CRY-BABY

The Anti-Polio Picnic
rev.2/15/08

Music and lyrics by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
vocal arr. by Lynne Shankel

MRS. V.W.: "Good morning! Good morning!
I'm Mrs. Vernon Williams, president of the Baltimore Women's club, and welcome
to the Baltimore Health Department's first annual Anti-Polio Picnic and vaccination carnival!"

SQUARES: "Hurrah!"

MRS. V.W.: "And I'm proud to announce that at last night's meeting,
the woman's club has come out
against polio, by a vote of 56 to 8!"

[SAFETY]
SQUARES: "Yaaaaay!"

It's a beautiful day for an anti-polio
beautiful day for an anti-polio
pic - nic!  WHIFFLES:  Pic - nic!  It's a pic - nic!  It's a

beau - ti - ful day to get a po - li - o

shot!  A

brave new world's in store for
pie·tur·exque post·war Bal·ti·more! And

if you val·ue the use of your legs, you've

come to the right spot!

SQUARE KIDS:

What a
wonderful time to be a teenager

form ist! Conformist! What a

wonderful time to be what's known as a

[2nd Pour] ALL:
square!

square! We are square!

We're
The Anti-Polio Picnic
rev. 2/15/08

lucky to be us so

lucky to be us so

MRS. V.W.

happy and homogenous! But

still one must take care for danger's

lurking everywhere!

BALDWIN: "Oh, we know Mrs. V.W.!
You can't be too careful!"
We watch for

Ah...

ALLISON: communists.

tabs on

oo.

oo.

BALDWIN:

U.F.O's.

Steer clear of
Oo...

ALLISON: BALEV: MRS. V.W.:

weird- os and beard- os and beat- niks... and what else. God

Ah

Ah

ALL MEN:
on- ly knows.

We frowned on

Ah

ALL WOMEN:
pot- ty mouth!

We don't wear
No, no!

skimp - y clothes.

We a-

void all temp - ta - tion, we fight mo - dern scourges.

press all our lust - ful and prim - i - tive urg - es!
MRS. V.W.: "And here in his iron lung is the mascot of our festival and Baltimore polio poster boy, brave little Skippy Wagstaff!"

SKIPPY: "Thanks, everybody! I sure wish I could have gotten that shot!"

Q.OUT:
SQUARES: "Yaaaay!"
Waa, 1930, pizzup?

"FOUR LINES"

come on a long to the anti polio

come on a long to the anti polio

f
picnic!  

WHIFFLES:

picnic!  (Anti-polio picnic!)

ALL:

Come on a long and protect yourself from di-

Come on a long and protect yourself from di-
sease!

WHIFFLES:

You're

sease!

EW!

Disease!

You're

going to be fine.

Just

going to be fine.

Just
do what you're told and toe the line!

You've got to watch your step in times like...

[Kickline]
these!

Yes! you've got to

these!

Yes! you've got to

watch your

MEN:

step

watch your

step

WOMEN:

step step

step ALL:
in

ALL:
in
SEQUE AS ONE to #1A. "Watch Your Ass"
1A. Watch Your Ass

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

PEPPER:
1st x: wild drum fill
2nd x: Add bass, gtr, drum groove

Yeah, it's a

WANDA:
perfect day to raise some hell, to wreck a car you've stolen, To

DR.

MONA:
make some guy feel really "swell" by making his face swell.

It's a
golden age for rebels, for the teen who disobeys, but if

you've got class, you gotta watch your ass these days.

Yeah, you gotta watch your ass. Yeah, you gotta watch your ass.

Drapes like us love skip-pin' school to make out at a movie.
28

WANDA:

Drink-in', smokin', shoot-in' pool, and bust-in' out of juvie.

DUPREE:

also fond of lurking in abandoned alley ways.

learn real fast, you gotta watch your ass these days.

DRAPE MEN:

Yeah, you gotta watch your ass.

+TEARDROPS

Yeah, you gotta watch your ass.
CRY-BABY

HIPS

TEARDROPS/DRAPES:

You can't be too careful. You can't be too cautious.

SQUARES:

No, no! Nuh-uh!

You're future's uncertain.

BOY SQUARE:

"Your face makes me nauseous."

[Wild instrumental!!]

ff
CRY-BABY

1A. Watch Your Ass p. 5

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TEARDROPS/

DRAPEs:

Speeding down the inter-state with some one else's license plate.

