Libretto Vocal Book

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

Book by
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New Music by
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New Lyrics by
Dick Scanlan

Original Story and Screenplay by Richard Morris for the Universal Pictures Film
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Freely but moving forward

studied all the pictures in magazines and books. I

memorized the subway map, too. It's one block north to Macy's and
two to Brothers Brooks. Manhattan, I prepared for you. You

certainly are different from what they have back home where

nothing's over three stories high, and no one's in a hurry or

wants to roam But I do though they wonder why. They
said I would soon be good and lonely. They
said I would sing the homesick blues. So I
always have this ticket in my pocket; a ticket

(She rips up the ticket)

home in my pocket to do with as I choose.

Wide swing
Hot Dixieland \( \downarrow = 86 \)

Burn the bridge. Bet the store. Baby's comin' home

no more. Not for the life of me.

Break the lock. Post my bail. Done my time I'm outta jail.

#2—Not For The Life Of Me
Not for the life of me. A life that's

Più mosso

... gotta be more than a one-light town where the light is always red...

... gotta be more than an old ghost town where the ghost ain't even dead...

Clap your hands, just 'cause Don't you know that where I am ain't where I was...

(MILLIE:)

Not for the life of me You see I

#2—Not For The Life Of Me
got-ta be more than a coun-try wife—mak-in' ba-bies till I croak—

GOT-ta be more than a lead-ing role in a

farm-er's daugh-ter joke!

Days of yore, kind and gen-tle ask me if I'm sen-ti-men-tal.

Not for the life of me. Boh doh dee oh!

Not for the life of not for the

life of not for the life of

Segue as one

#2—Not For The Life Of Me
Vibrant \( \text{\textit{d}} = 104 \)

There are those... There are those... I suppose... I suppose...

Think we're mad... Think we're mad... Heaven knows...

...the world has gone to rack and to...

Heaven knows... Heaven knows...

Brooklyn opens

ruin.

What we
Revolve Door

(JOANN): JULIE: ALISA & MEGAN:

Think is chic, unique, and quite adorable,

WOMEN:

They think is odd and Sodom and Go-

morrhable! But the fact is...

Menomosso

Everything today is thoroughly modern

SR GROUP: MILLIE:

(Check your personality.) Everything today makes yesterday

SL GROUP: MILLIE:

slow. (Better, face, reality.) It's not insanity

says Vanity Fair. In fact, it's stylish to

#3—Thoroughly Modern Millie
77 (MILLIE:)
raise your skirts and bob your hair!

WOMEN (group 1):
raise your skirts and bob your hair!—

WOMEN (group 2):
raise your skirts and bob your hair!

Valentino

MILLIE:
Have you seen the way they kiss in the movies?— (Isn’t it delicious?)

WOMEN:
Painting lips and penciling your brow now is quite respectable.

ENS: (some men at pitch)

MILLIE:
Good-bye, good-good girl, I’m changing and how. So

ENS: (some men at pitch)

beat the drums cause here comes Thoroughly Modern Millie

#3 Thoroughly Modern Millie
97 (ENS;)  

98  

2  

100 WOMEN:

now!  

MEN:

What we

101 "Down and dirty"

think is chic, unique, and quite adorable. They

think is chic, unique, and quite adorable. They

102  

103  

104  

105  

106  

107  

108  

think is odd and Sodom and Gomorrah! But the fact is...

think is odd and Sodom and Gomorrah! But the fact is...

109 Stop Time (quirky)

ALL: (hushed)

sub P staccato  

110  

111  

112  

MEN:

Ev'rything today is thoroughly modern. Bands are gettin' jazz-ier.

#3 — Thoroughly Modern Millie
ALL: (hushed)

Ev-ry-thing to-day is start-ing to go.

WOMEN: (whispered)

Cars are get-ting snaz-z-ier.

WOMEN:

Men say it's crim-i-nal what wo-men'll do.

MEN:

Men say it's crim-i-nal what wo-men'll do.

ENS:

What they're for-get-ting is this is nine-teen twen-ty-two!

Breakout

"Varsity Drag"

Low-Down

Twisty Wrist

Slightly broader

WOMEN:

Good-bye, Good good-y girl I'm chang-ing and

MEN:

Good-bye, Good good-y girl I'm chang-ing and

#3 — Thoroughly Modern Millie
(WOMEN:)

MILLIE:

ALL: sub. p

how!

(MEN:)

I'm changing and how! So

how!

Beat the Drums

beat the drums 'cause here comes thoroughly Hot off the press! One step

ahead! Jazz Age! Whoopee Baby! We're so thoroughly

(WOMEN:)

MILLIE:

(MEN:)

now!

MEN:

now!

#3—Thoroughly Modern Millie
MILLIE GETS MUGGED

TACET

NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME
(TAG)

CUE: JIMMY: "...back in my own bed." (he leaves)

PART I

Rubato - not too slow

\( \text{\textit{MILLIE:}} \text{ mp} \)

They said I would sing the home-sick blues.

Più mosso

Granny, dear, mother mine, old and gray at twenty-nine.

Cal-loused hands, bro-ken heart,

In 4 "I ain't got nothin'"

dreams that die be-fore you start.
Who needs a hat? Who needs a purse? And who needs you, Mister Whoever-you-are!
'Cause I'm a pioneer woman, pal!

The Woolworth Building! The Met Life tower! There's gold in them there hills and I'm gonna
get it or die trying!

In 2 accel. poco a poco

Heavy Dixieland $j = 95$

Days of yore, kind and gentle. Ask me if I'm

senti- mental! Not for the life of me.

Bo-doh-dee-oh! not for the life of, not for the

#4—Not For The Life Of Me (Tug)
L'istesso

me!

Applause segue

PART II

Fast and full of hope

PRISCILLA GIRLS:

Burn the bridge. Bet the store. Baby's com'in'

GROUP 1:

home no more. Not for the life of me. A life that's

GROUP 1:

got-ta be more than a one-light town, where the light is al-ways

GROUP 2:

Got-ta be more than a one light town where the

GROUP 3:

Got-ta be more than a

#4—Not For The Life Of Me (Tag)
red. Gotta be more than an old ghost town, where the light is Gotta be more than an old ghost town, where the
one-light town. Gotta be more than an old ghost town, where the

(GROUP 1:)
ghost ain't even dead.

