Musicals 101: Broadway in the 21st Century
Class 6 • Other Original Musicals, Part 1 (2000-2005
Composers and Lyricists as Noted

MUSICAL THEATRE

***Avenue Q* (2003)**
Music & Lyrics by Robert Lopez & Jeff Marx; Book by Jeff Whitty

"The Avenue Q Theme"

COMPANY:
The sun is shining,
It's a lovely day,
A perfect morning
For a kid to play,
But you're got lots
Of bills to pay—
What can you do?

You work real hard
And the pay's real low
And ev'ry hour
Goes oh, so slow
And at the end of the day
There's no where to go
But home to Avenue Q!
You live on Avenue Q!
Your friends do too.
You are twenty-two
And you live on Avenue Q!
You live on Avenue Q
You live on Avenue Q!

"It Sucks To Be Me" (excerpt)

KATE MONSTER: [spoken]
Morning, Brian!

BRIAN: Hi, Kate Monster.

KATE MONSTER: How's life?

BRIAN: Disappointing!

KATE MONSTER: What's the matter?

BRIAN:The catering company laid me off.

KATE MONSTER: Oh, I'm sorry!

BRIAN
Me too! I mean, look at me! I'm ten years out of college, and Ialways thought -

KATE MONSTER: What?

BRIAN: No, it sounds stupid.

KATE MONSTER: Aww, come on!

BRIAN: [sings]
When I was little
I thought I would be . . .

KATE MONSTER: What?

BRIAN:
A big comedian
On late night T.V.
But now I'm thirty-two
And as you can see
I'm not.

KATE MONSTER:Nope!

BRIAN: Oh well, It sucks to be me.

KATE MONSTER: Nooo.

BRIAN: It sucks to be me.

KATE MONSTER: No!

BRIAN:
It sucks to be broke
And unemployed
And turning thirty-three.
It sucks to be me.

KATE MONSTER: [spoken]
Oh, you think your life sucks?

BRIAN: I think so.

KATE MONSTER
Your problems aren't so bad!

[sings]
I'm kinda pretty

And pretty damn smart.

BRIAN: You are.

KATE MONSTER
Thanks!
I like romantic things
Like music and art.
And as you know
I have a gigantic heart
So why don't I have
A boyfriend?
Fuck!
It sucks to be me!

BRIAN: Me too.

KATE MONSTER: It sucks to be me.

BRIAN:
It sucks to be me.
It sucks to be Brian . . .

KATE MONSTER: And Kate . . .

BRIAN: To not have a job!

KATE MONSTER: To not have a date!

BOTH: It sucks to be me.

BRIAN: [spoken]
Hey, Rod, Nicky, can you settle something for us? Do you have a second?

ROD: Ah, certainly.

KATE MONSTER: Whose life sucks more? Brian's or mine?

NICKY AND ROD: Ours!

ROD: [sings]
We live together.

NICKY:
We're as close
As people can get.

ROD:
We've been the best of buddies . . .

NICKY:
Ever since the
Day we met.

ROD:
So he knows lots
Of ways to make me
Really upset.
Oh, every day is
An aggravation.

NICKY:
Come on, that's an exaggeration!

ROD:
You leave your clothes out.
You put your feet on my chair.

NICKY:
Oh yeah?
You do such anal
Things like ironing
Your underwear.

ROD:
You make that very
Small apartment
We share a hell.

NICKY:
So do you,
That's why I'm in hell too!

ROD: It sucks to be me!

NICKY: No, it sucks to be me!

KATE MONSTER: It sucks to be me!

BRIAN: It sucks to be me!

ALL:
Is there anybody here
It doesn't suck to be?
It sucks to be me!

. . .

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"There's a Fine, Fine Line"

KATE MONSTER:
There's a fine, fine line
Between a lover and a friend;
There's a fine, fine line
Between reality and pretend;
And you never know 'til you reach the top
If it was worth the uphill climb.

There's a fine, fine line between love
And a waste of time.

There's a fine, fine line
Between a fairy tale and a lie;
And there's a fine, fine line
Between "You're wonderful" and "Goodbye."
I guess if someone doesn't love you back,
It isn't such a crime,
But there's a fine, fine line between love
And a waste of your time.

And I don't have the time to waste on you
anymore.
I don't think that you even know what you're
looking for.
For my own sanity, I've got to close the door
And walk away . . .
Oh . . .