MONA:

(spoken) (showing her gloves)

I've worn these babies ever since.

Cops who check for finger prints.

TEARDROPS/

DRAPEs:

You got ta

Horns

Doppler effect

WANDA:

We're watch out for us dangerous types with our Spanish fly and our sewer pipes.
(WANDA:) terror on a motorbike. And we're

Mona:

Squares: They don't like Ike?

Squares: They don't like Ike?

so damn mean we don't like Ike!
ALL SQUARES:

You can’t be too careful.

ALL DRAPES:

Nuh uh!

No, no!

Your hearts might get broken.

WANDA:

"Your palms might get hairy!"

Yeah, the

world is full of thugs and thieves and tramps and scamps and beggars.

And
each one comes and each one leaves

lesson that you learn is... Well, by now you know the phrase.

WHIFFS:
"We can't be too careful!"

SQUARE:
"Do they mean derriere-ful?"

watch your ass! Gotta watch your ass!

TEARDROPS/DRAPES: You
CRY-BABY

1A. Watch Your Ass p. 9

SQUARE GIRLS:

SQUARE MEN:

Ass, ass, ass, ass,

TK

really got ta watch your ass...

Horns

(to m. 94)

ass!

Watch your ass these days!

CRY-BABY:

Sorry I'm late.
I had to find some place
to abandon my car.

ass!

Watch your ass these days!

TK

ass!

Watch your ass these days!
2. Nobody Gets Me

WARN: (BALDWIN) "What kind of a sissy name is Cry-baby anyway?
What are you-- delicate?"
(ALLISON) "Baldwin!"
CUE: (Cry-Baby): "You people don't know who I am!"

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
me, at least no one that I can recall. Nobody gets me.

No way they could. Nobody gets me. They think I'm no good. Nobody understands I'm misunderstood.
CRY-BABY:

BALDWIN: "Well... why do they call you Cry-Baby?"

SQUARE: "I don't get it."

CRY-BABY:

No-body gets my nickname. You wanna know why?

Bb7

30

TEARDROPS:

It's meant to be ironic, 'cause I don't ever

Yeah!

Eb7

34

TEARDROPS:

cry. I'm in complete command of the lacrimal gland in each

He don't cry. Oo.

Bb7 F7 Eb7
CRY-BABY

Baldwin: "OK, well, then, answer me this... why did your parents kill those people and get the chair?"

No-body gets what happened to my parents... Ya wanna know how they died? Some body got

No! No-body! How they died...

murdered. And some-body lied. No-

Murdered! Yeah! Some-body lied. Oo-
body got 'em, and that's what got 'em fried. Since the

\text{Oh.}

E \#7 \quad E7 \quad B \quad B7

day I was born, I ain't ne-ver been got. I guess that you could call me a 'get-me-not.'

\text{get-me-not}

E7 \quad B7 \quad E7 \quad B7

\text{CRY-BABY:}

\text{MICHAEL:} \quad \text{Yeah. I get that a lot.} \quad \text{Boy, get-sin' got-ten would}

\text{I really don't get you.}

\text{TEARDROPS:}

\text{Oh!}

E7 \quad B7 \quad C\#7

CRY-BABY

2. Nobody Gets Me, p. 6

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really hit the spot!

TEARDROPS:

61

[CRYBABY dances]

TEARDROPS:

We're sad to say...

No body gets...

OTHER DRAPES:

No body...

We're sad to say...

65

CRY-BABY:

As of to-day...

This

Nobody, as of to-day...

E7

B7
CRY-BABY:

one guy got me... but he moved away.

SQUARES: (intake of breath)

ALL: (written 8ve)

Ha! Aw! Oh.

CRY-BABY:

No-body gets me.

ALL OTHERS (including TBARDROPS):

When you play guitar... When you steal a car...

SOME SQUARE GUYS:

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

E  B  E  B
CRY-BABY:

Nob-o-dy gets me.

ALL OTHERS (including TEARDROPS):

When you're sad inside... When you need a ride...

SOME SQUARE GUYS:

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum... Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

Let me ask you some-thin'.

TEARDROPS:

(and others if desired)

When you go to school... As a general rule...

Bum, bum, bum... bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum... bum.
CRY-BABY:

Who gets me?
A-ny-body?

DRAPE GUYS:

oo.
Ow oo.
Ow-00.
Ow-00.

TEARDROPS & SQUARES:

\(G\) F\# G
No-bo-dy!
F\# G
F\# G
No-bo-dy!