(GROUP 2:)
ghost ain't even dead.

(GROUP 3:)
ghost ain't even dead.

(Made of steel)

ALL:

Clap your hands just because where I am ain't

Clap your hands just because where I am ain't

Clap your hands just because where I am ain't

#4—Not For The Life Of Me (Tag)
(Suddenly light again)

SOLO 1: me!

SOLO 6: Bob-doh-dee-oh!

ALL: Not for the life of...

SOLO 2: me.

SOLO 3: me.

SOLO 4: me.

SOLO 5: me.

Not for the life of...

Not for the life of...

Not for the life of...

Not for the life of...

Fine

#4—Not For The Life Of Me (Tag)
CUE: MILLIE: "...and the water's always cold."

Operetta (dramatic)

MISS D:  
\begin{align*}
\text{:} & \quad \text{poco rall.} & \text{A tempo} \\
\end{align*} 

This is living! This is what I call living! I've

Più mosso

hungered for this day since heaven knows when, year after year with a

Rall.  

Accel.

secret yen! All of my prayers, all my desire,

Rit.

Every waking moment with my heart a-fire!

MILLIE: "Well, you're out of luck. There's one room available and it's mine. So unless you want a room mate..."

G.P.
Now I'm living! Tell one-and-all I'm living!

MILLIE: "...It's a single bed, so you take the floor. MISS D: "Perfect!"

Give me the meat without the gravy. I'll take the oyster sans the pearl.

Pinching pennies, clipping coupons,

see a brand new world unfurl!

Let me brown bag all my lunches, try my hand at canned

#5—How The Other Half Lives
(MISS D:)

___ cui - sive. ___ A Ber - litz class ___ I

long to pass. ___ How the oth-er half, how the oth-er half lives!

mf with warmth

No four - teen ka - rat cro - nies, pho - nies,

fair-weather friends. I want ___ an "on-the-dole" mate,

MILLIE: "But if you can afford the Ritz..."

soul mate, stor - my wea - ther friends.

mf softshoe

Pour me the milk but hold the hon-ey. Bring on those fun-ny

#5—How The Other Half Lives
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

(MISS D.:

\[\text{Money woes. Paying Paul by robbing Peter.}\]

\[\text{Lay-away to buy my clothes. Summer on the isle of Coney.}\]

\[\text{Winter in Hell's kitche-nette. I'll turn my dial to}\]

\[\text{MILLIE:}\]

\[\text{Rank and file. How the other half, How the other half lives!}\]

\[\text{Poor? Not me, honey. I don't want those}\]

\[\text{Money woes. I'll marry Paul or Dave or Rob or Peter}\]

\[\#5-\text{How The Other Half Lives}\]
(MILLIE:)

\[ \text{so I can buy my clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue,} \]

\text{Bergdorf Goodman, too! The privileged few plus}

\text{BOTH:}

\[ \text{you-know-who! How the other half, How the other half lives!} \]

\text{Dialogue}

\[ \text{Pour me the milk but hold the honey. Bring on those funny} \]

\text{MISS D: mf}

\text{MILLIE: mf}

\text{Poor? Not me, honey. I don't want those}

\[ \text{mon-ey woes... Paying Paul by robbing Peter.} \]

\[ \text{mon-ey woes. I'll marry Paul or Dave or Rob or Peter} \]

\#5—\text{How The Other Half Lives}
(MISS D.:)

Lay-a-way to buy my clothes. Summer on

(MILLIE:)

so I can buy my clothes at Saks Fifth

the isle of Con-ey. Win-ter in Hell's kit-che-nette. A

A-ve-mue, Berg-dorf Good-man, too!

wild so-journ Liv-in'

So I can learn Liv-in'

like the other half!

like the other half!

#5—How The Other Half Lives
5A HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES (TAG)

CUE: MILLIE: "This way, Miss Dorothy."

Bright 4 $q = 170$

MILLIE & MISS DOROTHY:

Liv - in' Like the oth - er

Segue

5B INTO THE LAUNDRY

TACET
NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME
REPRISE #1

CHING HO: "Qiao shao diao." "Dian da du."

Freely

Guai-guai bu zai hui jia liao.

accel e cresc. poco a poco

BUN FOO:

Zhe sheng-huo wo bu yao. Sheng-huo yao

Tempo \( \dot{\text{j}} = 155 \)

bi yideng xiao zheng geng fan rong er qie

BOTH:

deng shi yong yuan hong. Sheng-huo yao bi gui cheng

geng re nao lian gui guai dou huo zhe

\( f \) (a cheer)

Jia you! Jia you! jia you!
With great conviction

(BOTH)

Pai - pai shou_ zhi_ dao ma wo de jin - tian

bu - shi guo - qu yi - yang la_ Zhe sheng - huo wo bu

BUNCHING:

yao. __________ Boh - doh - dee - oh!

Zhe sheng - huo wo bu

Segue

7

THE OFFICE CROSSOVER

TACET

7A

FRONT AND CENTER

TACET

#6—Not For The Life Of Me
THE SPEED TEST

CUE: TREvor: "Take a letter."

Trevor: "...you'll find an invoice in the file for the address."

Vamp (vocal last x)

Dear Mister Hudson,

Co-lon: My eyes are fully open to my awful situation, so I'm writing you a letter to demand an explanation. When the floor wax that we bought from you arrived here Monday morning, we discovered upon usage that the fume should have a warning. Since the only possibility is that your wax is rancid, I re-
quest a full refund of all the money we advanced. And unless you can convince me you've improved the floor wax batter, we will take our business elsewhere, so I hope you solve this matter.

TREVOR: "How's my speed Miss Dillmount?"

MILLIE: "A little slow, perhaps."