There's a fine, fine line
Between together and not.
And there's a fine, fine line
Between what you wanted
And what you got.
You gotta go after the things you want while
you're still in your prime . . .

There's a fine, fine line between love
And a waste of time.

"Schadenfreude" (excerpt)

GARY COLEMAN:
Right now you are down and out
And feeling really crappy

NICKY: I'll say.

GARY COLEMAN:
And when I see how sad you are
It sort of makes me . . . happy!

NICKY: Happy?!

GARY COLEMAN:
Sorry, Nicky, human nature—
Nothing I can do!
It's . . .
Schadenfreude!
Making me feel glad that I'm not you.

NICKY: [spoken[
Well that's not very nice, Gary!

GARY COLEMAN: I didn't say it was nice!
But everybody does it!

D'ja ever clap when a waitress falls
And drops a tray of glasses?

NICKY: Yeah . . .

GARY COLEMAN:
And ain't it fun to watch figure skaters
Falling on their asses?

NICKY: Sure!

GARY COLEMAN:
And don'tcha feel all warm and cozy,
Watching people out in the rain!

NICKY: You bet!

GARY COLEMAN: That's . . .

GARY AND NICKY: Schadenfreude!

GARY COLEMAN:
People taking pleasure in your pain!

NICKY: [spoken] Oh, Schadenfreude, huh?
What's that, some kinda Nazi word?

GARY COLEMAN: Yup! It's German for
"happiness at the misfortune of others!"

NICKY: "Happiness at the misfortune of
others." That *is* German!

. . .

"For Now"

PRINCETON: [spoken]
Why does everything have to be so hard?

GARY COLEMAN:
Maybe you'll never find your purpose.

CHRISTMAS EVE: Lots of people don't.

PRINCETON:
But then—I don't know why I'm even alive!

KATE MONSTER:
Well, who does, really?

[sings]
Everyone's a little bit unsatisfied.

BRIAN:
Everyone goes 'round a little empty inside.

GARY COLEMAN:
Take a breath, look around,

BRIAN: Swallow your pride,

KATE MONSTER: For now . . .

BRIAN, KATE, GARY, CHRISTMAS EVE:
For now . . .

NICKY: Nothing lasts,

ROD: Life goes on,

NICKY: Full of surprises.

ROD:
You'll be faced with problems
Of all shapes and sizes.

CHRISTMAS EVE:
You're going to have
To make a few compromises . . .
For now . . .

TREKKIE MONSTER: For now . . .

ALL:
But only for now! (For now)
Only for now! (For now)
Only for now! (For now)
Only for now!

LUCY: For now we're healthy.

BRIAN: For now we're employed.

BAD IDEA BEARS: For now we're happy . . .

KATE MONSTER: If not overjoyed.

PRINCETON:
And we'll accept the things
We cannot avoid, for now . . .

GARY COLEMAN: For now . . .

TREKKIE MONSTER: For now . . .

KATE MONSTER: For now . . .

ALL:
But only for now! (For now)
Only for now! (For now)
Only for now! (For now)
Only for now!

Only for now!
(For now there's life!)
Only for now!
(For now there's love!)
Only for now!
(For now there's work!)
For now there's happiness!
But only for now!
(For now discomfort!)
Only for now!
(For now there's friendship!)
Only for now (For now!)
Only for now!

Only for now! (Sex!)
Is only for now! (Your hair!)
Is only for now! (George Bush!)
Is only for now!

Don't stress,
Relax,
Let life roll off your backs
Except for death and paying taxes,

Everything in life is only for now!

NICKY: Each time you smile . . .

ALL: . . . Only for now

KATE MONSTER: It'll only last a while.

ALL: . . . Only for now

PRINCETON: Life may be scary . . .

ALL:
. . . Only for now
But it's only temporary.

Ba-dum ba-dum
Ba-dum ba-dum
Ba dum ba-dum
Ba-da da da da
Ba-da da-da da da-da
Ba-dum ba-da, ba-dum
Ba-da oooooh-—

PRINCETON:
Everything in life is only for now.

***Wicked* (2003)**
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Schwartz;
Book by Winne Holzman

"The Wizard and I"

MADAME MORRIBLE:
Oh, Miss Elphaba . . .
Many years I have waited
For a gift like yours to appear
Why, I predict the Wizard
Could make you his
Magic grand vizier!
My dear, my dear
I'll write at once to the Wizard
Tell him of you in advance
With a talent like yours, dear
There is a defin-ish chance
If you work as you should—
You'll be making good . . .

