would-n’t change the fact, That would-n’t speed the time,
Once the foundation's cracked
And

I'm

Still

hurting.

(Strgs.) mp tempo

Poco rit.

5/22/02

ATTACCA #2
Scene Two:
Shiksa Goddess
(Jamie)

Latin feel $(d = 80)$

I'm
breaking my mother's heart.
The longer I stand looking at you, the

more I hear it splinter and crack From ninety miles away.

I'm

breaking my mother's heart.
The J. C. C. of Spring Valley is shaking And

6/1/02
crumbling to the ground, And my grandfather’s rolling, Rolling in his grave.

If you had a tat -
to me, that wouldn’t matter. If you had a shaved head, that would be cool.

If you came from Spain or Japan or the back of a van—Just as long as you’re not from Hebrew school—I’d say "Now I’m getting some-
-where! I'm fin- 'lly break-ing through!"

I'd say

(Solo)

(+Stgs)

45

“Hey! Hey! Shik -sa god-dess! I've been wait-ing for some - one like_
Latin feel

you."

(Bs.)

(Bass solo)

I've been waiting through

(+Strgs.)

Danica Schwartz and Erica Weiss And the Han-del-man twins.

(sim.)
I've been waiting through Heather Greenblatt, Annie Mincus, Karen Pincus and Lisa Katz. And Stacy Rosen, Ellen Kaplan, Julie Silver and Janie Stein. I've had
Shabbas dinners on Friday nights. With ev'ry Shapiro in

Washington Heights, But the minute I first met you I could

barely catch my breath. I've been standing for days with the
phone in my hand, Like an id-i-ot, scared to death. I've been wan-
dering through the desert! I've been beaten, I've been hit!

My people have suffered for thousands of years And

I don't give a shit! If you had a pierced
Rock ‘n’ Roll feel

tongue, that wouldn’t matter. If you once were in jail or you once were a man,

If your mother and your brother had “relations” with each other And your

father was connected to the Got-ti clan, I’d say, “Well, nobody’s perfect!” It’s
tragic but it's true. I'd say

“Hey! Hey! Shiksa goddess! I’ve been waiting for someone like...” You,
Dreamy

breaking the circle,

You, taking the light.

You, you are the story I should
write—

(secco, con forza)

I have to write!

If you drove an R.
V., that wouldn’t matter! If you like to drink blood, I think it’s cute...

If you’ve got a powerful connection to your firearm collection, I say,

Draw a bead and shoot! I’m your Hebrew slave, at your ser-
- 15 -

#2 - Shiksa Goddess

vice! Just tell me what to do!

I say,

Hey hey hey hey! I've been waiting for someone, I've been
praying for someone, I think that I could be in love with some-

Like

you!
Steady \( (J=80-84) \)

I guess I can’t believe you really came And that we’re sitting on this pier. See, I’m smiling That means I’m happy that you’re here.
I stole this sweater from the costume shop-
It makes me look like Daisy Mae.

See, we’re laughing—
I think we’re gonna be okay.

I mean, we’ll have to try a little harder
And bend things to and fro
To make...
this love as special
As it was five years ago.

I mean, you made it to Ohio! Who knows.

where else we can go?

I think you're really gonna like this show.

I'm pretty sure it doesn't suck.
See, you're laughing, and I'm smiling. By a river in Ohio. And you're mine.

We're doing fine.

Vamp

JUMP on CUE: "What's your address?"

I think we both can

p Ad lib. - light comp under Bass solo

(Cello 1 - Solo)
see what could be better— I’ll own when I was wrong. With all we’ve had to go through, We’ll end up twice as strong. And so we’ll start again this weekend. And just keep rolling along... Solo (Strgs.)

5/23/02
I didn’t know you had to go so soon. I thought we had a little time.

Look, whatever, if you have to, Then you have to, so whatever. It’s all right. We’ll have to—

Vamp JUMP on CUE: “Thank you, this is great.”

night.

A2 D2/A A2 D2/A p Ad lib. light comp under Bass solo sub. f (+Cello/Bass)

5/23/02
You know what makes me crazy? I'm sorry, can I say this? You know what makes me nuts? The fact that we could be together, Here together, Sharing our night, spending our time. And you are gonna choose someone else to be with—no, you are. Yes, Jamie, that's exactly what you're doing: You could be here with me, Or be there with them—As usual, guess which you pick! No, Jamie, you do
not have to go to another party—with the same twenty jerks you already know. You could stay with your wife on her fucking birthday. And you could, God forbid, even see my show!—And I know in your soul it must drive you crazy. That you won’t get to play with your little girlfriends—No, I’m not—no, I’m not!—and the point is, Jamie, that you can’t spend a single day. That’s not about
You and you and nothing but you.

