WHAT'S YOUR DAMAGE?

HEATHERS

The Musical

PERFORMANCES BEGIN MARCH 15

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Beautiful (Part 1)
(Veronica, Martha, Ram, Kurt,
Principal, Coach, Mrs. Fleming, Students)
5/27/14

VERONICA: Dear Diary.

VERONICA (cont.): "...I think I'm a good person. I think there's good in everyone."

VERONICA (cont.): "But here we are, first day of senior year."

VERONICA (cont.): "I see these kids I've known all my life and wonder: What happened?"

SOPRANO: "I see these kids I've known all my life and wonder: What happened?"

ALTO: "I think I'm a good person. I think there's good in everyone."

TENOR: "But here we are, first day of senior year."

BARITONE: "I see these kids I've known all my life and wonder: What happened?"

Music + Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE
+ KEVIN MURPHY

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LAURENCE O'KEEFE
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We were so tiny. Happy and shiny. Playing tag and getting chased.

VERONICA:

Freak! Slut! Loser! Shortbus!

Freak! Loser!

Freak!

Slut! Loser! Shortbus!

Sing and clapping, laughing and napping. Baking cookies, eating paste.
VERONICA: Then we got bigger. That was the trigger like the Huns invading Rome.

VERONICA: "Agh! Sorry..."

Welcome to my school. This ain't no high school: This is the Thunderdome.

(ONE KID shoves ANOTHER, jostling VERONICA in a chain reaction)
Hold your breath and count the days, we're graduating soon.

WOMEN:

White trash!

MEN:

White trash!

(LIGHTS CHANGE AS TIME SHIFTS around VERONICA. The rest of the cast moves in SLOW-MOTION)

VERONICA:

Col lege will be paradise if I'm not dead by June!

But I

cresc. poc. a poc.

Gently, but no slower

know, I know, Life can be beautiful. I

I
Piano/Vocal

pray, I pray for a better way. If we

changed back then, we could change again. We can be

(A BEEFY ASSHOLE shoves a HIPSTER DORK who falls)

beauti - ful... Just not to - day. HIPSTER DORK: Ow!

(VERONICA tries to help the HIPSTER DORK to his feet.)

VERONICA: "You okay?" HIPSTER DORK: "Get away, nerd."
Piano/Vocal

01. Beautiful (Part 1) [Rev. 5/27/14]

SOPR:

ALTO:
Freak!  Crip-ple!  Ho-mo!  Ho-mo!

TEN:
Freak!  Slut!  Ho-mo!  Ho-mo!

BASS:
Freak!  Crip-ple!  Ho-mo!  Ho-mo!

VERONICA:

Things will get bet-ter soon as my let-ter comes from Har-vard, Duke, or Brown.

Wake from this co-ma, take my dip-lo-ma, then I can blow this town.

VERNONICA:
Dream of ivy-covered walls and smoky French cafés...

Fight the urge to strike a match and set this dump ablaze!

(RAM SWEENEY upends VERONICA'S lunch tray).
(RAM starts to walk away)

VERONICA: "Ram Sweeney. Third year as linebacker. And eighth year of smacking lunch trays and BEING A HUGE DICK."
RAM: "What did you say to me, skank?"

[VAMP; attaca bar 92]

VERONICA: "...Nothing."
[GO ON]

But I__
Warmly

VERONICA:

know, I know, Life can be beautiful.

MEN:

I know, beautiful.

WOMEN:

I know, beautiful.

AbMaj⁰ → Eb⁰

pray, pray, For a better way.

We were
kind before; we can be kind once more. We will be

(MARTHA DUNSTOCK enters and walks up behind VERONICA and startles her.)

beau - ti - ful...

Aagh!...Hey Martha.

Hey.

beau - ti - ful...

beau - ti - ful...

F7sus4 F7 G7sus4
VERONICA (to audience): "Martha Dunstock. My best friend since diapers. She's got a huge heart. 'Round here, that's not enough."

VERONICA: "We on for movie night?"

MARTHA: "What can I say? I'm a sucker for a happy ending."

VERONICA: "You're on Jiffy Pop detail."

MARTHA: "I rented 'The Princess Bride.'"

VERONICA: Again? Don't you have it memorized by now?

MARTHA: "Martha Dumptruck! Wide load! Honnnnnk!"

(KURT KELLEY enters, with RAM on his heels. KURT knocks the tray from MARTHA'S hands.)

VERONICA (furious, to KURT): "Hey! Pick that up right now!"

KURT: "I'm sorry, are you actually talking to me?"

(RAM steps up, a loyal wingman backing up the boss.)

RAM: "My buddy Kurt asked you a question."

VERONICA: "Yeah, I am. What gives you the right to pick on my friend? Look at you, you're a high school has-been waiting to happen. A gas station attendant."

(KURT smiles coldly. Makes eye contact as he touches her chin)

KURT: "You got a zit right here."

MARTHA: "Go on: attaca bar 114"

VERONICA: (to MARTHA) "Thanks."

MARTHA: "I rented 'The Princess Bride.'"

VERONICA: "What can I say? I'm a sucker for a happy ending."

HIPSTER DORK: "I'm a high school has-been waiting to happen. A gas station attendant."

KURT: "You got a zit right here."

VERONICA: "Thank you."

(CURT KELLEY enters, with RAM on his heels. KURT knocks the tray from MARTHA'S hands.)

VERONICA: "I rented 'The Princess Bride.'"

MARTHA: "What can I say? I'm a sucker for a happy ending."

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(KURT smiles coldly. Makes eye contact as he touches her chin)

KURT: "You got a zit right here."

MARTHA: "Go on: attaca bar 114"
Why...?

Why won't he date me?

Why do I cry myself to sleep?

Why did I hit him?

Why do I cry myself to sleep?

Why?!
WOMEN: me! Send me a sign. God! Give me some hope here! Some-thing to live_ 

MEN: me! Send me a sign. God! Give me some hope here! Some-thing to live_ 

Ebm/Gb Cl7/F No rit, non rubato

for!...

for!

E7/Bb D5

[Direct Segue to "Beautiful Part 2"]
**THE THREE HEATHERS enter in wedge formation, unhurried, confident, magic.**

**Ah... Heather. Heather. And Heather.**

Then there's the Heathers. They float above it all.

VERONICA:
VERONICA: "Heather McNamara. Head cheerleader. Her dad’s loaded -- he sells engagement rings."
VERONICA: "Heather Duke. Runs the yearbook..."

"...No discernible personality, but her mom did pay for implants."

VERONICA: "And Heather Chandler. The Almighty."

"She is a mythic bitch."

VERONICA: "They are solid Teflon-- never bothered, never harassed. I would give anything to be like that."

In 2, a la original "Beautiful" tempo

VERONICA: "They are solid Teflon-- never bothered, never harassed. I would give anything to be like that."
Piano/Vocal

01a. Beautiful (Part 2) [Rev. 5/27/14]

Warm pop ballad feel

WOMEN: \( P \)

HIPSTER DORK: "I'd like to be their boyfriend." \( mf \)

That would be beautiful.

MEN: \( P \)

That would be beautiful.

STONER CHICK: "If I sat at their table, guys would notice me." \( mf \) (+ STONER CHICK)

So beautiful.

STONER CHICK: "If I sat at their table, guys would notice me." \( mf \) (+ HIPSTER DORK)

So beautiful.

MARTHA: "...I'd like them to be nicer." \( P \)

That would be beautiful.

MARTHA: "...I'd like them to be nicer." \( P \)

That would be beautiful.
HEATHER DUKE vomit into a toilet)

CHANDLER and McNAMARA are watching

VERONICA enters. HEATHER'S
LIGHTS UP ON GIRL'S BATHROOM.

(THREE BELL RINGS, LUNCH IS OVER.
LIGHTS UP ON GIRL'S BATHROOM.
VERONICA enters. HEATHERS
CHANDLER and McNamara are watching

HEATHER DUKE vomit into a toilet)

HEATHER CHANDLER: "Grow up, Heather. Bulimia's so '87."
HEATHER MCNAMARA: "Heather's right. Maybe you should see a doctor, Heather."

HEELER DUKE (woozy) "Yeah, Heather. Maybe I should."

(MUSIC OUT; attaca bar 43

(MS. FLEMING enters.)

MS. FLEMING: "Ah, Heather and Heather."

HEATHER DUKE (O.S.): [Vomits loudly]

MS. FLEMING: "And Heather."

VAMP

(1st X only)

1st X ff; every other X play pp

MS. FLEMING (cont.): "Perhaps you didn't hear the bell over all the vomiting. You're late for class."

(VERONICA pops in her monocle and scribbles on a PIECE OF PAPER)

HEATHER CHANDLER: 'Heather wasn't feeling well. We're helping her.'

MS. FLEMING: "Not without a hall pass you're not."

A week's detention."

[Music Out; attaca bar 48]

VERONICA (cont.) (handing MS. FLEMING the paper): "...all four of us are out on a hall pass. Yearbook committee."

VAMP
Hurry up and get where you’re going.”

(MS. FLEMING sourly examines the pass as the HEATHERS exchange puzzled looks.)

MS. FLEMING: "...I see you’re all listed. Hurry up and get where you’re going.”

(HEATHERS exchange puzzled looks.)

VAMP

Play 2x

HEATHER CHANDLER: "For a greasy little nobody, you do have good bone structure.”

HEATHER DUKE: "Sorry.”

(HEATHER DUKE brushes back VERONICA’s hair and inspects her face. VERONICA is scared but intrigued)

VERONICA (cont.) Before you answer: I also do report cards, permission slips and absence notes.”

HEATHER DUKE: "How about prescriptions?”

HEATHER CHANDLER: "Shut up, Heather.”

HEATHER DUKE: "Sorry.”

VERONICA: "Let me sit at your table at lunch. Just once. No talking necessary. If people think you guys tolerate me, they’ll leave me alone.” [GO ON]

VERONICA: "Of course, you could stand to lose a few pounds...” [GO ON]

HEATHER MCNAMARA: "And a symmetrical face. If I took a meat cleaver down the center of your skull, I’d have matching halves. That’s very important.”

HEATHER DUKE: "Of course, you could stand to lose a few pounds...” [GO ON]

VERONICA: "This is an excellent forgery. Who are you?”

HEATHER CHANDLER: "What ‘boon?’”

VERONICA: "I see you’re all listed.”

HEATHER CHANDLER (cheerfully extending her hand): "Veronica Sawyer. I crave a boon.”

VERONICA: "Let me sit at your table at lunch. Just once. No talking necessary. If people think you guys tolerate me, they’ll leave me alone.” [GO ON]

VERONICA: "...I see you’re all listed. Hurry up and get where you’re going.”

HEATHER CHANDLER: "This is an excellent forgery. Who are you?”

VERONICA (cheerfully extending her hand): "Veronica Sawyer. I crave a boon.”

HEATHER CHANDLER: "What ‘boon?’”

VERONICA: "Let me sit at your table at lunch. Just once. No talking necessary. If people think you guys tolerate me, they’ll leave me alone.” [GO ON]
ca-ra, may-be some lip gloss... And we're on our way._ Get this

_ girl some blush, _ And Heather I need your brush. Let's make her

beau-ti-ful... Make her beau-ti-ful!

H-DUKE: Let's make her beau-ti-ful... Let's make her beau-ti-ful...
YOUNG GOP +
GOTH GIRL:

me! Get a-way per- vert!

BITTER GEEK:

me!
What'd I ev- er do____ to them?

Bbm/F:

WOMEN:

Who could sur-vive____ this? I can't es-cape____ this! I think I'm dy-

MEN:

Who could sur-vive____ this? I can't es-cape____ this! I think I'm dy-

A|bm6/Cb

Ebm/Bb

Bb7/Ab

Ebm/Ab

FLEMING:

ING! Who's that with Hea-ther?

ALL: "WHOA!"
molto rit.

THE HEATHERS enter with VERONICA, who has been
given an extreme makeover. She looks smoking hot)

5/27/14

01a. Beautiful (Part 2) [Rev. 5/27/14]
Piano/Vocal

Slower, grandly (In 4)

WOMEN:

MEN:

GOTH GIRL:

FLEMING:

PRINCIPAL

COACH:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

FASTER AND BIGGER

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger

WOMEN:

MEN:

Faster and bigger
VERONICA: "And ya"
Massive Stadium Anthem

VERONICA:

know, ya know, ya know... Life can be beautiful. You

Oh!

Ah! Beautiful!

Esus/A

E

hope, you dream, you pray... And you get your way! Ask me

p

Oh!

Ah! Beautiful!

Esus/A

E

Snare
[Sheet music and lyrics]

Piano/Vocal

How it feels

Lookin' like hell on wheels

My God, it's

Oo!... Oh!...

Ah!

Oo!... Oh!...

Ah!

Simile

A7/C E7/B E7/A A

Hard Rock (half time)

Beautiful...

I might be

WOMEN:

Beautiful!

MEN:

Beautiful!

Fr/7sus4
It's a beau-ti-ful frick-in' day!

Huge gliss
Hard Rock (2 feel)

Piano/Vocal

01a. Beautiful (Part 2) [Rev. 5/27/14]

Hey!

C# G#/C# G#m/C# F#C#

Ad lib

C# G#/C# G#m/C# F#C#

Heather! Heather! Heather! Heather! Veronica Heather! Heather! Heather! Heather! Veronica

145 146 147 148
VERONICA (Cont.): "Dear Diary: It’s been three weeks since I became friends with the Heathers. (crosses something out) ‘Friends’ isn’t the right word, exactly. It’s more like the Heathers are people I work with and our job is being popular and shit.”