ELPHABA:
Did that really just happen?
Have I actually understood?
This weird quirk I've tried
To suppress or hide
Is a talent that could
Help me meet the Wizard
If I make good
So I'll make good . . .

When I meet the Wizard
Once I prove my worth
And then I meet the Wizard
What I've waited for since—since birth!
And with all his Wizard wisdom
By my looks, he won't be blinded
Do you think the Wizard is dumb?
Or, like Munchkins, so small-minded?
No! He'll say to me,
"I see who you truly are
A girl on whom I can rely!"
And that's how we'll begin
The Wizard and I . . .

Once I'm with the Wizard
My whole life will change
'Cuz once you're with the Wizard
No one thinks you're strange
No father is not proud of you,
No sister acts ashamed
And all of Oz has to love you
When by the Wizard, you're acclaimed
And this gift—or this curse—
I have inside
Maybe at last, I'll know why
When we are hand and hand—
The Wizard and I!

And one day, he'll say to me, "Elphaba,
A girl who is so superior
Shouldn't a girl who's so good inside
Have a matching exterior?
And since folks here to an absurd degree
Seem fixated on your verdigris
Would it be all right by you
If I de-greenify you?"

And though of course
That's not important to me
"All right, why not?" I'll reply
Oh, what a pair we'll be

The Wizard and I . . .
Yes, what a pair we'll be
The Wizard and . . .

Unlimited
My future is unlimited
And I've just had a vision
Almost like a prophecy
I know—it sounds truly crazy
And true, the vision's hazy
But I swear, someday there'll be
A celebration throughout Oz
That's all to do with me!

And I'll stand there with the Wizard
Feeling things I've never felt
And though I'd never show it
I'll be so happy, I could melt.
And so it will be
For the rest of my life
And I'll want nothing else
Till I die
Held in such high esteem
When people see me, they will scream
For half of Oz's fav'rite team:
The Wizard
And I!

"Popular"

GALINDA: [spoken]
Elphie - now that we're friends, I've decided to make you my new project.

ELPHABA: You really don't have to do that

GALINDA:
I know. That's what makes me so nice!

[sings]

Whenever I see someone
Less fortunate than I
(And let's face it —who isn't
Less fortunate than I?)
My tender heart
Tends to start to bleed
And when someone needs a makeover
I simply have to take over
I know I know exactly what they need
And even in your case
Tho' it's the toughest case I've yet to face
Don't worry—I'm determined to succeed
Follow my lead
And yes, indeed
You will be . . .

Popular!
You're gonna be popular!
I'll teach you the proper ploys
When you talk to boys
Little ways to flirt and flounce
I'll show you what shoes to wear
How to fix your hair
Everything that really counts

To be popular
I'll help you be popular!
You'll hang with the right cohorts
You'll be good at sports
Know the slang you've got to know
So let's start
'Cause you've got an awfully long way to
go . . .

Don't be offended by my frank analysis
Think of it as personality dialysis
Now that I've chosen to be come a pal, a
Sister and adviser
There's nobody wiser
Not when it comes to popular—
I know about popular
And with an assist from me
To be who you'll be
Instead of dreary who-you-were . . . are . . .
There's nothing that can stop you
From becoming popu-
Ler . . . lar . . .

La la la la
We're gonna make
You popular . . .

When I see depressing creatures
With unprepossessing features
I remind them on their own behalf
To think of
Celebrated heads of state or
Specially great communicators
Did they have brains or knowledge?
Don't make me laugh!

They were popular! Please—
It's all about popular!
It's not about aptitude
It's the way you're viewed
So it's very shrewd to be
Very very popular
Like me!

And though you protest
Your disinterest
I know clandestinely
You're gonna grin and bear it
Your new-found popularity—
La la la la
You'll be popular -
Just not as quite as popular
As me!

"Defying Gravity"

GLINDA: [spoken]
Elphaba—why couldn't you have stayed calm for once, instead of flying off the handle!

[sings]

I hope you're happy!
I hope you're happy now
I hope you're happy how you
Hurt your cause forever
I hope you think you're clever

ELPHABA:
I hope *you're* happy
I hope you're happy, too
I hope you're proud how you
Would grovel in submission
To feed your own ambition

BOTH:
So though I can't imagine how
I hope you're happy right now . . .