Show of hands?

oo.
Ow oo.
Ow oo.
Ow oo.

\(G\) F\# G
No-bo-dy!
F\# G
No-bo-dy!
No-bo-dy!
No-bo-dy!
F\# G
CRY-BABY:  

Somebody get me!  
Somebody please!  
Somebody get me!  

WOMEN & DRAPE MEN:  

Somebody!  
Somebody!  

ALL SQUARE MEN:  

Nobody gets you!  
Nobody gets you!  
Nobody gets you!  

C  
F7  
C  
F7
me! Some - bo dy please!

Some bo - dy! Some bo - dy, some - bo - dy, some bo - dy!

No - bo - dy gets you! No, No - bo - dy gets you! No,

C F7 C F7

DRAPES: Please!

Some bo - dy! Some bo - dy! Some bo - dy, some - bo - dy, some - bo - dy!

SQUARES: (written in)

No, we'll ne - ver get you! We don't to get you!

C F7 C F7
CRY-BABY:

Ready, set, place your bets: See if you can guess who is the guy that nobody gets...

G7

[Cry-Baby riffs]

WOMEN:

Yeah!

MEN:

Cry-Baby!
3. I'm Infected

WARN: Cry-Baby: "Don't be scared."
CUE: Allison: "I'm not."

Lyrics and music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
addtl vocal arr. by Lynne Shankel

Ad lib.

ALLISON: I suffered through the measles. I made it through the mumps. Chicken pox was nothing. I nicknamed all the bumps. But now my palms are sweating and my ticker's skipping thumps. My skin is turning green. My thoughts are so unclean. I think...

50's Ballad groove
Cupid slipped a Mickey in my polio vaccine.

I'm infected.

I'm infected with these feelings that you've injected.

In my arm and in my heart I feel it in every body part.
Ba-by, I'm infected with your love.

Ain't never seen no doctor, ain't never taken sick.

Oo...
time I had a stab wound, a band-aid did the trick. I'm

Oo

not the type who suffers from some tiny little prick. But this

Oo
tenderness I feel, it's painful and it's real. My
Oo wah Oo wah
Oo wah Oo wah

soul just got a boo-boo that no wow-wi-pop can heal. I'm in-
Oo
Oo
Oo

3. I'm infected, p. 5
CRY-BABY
2/14/08
I'm infected with these

Ow!  Ow - oo.  

feelings that you've injected.  Now you're

Oo.  Ah.
pulsing through each vein and you're pounding in my brain. Oh

Baby, I'm infected with your love.

Oo. Oh - oo...
BABY, I'M INFECTED WITH YOUR LOVE.

Now I'm yearning and I'm burning and I'm sighing and I'm moaning—Could it be the Rhesus monkeys that the vaccine was grown in?—What
ev - er you shot in - to me, I need ano - ther dose.

You say Rhe - sus mon - keys? Man, that's gross.

That's
3. I'm infected, p. 10

CRY-BABY
2/14/08

G

\[ \text{We're infected. We're infected. Let's take gross.} \]

B

\[ \text{We're infected. We're infected. Let's take gross.} \]

mf

\[ \text{Oh.} \]

f

\[ \text{OW! OW! OW! oo-ow, WOW!} \]

mp

cresc

\[ \text{ff} \]

G

\[ \text{this love only as directed. It's a} \]

B

\[ \text{this love only as directed. It's a} \]

55

\[ \text{Oh.} \]

Oh no!

\[ \text{It's a} \]

much worse diagnosis than mononucleosis. But it

much worse diagnosis than mononucleosis. But it

much worse than mono!

feels so much better than I ever expected. I'm

feels so much better than I ever expected.

Oh, Oh, AH!
feverish and dizzy, but I ain't got the flu.

There feel like I could vomit, but what am I to do?

isn't any remedy for coming down with you. We're in...
We're infected.

Oh

We're infected.

Oh

MRS. V.W.: "Allison!"

CRY-BABY:

I'm infected with your love.

sub. mp

mf
4. Squeaky Clean
2/10/08

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

Bright

WHIFFLES:
dum dum dum

Dum dum dum dum

Bum bum bum

Squeaky clean, that's what they call us.

Our thoughts are pure and our grooming is flawless. We're

sim.
well-bred, well-mannered, and well, just nice, and

when you rub our hair it sounds like mice Eek!