Subito faster $d = 76$

closed you'll find a small container of the stuff I talk about. Just carefully remove the lid and take a whiff if you've a doubt. I'm sure you wouldn't want me to alert the daily papers with the

#8—The Speed Test
news of how our office was affected by your vapors, which is
why I choose to write to you a confidential letter full of

strong recommendation that you make your floor wax better. I just

hope it won’t require us to have our floor relaid and if it

Più mosso

does you may expect a bill. Sincerely, Trevor Graydon.

TREVOR: "Read that back to me, please."

MILLIE: "Certainly."

MILLIE: (matching his every inflection)

Dear Mister Hudson, Colonel: My

eyes are fully open to my awful situation, so I'm

#8—The Speed Test
(MILLIE:)

writing you a letter to demand an explanation. When the

floor wax that we bought from you arrived her Monday morning, we dis-

covered upon usage that the fume should have a warning. Since the

only possibility is that your wax is rancid, I re-

rit.

TREVOR: "Nice"

(milking it)

request a full refund of all the money we advanced. And un-

(back to business)

less you can convince me you’ve improved the floor wax batter, we will

take our business elsewhere, so I hope you solve this matter.

#8—The Speed Test
THOUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

accel.

TREVOR: "Not half bad. Please continue."  

MILLIE:

\[ j = 100 \]

closed you'll find a small container of the stuff I talk about. Just

carefully remove the lid and take a whiff if you've a doubt. I'm

sure you wouldn't want me to alert the daily papers with the

news of how our office was affected by your vapors, which is

why I choose to write to you a confidential letter full of

strong recommendation that you make your floor-wax better. I just

#8 — The Speed Test
(MILLIE:)

hope it won’t require us to have our floor re-laid and if it

TREVOR: “Miss Dillmount may I speak frankly?” (music out)

MILLIE: “Yes?”

Colla voce

TREVOR: mp

If does you may expect a bill. Sincerely, Trevor Graydon.

molti legato

I could be so lucky as to have a good stenographer, to

poco rit.

keep this place as up-to-date as her short skirt and bobbed coiffure, I

a tempo

wouldn’t have to worry about our sour ed of fice plank ing and could

poco rit.

concentrate on generating profits ripe for banking. That is

poco rit.

why I’m testing you with this outrageous correspondence which I

#8—The Speed Test
(TREVOR:)

don't int rend to ac tually mail to the re spon dents. So if

you can make sense of my un in tel li gi ble pat ter. Then the

a tempo \( \text{\textit{d}} = 100 \)

job is yours and Hud son's floor wax re al ly does 'n't mat ter. Hud son's

+WORKERS (women only)

f

floor wax does 'n't mat ter? Mat ter mat ter mat ter mat ter. Hud son's

MILLIE:

(TREVOR:)

Hud son's floor wax does 'n't mat ter, mat ter

Poco più mosso
(to Dance)

floor wax does 'n't mat ter, mat ter mat ter mat ter mat ter.

mat ter mat ter mat ter. Hud son's floor wax does 'n't mat ter.

TREVOR: "I want that letter on my desk in two minutes flat. Man your machines..."

Dance

Go!

#8—The Speed Test
Tempo I  
(laboriously)

Tempo II  
(brightly)

108
[Secretaries type]  109  [Millie types]

112
"ding" carriage return

Tempo I  
accel poco a poco

accel.

119

Tempo (brisk 4)  \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 151

The Sires

117  Millie taps  119  Speed Tappists tap

121  Millie taps  122  "ding" carriage return

Stop Time

125  Millie's 4  126  Guys' 4  127  Trading 2's  128  cowbell

#8—The Speed Test
Millie & the Boys
133-136 carriage return
Women tap

Graydon's cross
Snare

Can-Can

Lifts

Splits
carriage return
knuckle/stretch/split leaps
"Shave a curtain" clap

tap canon

#8—The Speed Test
Graydon re-enters

New tempo (faster) \( \dot{=} 120 \)

he yanks out the paper

Faster

TREVOR: \( \text{mf} \)

ALL:

\( \text{mf} \) TREVOR:

Dear Mister Hudson,

Colon: My

(TREVOR:)

eyes are fully open to my awful situation, so I'm

ALL WORKERS:

Matter matter matter matter... etc.

writing you a letter to demand an explanation. When the

floor wax that we bought from you arrived here Monday morning, we dis-

#8 — The Speed Test
(TREVOR:)

- covered upon usage that the fume should have a warning. Since the

(ALL WORKERS:)

Mat-ter mat-ter mat-ter mat-ter... etc.

only possibility is that your wax is rancid, I re-

quest a full refund of all the money we advanced. And un-

less you can convince me you've improved the floor wax bat-ter, we will

#8—The Speed Test
GROUP 1: (women)

191 (TREVOR:)

take our business elsewhere, so I hope you solve this matter. So I

(ALL WORKERS:)

199

Matter matter matter matter... etc.

(GROUP 1:)

183

194

hope you solve this matter matter matter matter. So I

GROUP 2: (men)

186

So I hope you solve this matter matter

195

196

ALL:

198

ALL:

197

198

198

hope you solve this matter matter matter matter. So I

198

198

198

hope you solve this matter. So I hope you solve this matter. So I

198

198

198

hope you solve this matter. So I hope you solve this matter. So I

#8—The Speed Test
(ALL:)

hope you solve this matter matter matter matter matter.

(ALL:)

hope you solve this matter matter matter matter matter.

Subito presto (in 2)

TREVOR: "Going on."

As fast as humanly possible

\emph{mep}

closed you'll find a small container of the stuff I talk about. Just

carefully remove the lid and take a whiff if you've a doubt. I'm

sure you wouldn't want me to alert the daily papers with the

news of how our office was affected by your vapors, which is

\#8—The Speed Test
(TREVOR:)

why I choose to write to you a confidential letter full of

strong recommendation that you make your floor wax better. I just

hope it won't require us to have our floor relaid and if it

\[ \text{bombastic} \quad \dot{=} \quad 78 \]

TREVOR: \( f \)

does you may expect a bill. Sincerely, Trevor Graydon. You have

(TREVOR:)

made the team, Miss Dillmount!