GLINDA: [spoken]
Elphie, listen to me. Just say you're sorry . . .

[sings]
You can still be with the Wizard
What you've worked and waited for
You can have all you ever wanted . . .

ELPHABA:
I know—
But I don't want it—
No—I *can't* want it
Anymore . . .

Something has changed within me
Something is not the same
I'm through with playing by the rules
Of someone else's game
Too late for second-guessing
Too late to go back to sleep
It's time to trust my instincts
Close my eyes: and leap

It's time to try
Defying gravity
I think I'll try
Defying gravity
And you can't pull me down . . .

GLINDA:
Can't I make you understand? You're
Having delusions of grandeur . . . ?

ELPHABA:
I'm through accepting limits
'Cuz someone says they're so
Some things I cannot change
But till I try, I'll never know
Too long I've been afraid of
Losing love I guess I've lost
Well, if that's love
It comes at much too high a cost
I'd sooner buy
Defying gravity
Kiss me goodbye
I'm defying gravity
And you can't pull me down . . .

[spoken] Glinda—come with me. Think of what we could do . . . together.

[sings]
Unlimited
Together we're unlimited
Together we'll be the greatest team
There's ever been
Glinda—
Dreams the way we planned 'em

GLINDA: If we work in tandem . . .

BOTH:
There's no fight we cannot win
Just you and I
Defying gravity
With you and I
Defying gravity

ELPHABA: They'll never bring us down!
Well? Are you coming?

GLINDA:
I hope you're happy
Now that you're choosing this . . .

ELPHABA:
You too—I hope it brings you bliss

BOTH:
I really hope you get it
And you don't live to regret it
I hope you're happy in the end
I hope you're happy, my friend . . .

ELPHABA:
So if you care to find me
Look to the western sky
As someone told me lately:
"Ev'ryone deserves the chance to fly"
And if I'm flying solo
At least I'm flying free
To those who'd ground me
Take a message back from me:
Tell them how I
Am defying gravity
I'm flying high
Defying gravity
And soon I'll match them in renown
And nobody in all of Oz
No Wizard that there is or was
Is ever gonna bring me down!

GLINDA: I hope you're happy!

CITIZENS OF OZ:
Look at her, she's wicked! Get her!

ELPHABA: . . . Bring me down!

CITIZENS OF OZ:
No one mourns the wicked
So we've got to bring her . . .

ELPHABA: Ahhh!

CITIZENS OF OZ: Down!

"For Good"

ELPHABA:
I'm limited:
Just look at me—I'm limited
And just look at you—
You can do all I couldn't do, Glinda
So now it's up to you
For both of us—Now it's up to you . . .

GLINDA:
I've heard it said
That people come into our lives for a reason
Bringing something we must learn
And we are led
To those who help us most to grow
If we let them
And we help them in return
Well, I don't know if I believe that's true
But I know I'm who I am today
Because I knew you . . .

Like a comet pulled from orbit
As it passes a sun
Like a stream that meets a boulder
Halfway through the wood
Who can say if I've been changed for the
better?
But because I knew you
I have been changed for good

ELPHABA:
It well may be
That we will never meet again
In this lifetime
So let me say before we part
So much of me
Is made of what I learned from you
You'll be with me
Like a handprint on my heart
And now whatever way our stories end
I know you have re-written mine
By being my friend . . .

Like a ship blown from its mooring
By a wind off the sea
Like a seed dropped by a skybird
In a distant wood
Who can say if I've been changed for the better?
But because I knew you . . .

GLINDA: Because I knew you . . .

BOTH: I have been changed for good . . .

ELPHABA:
And just to clear the air
I ask forgiveness
For the things I've done you blame me for

GLINDA:
But then, I guess we know
There's blame to share

BOTH:
And none of it seems to matter anymore

GLINDA:	ELPHABA:
Like a comet pulled	Like a ship blown
From orbit as it	Off it's mooring
Passes a sun, like	By a wind off the
A stream that meets	Sea/Like a seed
A boulder/Half-way	Dropped by a
Through the wood	Bird in the wood

BOTH:
Who can say if I've been changed for the better?
I do believe I have been changed for the better

GLINDA: And because I knew you . . .

ELPHABA: Because I knew you . . .

BOTH:
Because I knew you . . .
I have been changed for good.

The Light in the Piazza **(2005)**
Music & Lyrics by Adam Guettel; Book by Craig Lucas

"Statues and Stories"

CLARA: [spoken]
Mother? What happened here?