"Mah-vel-ous" no-vel-ist, you! Is't he won-der-ful? Just twen-ty-eight! The sa-vi-or of writ-ing!

You,

and you, and no-thing but you— Mi-les and pi-les of you, Push-ing through

win-dows and burst-ing through walls En route to the sky!

And I...
I swear to God... I'll never understand...

How you can stand there, straight and tall,
And see I'm crying,
And not do anything at all...

At CUE, "I'll be there in five minutes.
watch for JAMIE to put down the box

5/23/02

ATTACCA #
Scene Four:
Moving Too Fast
(Jamie)

Funky Rock 4 ($J = 100-102$)

Did I just hear an alarm start ringing?

Did I see sirens go flying past?

Though I don’t know what tomorrow’s bringing, I’ve got a singular impression things are moving too fast.
I'm gliding smooth as a figure skater, I'm riding hot as a rocket blast. I just expected it ten years later. I've got a singular impression things are moving too fast. And you say,
“Oh, no, Step on the brakes, Do whatever it takes, But stop this train!

Slow, slow! The light’s turning red!”

But I say:

No! No! Whatever I do, I barrel on through, And I don’t complain. No

matter what I try, I’m flyin’ full speed ahead!

5/23/02
I'm never worried to walk___ the___ wire.

I won't do anything just___ “half-assed,”___

But with the stakes getting somewhat higher, I've got a

singular impression___ that things are moving too___
I found a woman I love.

And I found an agent who loves me.

Things might get bumpy, but some people analyze every detail.
Some people stall when they can't see the trail. Some people freeze out of fear that they'll fail. But I

keep rollin' on. Some

5/23/02
people can't find success with their art,
Some people never feel love in their heart,
Some people can't tell the two things apart,
But I keep rollin' on.
Oh, oh, may be I can’t follow through,

But oh,

Oh, what else am I s’posed to do?

F (light ad libs.)  Bb/F  F  Bb/F
JUMP at KATHY: “I’ll talk to you soon.”

I dreamed of writing like the high and mighty,
Now I’m the subject of a bidding war!

I met my personal Aphrodite—
I'm do-in' things I never dreamed of before!

We start to take the next step together,

Found an apartment on Seventy-Third!

The Atlantic Monthly's printing my first chapter...
Two thousand buckswit.... rewriting one word!

I left Columbia and I don't regret it.

I wrote a book and Sonny Meh... read it!

My heart's been stolen!

My ego's swollen!
just keep roll-in’ along!

Oh, yeah!

And I think,

“Well, well, what else is in store? Got all this and more Before twenty-four!” It’s hard not to be sure I’m spinning out of control! Out of control!
I'm feeling panicked and rushed and hurried!

I'm feeling outmaneuvered and outclassed.

But I'm so happy I can't get worried about this singular impression.

I've got a singular impression things are moving too fast!
**Scene Five:**

**I’m A Part Of That**

*(Cathy)*

Music and lyrics by

*Jason Robert Brown*

*Bouncy in 6 (♩=140-144)*

[**Piano - Tacet to m12**]

**Vln.**

One day we’re just like "Leave It to Beaver." One day it’s just a

**mp**

Typical life, And then he’s off on

**10**

A trip to Jamie-land:

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5/23/02*
Starting catatonie out the window,

Barely even breathing all the while...

And then he’ll

smile, His eyes light up, and deep within the ground, Without a sound,
A moment comes to life,
And I'm a part,

of that...
I'm a part of that.

(Play) a tempo

I'm a part of that.

(+Bass)

Bouncy in 6

Next day it's just like
It never happened
We're making dinners
We're making plans. Then he gets on the mule train to Jamie-land:

Handful after handful of Doritos,

clinging the apartment, logging miles...
And then he

Half-time feel

smiles, His eyes light up, and how can I complain? Yes, he's in-

sane, But look what he can do, And I'm a part

of that... I'm a part of that...

(Play a tempo)
I'm a part of that... And it's

true, I tend to follow in his stride,

stead of side by side, I take his cue.