MILLIE: \( mf \)

Tell me

\[ \text{ALL:} \quad f \]

You have made the team, Miss Dillmount.

\[ \text{accel. poco a poco} \]

(MILLIE:)

where my desk is, when we eat lunch, how much I'll be paid and nice to

#8—The Speed Test
(MILLIE:) meet you, I know we'll be friends, just call me Mil-lie Gray-don.

(I mean Dill-mount.) (Some-day Gray-don.)

Gray-don? Mil-lie Dill-mount? Gray-don?

Gray-don!


Aaahhh!

Segue

#8—The Speed Test
8A  SPEED TEST PLAYOFF

TACET

8B  HOW SWEET

TACET

8C  CALIFORNIA APPLE #1

TACET

8D  CALIFORNIA APPLE #2

TACET

#8—The Speed Test
9 THEY DON'T KNOW
(2/11/02 down half step w/corr.)
(4002)

CUE: RUTH: "Don't wait up Meersie (doors slam)
Think "Grinch," slinky

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{A} \\
\text{mf}
\end{array}
\]
\[\frac{\text{j} = 113}{\text{J}}\]

They don't know - my flair for - the dramatic.

Not a clue, - the talent I possess.

Pretty girls, - but not much in - attic. Face to face with genius,

(Spoken) (optional)

and they'll ne- ver guess. (They'll ne- ver guess)

They don't know - they're star - ing at an artist
(MRS. MEERS:)

highly trained to take any role.

Skillful mime and brilliant laundry cart-tist. seeking retribution for the life they stole.

almost acted Chekhov, Ibsen, Shaw, Moliere.

almost starred as Peter Pan; imagine moi mid-air! Straight 8's

almost tackled Shakespeare, a blushing Juliet, and

if the house were big enough, I still could play her yet!

#9—They Don't Know
(MRS. MEERS:)

They don't know— I'm hotter news— than Du-se,

Hel-en Hayes— and Bern-hardt all in one——

They're on top,—— and I look like the los-uh.

Wait and see who's stand-ing when my play is done.

So wel-come all ye bright, young lad-ies, you're check-ing in to

Ho-tel Ha-des. I won't stand by while crit-ics praise 'ya,

You're get-ting shipped to south-east As-ia!

#9—They Don't Know
(MRS. MEERS:)

they don't know. They don't know.

Sad to be all alone in the world.

but

they don't know!

Applause segue

---

9A  THEY DON'T KNOW PLAYOFF

TACET

#9—They Don't Know
THE NUTTYCRACKER SUITE

JIMMY: "All right, but the moment we're in, you're on your own." (He knocks on door.)

\[ d = 116 \]

\[ \text{PART 1} \]

\[ d = \text{Lute rhythm} \]

(Girls go, one by one, into club)

(Millie into club)

Drums

(Millie)

(Olio fly to reveal speakeasy in progress)

Ratchet

\[ d = 90 \]

Za da da da da doo da Badoodie a da da bwah da da
daaaaa Za ba ba bwah bwah bwah bwah bwah bwah bwah
datat

Choke

nobody need a nobody need a
nobody needs a na na nobody needs a na na nobody needs a na na

Vocals Out
(Song continues as a dance sequence)

shou-ga-di bah, shou-ga-di bah shou-ga-di bah, shou-ga-di bah

10A TELL IT TO THE JUDGE

CUE: "Tell it to the Judge"

Fast 4 $d = 180$

Segue as one

#10—The Nutcracker Suite
WHAT DO I NEED WITH LOVE?

Freely, conversational

JIMMY: mp

Oh, the places I would like to show you, although I hardly know you. I've a funny feeling we make a perfect pair. Famous

(fuller)

sights I want to see you seeing, then nights of

(getting lost)

"you and me" - ing. Me. You. We.

\[ \text{\textit{\textbf{\texttt{\textbf{A tempo}}}}} \]

(Swingy, in 2)

"Wait a minute!"  "Just a minute!"  

No! No! No! No!

I'm a Joe with just one aim: Every night to date a

diff'rent dame, Call each one of 'em the same pet name, "Hey,
(JIMMY:)

Ba- by. In a row I have my ducks.

Loads of gals to give me loads of yucks. Leave the cooking to the other chucks. I don't mean maybe.

Got it good. What Do I Need With Love?

Always practice what I preach: keep temptation out of easy reach. Stick to dolls who wash their hair in bleach. I'm happy. Come and go the

#11—What Do I Need With Love
(JIMMY:)

way I choose... Never gonna sing the tied-down blues...

Other guys... would kill to fill my shoes... No wing-clipped

sappy! Got it good... What Do I Need... With

love?

That was a near miss. Talk about a close shave...

Flirted with disaster. There must be

someone up there watchin’ over me! Talk about a

#II — What Do I Need With Love
(JIMMY:)

four-leaf-clover-me. Pet-er Rab-bit's mis-sing foot-sie

means I roll with-out a toot-sie. Got it good.

What Do I Need With Love? I Got it good.

Straight 8's (Vaudeville to the n'th degree)
(Double time feel)

What Do I Need With Love?

Skip the vows and all that rot. Tell the mi-ni-ster that

"I do" not. Bright and breezy is the...

Birds and bee-sy is the... Free and easy is the

#11—What Do I Need With Love
(JIMMY:)

life I got with out her.

Freely

Al-though I hard-ly know you...

A tempo I

What Do I Need With Love? I

Got it good.

But now I

got it bad!

#11—What Do I Need With Love
11A  MORNING MUSIC

TACET

11B  LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

TACET

11C  LAUGH IN

TACET

#11—What Do I Need With Love
GLORIA: "We know, we know."
GLORIA, RUTH, ALICE: "Muzzy!"

Freely but with motion

MUZZY:

The wonders of the world are said to stop at seven, but

truth to tell, my figures don't agree.