Bum bum bum bum

Squeaky clean, down to our marrow.

bum
We're very straight and extremely narrow. Our drink of choice is (ha) (sniff) (sigh). Listen line. It
keeps our insides extra squeaky clean. When

"FLEA HOPS" (windows come on)

vulgar people curse, (tsk tsk!) When heathens grunt and stammer, we

don’t know which is worse: (tut tut!) their language or their grammar. They
neither show refinement nor an ounce of self-restraint. They may think it's proper English, but it's not!

Most assuredly it's not!

Yes, I'm
(Stage coming on)

squeaky clean, but ever so lonely.

Wish I were squeakin' in your ears only. 'Cause

[They chomp into peaches]

gosh, I think you're (chomp) (chomp) (chomp) peachi - y

(chomp) (chomp) (chomp) (chomp)
keen When I see you I feel extra squeaky clean.

(Whiffs go up on stage)

"THE OOHS"

ALLISON: Squeaky clean, this is my song for

WHIFFLES: Oo...
the kind of boy... I'm told that I long for.

Up-right, up-standing and up to snuff. I
know one kiss from him would be enough. Someone

squeaky clean, shining and sterling.
like a baton that needs some twirling.

That's why I use

[Allison throws the baton up]
[The baton comes down]

(slide whistle)
Vaseline, so my hands remain unchafed

and squeaky clean!

makes my spirit rise. She sets my soul a-spin-nin'. It's
blurrier in her eyes than any pool I've been in. The two of us together would be such a perfect match. If she'd only say she'd have me, [Allison throws the baton up] [The baton comes down] what a
catch!

What a catch! What a catch!

Bum bum bum

A LITTLE SLOWER

Squeaky clean, promise me, Venus,

I'll get to show her my squeaky... cleanliness. For
then she'd be my squeaky queen in the ever lasting kingdom of squeaky clean!

FREELY
Let's Get Some Air

[2/16/08]

lyrics and music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

Cry Baby
Piano/Vocal

Rock-a-billy Swing

\( \text{Step 1:} \quad \text{Step 2:} \quad \text{Step 3:} \quad \text{Step 4:} \)

A\(^6\)

party's kind - a stuf - fy, don't ya think?

Elec Gir

music and the am-bi ence both stink.
don't we step outside? I'm told there's oxygen out there.

Baby, Let's get some air.

Easy Waltz (in one) \( \_ \_ \_ 55 \)

Vlns/Mandolin/Accordion
(straight 8ths)

[NOTE: this could be a 3/4 bar]
Rock-a-billy Swing

A \( \text{\textsuperscript{6}} \)

know a place with better atmosphere.

(swing 8ths)

Elec Gtr

+Gtr

cozy spot called "anywhere but here."

You'll

end up suffocating in a place this deadly square.

Baby, let's get some air.
Wouldn't mind a little breath er. Wouldn't mind a long one either.

Squarishly, w/side-stick

Dancing in this gas mask makes me gag.

I could use a small vacation from this lack of ventilation.

Sure
ALLISON:
Feels like I'm inside a paper bag!

CRY-BABY:
awfully good at putting on the charm.

ALLISON:
Feels like I'm inside a paper bag!

CRY-BABY:
But

ALLISON:
awfully good at putting on the charm.

CRY-BABY:
Why don't you take my arm?

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:
do you swear to keep me safe from harm?
this mean that you're daring me?

consider it a dare.

[THEY pull the alarm as all the SQUARES run off]

Baby...

Baby...

[SILENCE]

A little slower and somewhat tentatively

ALLISON:

Looks as though the place is clearing. Ev'ry body's disappear ing.

CRY-BABY:

Looks as though the place is clearing. Ev'ry body's disappear ing.
Wonder why they're heading out so fast?

Judging by how fast they're headin', you would think it's Armageddon.

Now they're gone, we're alone at last.

Rockabilly guitar feel creeps back in and builds

Let's Get Some Air
2/16/08

[ASQUARE runs by screaming]
Playfully

B6

sad to see the party winding down!

CRY-BABY:

B6

know a joint that's just outside of town.