(THE BELL RINGS) [MUSIC OUT; attaca bar 5]

MARTHA: “Hey, Veronica.”
VERONICA: “Hey.”
MARTHA: “You really look beautiful these days.”
VERONICA: “Yeah, well, it’s still the same me underneath.
MARTHA: “Are you sure?”
VERONICA: “Look, I’m sorry I flaked on movie night last week. I’ve had a lot going on…”
MARTHA: “It’s fine. You’re with the Heathers now. It’s exciting.”
VERONICA: “It’s whatever. But we’ll hang soon, I promise.” (HEATHER DUKE arrives, interrupting)
HEATHER DUKE: “Veronica!”

(H. DUKE (Cont.): “Heather says to haul ass to the table, pronto.”)
VERONICA: “How very.”

(H. DUKE and H. DUKE approach the HEATHER table. H. CHANDLER waits impatiently with H. MACNAMARA)
H. CHANDLER: “Veronica, I need a forgery in Ram Sweeney’s handwriting. You’ll need something to write on. Heather bend over.”

(HEATHER DUKE bends over to allow VERONICA to write. VERONICA pops in a monocle and writes as H. CHANDLER dictates)
H. CHANDLER: “Write this -- “I’ve been watching you... and thinking about us in the old days. I hope you can come to my homecoming party this weekend. I miss you... Ram.” Put an XO after the signature.”

VERONICA: “What’s this for anyway?”
H. CHANDLER: “I just found out Ram used to hang with Martha Dumptruck.”
VERONICA: “Well yeah, in kindergarten. We all did.”
H. MACNAMARA: “Oh my god, that’s right! I remember! Ram kissed Martha Dumptruck.”

(H CHANDLER takes the note.)
H CHANDLER: "Perfect"
(KURT and RAM enter.)
KURT: “It would be so righteous to be in the middle of a Veronica / Heather sandwich.”

(They punch fists. H. CHANDLER flags them down)
H. CHANDLER: “Ram, be a sweetie and give this note to Martha Dumptruck for me.”
VERONICA: “What? No!”
RAM: “Since when do you talk to that lard-ass?”

2 x’s
(RAM starts to unfold the note. H. CHANDLER stops him)
H. CHANDLER: “Don’t read it. She’s having extra-heavy flow and wanted some advice from my gyno.”
RAM: “Ugh!” [MUSIC OUT]
(RAM and KURT move off with the note. VERONICA, horrified, lunges for the note and yanks it from RAM’s hands. Instantly she’s surrounded by HEATHERS)
H. CHANDLER: (in the clear) “What are you doing?”
Candy Store
(Chandler, Macnamara, Duke, Veronica, Martha)
5/27/14

CUE:
VERONICA: 'Martha's had a thing for Ram for like twelve years now, this will kill her, it's horrible --'
CHANDLER: Non-rubato

Are we gonna have a problem? You got a bone to pick? You've come so far; Why now are you pulling on my dick? I'd normally slap your face off, And ev'ryone here could watch. But I'm feeling nice. Here's some advice. Listen up, byatch.

Big Scary Stomping New Wave Rock $ \frac{d}{T} = 132$

Depeche gtr
DUKE + MAC + GALS:
  I Like look-ing hot.
  Buy ing stuff they can not.
  I like drink-ing hard.
  Max-ing Dad's cred it card.

MAC + 2 GALS:
  Danc-ing to the best song
  I Like!

DUKE + 1 GAL:
  Buil-ding the moun-tain
  I Like!

CHANDLER:
  Fly into a fight
  I Like skip ping gym.
  Scar ing her, screw ing him.
  I Like kil-ler clothes.
  Kick-ing nerds in the nose.

DUKE + 1 GAL:
  Kick-ing nerds in the nose!

CHANDLER:
  If you lack the___ balls,___ you can go play___ dolls;___ let your mom-my fix
  you a snack.

DUKE + MAC + GALS:
  Whoa, whoa!
Piano/Vocal

CHANDLER:

Or you could come smoke, Pound some rum and coke, In my Por-sche with the

quar-ter-back!

DUKE + MAC + GALS:

Hoh whoa!... Hoh whoa!... Hoh whoa!... Ho-ney what you

CHANDLER:

wait-in' for? Welcome to my Candy Store!... Time for you to prove you're not a los-

02. Candy Store [Rev. 5/27/14]
CHANDLER, DUKE, MAC:

Piano/Vocal

Depeche gtr

DUKE + 1 GAL:

CHANDLER:

DUKE + MAC:

MAC + 2 GALS:

3 GIRLS:

DUKE:

MAC:

GUYS fall at your feet
Fay the check! Help you cheat!

CHANDLER, DUKE, MAC:

Piano/Vocal

Depeche gtr

3 GIRLS:

CHANDLER:

DUKE:

MAC:

All you have to do?
Say good-bye to Sha-mu.
That freak's! Not your friend.
I can tell, in the end,

3 GIRLS:

(20u)

All you

That freak's!

CHANDLER, DUKE, MAC:

Piano/Vocal

Depeche gtr

DUKE:

MAC:

C, D, M:

All you have to do?
Say good-bye to Sha-mu.
That freak's! Not your friend.
I can tell, in the end,

3 GIRLS:

(20u)

All you

That freak's!
DUKE + MAC + GALS:

Hoh whoa! Hoh whoa! Hone-ny what you

3 GIRLS:

wait in' for? Wel-come to my Candy Store! You just got-ta

MAC:

CHANDLER:

DUKE:

prove you're not a pu-sy an-y-more... Then

3 GIRLS:

prove you're not a pu-sy an-y-more... Then

MAC:

CHANDLER:

DUKE:
MAC:
CHANDLER:
DUKE:

(HEATHER DUKE passes the note to RAM. RAM drops the fake note onto MARTHA’S lunch tray. MARTHA opens it and reads it...)

CHANDLER:

step in-to my Candy Store!

DUKE + MAC:

join the team...

You can live the dream...

You can

Or you can bitch and moan...

Or you can die a-lone...

Reggae feel (toms on beats 3)

fly with eagles, or if you pre-fer... Keep on test-ing me... and end up like her!

DUKE + MAC + GALS:

Or if you pre-fer... and end up like her!

D2

A

E

F#m

D2

A

B7sus

F#m/A

G#

(mp)
VERONICA: "...Color me stoked."

MARTHA: 'I'm so happy.' (GO ON)

DUKE: Ad lib vocal pyro

CHANDLER: Shut up Heather. Step into my Candy Store!

waitin' for...

DUKE: Dm/A

Bp F F/A Bb C7
Whoa! Time for you to prove you're not a lame-ass anymore!

C7sus C7 Csus C7

CHANDLER:

MAC + 1 GAL:

Then step into my Candy Store!

DUKE + 1 GAL:

Then step into my Candy Store!

GAL 3 (alto):

Then step into my Candy Store!

C5 C6 C7 C5
CHANDLER:

It's my Candy Store, It's my Candy...

MAC: It's my Candy Store!
MAC + 3 GALS: It's my Candy...

DUKE: It's my Candy Store...

MAC + 2 GALS: It's my Candy Store!

DUKE + GAL 3 (alto): It's my Candy...

Dm Chords:

Piano/Vocal – 10 – 02. Candy Store [Rev. 5/27/14]

CHANDLER:

It's my Candy Store!

MAC + 2 GALS: It's my Candy Store!

DUKE + GAL 3 (alto): It's my Candy Store!

DUKE + GAL 3 (alto): It's my Candy Store!
Piano/Vocal

CHANDLER:

93

94

95

Store...

MAC + 2 GALS:

(ore!)

Store...

DUKE + GAL 3 (alto):

(ore!)

Store...

(ore!)

02. Candy Store [Rev. 5/27/14]
Holy Shit!/ Fight For Me
(Veronica, Ensemble)
5/27/14

KURT: "Hold his arms!" [GO]
(Book in hand, with a one-two slam, JD decks KURT in the face -- and then RAM.)

Allegro furioso

WOMEN:

\[\text{SHIT.} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT.} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT, HO-LY SHIT, HO-LY} \]

MEN:

\[\text{SHIT.} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT.} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT, HO-LY SHIT, HO-LY} \]

\[\text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \quad \text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \quad \text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \quad \text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \]

Rall.

\[\text{SHIT} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT!} \]

\[\text{SHIT} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT} \quad \text{HO-LY} \quad \text{SHIT!} \]

\[\text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \quad \text{Am}^6/B \quad \text{B}^7 \quad \text{C}^m/E_b \]

\[(3/4)\]
VERONICA:
Freely (not too slow)

Why, when I see boys fight, Does it look so hor ri-ble, yet... feel so right?

mp

I should-n't watch this crap; that's not who I am; But with this kid...

Warm andante pop ballad, non rubato

Daaaaamn, Hey, mis-ter no-name kid, so who might you be? And could you fight for me... and hey:

Impressed

Piano/Vocal

03. Holy Shit! / Fight For Me [Rev. 5/27/14]
Could you face the crowd?

Could you be seen with me

and still act proud?

Hey, would you hold my hand?

(Very slightly rolled)

And would you carry me through No Man's Land?

It's fine if you don't agree. But I would fight
for you, if you would fight for me._

Faster

Let them drive us under-ground: I don't care_

WOMEN:

TENOR 1:

TENOR 2:

BASS:

Cm

Piano/Vocal
ken bones, and I know C. P. R. Well

TENOR 1:

ALTO:

TENOR 2:

BASS:

VERONICA:

whoa. You can punch real good. You've lasted longer than

I thought you would. So hey, Mister no-name kid.
VERONICA:

If some night you're free...

TEN:

Ah...

BASS:

Ah...

Ah...

Cm

Dm/F

(poco)

VERONICA:

Wanna fight for...

TEN:

Ah...

BASS:

Ah...

Ah...

Ah...
VERONICA:

WOMEN: If you’re still a-live...

MEN: Holy shit...

I would fight for you...

Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit,

fight for me...
If you would fight for me... 

Holy shit, holy shit... 

Holy shit, holy shit! 

Holy shit! 

Cm/Ab  Cm  F/A  G  sfz
KURT: "Man, that sucked."
RAM: "That dude fights even better than the real Bo Diddley. You ever see "Enter the Dragon"? Bo Diddley fights with his shirt off. He's really ripped for an Oriental dude." [GO ON]

KURT: "Fag."
RAM: "Shut up!"
KURT: "Ram's eating Chinese tonight!" (HE mimes a blowjob and THEY exit.)
HEATHER CHANDLER: "God, Veronica, drool much? You were totally throwing your panties at that new kid."
VERONICA: "I was not."

H CHANDLER: "And judging by your house, you can't afford replacement panties."
VERONICA: "C'mon, I don't even know his name."
MOM: "Here you go girls. Care for some pate?"
H CHANDLER: "This isn't pate. It's liverwurst."

MOM: "I'm aware of that, Heather. It's a family joke."
H CHANDLER: "Oh. Funny."
CANDY STORE REPRIZE

(Chandler, Macnamara, Duke, Veronica, Mom, Dad)

VERONICA: "Maybe I want more out of life than liverwurst." (SHE exits.)
DAD: "Those girls seem very nice." [MUSIC]

Tempo di "Candy Store" \( \frac{4}{4} = 132 \)

HEATHERS (+ O.S. WOMEN):

So step into my Candy Store!  It's my Candy Store.  It's my Candy...

It's my Candy Store!  It's my Candy...

It's my Candy Store!

It's my Candy Store...

(ore!)

Music & Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE
& KEVIN MURPHY
VERONICA: "Example. I don't really like my friends."
JD: "I don't like your friends either. ...Bag the party. Hang here." [MUSIC]

VERONICA: "At the 7-11? Swanky first date."
JD: "Hey, I love this place."
VERONICA: "... No offense, but why?"
(JD holds up the slurpee)

been through ten high schools. They start to get blur-ry. No point planting roots, cause you're gone

in a hurry. My dad keeps two suit-cases packed in the den, so it's

Moderato non rubato
L.H.

VAMP

GB2
Bbm

GB2
Db

GB2
Bbm

GB2

GB2
Db

GB2
Bbm

GB2

DB/F
Bbm
on ly a mat ter of when. I don’t learn the names. Don’t
bo ther with fac es. All I can trust is this con crete o as is. Seems ev’ry time I’m a bout
to des pair, there’s a Seven Eleven right there. Each
store is the same from Las Veg-as to Bos ton. Lin o le um aisles that I love to get lost in. I
04. Freeze Your Brain [Rev. 5/27/14]

(4D takes a hit of his slurpee. He grimaces from the “brain-freeze.” It’s pain and pleasure, curiously entwined)

pray at my altar of slush.______ Yeah, I live for that sweet frozen
cresc.

Freeze your brain.______ Suck on that straw, get lost in the pain.______ Happiness comes

when ev’ry-thing numbs.______ Who needs cocaine?______ Freeze your brain.
Freeze your brain.

More Energy, Slightly Faster

Mom was a-live we lived half-way normal. But now it's just me and my dad. We're less formal. I learned to cook pasta, I learned to pay rent. Learned the world doesn't owe you a cent. You're

Piano/Vocal

JD: "Care for a hit?"

VERONICA: "Does your mommy know you eat all this crap?"

JD: "Not any more."

Veronica: 40. Freeze Your Brain [Rev. 5/27/14]

Learned 44.

MRS. LEWIS: "What are you going to do with all that unpasteurized milk?"

JD: "I'm going to drink it."

VERONICA: "Not any more."

JD: "But you're a vegetarian."

VERONICA: "I only eat meat when it's freezed."

JD: "Does your mommy know you eat all this crap?"

VERONICA: "Not any more."

JD: "But you're a vegetarian."

VERONICA: "I only eat meat when it's freezed."