True, but there's no ques-
- tion, there’s no doubt — I said I’d stick it out — And follow through, And when I

do — Then he smiles, And where else can I go? — I didn’t
know
The rules do not apply.
And then he

(Vln.)

A♭Δ7   Dm7(b5)/G  G+7   Cm9   A♭/B♭

smiles, And nothing else makes sense.
While he in-

E♭   Fm7   E♭/G   B♭m9   E♭+7

Poco Rit.

vents The world that’s passing by.
And I’m a part.

A♭Δ7   Dm7(b5)/G  G+7   Cm9   G7/B  G9/B♭
At peak of applause, cue Cello 1 to hit Chime 4 times - 3 sec. apart.
Scene Six:
The Schmuel Song
(Jamie)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown
Scene Six:
The Schmuel Song
(Jamie)

Music and lyrics by Jason Robert Brown

Cue: “...Tailor of Klimovich”
Not too fast ( \( \dot{\text{d}} = 84 \))

(Sigs. pizz/Gtr.)

Schmu-el would work 'til half-past ten at his tailor shop in Kli-mo-vich,

Get up at dawn and start again with the hems and pins and twist.

Forty-one years had come and gone at his tailor shop in Kli-mo-vich.

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10/13/02
Blank Music Preparation Local 10-208 #50768
Watching the winter's soldier on, there was one thing Schmu-el missed.

"If I only had time," old Schmu-el said, "I would build the dress that's in my head, A dress to fire. The mad desire. Of girls from here to Minsk, But I have no more hours left to sew."

Then the clock upon the wall began to glow... And the clock said:

(under strings)

10/13/02
“Na na na na, na na na, Oh Schmu-el, you’ll get to be happy! Na__

na na na, na na na, I give you unlimited time! Na__

na na na, na na na, So Schmu-el, go sew and be happy!” But Schmu-el said,

“No, no, it’s not my lot— I’ve gotta make do with the time I’ve__

(+:Stgs)
Schmu-el was done at half-past ten and he said, “Good-night, old Kli-mo-vich,"

Put on his coat to go, but then the clock cried, “Wait! Not yet!

E-ven though you’re not wise or rich, you’re the fin-est man in Kli-mo-vich!
Listen up, Schmu-el- Make one stitch and you'll see what you can get!"

Schmu-el said, "Clock, it's much too late. I'm at peace with life, I accept my fate..." But the clock said, "Schmu-el! One stitch and you will unlock the dreams you've lost!" So
Schmu-el, with re-luc-tance, took his thread. He pulled a bolt of vel-vet and he

said: "I should take out my teeth and go to bed, I'm

sit-ting here with talk-ing clocks in stead!" And the clock said:
“Na na na na, na na na, Oh Schmu-el, you’ll get to be happy! Na__

na na na, na na na, I give you unlimited time! Na_

na na na, na na na, Just do it and you can be happy!” So

Schmu-el put the thread through the needle’s eye. And the moon stared down from a starless sky,
And he pushed the thread through the velvet black. And he looked, and the clock was turning... back!

So he grabbed his shears and he cut some lace. As the hands moved left on the old clock's face!
Fingers flew and the fabric swirled–It was nineteen all around the world!

Every

Più mosso

cut and stitch was a perfect fit, As if God Himself were controlling it! And

Schmuelp cried, through a rush of tears, “Take me back!”
Take me back all forty-one years!

rit. e molto dim.

And
Rubato

on it went, down that silent street, 'Til Schmuel's dress was at last complete, And he
(Piano Solo)

stretched his arms, and he closed his eyes, And the morning sun finally started to

Rit. (d=\(\frac{3}{4}\))

A tempo

erise.

And the

(+Stgs) \textit{mp} (Strings cresc.)

dress he made on that endless night Was a dress that would make any soul take flight! Not a

sempre \textit{mp} +Vel. 2

10/13/02
swatch, not a skein had gone to waste—Ev’ry ribbon and button ideally placed, And sewn into the seams.

Rit.

for-ty-one sea-sons of dreams. Dreams that you could feel coming real. And that

very dress, so the pa-pers swore, Was the dress a girl in O-des-sa wore On the day she pro-mised for-ev-er-more To

love a young man named Schmu-el Who on-ly one day be-fore Had knocked at her kitch-en
A tempo

Plenty have hoped and dreamed and prayed, but they can’t get out of Klimgovich. If

A tempo

Schmu-ael had been a cute Goyish maid, he’d’ve looked a lot like you.