Let's

C#m7

G7

ditch this formal function for a more care-free affair.
ALLISON:

CRY-BABY:

BALDWIN: Allison!!!!
CRY-BABY: Seriously--let's get some air.
CRY-BABY

Jukebox Jamboree

2/15/08

Lyrics and music by
David Jaegerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

Bright 4, a la Little Richard

Yeah!  Whoo - whee!  It's the Tur - key Point Juke - box Jamboree!  Oh
yeah! Whoo - whee! It's the Turkey Point juke - box jamboree! I'm to-

ight's M. C. My name's Du - pree! zap-bap-a-doo lah - ze-bop-de-see! All

right! O-pen mike! You can do just what you like! All

right! O-pen mike! You can do just what you like! Youcan
whop it, you can hop it, you can
hip it, you can hop it, you can
flip it, you can flop it, you can
dip it, you can drop it, you can

"It's hard for me to stop it...."

chip it, you can chop it, you can
rip it, you can pop it, you can
slip it you can slop it...

Oh

a Tempo

yeah! Whoo - whee! It's the Turkey Point Juke - box Jamboree! Ooh

yeah! Whoo - whee! It's the Turkey Point Juke - box Jamboree! It's
WARN: LENORA: "Thank you very much."
CUE: "I'd like to dedicate this song [GO] and my body
to Cry-Baby Wade Walker."

LENORA: Screw loose,

that's what they say I've got,
or may-be they say I'm not play-ing

with a full deck. But hey, what the heck can I do? Ba-by.
I've got a screw loose for you.

That's what they're calling me,
not metaphorically. They mean

truly insane.

But they can't hear the voice in my brain giving

orders to keep loving you.

Eclectic,
ra-tic, toys in the bell-fry, bats in the at-tic. But I

just don't see the harm in carv-ing your name in my arm.

LENORA sings like a lap steel ("neer, neer", etc.)

(Lap steel solo)
Darlin',

it's so hard to be sixteen and

schi-zo.

But I know it's worth the cost. I've made up my

(heavy breaths)

mind, which I've lost. Screw loose, clinic'ly cer-ti-fied.

A pan-el of doct ors tried to lock me a-way. But un-til the day when they

sub. mp
finally do I'll be here if you need a loose screw

(A9 arp)
CRY-BABY

8. Class Dismissed

rev. 2/12/08

Lyrics and Music by David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

MONA: "Upper class? Up her ass!"

MONA: You're a high-class girl from a high-class world. You eat your

salad with a salad fork.

PEPPER: And you've been so well-trained to be re-

fined and restrained.

WANDA: since the day you were delivered by the high-class stork.

ALL THREE: You can
CRY-BABY

8. Class dismissed
2/12/08

leave that world behind you, girl, 'cause tonight it don't exist. It's time that

mona:

you adjust to the lower crust. The bell's ringing, honey. Class dismissed! Class dismissed!

pepper:

You need a real education. Ain't gonna wait for graduation.

Class dismissed! Class dismissed!
We'll give you all the information that your teachers might have missed. 'Cause to-

that your teachers might have missed.

ALL THREE:
	night class is dismissed! MONA: Well, you

know our crowd. We run wild and proud.

PEPPER: We got our own kind of social grace.

WANDA: When a
MONA: Pooh-pooed by a punch in the face.

boy gets rude it's always poohpoohed.

DRAPEITES: 'Cause when the

world gives you the finger, you gotta fight back with your fist. That's

MONA & PEPPER:

not a rule that you learn in school, but school's out, honey. Class dismissed! Class dismissed!
WANDA: You're on the other side of town now. Ain't gotta wear no fancy gown now._

Class dismissed! Class dismissed!

You'd better dress a little down now.

ALL-THREE:

Don't get your panties in a twist._

THREE:

Class is dismissed!
Some where deep inside that square there's a strong and fearless Drape.  She's been locked up for long enough and now she's ready to escape!

Arm throw  Arm throw  Hip pulse

Spin  Hip pulse
CRY-BABY

Traveling Step

"BYOWs!"

Db7

(kick)

Db7

Ab

Gb2

Db

(rhythm continues)

Lift

ALL THREE:

You're a

high class girl from a high class world. You come from the creme de la creme. You've been

A

A

A

F7

A
satisfied staying on your side of the line between us and them. But if you

wanna hang with the Tear drop gang then we prac-tic-llly in-sist that you

stick that line where the sun don't shine! Are there any ques-tions? I said,
WANDA AND PEPPER:
Are there any questions? Class dismissed! — Class Dis missed!

WANDA & MONA:
MONA:
— Class dismissed!

PEPPER:
You wanna join our sister-hood, girl?

ALL THREE:
WANDA:
— I think you got the gist,

We're never lettin' in a good girl.
class is dismissed!

class is dismissed!