JD: "You're only in 5th grade."

VERONICA: "I know what I'm doing."
04. Freeze Your Brain [Rev. 5/27/14]

Planning that future, Veronica Sawyer. You'll go to some college, then marry a lawyer. But the sky's gonna hurt when it falls.

So you'd better start building some walls.

Freeze your
Rock

brain.
Swim in the ice,
get lost in the pain.
Shut your eyes

Detached

D♭₂  Ab⁵  Fm¹¹  Ab²/C  D♭₂  Ab⁵  E♭₇sus⁴  Fm

tight, till you van-ish from sight.
Let no-thing re-main.
Freeze your

B♭m⁷  Ab²/C  D♭sus⁴  E♭₇sus⁴

Hard rock

brain.
Shat-ter your skull, fight pain with more pain.

ff

D²  A⁵  Fm¹¹  A²/C♯  D²  A⁵  E₇sus⁴

For-got who you are.
Un-bur-den your load.
For-get in six weeks

Fm  Bm⁷  Fill  Fm/C♯  Fill
when the voice in your head says you're better off dead,
you'll be back on the road.

Don't open a vein...

Freely

Just freeze your brain.

Go on and freeze your brain.

Try it.
(HEATHER CHANDLER enters)
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Veronica!"
VERONICA: "I gotta go."
JD: "So I see."
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Corn nuts?"
VERONICA: "Yes, Heather."
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Wave bye-bye to Red Dawn here and let's motor."

A little faster, lightly

(LIGHTS UP on KURT and RAM getting lectured by their two dads. Both men are rugged ex-jocks, dressed for a fishing trip)
RAM'S DAD: "Okay, Ram. Have fun tonight, but I expect you to act your age. If the neighbors complain about the noise, Paul and I are gonna march back here and knock the sand out of your vagina. You understand me?"
RAM: "Dude! What am I, five?"
RAM'S DAD: "I'm your dad, not your dude."
KURT'S DAD: "That goes double for you, Kurt. You're a guest in Bill's house and you will treat it with respect."
KURT: "Sure thing. Dude."

(They laugh, and then...)
KURT'S DAD: "Hold his arms."
THE DADS hold KURT'S arms and put him in a headlock.
KURT'S DAD (Overlaps): "Who's a great big sissy? Who's going to prom in a bright pink dress? Who's a sissy?"
KURT: "Hey, come on! This isn't funny! Ow! Okay, me! I'm a sissy. I'm a big fat sissy!"
KURT'S DAD: "Damn right. Enjoy your party, son."
RAM'S DAD: "Punch it in."
KURT: "Man, that sucked"
RAM: "Who cares? The parents are gone and I got my party slippers on!" [GO ON: segue to #05 "Big Fun"]

Slower (tempo of Big Fun)
You've seen this particular party in every John Hughes movie. It's the party to celebrate the Westerberg Rottweilers' homecoming victory.

(LIGHTS CHANGE as KURT and RAM "punch it in." We're in RAM'S back yard. Suburban, upper middle-class home. You've seen this particular party in every John Hughes movie. It's the party to celebrate the Westerberg Rottweilers' homecoming victory)

RAM:

Dad says, "Act our age." You heard the man. It's time to rage!

KURT:

Blast the bass, turn out that light! Ain't nobody home tonight!

WOMEN:

Blast the bass, turn out that light! Ain't nobody home tonight!

MEN:

Blast the bass, turn out that light! Ain't nobody home tonight!

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY

Heathers
5/27/14
Drink, smoke, it's all cool. Let's get naked in my pool!

Punch the wall and start a fight. Ain't nobody home tonight! His

Punch the wall and start a fight. Ain't nobody home tonight!

Punch the wall and start a fight! Ain't nobody home tonight!

folks got a water-bed. Come upstairs and rest your head. Let's rub each other's backs while
KURT: It's time for Big Fun! We're up till dawn, having some... gone!

WOMEN: It's time for Big Fun! We're up till dawn, having some... gone!

MEN: It's time for Big Fun! Big Fun! Up till dawn! Having some... gone!

RAM: The folks are... gone!

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Ah!
THE HEATHERS dance in a distinctive wedge. VERONICA is having an awesome time. She drinks a lot.

VERONICA: "So wait, it's lime, then salt, then shot?"

HEATHER MAC: "No, salt, then--"

HEATHER CHANDLER: "You're doing it wrong!"

VERONICA: "Really? Cause I feel great."

(PREPPY STUD passes, smiles at Veronica.)

PREPPY STUD: "Veronica, you're looking good tonight!"

VERONICA: Whoa.

THE HEATHERS dance in a distinctive wedge. VERONICA is having an awesome time. She drinks a lot.

VERONICA: "So wait, it's lime, then salt, then shot?"

HEATHER MAC: "No, salt, then--"

HEATHER CHANDLER: "You're doing it wrong!"

VERONICA: "Really? Cause I feel great."

(PREPPY STUD passes, smiles at Veronica.)

PREPPY STUD: "Veronica, you're looking good tonight!"
VERONICA:

Stoned. Zoned. I should quit. Hey, is that weed? I wanna hit!

WOMEN:

Fill that joint, and roll it tight! Ain't nobody home tonight!

MEN:

Fill that joint, and roll it tight! Ain't nobody home tonight!

Dreams are coming true, when people laugh but not at you! I'm not alone, I'm not afraid! I feel like Bobo at Live Aid!

Ah! The house is

Ah! The house is
VERONICA:

Big Fun!

It's time for Big Fun! Big Fun!

Use their showers! That sounds like ours!

Big Fun! Big Fun!

Let's use their showers! That sounds like ours!

VERONICA:

Big Fun!

I think that's what they call "third base".

Big Fun! Big Fun! Crack open one more case!

VERONICA:

Big Fun! Crack open one more case!
VERONICA:  Big Fun!  That actual-ly looks like...

(KURT holds up a piñata. It's a cartoon pig holding a sign that says "JEFFERSON RAZORBACKS")

KURT: "All right people! What is Westerberg gonna do to the Razorbacks at Sunday's game?"

MEN:  (laughing)

WOMEN:  (laughing)

RAM:  "WHEE! WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!"

(Safety mimics sex with the piñata)

RAM:  "WHEE! WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!"

Women:  (laughing)

Men:  (laughing)
VERONICA (cont.): "I just saw some freshman trying to sneak into the party!"
RAM (releasing Duke): "I hate freshman."
(REMEMBER DUELLING ON COURT)
RAM: "Where are you little pricks? I'm coming for you!"

VERONICA (turning to Duke): "You okay?"
HEATHER DUKE: "I didn’t need your help."
(HEATHER DUKE gives VERONICA the finger)
VERONICA: "Thanks for the finger, Heather, but I don't need to vomit right now."
(HEATHER DUKE growls and storms away)
Piano/Vocal

VERONICA:

You need a jello shot!

ALTO:

We're having big fun!

WOMEN:

Big fun!

MEN:

We're having big fun!

F7(#9) Bb Gm7 Ab2 Ab2 Eb G Bb Ab Bb

veronica:
(MARTHA arrives at the party. She’s wearing a very nice party dress, and looks horribly out of place. She carries a bottle of sparkling cider tied with a lovely ribbon in the Westerberg school colors. The three HEATHERS see her)

[H. CHANDLER:]

Mar - tha Dump-truck, in the flesh.

[H. DUKE:]

Here comes the coo - tie squad. We should... Sor - ry, Heath-er.

[Dm Dm(+7) Dm7 Dm6 Dm Dm(+7)]

(HEATHER DUKE points to VERONICA who comes up behind MARTHA, startling her)

[H. MAC:]

Look who’s with her, Oh, my God! Dang! Dang! Dig get y dang - a dang! Dang dang, dig get y dang - a dang!

[Veronica: “I can’t believe you actually came.”
MARTHA: “It’s exciting, right? Excuse me, I want to say hello to Ram. I brought sparkling cider.” [GO ON]]

[H. CHANDLER:]

Show-ing up _ here took some guts. Time to rip ’em out.

[H. DUKE:]

Well, who’s this pig re-mind you of? Es-

[Dm Em Em(+7) Em7 Em6 Bb Em Em Em(+7) Em7]
H. DUKE: (MARTHA approaches RAM who anxiously scans the horizon, drunkenly frustrated.)

RAM: "Where the hell are the freshmen? I don’t see them!"

MARTHA: "Hi, Ram."

RAM: "What note? Why d'you gotta be so weird all the time? People wouldn't hate you so much if you acted normal."

(MARTHA hands RAM the bottle of sparkling cider.
He opens the bottle)

RAM: "I wasn’t gonna come, but since you took the trouble to write that sweet note..."

MARTHA: "Are you trying to poison me?"

RAM: "There's no alcohol in here! Are you trying to poison me?"

[GO ON]

VAMP (All, including Heathers, Ram and Kurt)

WOMEN: Dang! Dang! Dig-get-y dang - a dang! Dang dang, dig-get-y dang - a dang!

MEN: Dang! Dang! Dig-get-y dang - a dang! Dang dang, dig-get-y dang - a dang!

[last x only]

D5 D7
Dang dang, dig-get-y dang-a dang, dig-get-y dang-a dang! The folks are gone!

Dang dang, dig-get-y dang-a dang, dig-get-y dang-a dang! The folks are gone!

It's time for Big Fun! Big Fun! We're up till dawn, having some fun!

So let the speakers blow! They'll buy another stereo!

Big Fun! Big Fun! They'll buy another stereo!

Big Fun! So let the speakers blow. They'll buy another stereo!
CHANDLER:

KURT:

WOMEN:

MEN:

H.CHANDLER:

RAM & KURT:

05. Big Fun [Rev. 5/27/14]  
– 14 –
Big Fun!

Woo!

Big Fun!

Woo!

Big Fun!

Woo!

Gm7 A\textsubscript{b2}

D\textsubscript{b} C B\textsubscript{b} A\textsubscript{b} D\textsubscript{b} C\textsubscript{5} B\textsubscript{b} A\textsubscript{b} B\textsubscript{b}

[Applause Segue]
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Okay, Westerbergers! Time to celebrate our victory over the Razorbacks by whacking apart their mascot! (HEATHER MACNAMARA holds up a blindfold and a hockey stick) HEATHER MCNAMARA: "We need a volunteer to take the first swing at the pinata --"
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Martha Dunnstock!..." [MUSIC OUT; attaca bar 3]

VERONICA: "What are you doing?" [GO ON] Allegro agitato VERONICA (cont.): "Give me that." H. DUKE: "Heather, help!"

(They tussle for the piñata) H. DUKE: "Heather, help!"
H. CHANDLER: "What is your damage, Veronica?!"

(HEATHER CHANDLER joins the struggle) KURT: "Catfight!"
RAM (and others): "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!"

(The HEATHERS prompt applause, while EVERYONE joins in and chants. HEATHER MCNAMARA blindfolds MARTHA.)
HEATHER MCNAMARA: "Bring out the piñata!"
(HEATHER DUKE carries out the PIG PIÑATA. It has been cruelly outfitted to resemble MARTHA)
VERONICA has the piñata. Stand-off!
VERONICA: "What's your damage, Heather? You want this? Swim for it."

VERONICA hurls the piñata into the swimming pool.

MARTHA (removing her blindfold) "What’s going on?"
VERONICA: "Go home. I’ll explain later."

(VERONICA starts to walk away. HEATHER CHANDLER stops her, spins her, shoves her against the wall)
HEATHER CHANDLER: "No!"
VERONICA: "Don’t spin me, I’m not feeling well."

HEATHER CHANDLER: "You don’t get to be a nobody. Come Monday, you’re an ex-somebody. Not even the losers will touch you now. Transfer to Washington. Transfer to Jefferson. No one at Westerburg’s going to let you play their reindeer games--"
(VERONICA vomits all over HEATHER CHANDLER. She screams)
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Aaaagh! I raised you up from nothing. And what’s my thanks? I got paid in puke!"
VERONICA: "Lick it up, baby. Lick it up."

VERONICA looks to DUKE and MCNAMARA for support; THEY turn away.
(SHE looks to another group of students, who also turn.)
(SHE tries once more and is again shunned.)
(VERONICA runs off.)
HEATHER CHANDLER: "Alright party people, where’s the goddam keg?!"

[Immediate Segue to #06 "Dead Girl Walking"]
Dead Girl Walking
(Veronica, JD)
5/27/14

Moderato
(a little faster than you'd think)

VERONICA:

The demon queen of high school has decreed it:

She says Monday, 8 A.M. I will be deleted.

They'll
hunt me down in study hall; stuff and mount me on the wall.

Thirty hours to live; how shall I spend them?

I don't have to stay and die like cattle. I could change my name and

ride up to Seattle. But I don't own a motor bike...
Wait. Here's an option that I like: Spend those thirty hours gettin'...

Freaky! Yeah! I need it hard. I'm a dead girl walkin'.

in your yard. I'm a dead girl walkin'.

Be -
before they punch my clock, I'm snapping off your wins-

JD: "Veronica, what are you doing in my room?" VERONICA: "Shhhhhhhhh..."

Sorry but I really had to wake you. See, I deci-

VERONICA:
I must ride you till I break you.

Heather says I got to go. You're my last meal on death row.

Shut your mouth and lose them tightly.

whi-tays!

Come on! To -
night I'm yours, I'm your dead girl walk in. Get

on all fours, Kiss this dead girl walk in. Let's

go, you know the drill I'm hot and pissed and on the Pill.

Bow down to the will of a dead girl walk-in! And ya
know, ya know... ya know... It's cause you're beautiful. You

say you're numb inside... But I can't agree. So the

world's unfair... Keep it locked out there... In here it's

beautiful...