May-be it’s just that you’re afraid to go out on to a limbo-vich.
May-be your heart's com-plete-ly swayed, but your head can't follow through. But

A tempo, poco maestoso

should-n't I want the world to see The brill-i-ant girl who in-spires me? Don't you

think that now's a good time to be The am-bi-tious freak you are? Say good-

bye to wip-ing ash-trays at the bar! Say hel-

(Play)

(under strings)

10/13/02
Allarg.

-lo to Ca-thy Hi-att, big-time star!

'Cause I say:

\[\text{A tempo}\]

Na na na na na na na na Ca-thy, you get to be happy!

Na

\[\text{f}\]

...na na na na na I give you un-lim-it-ed time!

Na

\[\text{f}\]

...na na na na na na na Stop temp-ing and go and be happy! Here's a
head-shot guy and a new Back-Stage, Where you're right for some-thing on ev'-ry page—Take a

breath, Take a step, Take a chance... Take your

(Pno. Solo)

(Bs. holds through, Pno. clear pedal)
148 Poco rubato

(+#Vln.) pp — p

-time-

pp (Pno. Solo) sweetly

151

Have I mentioned today How lucky I am To

154

be in love with you?

(Gtr.) colla voce (non rit.) sub. mp (Tutti Stgs.)

Play!
Scene Seven:
A Summer In Ohio
(B♭)
(Cathy)

Moderate shuffle ($=132-135$)

I could have a mansion on a hill. I could lease a villa
in Seville. But it wouldn't be as nice. As a summer in Ohio With a

Music and lyrics by Jason Robert Brown
gaiy mid-get named Karl Play-ing Tev-ye and Por-gy.

could wan-der Pa-ris af-ter dark, Take a car-riage ride through
Central Park. But it wouldn’t be as nice. As a summer in Ohio, Where I’m sharing a room. With a “former” stripper and her snake: Wayne.

I could have a satchel full of dollar bills, Cures

for all the nation’s ills, Pills to make a lion purr;
I could be in line to be the British Queen. Look like I was seventeen,

Still I'm certain I'd prefer To be going slowly batty Forty miles east of Cincinnati. I

(Very Jonathan Edwards)
could shove an ice-pick in my eye, I could eat some fish from

(last July, But it wouldn't be as awful As a summer in Ohio Without
cable, hot water, Vietnamese food, Or

10/21/02
you. I saw your book at a Book-

- ders in Ken-tuck-y Un-der a sign that said “New and Re-com-men-ded.”

I stole a look at your pic-
ture on the in-side sleeve. And then I could-n’t leave

Rich-ard, who was with me, got un-

Swing!

10/21/02
characteristically quiet, Then he said, "All things considered, I guess you don't have to buy it." So I

smiled like Mona Lisa and I lay my Visa down! He wants me, he wants me, But he ain't gonna get me! I've

found my guiding light— I tell the stars each night: Look at me!
Look at him! Son-of-a-bitch! I guess

I'm doing something right! I finally got

something right!
No, it's not Nirvana, but it's on the way. I play "A-

ni-ta" at the mat-i-nee. Then I'll get on my knees and pray.

I can state in my next bi-o: I'm
Pull back and cresc.

never gonna go back to Ohio!

Tempo di Stripper

could chew on tin foil for a spell,

B7  B6  B7  F7  E7

could get a root canal in Hell, But it

F#m7  B13  F7
wouldn’t be as swell As this summer is gonna be!

E\(^{13}\)  D\(^{7}\text{sus(9)}\)  D\(^{7}(9)\)  G\(^{m7}\)  G\(^{m7}\)  G\(^{m7}\)
While I’m waiting for you to visit,

- sit, So hurry up, schmuck, get unstuck and get on the scene!

Love, The Mid-get, the Strip-per,
Wayne the Snake... And Mis-sus Ja-mie Wel-ler-stein...

That's me!

(Bass cut-off On Cue)
Scene Eight:
The Next 10 Minutes
(Alternate Version)
(Jamie & Cathy)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

JAMIE

(Vln./Cello 1) (Vln./Cello 2)

that one’s Jerry Seinfeld.

No, the Dakota. The San Remo is up a few blocks. Have you been in -

side the museum? We should go, Meet the dinosours.