Rall.

num-berry them at eight, with one so close to heaven, The

others pale, their magic stale. Just take a look and see

A tempo
Sultry $d = 90$

Step right up to Treasure Isle,
(MUZZY:)

ev'ry inch of it, a sky-high mile. Fairy-tale land.

Only in New York. Hey castle builder,

want the moon, and nothin' less?

Work for years then overnight success! I know first-hand.

Only in New York. Each day it's

Seductive

free admission to those who dream.

You set your sights all the way upstream.

#12—Only In New York (G)
Off you go, for you know that cream will rise.

Spirited

Make that wish, and seek that thrill.

Come and get it, 'cause you always will. Strike up the band!

Poco più mosso $d = 95$

Only in New York. Each day it's harder

free admission to those who dream.

You set your sights all the way upstream. Off you go, for you

Poco rit.

know that cream will rise. Rise!

#12—Only In New York (G)
Slightly slower and heavier still
Much ad lib!

New! Improved! And rearranged. Ever changing, yet it's ferocious!

Never changed. Life on command! Hear what I'm saying:

Oh, but it's grand! That's why I'm staying right here, as planned.


Only in New York!
12A  MUZZY'S PARTY PART 1

TACET

12B  MUZZY'S PARTY PART 2

TACET

13  JIMMY

JIMMY: "Jezebel!"

MILLIE: "Casanova!"

CUE: (kiss) Jimmy breaks away from Millie and exits.

Bright 2 $d = 104$

(Vocal last time)

MILLIE:

Am I drunk? Or maybe I'm dreaming! I ought to be

screaming! He suddenly - Everything today is thoroughly -
- Just like that, without any warning. At two in the morning, he suddenly—Every thing to-day is thor-roughly—

-Were there signs, and I didn’t see them? Random re-

-mark, occasional sigh, that day in the park, the gleam in his eye! Every thing to-day is thor-roughly...

Molto rit
a cappella

Every thing to-day is thor-roughly...

#13—Jimmy
(MILLIE:) *molto esp.*

Jim- my, oh, Jim- my, sil- ly boy.

Gee, what a real swell guy!

Jim- my, oh, Jim- my, oh, what joy,

he makes my trou- bles fly

His glance had fire-works in it We kissed, my

heart did a whiz-bang flip-flop hea- ven for a min-ute.

#13—Jimmy
(MILLIE:)

\[\text{con moto}\]

Jimmy, oh, Jimmy, don't you know

Poco rit.

what I can't quite confess? So

Meno mosso

coax me, implore me, I promise you won't bore me,

\(d = 78\)

Jimmy, I might say yes.

Full and warm

accel.

He makes my troubles fly.

#13—Jimmy
(MILLIE:)

His glance had fireworks in it. We kissed, my

Rit.

heart did a whiz-bang-flip-flop heaven for a minute so

Rall.

Broad 2

Jimmy, oh Jimmy, don't you know

Rit.

what I can't quite confess?

So

Broader

coax me. Implore me. I promise you won't

Rit.

JIMMY: Now remember... Not to me!"

(music out)

bore me. Oh Jimmy, I might say

Maestoso

End of Act I

#13—Jimmy
14

ENTR'ACTE

TACET

14A

BACK AT WORK

[telephone rings]

TYPIST GROUP 1:

\[\text{Sin-cere Trust}\]

TYPIST GROUP 2:

\[\text{Sin-cere Trust}\]

\[\text{Sin-cere Trust}\, \text{Sin-cere Trust}\]

\[\text{Sin-cere Trust}\]

("Sincere Trust" ad lib. by all Typists)

FINE
MISS FLANNERY: "Forget the boys, Dillmount. Get yourself a canary."

WITH GREAT CONVICTION  \( \frac{d}{t} \) = 102

MILLIE: \( \text{\textit{f}} \)

No canary in a cage for me.

This canary's ready to fly free!

Cut the cord. Is that a man I once adored?

He's nothing but an albatross, no great

— loss, double crosser. Forget about the boy.
(MILLIE:)

Pull the plug. Ain't he—the one who pulled the rug?

He's lower than an alley cat, dirty rat, and I

flatter. Forget about the boy.

Forget about the boy. Forget about

the boy. And in the moonlight, don't you think about him. Sister,

you're much better off without him.

#15—Forget About The Boy
30's Sunny ("We're In The Money")

You can blow the blues a kiss good-bye,

and put the sun back in the sky, for when

he comes crawl-in', I'm not fall-in'. Shout hoo-ray and

hal-le-luh! Now me and Mis-ter Wrong are through.

I'll find my-self anoth-er beau who I know is no

ro- ver. For-get a bout the boy.

For-get a bout the boy. For-get a bout

#15—Forget About The Boy
MILLIE:

Jimmy, Oh, Jimmy. Horace,

Danny, Milton, Vi to Car

Percy, Edgar, Timothy, Alfred,

MILLIE:

Jimmy,

Percy, Edgar, Timothy, Alfred,

Horace, Danny, Milton,

Benjamin Pratt the Third,

Teddy Morgan Teddy Morgan Teddy Morgan Teddy Morgan,

#15—Forget About The Boy
FLANNERY: (heartsick outcry)
Bar - ney Schrei - ber, C. P. A.!

Stop Time
MILLIE:

Jim - my, oh, Jim - my, sil - ly
FLANNERY + STENOGS:
Cut the cord. Is that a man I once adored?

boy.
Gee, what a real swell
He's no thing but an al - ba - tross, no great loss, dou - ble
guy. For - get a - bout the boy.
cros - ser. For - get a - bout the boy.

Jim - my, oh, Jim - my, oh, what joy!
Pull the plug. Ain't he the one who pulled the rug? He's low er than an

#15—Forget About The Boy
(MILLIE:)

He makes my troubles fly.

(FLN + TYPSC:)
al-ley cat, dirty rat, and I scatter.

Strong Back Beat (Pay-off)

All:

Forget about the boy. Forget about the boy.

Dance

Forget about the boy!