(Pinball Wizard style)
That works for me.

(VERONICA tears off her blouse. They kiss and grope.)

VERONICA:

Yeah!

FULL!
Full on crazy rockin' out

VERONICA:

steam a - head!

Take this dead girl walk - in'.

J.D.:

Let's

How'd you find my ad - dress?

break the bed!

Rock this dead girl walk - in'.

No

I think we broke my mat - tress!

Suddenly quiet

but no less intense

sleep to - night for you.

Bet - ter chug that Moun - tain Dew.

O - kay, o - kay!

Cresc.
Piano/Vocal

Get your ass in gear_ Make this whole_ town dis - ap - pear.

Slap me, pull my hair_ Touch me there and there and there but no more

talk - in'... Love this dead girl

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa!

06. Dead Girl Walking [Rev. 5/27/14]
Whoa! Whoa! Hey! Hey! Yeah! Yeah! Love this dead girl...

G₇m > G₇m/B > E > C₇sus4

Whoa! Whoa! Hey! Hey! Wait! Wait! Love this dead girl...

G₇m > G₇m/B > E > C₇sus4

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Love this dead girl...

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Ow! Yeah!__

G₇m > F₇/G# > C₇/G# > C₇m/B > Fill > G₇m > sfz

5/27/14

Love this dead girl_
Veronica's Chandler Nightmare

(Ensemble)
5/27/14

H. CHANDLER: “Hello, slut.”

(WOMEN: 2 x’s)

VERONICA: “Who let you in here?”

(MUSIC)

(LIGHTS REVEAL spooky figures in shadow. The sing eerie CHORAL VOCALS that build in intensity under the following)

H. CHANDLER: “I’m like oxygen. I’m everywhere. Really, Veronica. Sleeping with psycho trenchcoat kid?”

H. CHANDLER: (con’t) “I will crucify you for this. Everyone in school’s gonna know good little Veronica Sawyer is nothing but a dirty whore.”
VERONICA: "Why are you so determined to hurt me?"

H CHANDLER: "Because I can. It'll be so very."

Gradual crescendo to ff

(VERONICA screams)
VERONICA: "You were my first." [GO]

Reggae feel (toms on beats 3)

(Scene changes to Heather Chandler's house)

VERONICA: "Heather? Heather?"
H CHANDLER: "What?"
VERONICA: "It's Veronica. I'm... here to apologize."
H CHANDLER: "Hope you brought kneepads, bitch. Fix me a prairie oyster and I'll think about it."

Slow and eerie

VERONICA: (to JD) "What's in that? Raw egg, vinegar..."
JD: "... Hot sauce, worcester, salt and pepper."
VERONICA: "You know your hangover cures."
JD: "My dad trained me well."
VERONICA: "Oh hey, here's my revenge. I'm gonna drop a phlegm glopper in her prairie oyster. She'll never know." (SHE spits into the mug) [GO ON]
(JD pulls out some drain cleaner)
JD: "I'm a No Rust Build-up man, myself."
VERONICA: "Don't be a dick. That stuff'll kill her."

JD: "Thus ending her hangover. I say we go with Big Blue." (JD raises the glass. LIGHT HITS it -- an iridescent BLUE LIQUID) [GO ON]

VERONICA: "What are you doing? You just can't go... Besides, she'd never drink anything that looks like that.
JD: "We'll use a mug. She won't be able to tell what she's drinking."

(JD pours the drain cleaner into an identical ceramic mug)

VERONICA: "Forget it."
JD: "Chick-en."
VERONICA: "You're not funny."

JD: "Okay, I'm sorry." (JD kisses VERONICA, long and slow. The moment is broken by -- )
H. CHANDLER: "Prairie Oyster!" [MUSIC OUT]

VERONICA: "Coming, Heather!"

H. CHANDLER (cont.): "Chop-chop!"
VERONICA: "I just what?"
JD: "Nevermind." [GO ON]
VERONICA cautiously approaches HEATHER CHANDLER
VERONICA: "Morning, Heather."
H. CHANDLER: "Ah Veronica. And Jesse James. Quelle surprise."
(HEATHER grabs the mug)
H. CHANDLER (contd): "Let's get to it. Beg."
VERONICA: "We both said things we didn't mean last night."

H. CHANDLER: "I actually would prefer you did this on your knees.
In front of your boy-toy here."
VERONICA: "Uh-huh. Anyhow, I'm really sorry --"
H. CHANDLER: "Do I look like I'm kidding? Down."
VERONICA slowly kneels, humiliated
H. CHANDLER: "Nice. But you're still dead to me."
(HEATHER CHANDLER downs the mug.) [GO ON; attaca bar 30]

JD: "Holy crap."
VERONICA: "Heather! Heather, wake up!"
"Don't just stand there! Call 911!"
(JD checks for a pulse. Nothing)

VA M P

Piano/Vocal

(HEATHER staggers around the room and dies dramatically.
JD and VERONICA stare in shock as SHE dies.)
VERONICA: "They're gonna have to send my SAT scores to San Quentin!"
JD: "Unless... Look. She was reading 'The Bell Jar'." [MUSIC]

VERONICA: "Oh no."
JD: "Oh yes. You can fake her handwriting. Make her sound deep. Like this." [GO ON]

JD: I had pain in my path, like Sylvia Plath. My problems were myriad...

VERONICA: I was having my period...
JD: "So it's a badge for her failures at school!
Work with me"
VERONICA: "Okay, okay. Where do I start?"
JD: "Think long and hard" [MUSIC]

(VERONICA picks up a pad and pen.)
JD: "Conjure her up in your mind. What would she say? What is her final statement to a cold, uncaring planet?"
VERONICA (writing): "Dear world...

Mournfully \( q = 88 \)

\( \text{VERONICA:} \)

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Believe it or not,... I knew about fear. I knew the way loneliness... stung. I hid behind smiles and crazy hot clothes. I learned to kiss boys with my tongue. But oh, the world it held me down.}\n&\text{It}
\end{align*}
\]

Music + Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY
H-CHANDLER:

Sweet pop ballad

H-CHANDLER: "Jesus, you’re making me sound like Air Supply.”
JD: "Keep going. This has to be good enough to fool the cops."

VERONICA: (Vamp) (TWO POLICEMEN enter.)

VERONICA: (DETACHED) (VERONICA plants the note in HEATHER'S hand and disappears.) [GO ON]

OFFICER MCCORD: "Is it murder?"

OFFICER MILNER: "No, look. Here's a suicide note."

They just couldn't see past my rock star mystique. They wouldn't dare look in my eyes. But

VERONICA: just underneath was a terrified girl who clings to her pillow and cries! My

VERONICA: (DETACHED)

H-CHANDLER:
H-CHANDLER: Piano/Vocal

MILNER: looks were just like prison bars. They've left me a myriad of scars. My-ri-ad.

McCORD:

VERONICA:

curse
I suggest we get everyone into the cafeteria and just talk. And feel. Together."

PRINCIPAL GOWAN: "We should cancel classes."

PRINCIPAL GOWAN: "No way, Coach. I send the kids home before lunch and the switchboard will light up like a Christmas tree. We just have to power through this thing."

MS. FLEMING: "Our children are dying. I hate to pull out my counter-culture bona-fides, I really do, but this school needs a good old fashion rap session. I suggest we get everyone into the cafeteria and just talk. And feel. Together."
"Box up my clo-thing for Good-will, And give the poor my Nor-dic Track.

Donate my car to crip-pled kids, Or to those ghett-o moms on crack. Give them my hats and my C-Ds.

My pumps, my flats, My three T. V's!
MS. FLEMING, SOPR:
H-CHANDLER, ALTO:

Fat soft rock anthem feel

TENOR:

BASS:

"No one thinks the pret-ty girl_ has feel-ings; But I weep for all I failed to

be (I failed to be). May-be I can help the world by leav-ing. May-be

that's the me in-side of me!"

A/C

E_{b}7sus4

A_{b}7sus4

D_{b}/A_{b}

D_{b}m/A_{b}

A_{b}

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

A_{b}7sus4

F_{b}(#11)

G_{b}7/B_{b}

C_{b}7/E_{b}

A_{b}7sus4

D_{b}/A_{b}

D_{b}m/A_{b}

A_{b}

5/27/14

07. The Me Inside of Me [Rev. 5/27/14]
PRINCIPAL GOWAN (tearing up): "Aw, hell. Long weekend for everybody!"

(FACULTY and STUDENTS cheer.)

MS. FLEMING: "Not so fast, kids. They're refuelling the buses, which gives us a solid half-hour of healing."

[GO ON]

I'll pass the suicide note around so you can feel Heather's anguish.

HIPSTER DORK: Her life had hit a rock-y patch!

MS. FLEMING: Go on!

I never knew about her pain.
MS. FLEMING: "Veronica, you're very quiet. What's on your mind?"

VERONICA: "Uh, maybe Heather realized that to be happy she had to give up her power, and the only way to do that was death." [GO ON] 

MS. FLEMING: "My God."

VAMP (out any bar)

MS. FLEMING:

Look what we've done, we're breaking through. Heather would be so proud of you.

Cm7 Bb/D Eb7 Bb7/F

Ebm7 Db/F Eb7 Db/F

F#m7 Emaj7/G# Aadd2 Eadd2/B

F#m7 E7/G# A2 E7/B

mff
MS. FLEMING:

you!

SOPRANINO:

And you!

No one

ALTO:

And you!

No one

BASS:

And you!

No one

And you!

No one

SOPRANINO:

ALTO:

(Tenor: thinks a pretty girl can touch you...
(Dreamily) Heathers touching me...
But she's)

BASS:

(Tenor: thinks a pretty girl can touch you...

But she's)
GOTH GIRL:
(ad lib vocal rapture)

SOPR: Ohh...

ALTO: made us better than we were. Heather's

TENOR: made us better than we were. Heather's

BASS:

D(#11) E/G# Asus A

dead but she will live inside me. And I'll be the me inside of

F(#11) G2/B C2/E Am Bb/D F/G

side me. And I'll be the me inside of

dead but she will live inside me. And I'll be the me inside of
MARTHA:

```
Piano/Vocal
```

BITTER GEEK:

```
mp
```

STONER CHICK:

```
ms
```

H-CHANDLER:

```
```

07. The Me Inside of Me [Rev. 5/27/14]
Faster

H-CHANDLER:

SOPR:

is the me inside of me! Inside of...

ALTO:

G₇/Ab Ab G₉/A₈ sus4 Ab

TENOR:

is the me inside of me! inside of...

BASS:

E₉/b₁¹

[Applause segue]
(The scene shifts to JD'S LIVING ROOM. HEATHER DUKE is on the T.V.)
H. DUKE: "At a time like this, negative people choose to focus on their grief. Well, I hate those people. Because I am a very positive person."

H DUKE (cntd): "I remember the good times. Like when Heather and I got our ears pierced at the mall..." (JD changes the channel) [MUSIC OUT]

(Music: Piano/Vocal, 07a.)

Piano/Vocal 07a.
Me Inside Of Me Playoff
[Rev. 5/27/14]

Music + Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFFE & KEVIN MURPHY

[Applause Segue]
VERONICA: "Okay, well see you tomorrow." [GO]

VERONICA (cntd): "Dear Diary: JD's dad will not be speaking at our wedding."

VERONICA: "What's wrong?"

H. MCNAMARA: "Just hurry up--please! It's an emergency."

VERONICA: "Is Kurt okay?"

H. MCNAMARA: "He passed out. Me and Kurt and Ram and Heather Duke came out to pour a jug of Thunderbird on Heather's grave, you know from her homies, but Kurt and Ram drank it all. Ram and Heather went off together, then Kurt started grabbing me and he wouldn't stop."

VERONICA: "After everything that happened at Ram's party... why did you call me?"

HEATHER MCNAMARA: "Well, that was the deal. If I got you here, Kurt promised to leave me alone."

VERONICA: "Hold on. You avoided date-rape... by volunteering me for date-rape?"

H. MCNAMARA: "God, you make it sound ugly."

VERONICA: "I'm leaving now."

(VERONICA starts to exit, suddenly KURT pops up, scaring her)
Blue
(Ram, Kurt, H. Mac, H. Duke, Girls)
5/27/14

RAM: "Heyyyyy, 'Ronica." [GO]

VERONICA: "Eww, you got a left hand. Use it."
KURT: "Don't talk mean like that."
RAM: "You'll hurt their feelings."
VERONICA: "Whose felings? What are you talking about?"

RAM: "You'll hurt their feelings."
KURT: "Veronica:"[GO]

RAM, Kurt, H. Mac, H. Duke, Girls

Music & Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE
KEVIN MURPHY

Blue

(LH 8vb throughout)
Like a tackle 'in' dummy!

Don't run from me. They're all beat up like a tackle 'in' dummy!

They're warm like mittens!

They long for your embrace.

And purr like kittens.

You make my balls so blue.

Just look at them glow...

Just look at them glow...
VERONICA: "Heather...? Heather...? Open the door."

(The heads of the TWO HEATHERS pop up into the car windows and tilt side-to-side as THEY sing backup)
VERONICA: "Hey! Open the door!"

You make my balls so blue! So please say hel-lo!

Oh no! Oh no no no! Oo, oo, so blue!

Hold 'em! And ne-ver let go!

En-fold 'em! And ne-ver let go! Once you were geek y, and nerd - y,

Oo... ah!

Hoo! Hoo!
they knew you're dirty.

What ever you require they'll do!

You've set them on fire; What ever you require they'll do!

Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Oo... Hoo...

So take 'em home to meet your parents!

So take 'em home to meet your parents!

hoo wah!

D/E Eb/F 6
They'll wear a suit and tie!