Rit.

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10/21/02 (Alternate Version)
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Will you share your life with me For the next ten minutes? For the next ten minutes: We can handle that. We could watch the waves, We could watch the sky, Or just sit and wait As the time ticks by. And if we make it ’til then... Can I
ask you again For another ten? And if

you in turn agree To the next ten minutes, And the next ten minutes, 'til the

morning comes, Then just holding you Might compel me to Ask you for

more. There are so many lives I want to share with you; I will

10/21/02 (Alternate Version)
never be complete until I

(Strgs.)

(Gtr.) p colla voce

I am not
do.

(Gtr./Strgs.) mp a tempo

always on time. Please don’t expect that from me. I will be

(Play)

late. But if you can just wait, I will make it eventually. Not like it's
in my control, Not like I’m proud of the fact, But anything

other than being exactly on time I can do. I don’t know

Poco Rall.
why people run. I don’t know why things fall through. I don’t know

how anybody survives in this life Without someone like you.

I could protect and preserve.

I could say no and goodbye.

But

why, Jamie, why?

I want to be your
wife. I want to bear your child. I want to die knowing I had a long, full life in your arms.

That I can do, forever with

Will you

(Rit.)
A tempo

you.

For-e-ver.

For-e-ver.

Ja-mie,

’til the

share your life with me

For the next ten life-times?

For a mil-lion sum-mers,

’til the

A tempo

mf (strong!)

world ex-plodes,

’til there’s no one left

Who has ev-er known us

a-world ex-plodes,

’til there’s no one left

Who has ev-er known us

a-part!

There are

There are so man-y dreams I need to see

10/21/02 (Alternate Version)
So many years I need to be with you... I will never be alive...

with you... I will never be complete...

I will never change the world... Until I

colla voce
Tempo I°

(Play)

[Ped. through m.125]

(Gtr./Strgs.)

(CATHY) (2nd time)

Repeat only if necessary

(Cue Cathy)

that one John Lennon?

That's the San Remo.

10/21/02 (Alternate Version)
Isn’t that the Museum?

Can we go see the dinosaurs?

Molto Rit.

ATTACCA #9
Scene Nine:
A Miracle Would Happen
(Jamie & Cathy)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

(♩=102)

Gtr. Bluesy Fills

Ev’ryone tells you that the minute you get married Ev’ry other

woman in the world suddenly finds you attractive. Well, that’s not true...

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10/21/02

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It only affects the kind of women you always wanted to sleep with, But they
wouldn’t give you the time of day before, And now they’re banging down your
door And falling to their knees... At least that’s what it feels like, because you
Can Not Touch Them. In fact, you can’t even look at them— Close your

10/21/02
eyes, close your eyes, close your eyes. Except you're sitting there, Eating your corned beef sandwich, And all of a sudden this pair of breasts walks by and smiles at you, And you're like "That's not fair!" And in a per-
- fect world, A mir-a-cle would hap-pen, And ev'-ry oth-er girl would fly a-way.

And it'd be me and Ca-thy, And

noth-ing else would mat-ter- But it's fine, it's fine, it's fine-
I mean, I'm happy And I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine-

It's not a problem, just a challenge It's a challenge to resist Temptation.
And I have to say that what exacerbates the problem is I'm at these parties, I'm the center of attention, I'm the Grand Fromage, and here she comes:

"Let's get a cup of coffee!" "Will you look at my manuscript?" And I'm
showing her my left hand, I'm gesticulating with my left hand, and then

WHOOMP! There's Cathy, 'Cause she knows (They always know), And there's that

really awkward moment. Where I try to show I wasn't encouraging this (Which of course I sort of

was), And I don't want to look whipped in front of this
wo-man, Which is dumb I should-n’t care what she thinks, Since I can’t fuck her an-y-way! And in a per-
fect world, a mir-a-cle would hap-pen, And

ev’ry girl would look like Mis-ter Ed! And it’d be me

and Ca-thy, and no-thing else would mat-ter, But it’s fine,
it's fine, it's fine— You know I love her And it's fine, it's fine, it's fine—

It's what I wanted!— And I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine!

It's not a problem, just a challenge— It's a challenge to resist Temp - ta

(Stgs.)
Medium Ballad à la Jerome Kern (♩ = 132-136)

home to me, I'll wear a sweeter smile, And

[Ptso. solo to m. 108]

hope that, for a while, You'll stay. When you come
home to me, Your hand will touch my face And

ban - ish an - y trace of gray.