MARGARET:
What happened? Well, let's see . . .

[sings]
On a central square
In a city of the sun
Rose a palace.

It was high and handsome
Gleaming like the crown of a king.
In the tower
A warning bell would ring.

CLARA: What kind of warning?

MARGARET:
For a fire or river overflowing.

CLARA: Oh!

MARGARET:
Firenze
On a central square
The beginning of a kingdom republic.

CLARA:
Was there a king was there a queen?

MARGARET:
There were princes, painters,
Noblemen of logic and art.

CLARA: Firenze

MARGARET: Leonardo

CLARA: Leonardo

MARGARET:
Michelangelo, the start

CLARA: [spoken]
That's a completely naked statue.

MARGARET:
'Twas a dawning day unfurling

CLARA:
From the heart
The painting of the world we know

MARGARET/CLARA:
The world we know
On a central square

MARGARET:
In a city made of statues and stories

CLARA:
Go on and tell me what they mean

MARGARET:
It ignited there
Like a beacon coming out of the dark
You can feel it

CLARA: You can feel iT

MARGARET: You can follow

CLARA: You can follow

MARGARET: The spark

CLARA: We're on vacation.

MARGARET:
From an age to an age

CLARA: From an age to an age

MARGARET: In Firenze

CLARA: In Firenze

MARGARET: In Firenze

CLARA: In Firenze

MARGARET:
The spark, the world

CLARA:
The painting of the world

MARGARET/CLARA:
It started then and there
And here we are.
It's a new old world to me.
It's a new old world and
We are here.

CLARA: On a central square

MARGARET:
In a city made of statues and stories

MARGARET/CLARA:
It ignited there
Like a beacon coming out of the dark

CLARA: You can feel it

MARGARET: You can feel it

CLARA: You can follow

MARGARET: You can follow

CLARA: You can feel it

MARGARET: You can feel it

CLARA: You can follow

MARGARET:
You can follow
The spark.

CLARA: We're on vacation

MARGARET: We're on vacation

ALL: Ah . . .

CLARA: In Firenze

MARGARET: In Firenze

CLARA: In Firenze

MARGARET: In Firenze

MARGARET:
The spark, the world

CLARA:
The painting of the world

MARGARET/CLARA:
It started then and there
And here we are.
It's a new old world to me
It's a new old world and
We are finally here

"Dividing Day"

MARGARET:
Dashing as the day we met
Only there is something I don't recognize.
Though I cannot name it yet
I know it.

Beautiful is what you are
Only somehow wearing a frightening
disguise
I can see the winter in your eyes now
Telling me:

"Thank you
We're done here
Not much to say.
We are together
But I have had dividing day."

So when, when was this day
Was it on the church step
Suddenly you're out of love
Does it go creeping slowly
When was your dividing day

I can see the winter in your eyes now
Telling me:
"Margaret,
We did it
You curtsied, I bowed.
We are together
But no more love
No more love allowed."
When was dividing day
Was it on the church step
Did it happen right away
Were you lying next to me,
Hiding what you couldn't say
How could I have guessed
Was my cheek upon your chest
An ocean away
When was
When was,
When was dividing day?

"Say It Somehow"

CLARA:
Why don't you trace it on my hand
Or make a song
Do anything
Say it somehow
I will understand
I know you
You are good

FABRIZIO:
There's something inside you, this I know
It's like a melody, like there you go, just now
Say it somehow
Somehow you can show me

BOTH:
Say it somehow anyway you can
You know me
You are good
Oh you are good
You are good to me
I know this sound of touch me
I think I hear the sound of wrap your arms
around me

Ah . . .
Shout and dance in rings

CLARA: Or say it silently

FABRIZIO: Tell me things

BOTH:
Ah, we'll play a game
You trace it on my skin
Do it any way but let's begin
Do it somehow
Somehow you can show me
I know that you know me
Ah . . .