And a fancy collar!

Hoo, hoo!

They'll sing a lullaby!

Hoo, hoo!

Bb D7 EbMaj7 EbMaj7/F

Bb D7 EbMaj7

(childish falsetto)

La la la la!

Please make these balls not blue.

Just for a while!

La la la la!

Please make these balls not blue.

Please make these balls not blue.

EbMaj7/F Bb D7/A Gm Gm6
My pants are rubbin' like a hot cheese grater!

Can't wait till later! My pants are rubbin' like a hot cheese grater!

Oo... oo...

Like a hot cheese grater!

(VERONICA grabs the bottle of booze from the HEATHERS.)

VERONICA: "Give me that."

VERONICA: "Here. Booze. Drink it."

KURT: "Aw, Thank you so much!"

VERONICA: "You are so welcome!"

RAM: They will pro...
They really need res-cue!

They will o-bey ya!

Like Princess Lei-a!

Teach them to smile!

Like Princess Lei-a!

Hoo!

Hoo, hoo!

Baby you gots to come thru!

N.C.

N.C.

B

D\#7/A#

G\#m

G\#m6
Please help them thru! You got no clue
How much these two depend on you!

Please help them thru! You got no clue
How much these two depend on you!

C₇
C₇
F♯7sus4

Big finish

(Falsetto)
My balls are in your hands!
You make my balls so blue!

(Falsetto)
My balls are in your hands!
You make my balls so blue!

You make them balls so blue!
Ow! You make my balls so blue!

You make them balls so blue!

You break, you make my balls so blue!

Ow! You make my balls so blue!

You shake them, you wake them.

You make my balls so blue!

You take them, you bake them,

Chris-sake, you make my balls so blue!

Good god! My

Ow! You make my balls so blue!

You shake them, you wake them.

You make my balls so blue!

You make my balls so blue!
Please make their dreams come true,

And make these balls not blue!

Please make their dreams come true,

And make these balls not blue!

And make these balls not blue!

[Applause Segue to #8a "Ghost Heather"]
VERONICA: "Dear Diary..." [GO ON]

VERONICA: "Dear Diary: Close call last night. Heather Chandler was the only person at Westerberg who could actually control Kurt and Ram and she's dead." [MUSIC OUT]

HEATHER. CHANDLER steps out of the shadows.

H. CHANDLER: "Shoulda thought of that before you killed me. I’m gonna be coughing up drain cleaner for eternity."

VERONICA: "Technically, I didn't kill Heather, I know that. But I still feel bad. But... not as bad as I should. And that makes me feel worse." [GO ON]

(VERONICA crosses to HEATHERS DUKE and MACNAMARA who clean out HEATHER CHANDLER's locker)

VERONICA: "Hey guys, I'm really looking forward to that apology for being such ice-cold bitches last night."
H DUKE: "Um, cleaning out Heather's locker. Little respect?"

H CHANDLER: "Heather Duke is such a sad little poser. Veronica, tell her to stop touching my stuff. Veronica? Veronica!!!"

VERONICA: 'Shut up, Heather!'

HEATHER DUKE: "You shut up! I don't have to shut up any more!" [GO ON]

(Dramatic lighting as DUKE lifts CHANDLER'S red scrunchie skyward and then puts it in her hair.)

H MACNAMARA: "Hey--that's Heather's scrunchie."

H DUKE: "Heather is gone. It's up to me to replace her."

VERONICA: "Replace Heather Chandler?"

H CHANDLER: "Please."

H DUKE: "You need to worry less about me and more about your reputation. Kurt and Ram have been telling the whole school about your little threeway last night. [MUSIC OUT]"
WARNING: HEATHER DUKE: "I remember differently."

CUE: (RAM and KURT enter, laughing with some male students)
And planted our flags!

Bu-bu-bent her over like origami!

My big salami Bu-bu-bent her over like origami!

Whoa, whoa, whoa... oh!

Ev'rybody was

Whoa, whoa, whoa... oh!

Ev'rybody was

Whoa, whoa, whoa... oh!

Fill + bass gliss
Piano/Vocal

RAM:

KURT:

H-MAC:

WOMEN:

She blew and blew and blew.

Oh!

Like they were bal loons...

Oh!

Like they were bal loons...

E₇/F# B D/E7 E₉ B D/E7 E₉

She blew and blew and blew.

I hope she rinsed it!

Oh!

Like they were bal loons...

Oh!

Like they were bal loons...

E₇/F# B D/E7 A/E G₇/Gm B G₇/Gm₆
Like a hearty stew!

She bit off more than she could chew!

She lapped us up

Whoa!... Whoa!

Oo...

Whoa!... Whoa!

Whoa!... Whoa!

She blew and blew and blew!

Whoa!

Whoa!

Ad lib (show off)

She blew and blew and blew!

She'll do the same for...

Yeah!...

She blew not one guy but two!

Blew and blew and blew!

She blew not one guy but two!

Blew and blew and blew!
Blue Reprise Playoff (Freak! Slut!)
(Heather Duke, Ram, Kurt, Students)
5/27/14

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFFE & KEVIN MURPHY

HEATHERS Piano/Vocal

(RAM and KURT beat up JD)

(VERONICA lunges at RAM and KURT)

GO ON

VERONICA: "Leave him alone!"

H. DUKE:

SOPR:

ALTO:

TEN:

BASS:

GO ON

(J.D. punches RAM.)

(Bass drum, bass)

Slower (Tempo of "Our Love Is God")

[Direct Segue to #10 "Our Love Is God"]
VERONICA: "You okay?" (J.D. nods, recovering)
J.D.: "What about you?"
VERONICA: "I'm fine. Awesome."
(VERONICA bursts into tears. J.D. burns with quiet fury.)
VERONICA: "Sorry about the waterworks."

Andante, with a pulse

But that will end to-night. You are the only thing that's right about this broken world. Go on and cry. But when the morning comes, We'll burn it down and then We'll build the world again... Our love is God.
VERONICA (noticing he’s crying):  "Are you okay?"

I was a-lone.  I was a fro-

zen lake.  But then you melt-ed me a-wake; See, now I'm cry-ing too.  You're not a-lone.

And when the morn ing comes.  We'll burn a-way that tear.  And raise our

You're not a-lone.  When the morn-ing comes...
KURT: "Yeah-lo?"
VERONICA: "Hi Kurt."
KURT: (to RAM) "It's Veronica!"
VERONICA: "How did you guys know it's always been a fantasy of mine to have two guys at once?"
KURT: "Wowuhh... lucky guess?"
VERONICA: "If you want it to come true, meet me at the cemetery at dawn." [GO ON; attaca bar 31]

KURT: "Free pussy!"
RAM: "And we don’t even have to buy it a pizza!" (They punch it in) [GO ON]

J.D.: We can start and finish wars.

Piano/Vocal

10. Our Love Is God [Rev. 5/27/14]
VERONICA:

We're what killed the dinosaurs.

J.D.:

We're the asteroid that's over due.

The dinosaurs choked on the dust. They died because God said they must. The new world needed room for me and you.

VERONICA:

We're what killed the dinosaurs.

J.D.:

We're the asteroid that's over due.

The dinosaurs choked on the dust. They died because God said they must. The new world needed room for me and you.
I'd trade my life for yours. They all will disappear. We'll plant our garden here...

Our love is God.

VERONICA: "Whoa, are they real?"

(LIGHTS CHANGE as JD opens a small case and pulls out two WWII vintage LUGERS. Veronica stares in horrified fascination)

VERONICA: "What, are they real?"

Our love is God.

2 x's

2 x's
JD: "Yeah. But we're filling them with 'Ich Luge' bullets."
VERONICA: "'Ich Luge'...?"

VAMP

JD: "My Grandad scored them in World War II. They contain a powerful tranquilizer. The Nazis used them to fake their own suicides when the Russians invaded Berlin. We'll knock out Ram and Kurt long enough to make it look like a suicide pact. Complete with a forged suicide note." [GO ON]

KURT AND RAM: "Ram and I died because we had to hide our gay forbidden love from a misapproving world."

Tempo Primo

(LIGHTS CHANGE. It's dawn, out in the woods. RAM and KURT enter, excited, and even a little nervous about the upcoming orgy. Ram wears a tie. Suddenly, VERONICA steps into view)

VERONICA: So let's go hunt some jocks!

So let's go hunt some jocks!

VERONICA: "Yeah. But we're filling them with 'Ich Luge' bullets."
VERONICA: "'Ich Luge'...?"

VAMP

2 x's

JD: "My Grandad scored them in World War II. They contain a powerful tranquilizer. The Nazis used them to fake their own suicides when the Russians invaded Berlin. We'll knock out Ram and Kurt long enough to make it look like a suicide pact. Complete with a forged suicide note." [GO ON]
KURT: (a little bashful): "Hi... Veronica."
RAM: "Uh... so do we just whip it out or what?"
VERONICA: "Take it slow, Ram. Strip for me."

**VAMP**

(The BOYS eagerly strip)

(KURT and RAM giggle with anticipation and count along.)

VERONICA: "One... two..."
VERONICA (cntd): "Aaaugh! Holy crap!"

(JD steps out of hiding)

KURT: "Three." [MUSIC OUT]

(K. and R. remove clothes & KURT grimaces - The BOYS eagerly strip)

(JD shoots RAM. VERONICA fires at KURT, winging him.)

Fast (Chase!)

KURT: 'Aaagh! Holy crap!' (Runs off)

(JD. runs after KURT. VERONICA, suddenly worried, kicks RAM with her foot)

VERONICA: 'Ram? You're just unconscious, right? Ram? Ram!'

(JD chases KURT. KURT tries to escape by scaling a fence.)
**KURT:** "I don’t understand!"

We can start and finish wars. We're what killed the dinosaurs.

**KURT:** "Stop being a dick!!"

We're the asteroid that's overdue. The dinosaurs will turn to dust. They'll die because we say they must.

**J.D.:** "Off the damn fence! Get off the fence!"

(Off the fence, halfway over the gate. He turns back, exhausted and crying)

**KURT:** "What does that MEAN??!

**VERONICA:** "What the FUCK HAVE YOU DONE??!

(GUNSHOT)
10. Our Love Is God [Rev. 5/27/14]

Tempo primo

Piano/Vocal

I'd trade my life for yours.
We'll make them disappear.
We'll plant our
garden here...

Our love is God.

VERONICA:

Our love is God.

WOMEN (O.S.):

Our love is God.

MEN (O.S.):

Our love is God.
Our love is God.

Ohh...

Ahh!

Ohh...

Ahh!
RAM'S DAD: "You wait just a minute, Paul!... It is ignorant, hateful talk like yours that makes this world a place our boys could not live in!" [MUSIC]

RAM'S DAD:

They were NOT dirty!
They were NOT wrong!
They were two

Gently, a bit slower

Moderato, with a pulse

KURT'S DAD:

lonely verses... in the Lord's great song!
Our boys were pansies, Bill!

RAM'S DAD:

A little broader

YES! My boy's a homosexual, and that don't scare me none._ I
Back to moderato non rubato

want the world to know...

G/D C#7sus4 C# C#7sus4

Country/Gospel 2, not too fast

Fiercely

f I LOVE my dead gay son!

RAM’S DAD: "I’ve been thinking. Praying. Reading some magazines --"

"-- And it's time we opened our eyes."

RAM’S DAD:

VAMP

Well, the

1st X, downbeat tacet
RAM'S DAD:

good Lord made the uni-verse. The Lord created man.

I believe it's all a part of His gigantic plan.

know God has a reason for each mountain and each flower.

And why he chose to let our boys get
bus-y in the shower! They were not

Oo... whoa... ah!

Oo... whoa... ah!

They were not dirt-y!

Whoa!

Whoa!

Whoa!

They were not fruits!

They were just

Whoa!

Whoa!

Whoa!
RAM'S DAD:

SOPR: two stray laces in the Lord's big boots! Well, I

ALTO:

TEN: Oo...

BASS: whoa!

Oo...

RAM'S DAD:

never cared for homos much until I reared me one. But

RAM'S DAD:

now I've learned to love. I love my dead gay son.

SOPR: ALTO:

TEN: Now, learned to love...

BASS: Now, learned to love...

E/B Hammond org

Piano/Vocal

11. My Dead Gay Son [Rev. 5/27/14]
RAM’S DAD:

Whoa! ____________

Now I ____________

He loves his son, he loves his son, his dead gay son!

say my boy’s in heaven! and he’s tanning by the pool. ____________

The ____________

cherubim walk him and him, and Jesus says it’s cool. ____________

They ____________
don't have crime or hatred, there's no bigotry or cursin'. Just friendly fellows dressed up like their favorite Village Person! They were not

RAM'S DAD:

SOPR:

ALTO:

TEN:

BASS:

Bb7sus4

Fill
RAM'S DAD:

They just had flair!

They were just

No, no!

Whoa!

No, no!

Whoa!

two stray ribbons in the Lord's long hair.

Well, I

Oo...

whoa!

Oo...

whoa!

Ab/C Eb/Db Fm/Ab Bb9/D Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Bb7 Eh>

RAM'S DAD:

used to see a homo and go reachin' for my gun.

But
RAM’S DAD:

Piano/Vocal

RAM’S DAD: now I’ve learned to love... And FUR-THER-MORE!!

SOPR: now I’ve learned to love... And FUR-THER-MORE!!

ALTO: now I’ve learned to love... And FUR-THER-MORE!!

V

Military feel

RAM’S DAD: THESE BOYS were brave as hell. THESE BOYS they knew damn well, Snare tattoo

BASS: Now, learned to love...

TEN: Now, learned to love...