Soon, a love will rise a - new E - ven great - er than the

joy I’ve felt Just miss - ing you, And once a -
Again, I'll be so proud to call you mine. When finally you come home to me.

JAMIE

I'll be there soon, Cathy. I'll...
finish up this chapter and be out the door. I swear I'll be there soon, Cathy

Don't give up on me yet. I am so proud of you, baby

You're
119

doing what you never got to do before. And I will

121

be there, ripe and crawling. If fuck-in' 

123

Random House stops calling. Don't lose

125

faith, Don't get down, Don't despair—
I'll be there!

And in a perfect world,

A miracle would happen,

And that
day would finally be here. And it'd be me. And you, riding it together, And the things we do. Going in' like we planned. We're gonna make it through, And nothing else will matter. We'll be fine.
we’re fine, We’re fine, we’re fine, We’re fine, we’re fine, We’re

I’ll be there soon, Cathy

I swear I will...

ATTACCA #10
Audition Sequence
Cue: Jamie clears stage. **Dancy and perky**

When you come home to me, I'll wear a sweeter smile And hope that, for a while, You'll... “Okay. Thank you.”

Fast Jig \( \frac{3}{4} \)\( \text{=} \) 140-144

I'm climb'in' up hill, Dad-dy, Climb'in' up hill,

(Celli)
I'm up every morning at

six
and standing in line

with two hundred girls

who are younger and thinner than me

who have already been to the

gym.

I'm
waiting five hours in line, and watching the girls just coming and going. In dresses that look just like this, 'Til my number is finally called.

When I walk in the room, there's a table of men - Always men,
usu-al-ly gay— Who’ve been sit-ting, like I have. And lis-ten-ing all day

two hun-dred girls Bel-ting as high as

ey can!

I am a
I'm an attractive person! I am a talented person!

Grant me Grace!

When you come...

[Play 2nd note when Cathy can't “Find” her pitch]
home... I should have told them I was sick last week. They’re gonna think this is the way I sing. Why is the pianist playing so loud?

Should I sing louder? I’ll sing louder. Maybe I should stop and start over. I’m gonna stop and start over. Why is the director staring at his crotch? Why is that man staring at my résumé? Don’t stare at my résumé. I made up half of my résumé. Look at me. Stop looking at that, look at me! No, not at my shoes. Don’t
look at my shoes. I hate these fucking shoes... Why did I pick these shoes? Why did I pick this song? Why did I pick this career? Why does this pianist hate me? If I don’t get the callback, I can go to Crate and Barrel with Mom to buy a couch. Not that I want to spend a day with Mom, but Jamie needs space to write, since I’m obviously such a horrible, annoying distraction to him. What’s he gonna be like when we have kids? And once a -

Rit.

colla voce
A tempo

Why am I working so hard? These are the people who cast Linda Blair in a musical. Jesus

Rit.

Christ, I suck, I suck, I suck! When finally you come home To...

“Okay, thank you so much.”

(Jamie phone call)

Vamp - at least 2x’s

P (+Gtr/Cello 2)
(with intensity)

(+Vln/Bass)
Vamp  JAMIE: “...I love you too. I’ll be right home.”

not be the girl stuck at home in the ’burbs With the baby, the dog and a
garden of herbs. I will not be the girl in the sensible shoes Pushing
burgers and beer nuts and missing the clues. I will not be the girl who gets asked how it feels to be trotting along at the genius's heels! I will not be the girl who requires a man to get by.

And... When you come
Slowly (delicately)

home...

(Jamie book-reading)

mp dim. e rit. poco a poco

"...but he couldn’t hear it at all." (Played clankily, no pedal)

...And ban-ish any trace of

gray!

Soon

love will rise a-new, E-ven greater than the joy...

Cut-off on Jamie: “Stop!”
Scene Eleven:
If I Didn’t Believe In You
(Jamie)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

JAMIE: Okay, stop. Cathy, stop. Listen to me. Can we please ... could we have two minutes where you don't just contradict everything I say? Can we ... Cathy! Please? Two minutes? Then it's your turn, you can say whatever you want.

Rubato

There are people And they are publishing my book, And there's a party That they are throwing. And while you've

made it very clear that you're not going, I will be going. And that's done. But what's it

really about? Is it really about a party, Cathy Can we please for a minute stop blaming and say what you

feel? Is it just that you're disappointed To be touring again for the summer? Did you
think this would all be much easier than it's turned out to be?