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"The Light in the Piazza"

CLARA:
I don't see a miracle
Shining from the sky
I'm no good at statues and stories
I try

That's not what I think about
That's not what I see
I know what the sunlight can be

The light, the light in the piazza

Tiny sweet
And then it grows
And then it fills the air
Who knows what you call it
I don't care

Out of somewhere I have something I have never had
And sad is happy
That's all I see

The light in the piazza
The light in the piazza

It's rushing up
It's pouring out
It's flying through the air
All through the air
Who knows what you call it
But it's there
It is there

All I see is
All I want is tearing from inside
I see it
Now I see it everywhere
It's everywhere
It's everything and everywhere

Fabrizio
The light in the piazza
My Love

"Love to Me"

FABRIZIO:
The day we meet
The way you lean against the wind
And do not know that you are beautiful
Or that anyone is watching you
This is what I see

And I notice how you hunger for surprise
And do not think that you are tall enough
Like you're standing on a mountainside alone
This is what I see

Oh
Oh, you're not alone.

Now, I see as I have never seen before
Since that moment in the square
When your hat is carried in the air
Just so you can chase it
Just so I can be there
This is how I know
This is what I see
This is love to me

"Fable"

MARGARET:
You can look in the forest
For a secret field
For a golden arrow
For a prince to appear
For a fable of love that will last forever

You can look in the ruins
For a wishing well
For a magic apple
For a charioteer
For a fable of love that will carry you

To a moon on a hill, to a hidden stream
A lagoon and a red horizon dream
Silhouette set away from time forever
To a valley beyond the setting sun
Where waters shine and horses run
Where there's a man who looks for you

But while you look you are changing, turning
You're a well of wishes

You're a fallen apple
No!
No!
Love's a fake
Love's a fable

Just a painting on a ceiling
Just a children's fairy tale
Still you have to look
And look and look and look and look
And look and look and look and look

For the eyes on a bridge in a pouring rain
Not the eyes, but the part you can't explain
For the arms you could fall into forever
For the joy that you thought you'd never know
For, here at last
Away you go
To a man who looks for you

If you find in the world
In the wide wide world
That someone sees
That someone knows you
Love!
Love!
Love, if you can, oh my Clara,
Love if you can and be loved
May it last forever
Clara
The light in the piazza

***The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* (2005)**
Music & Lyrics by William Finn; Book by Rebecca Feldman

"The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee"

CHIP:
At the 25th Annual
Putnam County Spelling Bee
My parents keep on telling me
Just being here is winning
Although
I know it isn't so

RONA:
But it's a very nice
Very very nice . . .

RONA/CHIP:
Very very nice
Very nice beginning.

RONA: [spoken]
Our winner here last year: Chip Tolentino.

SCHWARZY: Miss Peretti!

RONA:
And our youngest competitor, Logainne Schwarzandgrubeniere.

CONEYBEAR:
At the 25th Annual
Putnam County Spelling Game—Bee!
I'll stand when they announce my name.

RONA: Leaf Coneybear

CONEYBEAR:
And try and keep from shaking.

SCHWARZY:
Alas
His shaking will not pass

ALL:
'Cause it's a very big,
Very fraught
Simple but it's not—
It's a very big undertaking.
. . .

SCHWARZY:
Winner's destination: Washington, D.C.

CHIP/SCHWARZY:
Plasma TV
in a fancy hotel.

MARCY/CHIP/SCHWARZY:
Where they treat you well

ALL:
All because you love to spell. We spell.

RONA:
It's a marvelous memory
If you win the spelling bee.
One's life improves from A to Z
The minute you are crowned here.
I see a trophy held by me!
And when I won
Did I swell?
Oh the stories I could tell!
But braggarts don't do well
Around here.

OLIVE: [spoken]
Hi, I'm Olive Ostrovsky. Do you know where I check in?

BARFEE: Shut up!

CONEYBEAR: [sings]
At the 25th Annual
We've memorized the manual . . .

ALL:
About how to spell these words,
Words that require thought.
People think we're automatons,
But that is exactly what we're not.

MARCY: We hear the word.
We hear the word
SCHWARZY: We breathe

CONEYBEAR: We wait.

ALL: Unlike idiots we ideate.

CONEYBEAR:
At the 25th Annual Putnam County
Spelling Bee . . .

SCHWARZY: We feel no animosity.

SCHWARZY/OLIVE:
And yet our heads are spinning.

BARFEE:
We are
The slightest bit bizarre.

MARCY:
But since the time is now . . .

CONEYBEAR: Holy cow!

SCHWARZY:
We shall make a solemn vow
To concentrate on winning.

ALL
We concentrate on winning.
At the 25th Annual Putnam County
Spelling Bee
We speak so damn convincingly.

RONA:
They're nervous but they're grinning

GIRLS:
It seems
We're living out our dreams.