Military feel

RAM’S DAD: THOSE FOLKS would judge ’em; they were des’perate to be free!

NOW: THEY KNEW THEY HAD TO LIVE!!

E/B

E

Bb7sus4

Bb7

Fill

THESE BOYS they knew damn well,

A♭ropped

Cm11

Snare tattoo

Eb Eb/Ab Eb/Bb

THESE BOYS were brave as hell. THESE BOYS they knew damn well,

A♭ropped

simile

Eb Bb/F Eb7 Eb/G B♭/Ab Eb7

THESE BOYS were brave as hell. THESE BOYS they knew damn well,

A♭ropped

simile

Eb Bb/F Eb7 Eb/G B♭/Ab Eb7

THESE BOYS were brave as hell. THESE BOYS they knew damn well,
They took a rebel stance, stripped to their underpants.

Paul, I can’t believe that you still refuse to get a clue.

After all that we been through! I’m talkin’ you and me!

In the summer of Eighty Three!

All: (Gasp!)
(A pause. Then:)  
KURT'S DAD: "That... was one hell of a fishing trip." [GO ON]  

(A Tempo)  

(KURT'S DAD crosses over to RAM'S DAD and EMBRACES him. They kiss. Deeply and long. EVERYONE marvels and sings...)
Our job is now continuing the work that they begun!

'Cause

Bm7 /A E/G# E A /G# F#m7 A/E
RAM'S DAD:

150 And roller skate? While Judy Garland sings! They

KURT'S DAD:

151 B Majo

SOPR: grab a mate... While Judy Garland sings!

ALTO: simile pp Oo... cresc. f yah!

TEN: pp Oo... cresc. f hoo!

BASS: simile pp Oo... cresc. f yah!

B Majo

156 F

C#7/G#

#A7

157 F#

RAM'S DAD:

live a playful after-life that's fancy, free and reckless!

KURT'S DAD:

They

SOPR: Cresc. Oo, f hoo!

ALTO: Cresc. Oo, f hoo!

TEN: pp Oo... Cresc. Oo, f hoo!

B Majo

C#7

Fm
11. My Dead Gay Son [Rev. 5/27/14]

RAM'S DAD:

And wear a pearly necklace!

G\#7\#5

KURT'S DAD:

swing upon the pearly gates and wear a pearly necklace!

C7sus4

SOPR:

ALTO:

TEN:

BASS:

And wear a pearly necklace!

F7sus4

RAM'S DAD:

They were NOT dirty!

KURT'S DAD:

They were NOT dirty!

They were good

(lace!)

(lace!)

(lace!)

Whoo!

Whoo!

(lace!)

(lace!)

(lace!)

(lace!)

(lace!)

(lace!)

G7sus4

Fill
And now they're happy bear-cubs in the Lord's big den!

Whoa!

And now they're happy bear-cubs in the Lord's big den!

Whoa!

And now they're happy bear-cubs in the Lord's big den!

RAM'S DAD:

Go forth and love each other now. Like our boys would have done.

KURT'S DAD:

Go forth and love each other now. Like our boys would have done.
We'll teach the world to love, the world to love...

We'll teach the world to love...

We'll teach the world to love...

A tempo

11. My Dead Gay Son [Rev. 5/27/14]
Piano/Vocal

Gospel with double time feel

11. My Dead Gay Son [Rev. 5/27/14]

SON:

My son!

My son!

My son!

SOPR:

Not half bad, your dead gay son! Wish I had your dead gay son! Thank you

ALTO:

TEN:

BASS:

G

C

G

C

RAM'S DAD:

Dead gay son!

KURT'S DAD:

Dead gay son!

dad, for your dead gay son!

dad, for your dead gay son!

G7/D

FMaj7

C2

G

Applause Segue
Furioso (♩=96)

VERONICA: \textit{mf}\textbf{ Fine! We're "dam aged". Really "dam aged". But that does not make us "wise"!}

\textbf{FF}\textbf{ We're not "special". We're not "diff'-rent". We don't choose who lives or dies.}

\textbf{sfz} A\textsuperscript{maj7}/E\textbf{ (More pleadingly)}

\textit{Andante, non rubato, with growing passion (♩=80)}

\textbf{mf}\textbf{ We'll bake brownies. Or go bowling. Don't you want a life with}

\textbf{D\textsuperscript{dim7}/G\textsuperscript{#5}}\textbf{ 12. Seventeen (Veronica, JD) 5/27/14 Music and Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE KEVIN MURPHY}

\textit{HEATHERS Piano/Vocal}
VERONICA: sub$p$

Lullaby, non rubato ($\delta=76$)

Can't we be seventeen?

That's all I want to do.

If you could let me in,

I could be good with you.
VERONICA:

With growing warmth & energy \( (\text{j}=80) \)

J.D.:

Or they vanish.

VERONICA:

But we let go.

J.D.:

Then go buy some summer clothes.

VERONICA:

We'll go camping.

J.D.:

And we'll eat some chili fries.

VERONICA:

Play some poker.
VERONICA:

May be prom night.

J.D.:

Don't stop looking in my

mf

May be dancing.

cresc.

Same tempo, steady power ballad rock (d=80)

VERONICA:

Can't we be seventeen?

J.D.:

Your eyes.

Can't we be seventeen?

J.D.:

Is that so hard to do?

J.D.:

Is that so hard to do?

Piano/Vocal

15. Seventeen [Rev. 5/27/14]
VERONICA: If you could let me in, I could be good with you.

J.D.: If you could let me in, I could be good with you.

VERONICA: If you could let me in, I could be good with you.

J.D.: If you could let me in, I could be good with you.

Grand power rock

VERONICA: Let us be seventeen.

J.D.: Let us be seventeen.
VERONICA:

If we've still got the right...

VERONICA:

So what's it gonna be?

VERONICA:

I wanna be with you. Wanna be with you tonight.

J.D.:

I wanna be with you... to night.

(5/27/14)
Yeah, we're damaged. But your love's too good to lose.

Badly damaged. But your love's too good to lose.

Hold me tighter. I'll stay if I'm what you choose.

Even closer.

If I am what you choose...

Can't we be seventeen.
VERONICA:  

If we've still got the right...

J.D.:  

Cause you're the one I choose.

VERONICA:  

You're the one I choose.

J.D.:  

You're the one I choose.
Martha Suspects
5/27/14

Music and Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE
KEVIN MURPHY

(Back in the cafeteria.)
H. CHANDLER: "And they lived happily ever after."
(HEATHER CHANDLER steps out of the shadows.)
H. CHANDLER: "You really believe all that? You think it all goes back to normal? Oh, don't give me that wounded look--you know exactly what he is. And you love it." [GO ON]

VERONICA: Just stop talking.
H. CHANDLER: Only a true dead best friend will tell you the truth.
(MARTHA hurries over to VERONICA.)
MARTHA: "Veronica, I need your help."
VERONICA: "Sure, what?"
MARTHA: "Something doesn't add up." [MUSIC OUT; attaca bar 9]

Guitar:

H. CHANDLER: "Well fuck me gently with a chainsaw! Nancy Drew is on to you, Veronica."
(Alarmed, VERONICA yanks MARTHA out of earshot of the other kids)
VERONICA: "Why would you say that? They found a suicide note."
MARTHA: "It could have been faked. I mean, you forge stuff all the time right?"

H. CHANDLER: "I am in love with this fat girl!" [GO ON]
VERONICA: "Who'd want to kill Ram and Kurt?"
MARTHA: "I'm thinking your friend JD. Remember the way he went after them in the lunch room?"
KURT: "Yeah, man. That sucked." [MUSIC OUT; attaca bar 20]
MARTHA: “There’s something off about that JD.” [GO ON]

RAM: “Looks like Veronica’s going to lady prison. (making interlocking V-sign) Girl on girl!”
KURT: “Punch it in!” (They punch fists.)

MARTHA: I want to look in JD’s locker. I thought maybe you could get me the combination.”

H. CHANDLER: “I bet there’s all kinds of interesting things in that locker. Maybe some “ich luge” bullets...?”

(VERONICA tries to ignore the DEAD TEENS and focus)

VERONICA: “Martha... this is a pretty wild theory.”
MARTHA: “I don’t care what they were saying at the funeral. Ram was not gay. I’d stake my life on it.”
KURT: "Ram's a fatty-magnet."
RAM: "At least I don't have skid marks."

KURT: "Bullshit!"
RAM: "Skid-marks!"
KURT: "Fatty-magnet!"
VERONICA: "Stop it!"

[VAMP (cut on cue)]

MARTHA: "Stop what?" [GO ON]
MARTHA (cont): "Veronica, what's wrong with you?"
VERONICA: "I'm just trying to understand. Ram was gay, why would you think anything else?"
MARTHA: "He kissed me, remember? On the kickball field."

VERONICA: "Yeah, in kindergarten!"
MARTHA: "My heart knows the truth."
H. CHANDLER: "Time to choose, Veronica. Eat or be eaten."

MARTHA: "Why would Ram write me that note if he didn't still feel something?"
H. CHANDLER: "You know what to say."
MARTHA: "Why would he invite me to his homecoming party? I'm gonna confront JD."

VERONICA: "No!"
H. CHANDLER: "Do you have the guts?"
(HEATHER touches VERONICA. VERONICA stiffens, closes her eyes. She opens her eyes and laughs.) [MUSIC OUT]
H. CHANDLER: "I thought the desperado hung up his six-guns. Don't you trust him?" [MUSIC]

FLEMING: Veronica! There you are. I need you girls in place for the assembly.
VERONICA: Oh, right, this thing. Christ.
FLEMING: Pedal to the metal, kids. Show a little hustle.
MCNAMARA: I'm kinda looking forward to this.
DUKE: Did you have a brain tumor for breakfast?
MCNAMARA: Sorry Heather.
FLEMING: Hello Westerberg! [GO ON]

FLEMING: That's not productive, Dwight. My senior thesis at Berkeley was on the subject of pediatric psychotherapeutic musicology -- and it was terrifically well-regarded. So I speak with some authority when I tell you that the way to eliminate suicide is by first eliminating fear. [GO ON]

(con't) By creating a safe zone in which we are all equal! [GO ON]

FLEMING: Deep in ever'y one of us there's a hot ball of shame. Guilt, regrets, anxiety;
Fears we dare not name. But if we show the ugly parts That we hide away,

They turn out so beautiful By the light of day! Why not

WOMEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light... On your deepest fear! Let in sunlight And your pain will disappear!

MEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light... Let in sunlight now!...
Shine, shine, shine. And your scars and your flaws_ Will look lovely because you shine___

Shine, shine, shine!___ Oo, oo!__ Will look lovely because you shine___

Shine, shine, shine!___ Oo, oo!__ Will look lovely because you shine___

G D/F# F A/E D#7(b5) B

You shine a light_ Oh yeah eah!___

Shine, shine, shine a light! Shine, shine, shine a light!

Shine, shine, shine a light! Shine, shine, shine a light!

E9sus4 G/A D/A G/A D/A
13. Shine A Light

**FLEMING:**

(Cheering)

**STONER CHICK:**

Ev'ry day's a battle-field, when pride's on the line.

**PREPPY:**

I attack your weaknesses.

**WOMEN:**

Hm...

**MEN:**

Hm...

**STONER CHICK:**

D/A E/A A Fm Bm/D C#1/E# FLEMING:

pray you don't see mine!

**STONER CHICK:**

and you show me yours.

**GOOTH GIRL:**

pray you don't see mine!

**B. GEEK:**

But if I share my ugly parts, and you show me yours, Our

**STONER CHICK:**

Hm...

Hm...

Hm...

Fm E/F A Bm E/G# A Bm A/C# D
FLEMING:

and unlock all our

STONER CHICK:

love can knock our walls down, and unlock all our

GOTH GIRL:

doors!

PREPPY:

love can knock our walls down, And unlock all our
doors!

B. GEEK:

WOMEN:

Oh...

MEN:

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Bm7

Shine, shine, shine a light,
on your deepest fear!

WOMEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light!

MEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light!

DMaj7 A/C# Bm7 A
Let in sunlight, And your pain will disappear! Who

Let in sunlight now! dis-appear!

Let in sunlight now!... dis-appear!

FLEMING:


hus-band left. My kids are grown. In the Six-ties, love was free. That did not work out well for me. The

re-volu-tion came and went; tried to change the world, bare-ly made a dent.
I have struggled with despair. I've joined a cult, chopped off my hair. I chant, I pray, but God's not there. So

FLEMING: "And I faked it. Every single time. That felt great! Hoo!"

VAMP (out any beat)

Steve, I'm ending our affair!

One! Two! Take me home now!

FLEMING: (last x)

Shine, shine, shine a light, on your deepest fear!

WOMEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light!

MEN:

Shine, shine, shine a light...

FLEMING:

Shine, shine, shine a light...
Let in sunlight now...

Let in sunlight now!

And your pain will disappear!

Shine, shine, shine! And your scars and your flaws Will look lovely because you shine!

Shine, shine, shine! Oo, oo! Will look lovely because you shine!

Shine, shine, shine! Oo, oo! Will look lovely because you shine...
Shine, shine, shine a light!

Ad lib.

You shine...

Shine, shine, shine a light!

F9sus4

You shine a light!

Shine, shine, shine a light!
Shine, shine, shine a light!

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
Shine A Light Playoff
5/27/14

MS. FLEMING: "C'mon kids! Work with me! I want you to share that pain. Drag it out into the light where everyone can look at it!" [MUSIC OUT]

HEATHER MACNAMARA: (In the clear) "I've thought about killing myself!"