Well, then

talk to me, Cathy. Talk to me.

If

Moderato, poco rubato

I didn't believe in you. We'd never have gotten this far. If I didn't believe in you. And

all of the thousand women you are. If I didn't think you could do
Any-thing you ev-er want-ed to. If I was-n’t cer-tain that you’d come through some-how, The fact

of the mat-ter is, Ca-thy, I would-n’t be stand-ing here now.

Piano Solo

If I did-n’t be-lieve in you, We would-n’t be hav-ing this fight. If I
I didn’t believe in you, I’d walk out the door and say, “Cath, you’re right.” But I never could let that go, knowing the things about you I know.

Things when I met you four years ago, I knew. It never took much convincing to make me believe in you.
Don't we get to be happy, Cathy? At some point down the line, Don't we get to relax...

Without some new tsuris to push me yet further from you?

If I'm cheering on your side, Cathy, Why can't you support mine? Why do I have to feel...

I committed some felony Doing what I always swore I would do?
I don’t want you to hurt...

I don’t want you to sink...

But you know what I think? I think you’ll be fine!

Just hang on and you’ll see!

But don’t make me wait ’til you do. To be happy with you. Will you listen to me?
No one can give you courage.
No one can thicken your skin.
I will not fail so you can be comftable.
Cathy...
I will not lose because you can't win.
If I didn't believe in you,... Then here's where the travelogue ends.
If
I didn’t believe in you, I couldn’t have stood before all of our friends and

said, "This is the life I choose. This is the thing I can’t bear to lose.

Trip us or trap us, but we refuse to fall."

That’s what I thought we agreed on, Cathy. If
I hadn't believed in you, I wouldn't have loved you at all.

Vamp

Now why don't you put on your dress and we'll go, okay? Cathy? Can we do that, please? Please?

Tempo di "Better Than That" (\( \text{\( \}} \text{= 140-144} \))
Scene Twelve:
I Can Do Better Than That

(Cathy)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

My best friend had a little situation at the end of her senior year.

And like a shot, she and Mitchell got married that summer.

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11/1/02
Carolann gettin' bigger every minute, thinkin', "What am I doin' here?"

While Mitchell's out every night bein' a heavy metal drummer. They got a

little cute house on a little cute street With a crucifix on the door.

Mitchell got a job at a record store in the mall. Just the
typical facts of a typical life in a town on the Eastern shore.

thought about what I wanted, It wasn't like that at all... Made.

(as written)

Carolann a cute baby sweater, thinkin' "I can do better than"

"I wasn't paying attention, what exit was that? All right, so we'll be there soon. Are you hungry?"
Sick of me yet? Anyway...

In a year or so, I moved to the city, thinkin', “What have I got to lose?”

Got a room, got a cat, and got twenty pounds thinner.

Met a guy in a class I was taking who, you might say, looked like Tom Cruise.
He wouldn't leave me alone 'less I went with him to dinner.

(Tutti)

I guess he was cute, and I guess he was sweet, and I guess he was good in bed:

I gave up my life for the better part of a year.

So I'm starting to think that this maybe might work, and the second it entered my head,...
needed to take some time off, Focus on his "career." He

blew me off with a heartfelt letter, I thought, "I can do better than that."

You don't have to get a haircut, You don't have to change your shoes.
have to like Duran Duran, just love me.

You don't have to put the seat down,
You don't have to watch the news.

You don't have to learn to tango,
You don't have to eat prosciutto.

crisper
cresc. poco a poco

You don't have to change a thing, just stay with me!
line, And totally __

__ mine!

I don't need any lifetime commitments. I don't need to get hitched tonight.

I don't want you to throw up all your walls. and defenses.
I don’t mean to put on any pressure, but I know when a thing is right.

And I spend every day reconfiguring my senses.

When we get to my house, take a look at that town. Take a look at how far I’ve gone I will never go back, never look back anymore.

And it feels...
like my life led right to your side and will keep me there from now on.

Think about what you wanted, Think about what could be.

Think about how I love you and say you'll move in with me.

Think of what's great about me and you. Think of the bullshit we've both been through. Think
of what's past... because we can do better!

We can do better!

We can do better than that!