BOYS:
Which is a very nice
Very nice, very very very nice

ALL:
Very nice, very nice
Very very very nice
Very nice
Beginning

RONA:
25th Annual!

SPELLERS:
25th Annual!

ALL:
Putnam County Spelling Bee

"My Friend, The Dictionary"

VICE PRINCIPAL PANCH: [spoken]
Miss Ostrovsky, your word is "boanthropy."

OLIVE:
Oh, wait—one second—please—ma'am,
could you not sit in that seat?

[sings]
I saved a chair for my dad
In the fourth row, on the aisle,
And it may take him a while

But when he gets here, that's his chair.

'Cause my mother's in an ashram
In India.
I saved a chair for her too
But it's merely symbolic
As daily she washes herself in the Ganges.

And I live in a house
Where there's an oversized dictionary
That I read
As a girl
On the toilet.

I love my dictionary
And I love the indented border.
Every word's in alphabetical order
Ergo lost things always can be found.

And I wrap my head around
The fact that in one book
Is the entire language of our species—
Which is a favorite term of Nietzsche's
Who is the great grandfather of
Christina Ricci's.
Yes I joke, but the words in the dictionary
Are the friends that I'll have forever
More than the friends I have made in school.
CHIP/CONEYBEAR:
She's such a lovely girl
With a lovely little voice.

SCHWARZY:
And I've heard that she's pro-choice,
Though still a virgin.

RONA:
And she talks into her hand,
An often-used technique.

OLIVE:
What you do not understand
Is once I say it, then I've said it.

RONA:
And so much to her credit
She talks into her hand and turns aside.

OLIVE:
So I will not make a mistake
And be disqualified

[spoken]
Boanthropy. B-o-a-n-t-h-r-o-p-y,
Boanthropy.

PANCH: That is correct!

OLIVE/RONA/SPELLERS:
My friend the dictionary
Is a very reliable friend
Doo doo doo doo doo doo

"I'm Not That Smart"

CONEYBEAR:
I'm not that smart.
My siblings have been telling me that for
years—
That I'm not that smart.
We're schooled at home
They see who's bright
It breaks my heart.
I'm not that smart.

Guess what. You know what?
Guess what.

I have a gentle personality
Which, you'll all agree,
Is anath'ma to my more aggressive family.
Everyone keeps swatting.

FAMILY: Dumb kid

CONEYBEAR:
Everyone keeps yelling

FAMILY: Dumb kid.

CONEYBEAR:
How could a flea
Such as me
Think he'd be
Good at spelling?
How?
I don't know.

I like my hair.
Really it is pleasant to the touch.
I toss my hair
A bit too much.
It doesn't move

It simply sits.
I make a part.
I'm not that smart.
Ba da da da . . .

[spoken[I forgot the word.

PANCH: Acouchi.

CONEYBEAR:
Oh yeah, acouchi. The rodent resembling the other rodent . . . What was it? ' A-c-o-u-c-h-i. Acouchi.

MR. PANCH: That is correct!

CONEYBEAR:
I might be smart
My siblings can't believe that I got it right.
But I got it right.
Right?
I didn't cheat
I saw this light
And it was neat
I like to laugh
I like to spell
I like to never hear the bell

And if this competition's hell . . .
At least I'm finally a part.
I feel my heart
Begin to swell
I like—I love—to spell
I like it a lot.

"Magic Foot"

RONA: [spoken]
Now watch this technique: he spells the word on the floor with his foot before speaking it aloud.

BARFEE:
Magic foot
Take me to the final round
Magic foot
Barely lifted off the ground
Magic foot
Do it without making a sound
Magic foot
Write the letter
Magic foot
Write the perfect letter
Magic foot
It's an alphabetter way to spell

[spoken]
Okay, let's see what we got here, foot.
H-a-s-e-n. hasen
P-f-e-f-f. pfeff
E-r—let's go!!

[sings]
Magic foot
Be specific
Magic foot
It's horrific if you're not specific
Magic foot
I'm terrific when I make a word
With my foot
Magic foot

ALL
Magic foot, magic foot, magic foot
Magic foot

BARFEE:
Magic foot, magic foot
Don't go kaput foot

Magic foot magic,
Write the goddamn letter oh
A do a do a do, come on
It's an alphabetter way to spell

Magic foot
Write that letter
Magic foot
Write the stupid letter.
Magic foot
It's an alphabetter way to spell

ALL
Foot!