"Hallelujah"

Flannery Tacet

#15—Forget About The Boy
SHOUT HOO-RAY AND TRIUMPHANT

Hallelujah! Now me and Mister Wrong are through.

I'll find myself another beau who I know is no rover.

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY!

"Ziegfield Follies" sound And in the moon

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.

#15—Forget About The Boy
(MILLIE:)

light, big sweep don't you think about him.

(FLN + TYPSE:)

Ah

Sister, you're much better off without him.

Lightly

You can blow the blues a kiss goodbye, and put the blues a kiss goodbye,

sun back in the sky, sun back in the sky, for when he comes crawlin',

#15—Forget About The Boy
(MILLIE:)  ALL:

I'm not fall-in'.  Hal-le-lu-jah

Forget about the boy.  Forget about the boy.

Forget about the boy!

FINE

15A  FORGET ABOUT THE BOY TAG

TACET
TREVOR:
'Got to work up a good sweat.
'Edgy in the gut, tight in the...

MILLIE: "A handball
court for 6:15"

DOROTHY:

Ah! Sweet mys-ter-y of life at last I've found thee. Ah! I
know at last the se-cret of it all. All the
long-ing, seek-ing, striv-ing, wait-ing, year-ing, the burn-ing
hopes, the joy and i-dle tears that fall.

MILLIE: "Can't you do
better than that?" "I'll hold." TREVOR:

In One c. \( \frac{1}{2} \) = 68

ver-y strange feel-ing I ne'er felt be-fore, 'tis a
kind of a grind of de-pre-sion. My
heart's acting strangely, it feels rather sore. At

Più mosso

least it gives me that impression. My

con passione

pulses leap madly without any cause. Be-

In 3

believe me, I'm telling you truly. I'm

Poco rit.

gay without pause, then sad without cause. My

spirits are truly unruly. For I'm

Con moto $d = 156$

falling in love with someone, someone

#16—Ah Sweet Mystery/Falling In Love
I'm falling in love with someone, head a whirl. Yes I'm falling in love with someone, plain to see. I'm sure I could love someone madly, if someone would only love me.
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

\[ \text{Viennese Waltz (poco piu mosso)} \]

\[ \text{Skitter In 3} \]

[90] \text{Più mosso - in 1}

\[ \text{Tango (drammatico)} \]

\[ \text{Meno mosso - in 3} \]

\[ \text{In 1 q = 60} \]

\[ \text{Cuts} \]

\[ \text{Minelli (wild waltz)} \]

\[ \text{Rall. In 3} \]

\[ \text{Dictated} \]

DOROTHY: 

\[ \text{Yes, I'm} \]

\#16—Ah Sweet Mystery/Falling In Love
Grande Valse $d = 140$

falling in love with someone, plain to

Rit.

Slowly

I'm sure I could love someone madly, if

see... I'm sure I could love someone madly, if

someone would only love me.

someone would only love me. FINE

16A

ON THE FAT SIDE

TACET

#16—Ah Sweet Mystery/Falling In Love
I TURNED THE CORNER

JIMMY: "I'm talking twenty stories beneath us."

Briskly, in 2 \( \frac{4}{\text{beat}} = 108 \)

JIMMY:

Dozens of buses... hundreds of cabs...

Thousands of people, way down below, wandering to and fro.

Tireless people, no time to lose,

crowding the avenues and parks. On their marks,

racing fast; quite a cast. Millions of people,

pick any two: they could be just like you and me

Rit.

used to be, way back when, strangers, then
In 2 - Freely with great expression

(JIMMY:)

I turned the corner, and there you stood,

your smile like home to me, your heart familiar.

No use pretending, not that I could.

I turned the corner when I met you.

With a gentle pulse (not too slow)

I turned the corner; stopped on a dime,

like I remembered someone long forgotten.

No mere flirtation, no marking time.

#17—I Turned The Corner
(JIMMY:)

I turned the corner when I met you,
When I met you.

Con moto cresc. poco a poco

Was our encounter planned, destiny's guiding hand?

Fortune or fate, it's grand, the way you make me feel!

Dance $\frac{3}{4} = 156$

$\frac{3}{4} = 109$

#17— I Turned The Corner
Hesitant Swing $\frac{1}{8} = 97$

(He takes her hand)  Sways

Poco meno mosso

JIMMY: "Have dinner with me..."

(Dialogue)

Con moto

Cue out: MILLIE: "And if I don't eat again for a month, who cares?"

Safety

#17 — I Turned The Corner
MILLIE: \textit{mf} \quad \textit{accel. poco a poco}

JIMMY: \textit{mf}

All of the past erased. Glorious future faced.

Now that my life you've graced, I'll never be the same!

My spirit soared as you appeared before me.

\textit{Playful and not too legato}
(MILLIE:)

117

I did-n't... Look what I found.

118 119 120

(Poco rit.)

121

I wasn't look-ing; Look what I found.

122 mp

Poco accel...

123

(TREVOR: "John!"

124

Intimately mp

(no breath)

I turned the cor-ner when I met you.

Cue: JIMMY:

"You'd better get back to work before your ex-lover misses you."

MILLIE: "Pick me up at seven?"

JIMMY: "Pick you up at seven."

In 4

Segue as one

Segue as one

Segue as one

Segue as one

Segue as one
FALLING IN LOVE (REPRISE)

\( \text{\textit{M}} \)  \text{\textit{Millie:}} \text{\textit{mollo legato}}

fall-ing in love with some-one

\( \text{\textit{J}} \)  \text{\textit{Jimmy:}} \text{\textit{mf molto legato}}

you. For I am fall-ing in love with some-one

\( \text{\textit{T}} \)  \text{\textit{Trevor:}} \text{\textit{mf molto legato}}

Fall-ing in love with

\( \text{\textit{D}} \)  \text{\textit{Miss Dorothy:}} \text{\textit{mf molto legato}} \text{\textit{Poco accel.}}

Some-one, some-one girl.