We can do better than that!
Scene Thirteen:

Nobody Needs To Know

(Jamie)

Music and lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

Hey, kid—good morning—You look like an angel.

I don’t remember when we fell asleep. We should get up.

Kid—Cathy is waiting...

(Cello 1 - Solo)
Steadily (a tempo) (\( \dot{=} 98-100 \))

Look at us, lying here, dreaming, pretending.

I made a promise and I took a vow.

I wrote a story. And we changed the ending—
Ca-thy just look at me now!

Hold on, facts are facts—

Just relax, lay low

All right, the panic recedes:
No - bo - dy needs to know.

Mmm...

Put on my armor, I'm off to Ohio,

Back into battle 'til I don't know when.
Swearing to her that I never was with you,
And

Poco rit.

Pray ing I'll hold you again.

A tempo

Hold on. clip these wings—

Things get out of hand.
All right, it's over, it's done.

No one will understand...

(Tutti Strgs.)

Stgs.
We build a tree-house, I keep it from shaking.

Little more glue every time that it breaks.

Perfectly balanced, And then I start making Conscious, de-

lib-rate mistakes.
All that I ask for is one little corner—

One private room at the back of my heart.

Tell her I found one, She sends out battalions To claim it and blow it apart.
I grip and she grips, And faster we're sliding.

Sliding and spilling, and what can I do?

Come back to bed, kid—Take me inside you—

Promise I won't lie to you.
Hold on, don’t cry yet.

won’t let you go.

All right: the panic recedes;

All right: everyone bleeds;
All right: I get what I need.

And no-

obody needs to know.
No - bo - dy needs to know...

And since I have to be in love with some - one, Since I need to be in love with some - one.

May - be I could be in love with some - one

Like

You...

Tempo I°

Rit. (w/Gtr.)

P •Stgs. Harm.
Scene Fourteen:

Goodbye Until Tomorrow/
I Could Never Rescue You

(Jamie & Cathy)

(Cathy)

Don't kiss me__good-bye__a-gain.
Leave this night clean and qui-et.

You want the last word,
You want me_to laugh.
But leave it for

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11/11/02
All you can say.

All you can feel. Was wrapped up inside that one perfect kiss.

Leave it at that. I'll watch you turn the corner and go.

And goodbye...
un-till to-mor-row. Good-bye un-till the

next time. you call. And I will. be wait-ing. I will be wait-


Good-bye.
Until tomorrow. Goodbye 'til I recall.

How to breathe, And I have been waiting, I

I have been waiting for you.

I stand on a precipice. I struggle to keep

Solo

(loco)

(+ 8vbasso)
my balance.

I open myself, I open my self.

One stitch at a time.

Finally yes!
Finally now! Finally something takes me away...

Finally free! Finally he can cut through these

(Tutti Stgs.) strings,

And open my wings!

So good-bye...
Good-bye until tomorrow!

Good-bye until my feet

touch the floor. And I will be waiting, I will be waiting!

Good-bye until tomorrow!

Good-bye until the rest of my life. And I...
have been waiting, I have been waiting for you!

Waiting for you, waiting for you!

(+Celeste - Vc. 1)

I called Elise to help me pack my bags.
I went down-town and closed the bank account.

It's not about another shrink, It's not about another

compromise.

I'm not the only one who's hurting here.
I don't know what the Hell is left to do.

You never saw how far the crack had opened.

You never knew I had run out of rope and

I could never rescue you.
Poco accel.

All you ever wanted,

But I

A tempo

could never rescue you, No matter

how I tried. All I could do was love you

(Piano solo)

hard And let you go.

(+Vln. 8va)

(+Celli)
139 Più mosso

145

151

Rit.  A tempo

material how I tried.  All I could do was love you.

157

Rit.

God, I loved you so.  So we could

(under Sigs.)
fight,

Or we could

Molto allargando

wait,

Or I could

bye

until tomorrow.

Goodbye until I go...
crawl to your door... And I will be waiting, I will be waiting!

You never noticed how the wind had changed.

(Straight 8ths)

bye until tomorrow! Goodbye until I'm

I didn't see a way we both could win.
done thanking God.
For I have been waiting!
I have been waiting for you!

Goodbye, Cathy

I have been waiting!
I have been waiting for
you!

Goodbye!

I will keep waiting!

I will be waiting for you!
Just close the gate;

I'll stand and wait.

Jaime, good

Dictated good