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY
H. DUKE: "Heather, get back in line."
H. MCNAMARA: "The last guy I slept with..." [MUSIC]

H. MCNAMARA (cntd): "...killed himself because he was gay for his linebacker, my best friend seemed to have it all together, but she's dead too. Now my stomach's hurting worse and worse, and every morning on the bus I feel my heart beating louder and faster, and I'm like "Jesus, I'm on the frickin' bus again 'cause all my rides to school are dead." [GO ON]

Moderato, with a pulse

Mournfully VAMP (vox last x only)

MACNAMARA:

Moderato, with a pulse

Mournfully VAMP (vox last x only)

MACNAMARA:
tin - i - est life boat. With peo - ple I know.

Gm

Cold, clam - my and crowd - ed. The peo - ple smell des - p're. We'll sink an - y

G5

Add bass pp

minute. So some - one must go. The tin - i - est

Gm/D

Cm9

F9sus4

life boat. With peo - ple I know.
Sudden loud rock

Piano/Vocal

14. Lifeboat [Rev. 5/27/14]

sub.f every-one's pushing, every-one's fighting.

sub.f CbMaj7/Gb

Storms are approach ing, there's no where to hide.

If I

say the wrong thing or I wear the wrong outfit they'll

singer holds note full volume, or even crescendos, while band melts away

Non ritard!

throw me right over the side....
I'm hugging my knees, and the captain is pointing. Well,

who made her captain? Still the weakest must go,

tiniest lifeboat. Full of people I know,

The tiniest lifeboat... Full of
Almost a tempo but not quite

Almost a tempo but not quite

people I know.
Shine A Light Reprise
(Duke, Ensemble)
5/27/14

Music & Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY

VERONICA: "That all you care about? TV cameras?"
MS. FLEMING: "I care about saving lives! Heather Duke ruined a valuable taping moment!"

VERONICA: "Valuable? None of us want this spectacle! To be experimented on like guinea pigs, patronized like bunny rabbits!"
MS. FLEMING: "I don't patronize bunny rabbits!" [GO ON]

VERONICA: "I killed them! What do you all think of that?" [STUDENTS laugh]
H. DUKE: "God, people will say anything if they think it'll make them popular!"
[VERONICA runs off]
[GO ON]

VERONICA: "Heather Chandler was a monster, just like Kurt and Ram! They didn't kill themselves!"
H. CHANDLER: "We're alone in the ocean!"

[ATTACA BAR 11]

VERONICA: "Heather Chandler is a monster, just like Kurt and Ram! They didn't kill themselves!"
H. CHANDLER: "We're alone in the ocean!"

[GO ON]

VERONICA: "You're all idiots!"
H. DUKE: "What's your damage, Heather?
Are you saying Westerberg's not a nice place?"

H. DUKE: "Where's your school spirit? You don't deserve to wear our school colors!"
MS. FLEMING: "Don't be mean spirited."
H. DUKE: "Why don't you hop in your little lifeboat and catch a gnarly wave over to Remington?" [GO ON]

H. CHANDLER: "This is their big secret. The adults are powerless."
VERONICA: "Heather Mac trusted you! You said you'd protect her!"
H. CHANDLER: "They can't help us. Nobody can help us."
VERONICA: "You're useless!"
[GO ON]

H. MCNAMARA: "Stupid child-proof caps!"

JD: "Veronica! Veronica!"

H. DUKE: [vocal last x]

Aw, look! Heather's going to cry!"

MS. FLEMING: "Heather's going to cry!"

STONER CHICK: "Alright people, settle down!"

MS. FLEMING: "Heather's going to cry!"

MS. FLEMING: "Young lady, you are suspended! Turn off the TV cameras?!

CAMERAS! Turn them off, goddammit!"

MS. FLEMING: "Young lady, you are suspended! Turn off the TV cameras!"

MS. FLEMING: "Heather's going to cry!"

MS. FLEMING: "Don't be mean spirited."
Whine, whine, whine all night... You don't de-serveto live. Why not kill you-sel-f? Here, have a se-da-tive.

WOMEN:

Whine, whine, whine all night...

MEN: Whine, whine, whine all night...

Whine, whine, whine all night... Like there's no San-ta Claus. You're pa-thet-ic be-cause you whine... You whine all night...

Whine, whine, whine... Boo hoo... You're pa-thet-ic be-cause you whine...

Whine, whine, whine... Boo hoo... You're pa-thet-ic be-cause you whine...

G D/F# F A/E Dm(7(b5)) B9
Your ass is off the team. Go on and bitch and moan. You don't deserve the dream. You're gonna die alone.

Die alone! Die alone! Die alone! Die alone!

Die alone! Die alone! Die alone! Die alone!

Die alone! Die alone! Die alone! Die alone!

Die alone! Die alone! Die alone! Die alone!
VERONICA: "If everyone jumped off a bridge, young lady, would you?"
H. MAC: "Probably." [GO]

VERONICA: "Oh. Well, if you were happy all the time, you wouldn’t be human. You’d be a game show host."

H. MACNAMARA: "Thanks for coming after me."

VERONICA: "You’re welcome."

(HEATHER MAC and VERONICA hug and move offstage.)

(Lights up on JD in his living room.)
Cheerleader Transition
(Heather McNamara, Students)
5/27/14

ALL CHORUS:
\[\text{(stomp stomp CLAP) (stomp stomp CLAP) (stomp stomp CLAP) (stomp stomp CLAP)}\]

H. MCNAMARA: "Tomorrow night is the pep rally!"

WOMEN:
\[\text{Whoa...} \quad \text{oa!} \]

MEN:
\[\text{Whoa...} \quad \text{oa!} \]

Gm \hspace{1cm} Gm7 \hspace{1cm} C7/G \hspace{1cm} Cm/G
ALL CHORUS:

WOMEN: stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap

MEN: stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap

H. MCNAMARA: "Let's get psyched!"

Whoa... Whoa...

Gm Gm7 C7/G sf2

Hey yo West - er - berg! Tell me what's that sound!

Hey yo West - er - berg! Tell me what's that sound!

C5 Eb5 F5
Here comes West - er - berg, Com-in' to put you in the ground!

Go go West - er - berg, Give a great big yell!

Piano/Vocal

15a. Cheerleader Transition [Rev. 5/27/14]
(HEATHER MCNAMARA leads off stage, leaving some behind. Stomping continues quietly offstage under the following. HEATHER DUKE remains behind. J.D. approaches and drops an envelope into her arms.) [GD]

J.D.: "I now know thee, thou clear spirit."
HEATHER DUKE: "That's from 'Moby Dick.'"

J.D.: I appreciate a well-read woman.
HEATHER DUKE: "What's in the envelope?"
(SHE looks at the contents of the envelope.)
HEATHER DUKE: "Oh crap!"

(J.D. cut on cue)

J.D.: "A tangible reminder that at one time, around age six, I'm guessing, you and Martha Dunnstock were friends."
(Lights up on MARTHA)
HEATHER DUKE: Where did you get these? Did Veronica give them to you? (J.D. takes the photos back)


J.D.: "I love this one of you and Martha in the bathtub together," HEATHER DUKE: "These photos are ancient history."

HEATHER DUKE: "Nobody cares about Martha Dumptruck."

VAMP (cut on cue) "Nobody cares about the past." [MUSIC OUT]

HEATHER DUKE: (in the clear) "Nobody cares about Martha Dumptruck."

[SEGUE TO 16. KINDERGARTEN BOYFRIEND]
Lullaby, not too slowly

Gently, slow but steady

There was a boy I met in kindergarten. He was 

sweet. He said that I was smart. He was good at sports and people liked him. And at 

nap time once we shared a mat. I didn't sleep. I sat and watched him breathing. Watched him
Piano/Vocal

16. Kindergarten Boyfriend [Rev. 5/27/14]

dream for nearly half an hour. Then he woke up.

He pulled a scab off one time playing kickball. Kissed me quick, then pressed it in my hand. I took that scab and put it in a locket. All year long I wore it near my heart. He didn’t care if I was thin or pretty. And he was
mine until we hit first grade. Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo Then he woke up.

With more energy; but not really any faster

Last night I dreamed A horse with wings flew down into my home room. On its back there he sat And he held out his
arms. So we sailed above the gym. across the

Cadd2/E

faculty parking lot; My kindergarten

Em 3 3 3 Am 3 3 Cm7/Bb

boyfriend and I... And a horse with wings.

Gm Eb G7add4omit3

Lullaby, not too slowly

Now we're all grown up, and we know better. Now we

C/E C/F Am2
re-cog-nize the way things are. Cer-tain boys are just for kin-der gar-
simile

(Martha is standing on the edge of a bridge.)

ten. Cer-tain girls are meant to be a-lone. But I be-lieve

mp, but with resolve and poc. a poc. cresc.

that a-ny dream worth hav-ing is a dream that should not have to end. So I'll

simile

cresc.

build a dream that I can live in. And this time I'm ne-ber wak-ing

Cresc.
With burst of energy and fanfare
up.

And we'll go with burst of energy and fanfare
up.

soar above the trees.

O-ver cars and croquet
simile

lawns. Past the church, and the lake.

And the

Piano/Vocal

16. Kindergarten Boyfriend [Rev. 5/27/14]
Tri-Country Mall.

We will fly through the dawn, to a new kindergarten!

Where
nap time is centuries long.

Freely, colla voce

A tempo 1 (non rubato)

Rall.
Transition To Petition
5/27/14

Music + Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE
+ KEVIN MURPHY

(VERONICA’S YARD. HEATHER MCNAMARA and VERONICA playing croquet. HEATHER DUKE enters with a clipboard)

H. DUKE: "Hey guys! Missed you after eighth period."  [MUSIC OUT]
Yo, Girl/Meant To Be

(JD, Heather Chandler, Ram, Kurt, Students)

5/27/14

Music & Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY

HEATHER DUKE: "Not a chance. I'll just fake your signature like I did with Martha Dumptruck. She's in no shape to sign anything today." [MUSIC]

VERONICA: "Why not?"

HEATHER DUKE: "It was on the radio. She took a belly-flop off the Old Mill Bridge last night, wearing a suicide note."

VERONICA: "Oh my God. Is she dead?"

HEATHER DUKE: "It was on the radio. She took a belly-flop off the Old Mill Bridge last night, wearing a suicide note."

HEATHER DUKE, RAM, KURT

Yo, girl, keep it together. I knew you would come far.

Now you're truly a Heather. Smell how gangsta you are.
(LIGHTS up on a hospital bed. MARTHA lies unconscious. VERONICA takes her hand)

VERONICA: "Martha, I'm so sorry."

HEATHER CHANDLER, RAM, KURT
(PLUS OFFSTAGE VOICES)

Yo, girl, Feel a bit punchy? She's not looking so well. Still, you've earned that red scrunchie.
Come
join
Heather in Hell.

(VERONICA'S PARENTS enter)
DAD: "Where have you been?"
MOM: "We've been worried sick. Your friend
JD stopped by. He told us everything."

VERONICA: "...Everything?"
DAD: "Your depression. Your thoughts of suicide."

MOM: "He even showed us your
copy of 'Moby Dick'."

[GO ON]

HEATHER CHANDLER: "He's got
your handwriting down cold."
MOM: "Please, honey. Talk to us."
VERONICA: "You'd never understand."

MOM: "Try me! I've experienced everything
you're going through right now. I know it all
seems impossibly dramatic."

[GO ON]

a bit slower (but the effect is faster...)

HEATHER CHANDLER, RAM, KURT
(PLUS OFFSTAGE VOICES)

(PLUS OFFSTAGE VOICES)

MOM: "Your problems seem like life and death."

Cm(7)  Cm

Cm(7)  Cm

Cm(7)  Cm

Cm(7)  Cm

32  33
34  35
36  37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44

Go On
Guess who's climbing the stairs?

Guess who's picking your lock?

Time's up. Go say your prayers!

Slightly Slower

MOM: "I promise, they're not."

VERONICA: "You don't know what my world looks like." (she exits)
HEATHER CHANDLER, RAM, KURT
(PLUS OFFSTAGE VOICES)

ro-ni-ca's gotta be trip-pin' on shrooms now, think-in' that she can hide. Ve-

A[7/bm6]m

61
62
63
64
65
66
67

ro-ni-ca's done for, there's no doubt now. No-ti fy next of kin.

Knock knock!

ro-ni-ca's try-ing to keep him out now. TOO LATE! He got in.

D[7/bm6]

(8th)

TOO LATE!
He got in.
VERONICA: "Get out of my house! I'll scream and my parents will call the police."  

JD: "All is forgiven, baby! Come out and get dressed! You're my date to the pep rally tonight!"

VERONICA: "What?! Why?" [GO ON]

Hard angry rock, a bit slower, in 4 (q=188)

JD: "Our classmates THOUGHT they were signing a petition! But you gotta come out here and see what they REALLY signed."

VERONICA: "What?! Why?" [GO ON]

Hard angry rock, a bit slower, in 4 (q=188)

You chucked (chucked) me out like I was trash, for that you should be dead. But! But! But!
Then it hit me like a flash, What if high school went away instead?

Those assholes are the key! They're keeping you away from me.

They made you blind, messed up your mind, But I can set you free!

left me and I fell a part, I punched the wall and cried. Bam! Bam! Bam!

Yo, Girl/ Meant To Be [Rev. 5/27/14]
Then I found you'd changed my heart And set loose all this truth ful shit inside!

And so I built a bomb. Tonight our school is Viet nam. Let's guar an tee they ne ver see their sen ior prom!

Ballad feel, same tempo (\[\text{\(\frac{3}{4}\)}\]), in 2

I was meant to be yours!
We were meant to be one!

Don't give up on me now!

Finish what we've begun!

Steady power chug (snare on 3)
when the high school gym goes BOOM! with every one inside: Pkh! Pkh! Pkh!