\( \text{\textit{M}} \)  \text{\textit{mm}}

some-one. I'm fall-ing in love with some-one,

\( \text{\textit{J}} \)

girl. I am fall-ing so in love, a feel-ing I have ne-Ver

\( \text{\textit{T}} \)  some-one, some girl.
Head a whirl.

Yes I'm

head a whirl. Yes I'm

felt.

Pulse is leaping madly. Yes I'm

Pulse is leaping madly, head a whirl. Yes I'm

$\textbf{9} \quad \textbf{Piu lento e molto sappio}$

f

falling in love with someone, plain to see.

falling in love with someone, plain to see. I'm

falling in love with someone, plain to see.

falling in love with someone, plain to see.

#18—Falling In Love (Reprise)
A cappella

CHING HO: "I love you
Miss Dorothy"

D. mf

I'm sure I could love some-one, if

M. Poco rit.

I'm sure I could love some-one mad-ly, if

J. m.p

I'm sure I could love some-one, if

T. f

I'm sure, if

Rit.

D. ten.

someone would only love me!

M. ten.

someone would only love me!

J. ten.

someone would only love me!

T. ten.

someone would only love me!

#18—Falling In Love (Reprise)
MRS. MEERS:

"Who's it gonna be, boys,
Miss Dorothy (bell tone) or Mama?"

\[\text{Colla voce}\]

MRS. MEERS:

\[\text{mf}\]

Ev 'ry thing seems love ly when you start to

\[\text{In 4 A tempo } \frac{4}{4} = 138\]

roam. The birds are sing ing the day that you stray.

\[\text{Poco rit.}\]

but wait un til you are far ther a way.
In 2 (Colla voce)

(MRS. MEERS:)

Things won't be so lovely when you're all alone.

In 4

Here's what you'll keep saying when you're far from home.

Slowly with expression \( \text{\textit{d}} = 102 \)

BUN FOO:

Meers: "That's right."

CHING HO:

"Now you're talking."

BUN FOO:

Tai-yang zhao dong fang Tai-yang zhao xi fang But

MRS. MEERS:

you know where tai - yang zhao best.

BUN FOO:

Zhao dao, zhao dao mu - qin ta shen shang.

CHING HO:

Zhao wo, zhao wo mu - qin ta shen shang,

"Yeah."

#19—Muquin
BUN FOO & CHING HO:

"You can taste her cookin."

Wo de xin yong yuan wang jia xiang

(Stomp)

CHING HO:

"Take her home!"

Wo lai-liao Bu ren yao nin duo deng da

(Jolson)

BUN FOO:

"It's never too late for!"

Wo lai-liao Wan le kong pa nin bu zai

Full Jolson

ALL:

BUN FOO & CHING HO:

Mam my Mam my Wo yuen zou bai-wan li kan ni

+ MEERS:

xiao mi mi My Mam my

Full Tilt Showbiz (Dance)

2

CHING HO: marcato

Wo yuen zou

BUN FOO:

bai-wan li kan ni xiao mi mi Wo yi bei fan zui ye

#19—Muquin
(BUN FOO):

MRS. MEERS:

- bu____ hai - pa. They'll work for Miss - us Meers__ the

Molto rit. A tempo (Straight 8ths)

rest of their years. My Mam - my.

19A MUQUIN TAG

MRS. MEERS (vb):

CHING HO:

BUN FOO:

ALL:

Wo yuen zou bai - wan li kan ni xiao____ mi - mi. My

(Straight 8ths)

Mam - my.

#19—Muquin
LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU

In 4
Ad lib
Molto legato

We've been sad and lonesome here at Cafe Society.

Più mosso
Rall.

but tonight the world is right. A

In 2

dream come true: Miss "You-know-who" is back where she belongs.

Fast 2 \( d = 108 \)
Rigorous

(MUZZY:)

hol-i-day. I'm talk-ing June through May. A night-ly

sell-out show, and ba-by, I'm front row. Bye-bye to

lon-ly nights, on-ly nights; when the two of us can coo. Skies are

sun-ny and clear, long as I'm here with you.

MUZZY: ad lib.

The world's a

#20 — Long As I'm Here With You
(MUZZY):

MEN: pp

Su-gar bowl. It's sev-ens ev'-ry roll.

Boo-dy-i dah Boo-dy-i dah Ba da da da da da da

Sneak peek at para-dise: The view is

Boo-dy-i dah Boo-dy-i dah Boo-dy-i dah

Bend

might-y nice. I got no blues to sing: choose

Ba da da da da da da Br ooh

to sing a me-lo-dy for two. Hap-py

Ooh

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
ending is near, long as I'm here with you.

(Discussion)

Tpt 3 solo

Cl 2 solo

Thb

Repeat only if using alternate orchestration

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
MILLIE:
"My grandmother swears it'll clean anything"

Safety

MILLIE:

Contemplative

Gran-ny, dear,...
moth-er mine...

(MILLIE:)

Not for the life of

Life is a

me.

ho-li-day... I'm talk-ing June through May. A night-ly

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
sell-out show, and baby, I'm front row. I got no

blues to sing; choose to sing a melody for two. Happy

Ooh

ending is near, long as I'm here with you. Who cares if

there's no booze, or that the Yankees lose? Can't pay my

income tax, but in spite of the facts, no one could

ask for more. Kid in a candy store. The jackpot

Doo - oo Doo - oo

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
(Muzzy): has been hit; I'm livin' proof of it. And as for

MEN: Doo-oo Doo-oo

all that passed, call that past—I found a heart that's true.

Ooh Ooh

What a red letter year 'long as I'm here with you,

(Muzzy): mp and you and you and you and you and you and

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
(MUZZY:)

yeah, you too.... So hap- py dear,

'long as I'm here with,

'long as I'm here with you! Segue

20A LONG AS I'M HERE PLAYOFF

(Start as she starts to descend)

Brighter $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{R}} = 118$

And you And you and you and you and you good bye to you!

#20—Long As I'm Here With You
Cue: (Muzzy)
"Love has everything to do with it"

(From a distance) $d = 108$

Rit. e dim.

MILLIE:
A simple choice,

no-thing more.

This or that, either or.

Più mosso

Rall.

Mar-ry well, so-cial whirl, bus'-ness man, cle-ver girl, or pin my fu-ture on a
green glass love, What kind of life am I dreaming of? I say

Slow \( \text{\textit{d}} = \text{c. 104} \)

Gim-me gim-me... Gim-me gim-me...

Gim-me gim-me... that thing called love. I want it...

Gim-me gim-me... that thing called love. I need it.

\textit{con moto}

Highs and lows, tears and laughter. Gim-me happy ever after.

Gim-me gim-me... that thing called love.

\#21—Gimme Gimme
Tempo $\frac{\text{j}}{\text{i}} = 104$

*with rhythm beginning a slow build*

(MILLIE:)

Gim-me gim-me__ that thing__ called____ love.

I crave it__ Gim-me gim-me__ that thing called

**Accel. poco a poco**

love. I'll brave it. Thick 'n thin, rich or poor time.

Gim-me years and I'll want more__ time. Gim-me gim-me__

**Accel.**

that thing called__ love__

**In 2 $\frac{\text{j}}{\text{i}} = 86$**

mf

Gim-me gim-me that thing__ called love. I'm free now.

Gim-me gim-me__ that thing called love. I see now.

#21—Gimme Gimme
Fly, dove! Sing, sparrow! Gim-me Cupid's famous arrow

Gim-me gim-me that thing called love.

Poco più mosso

I don't care if he's a nobody.

In my heart he'll be a somebody, somebody to love me!

Più mosso

(me) I need it.

Rit. Pullback

Gim-me that thing called love. I want it!

#21 — Gimme Gimme
Bring it home!
Dixieland In 4

Here I am St. Valentine! My bags are packed; I'm first in line!

(Accel.)

Aphrodite, don't forget me. Romeo and Juliet me!

A tempo - In 2

Fly, dove! Sing, sparrow! Gimme fat boy's famous arrow.

Gimme gimme that thing called love!

#21 - Gimme Gimme
21A  GIMME, GIMME TAG

In 2  \( \frac{4}{4} = 97 \)
Brilliante

Broad 2

TREVOR: (out of time - drunken)  
(2nd x)

DAPHNE: "Pardon me..."

Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I found thee.

CUE: TREVOR: "'Scuse me.*
a cappella

DAPHNE: "Well, I never!"

Ah! I know at last the secret  

FINE

21B  SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG

TACET
THE CHASE
TACET

GREEN TEA
TACET

DOUBLE MEERS
TACET

ZAZU ROSY SHMEVMEN
TACET
23

THE SPEED TEST REPRISE

CUE: MR. GRAYDON: "Read that back to me, please!" (music)

Bright operetta \( \frac{d}{d} = 105 \)
(or as fast as possible)

Van

Hoss-mere? No, I don't know a Van Hoss-mere, but I do re-call that

Zazu Shmev-men checked in then checked out of my ho-tel to-day. A

rest-less girl, like count-less oth-ers, or-phans ev-ry one of 'em, who

no one ev-er miss-es when they dis-ap-pear com-plete-ly. But then
(MILLIE:)

I don't have to tell you, you'll have lots of time to hear their stories

as you get to know them on those summer nights in Hong Kong.

Every

Fast-est steno in the nation.

word of your summation. Fast-est steno in the nation.

MILLIE+MUZZY:

Ah!

JIMMY:

Ah!

TREVOR:

Ah!

#23—The Speed Test Reprise
24  AH, SWEET MYSTERY REPRISE

MR. GRAYDON: "Unless you hand over Miss Dorothy."
MR. G., MILLIE, JIMMY, MUZZY: "Where is she?"

MISS DOROTHY: \( f \)

Colla voce

CHING HO: \( f \)

Ah! Sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee. Ah! Wo

Slower

ming bai sheng-ming-de yi-yi li-a.  [FINE]

25  FINALE

CUE: MUZZY: "So you see, snookums..." (music)

Under dialogue

VIN SOLO

JIMMY: "Funny..."  "...emerald"

Colla voce \( d = c.98 \)

JIMMY: \( mf \)

Have you seen the way they kiss in the
DOROTHY: \textit{mf}

\textit{Gently, legato}

Ah

\textit{SOP/ALTO:}

Ah

\textit{TEN/BASS:}

Ah

\textit{GROUP I:}\textit{ f' espr.}

\textit{GROUP II:}\textit{ mf}

Ooh

\textit{T/B:}\textit{ mf}

Ooh

\textit{#25—Finale}
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

Accel.  
(GROUP I:) mf

how. I'm chang - in' and how, I'm chang - in' and

(GROUP II:) mf

I'm chang - in' and how, I'm chang - in' and

(T/B): mf

I'm chang - in' and how, I'm chang - in' and

MR. GRAYDON: "I can't live without John! She's the best darn stenog I ever had.

Tempo di "Millie" \( \mathcal{C} = 100 \)

BUN Foo: "Stenog? I Type fifty words a minute!

GROUP I: mp

So

GROUP II: Beat the drums 'cause

Beat the drums 'cause here comes thor - ough-ly

GROUP I:

here comes thor - ough-ly mf

GROUP II:

Hot off the press! One step — a-head! Jazz age!

GROUP I:

Hot off the press! One step — a-head! Jazz age!

GROUP II:

Whoop-ee ba - by!

#25—Finale
(The next "Millie" arrives at NYC)

We're so thoroughly modern. (n)

mod - ern (n)

now!

26

BOWS

CUE: Show curtain hits floor

\[ \text{\textbf{#26—Bows}} \]
#26—Bows
A tempo

[Sheet music notation]

COMPANY BOW

173-174

2

175

176

ALL:

So

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

beat the drums 'cause here comes thoroughly

Hot off the press! One step

ahead! Jazz Age! Whoopee Baby! We're so thoroughly

WOMEN:

Modern (n) Millie

MEN:

Modern (n)

(ALL):

now!

27

EXIT MUSIC

TACET

#26—Bows