In the rubble of their tomb we'll plant this note explaining why they died:

(LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL a CHOSTLY CHORUS of DEAD WESTERBERG STUDENTS in VERONICA'S BROOM.
JD rips off the top of the petition, and reads what was concealed)

J.D.: DEAD TEENS:

We, the students of Westerberg High, will die. Our burned bodies may

finally get through to you. Your society turns out slaves and blanks. No thanks.
Signed, the students of Westerberg High. Goodbye. We'll watch the smoke pour out the doors. Bring marshmallows, we'll make S'mores! We can smile and cuddle while the...
Monster moderato heavy metal (in 2, half time feel)

J.D.:  
SOPR:  
ALTO:  
TEN:  
BASS:  

Meant to be yours!

I was meant to be yours!

Meant to be yours!

5/27/14
We were meant to be one!

Ah!

Meant to be one!

Ah!

F\(^7\)/A\(^#\)  D\(^m\)/A\(^#\)  F\(^7\)/A\(^#\)  D\(^m\)/A\(^#\)

I can't make it alone!

Ah!

Make it alone!

Ah!

Make it alone!

E\(^2\)/G\(^#\)  C\(^m\)/G\(^#\)  E\(^2\)/G\(^#\)  C\(^m\)/G\(^#\)  C\(^m\)/G\(^#\)
ronicca can we not fight any more please. Can we not fight any more? 

ronicca!

Can we not fight any more? 

ronicca!

Can we not fight any more? 

ronicca!

Can we not fight any more? 

ronicca, sure you're scared, I've been there. I can set you free! 

ronicca... I can set you free! 

ronicca... I can set you free! 

ronicca...

I can set you free! 

ronicca...

I can set you free! 

ronicca...

I can set you free!
ronica, don't make me come in there!

I'm gonna count to three!

ronica...

ronica...

ronica...

I'm gonna count to three!

FUCK IT.

ONE.
TWO.
FUCK IT.

Ah!

FUCK IT.

Ah!

B|thing

ff
(JD kicks open the door.)

2 x's

(SCARY LIGHTING: VERONICA dangles from an improvised bedsheet noose. Dead.)

Slower, non rubato

JD: "Oh... God... No... Veronica..."

Slow Unbearably Sad Gandalf Has Fallen To His Death Type Music

J.D.: Please... don't... leave me alone... You... were... all

SOPR:

ALTO:

TEN:

BASS:

Oo...

Oo...

Oo...

Oo...
I could trust... I can't... do this alone...
(VERONICA'S MOM walks in with a plate of chips and pate. She sees VERONICA hanging and screams)
Dead Girl Walking (Reprise)  
(Veronica, JD, Students)  
5/27/14

DAD: "Sorry for what?"  
VERONICA: "For being a horrible person." [MUSIC]

MOM: "What? Where are you going?"  
VERONICA: "Out."

DAD: "When will you be back?"  
VERONICA: "Good question."

Allegretto rock  
in 2 feel, about $\sigma = 108$

Piano/Vocal

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY

Dead Girl Walking (Reprise)  
(Veronica, JD, Students)  
5/27/14

DAD: "Sorry for what?"  
VERONICA: "For being a horrible person." [MUSIC]

MOM: "What? Where are you going?"  
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VERONICA: "Good question."

Allegretto rock  
in 2 feel, about $\sigma = 108$

Piano/Vocal

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY
His solution is a lie; no one here deserves to die. Except for me and the monster I created!

Veronica:

Yeah! Yeah! Heads

Ah, hah! Hah! Hah!

Soprano:

Ah, hah!

Alto:

Ah, hah!

Tenor:

Ah, hah! Hah!

Bass:

Ah... Hah!

Piano/Vocal

18. Dead Girl Walking Reprise [Rev. 5/27/14]
VERONICA:

up, J. D. I'm a dead girl walking! Can't

WOMEN:

Hey yo West - er- berg!

MEN:

Hey yo West - er- berg!

El² Cm⁷ Cm⁶ Gm

hide from me! I'm a dead girl walking! And

El² Cm⁷ Cm⁶ Gm

(school bell)

there's your final bell; It's one more dance and

Oh!

Oh!

B⁷sus² C² B⁷m⁶/Db
then fare well. Cheek to cheek in hell, with a dead girl...

Ah, ah ah!

Ah, ah ah!

Cheek to cheek in hell.

Ah! ah! ah!

Ah! ah! ah!

Stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap stomp stomp clap

Whoa... Whoa... Whoa... Whoa...

Come on Westernberg!
ALL CHORUS: Piano/Vocal

Ms. FLEMING: "Veronica! Jason Dean told us you'd just committed suicide."
VERONICA: "Yeah well, he's wrong about a lot of things."
MS. FLEMING (vaguely disappointed): "I threw together a lovely tribute. Especially given the short notice."

VERONICA: "Ms. Fleming, what's under the gym?"
MS. FLEMING: "The boiler room."
VERONICA: "That's it!"

VERONICA: "What's going on?" [GO ON]

ALL CHORUS: Piano/Vocal

Got no time to talk, I'm a dead girl...
ALL CHORUS:

stomp stomp clap  stomp stomp clap  stomp stomp clap  stomp stomp clap

Here comes West - er - berg, Com-in’ to put you in the ground!

Here comes West - er - berg, Com-in’ to put you in the ground!

Go go West - er - berg, Give a great big yell!

Go go West - er - berg, Give a great big yell!

West - er - berg will knock you out and send you straight to hell!

West - er - berg will knock you out and send you straight to hell!

D7b5

C5  E7b5  F5

G5  G7/B

7/27/14

18. Dead Girl Walking Reprise [Rev. 5/27/14]
(LIGHTS UP on THE BOILER ROOM. A scary vision of Hell. Machinery, steam and creepy lighting everywhere. In the middle of it all is JD, putting the finishing touches on a TIME BOMB.

ALL CHORUS:

VERSE 1:

JD (Cont.): "...And this little thing? I'd hardly call it a bomb. This is to trigger the packs of thermals upstairs in the gym. Now those are bombs."

JD pulls a gun on Veronica. She stands her ground.

JD: "People are going to look at the ashes of Westerberg and say there's a school that self-destructed not because society didn't care, but because that school was society."

VERONICA appears, bat in hand)

VERONICA: "Step away from the bomb."

(JD whirls around, mildly surprised)

JD: "And here I thought you'd lost your taste for faking suicides."

VERONICA (vocal last x)

VERONICA: "Wish your mom had been a little stronger."

I wish she'd stayed around

ALL CHORUS:

VERONICA: "Wish your mom had been a little stronger."

I wish she'd stayed around

VERSUS 2:

JD (Cont.): "You know the only place Heathers and Marthas can truly get along? Heaven!"

VERONICA: (vocal last x)

VERONICA: "Wish your mom had been a little stronger."

I wish she'd stayed around

ALL CHORUS:

VERONICA: "Wish your mom had been a little stronger."

I wish she'd stayed around

END OF SONG.
_a little longer._ I wish your dad were good. I wish grown-ups understood. I wish we'd met before they convinced you life was war. I wish you'd come with me._ I wish I
J.D.: had more T. N. T.

ALL CHORUS:

VERONICA

MEN:

WOMEN:

Hey yo West-er-berg!

T. had hand with the croquet mallet!

Tell me what's that sound!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

108

109

110

110a

VERONICA

MEN:

WOMEN:

Hey yo West-er-berg!

Tell me what's that sound!

Ah!
ALL CHORUS:

Here comes West-er-berg, Com-in' to put you in the ground!

Here comes West-er-berg, Com-in' to put you in the ground!

Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap!

Go go West-er-berg! Give a great big yell!

Go go West-er-berg! Give a great big yell!

Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap! Stomp clap!

West-er-berg will knock you out and SEND YOU STRAIGHT TO...

West-er-berg will knock you out and SEND YOU STRAIGHT TO...

Dm/F Dm11 Dm5 A(#11)/E (gunshot)
J.D.: "Was that good for you? 'Cause it kinda sucked for me." [MUSIC]

VERONICA: "It's over, JD. Which wire do I pull? JD!"

(Too late. JD has passed out. Or died. We can't tell.)
(Frantic, VERONICA picks up the bomb and lugs it up the stairs. It's every bit as cumbersome and heavy as a 1980's cell phone.)

VERONICA: "Dear diary. The irony here is I never got the chance to write a suicide note."

(Suddenly, JD appears behind her. He's badly hurt, but still standing)

JD: "Smart move. Drag the trigger bomb out to the football field, far away from the thermal packs and nobody dies. Except you, if you keep clinging to that thing."

VERONICA: "I don't deserve to live"

JD: "I respectfully disagree. Give me the bomb"

VERONICA: "Stay away!"

JD: "Or what?" [GO ON; segue #19]

[DIRECT SEGUE to #19 "Seventeen Reprise"]
Finale (Seventeen Reprise)
(Veronica, Martha, MacNamara, Duke, Ensemble)
5/27/14

I am damaged. Far too damaged. But you're not beyond repair.

Stick a-round here. Make things better 'Cause you beat me far and square.

Please stand back now. Little further. Don't know what this thing will do.

Hope you miss me. Wish you'd kiss me. Then you'd know I worship you.

Music & Lyrics by LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY
VERONICA:
Oh my god...
Wait, hold

J.D.:
I'll trade my life for yours.
And once I disappear,

VERONICA:
on...
Not this way...

Clean up the mess down here.
Our love is God.

J.D.:
Our love is God.
Our love is God...

Our love is God...
19. Finale (Seventeen Reprise) [Rev. 5/27/14]

VERONICA:

Say hi to God.

Our love is God...

[Explosion]

(LIGHTS UP on the WESTERBERG CORRIDOR. VERONICA enters. Her face is blackened, hair frazzled, jacket singed. HEATHER DUKE rushes up, HEATHER MCNAMARA a step behind)

Faster

HEATHER MCNAMARA: "Where have you been? People were saying you killed yourself."

HEATHER DUKE: "You look like hell."

VERONICA: "Yeah, I just got back."

(VERONICA grabs HEATHER DUKE)

HEATHER DUKE: "Hey!"
(VERONICA removes H. DUKE'S red scrunchie and puts it in her own hair.)
HEATHER DUKE: "What are you doing?"
(VERONICA kisses her cheek and sings...)

VERONICA:

Slower folks. War is over. Brand new sheriff's come to town.

We are done with acting evil. We will lay our weapons down.

We're all damaged. We're all frightened. We're all freaks, but that's all right.

We'll endure it. We'll survive it. Mar-tha, are you free to-night?
(MARTHA enters in a motorized wheelchair)

MARTHA: "What?"

VERONICA: "My date for the pep rally kinda blew... me off."

VERONICA (contd): "So I thought if you weren't doing anything, maybe we could rent some new releases..."

VERONICA: "...pop some Jiffy Pop? Something with a happy ending?"

MARTHA: "Are there any happy endings? [GO ON]"

VERONICA: I can't promise no more Heath-ers. High school may not ever end.

Still, I miss you. I'd be honored if you'd let me be your friend.
My friend...

We can be seventeen.

We can learn how to chill.

If no one loves me now,

Some day someday will.
VERONICA + MARTHA:

SOPR: ALTO:

TEN: BASS:

Let's all be seventeen.

Too many wrongs to right.
One day we'll change the world.

Whoa...

but let's kick back tonight!

And ya
(night!...)

Let's go be seventeen.

(night!)

Let's go be seventeen.

know, ya know, ya know, ya know...

f \( F^2 \)

Take off our clothes and dance.

Cm\(^7\)

We can be beautiful. Ya

BbMaj7/D
Act like we're all still kids.

Know, ya know...

Act like we're all still kids.

Cause this could be our final chance.

Cause this could be our final chance.

Cause this could be our final. And ya...
Al
ways
be
eve
n-
teen.

Al
ways
be
sev-
enten.

Celebrate
you
and
I.

We
can
be
beau-
tiful.

Ya

Piano/Vocal

19. Finale (Seventeen Reprise) [Rev. 5/27/14]
May be we won't grow old,

May be we won't grow old,

know, ya know.

May be we won't grow old,

know, ya know...

And may be then we'll never die.

And may be then we'll never die.

ff And may be then we'll never die.

ff And may be then we'll never die.

ff And may be then we'll never die.

ff And may be then we'll never die.
VER. + MAC.

MARTHA: We'll make it beau ti ful.

We'll make it beau ti ful.

We'll make it beau ti ful.

We'll make it beau ti ful.

We'll make it beau ti ful.
Piano/Vocal

19. Finale (Seventeen Reprise) [Rev. 5/27/14]

[Music notation with lyrics]

Beau-ti-ful!

Ah...

Ah...

Ah, Beau-ti-ful!

Fill

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!

Beau-ti-ful!
19. Finale (Seventeen Reprise) [Rev. 5/27/14]

Piano/Vocal

---

Beautiful! Beautiful!

G\(b5\) > > Fill

E\(b5+7\) > > Fill

---

Beautiful! Beautiful!

---

Beautiful! Beautiful!

---

Beautiful! Beautiful!

---

B\(b9\)

fff

\(\text{Piano/Vocal} \rightarrow 16 \rightarrow 19. \text{Finale (Seventeen Reprise) [Rev. 5/27/14]}\)
Bows
(All)

Same tempo as ending of 19. Seventeen (hard fast rock)

Piano

Music & Lyrics by
LAURENCE O'KEEFE & KEVIN MURPHY
We'll make it beautiful.

We'll make it beautiful.

We'll make it beautiful.

We'll make it beautiful.

We'll make it beautiful.

Beautiful! Beau

Beautiful!