E

A
CRY-BABY

9. Baby Baby Baby

2/22/08

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

Q: DUPREE: "...my friends I give you... Cry-Baby!"

CRY-BABY: "I want to dedicate this to a certain special lady."

CRY-BABY:

Hon-ey, dar-lin', sweet-heart, an-gel, sug-ar, wom-an... you________ There's

(He takes out a piece of paper from his guitar and 'reads' the chorus from it.)

some-thing that I've got to say and ev-ry word is true.____ Welllll...______
That's a blanket statement; some restrictions may apply. Re-

etc.

(He takes out a second piece of paper, this time from his pocket, and reads from it)
CRY-BABY

9. Baby baby baby, p. 3

2/22/08

CRY-BABY:

May I say... Hey hey hey?

+ALL: (echoing)

May I say... Hey hey hey?
May I yell...

Well, well, well!

May I yell...

Well, well, well!

ho-nor of the sweet-est thing this po-et e-ver saw, there's

one more vi-vid ver-bal pic-ture I would like to draw. Welllll...

(With a showman's flourish, he reveals the 'cigarette' tucked behind his ear is in fact a small scroll, from which he reads:

Ba-

Bb7
CRY-BABY

9. Baby baby baby, p. 5

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by baby by baby (baby baby) by baby Baby by baby by baby (baby baby) by baby Baby

F

Ooh la la!

C Bb F C

[DANCE BREAK]

E7

CUT bar 75

Drum fill
CRY-BABY

Roly-Poly (3-count kicks)

80

CRY-BABY:

CB

love for you has left me with an extra verse somehow. I

F

cb.

etc.

(Dupree comes to the rescue and scribbles down some lyrics for him.)

88

CB
don't have any lines prepared, but I'll make some up right now. Well...

F

[LENORA screams]
CRY-BABY gives him a thumbs up, then sings:

Baby baby baby baby (ba-by ba-by) ba by Ba - by ba by ba by ba by (ba-by ba-by) ba-by Ba-

Bb7

(F)

(Rock & Roll scream)

by ba-by ba-by ba-by (ba-by ba-by) ba-by ba by... ba-by ba by ba by ba by WOW!

C

Bb

F

C

Hesitation Chorus

CB: "Come on, Allison!"
ALLISON: "But I don't know the words."

CRY-BABY:

ALLISON:

CB

F

VOICE LAST X

Ba by ba by ba by ba by ba by ba by Ba by

F

ALLISON:

CRY-BABY:

CB

Bb7

F7

Ba by, ba by, ba by, ba by, ba by, ba by, ba by Ba by Ba by Ba by Ba by Ba -

Ba -
Baby, baby, baby, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by!
(She lets it RIP!)

Baby, baby, baby, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by!
Baby, my ba-by, my, ba-by! Oh,

The Scream

baby!
Baba baba

Ba-by! Ba-by! Ba-by!

(Bari)
CRY-BABY

9. Baby baby baby, p. 10

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CB

- - by! Ba - by! My ba-by, my ba-by my ba-by, my ba-by!

A

- - by! Ba - by! My ba-by, my ba-by, my ba-by, my ba-by!

C7 Bb7 F7 C

118 ALLISON:

CB

May I say... GROUP:

Hey hey hey?

T

May I say... Hey hey hey?

F

122

CB

Might I add... I'm so bad!

T

Might I add... She's so bad!

G C7
(He makes 'b' sounds with his lips and fingers by way of showing off.)

[The clump]

Ba bi da ba bi da ba bi da ba bi da ba bi da baby buh buh baby buh baby buh buh baby buh baby buh baby buh buh baby buh baby buh baby

Ba-by!

Baby!

F7

ba-by ba-by ba-by my ba-by my ba-by my ba-by my ba-by my ba-by ba-by ba-by ba-by ba-by

Ba-by!

Ba-by! Ba-by! Ba-by! Ba-by! Ba-by!

Ba-by!

Ba by! Ba by! Ba by! Ba by! Ba by!

Bb7

F7
CRY-BABY


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"May I call you baby?"

[Crazy fills]

SEGUE

"To The Glade"
CRY-BABY


"May I call you baby?"

"To The Glade"
10. Girl, Can I Kiss You With Tongue?

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
Additional vocal arr. by Lynne Shankel

CRY-BABY:

The

COUPLES: Oo— wa-oo, oo, oo oo Oo— wa-oo, oo, oo oo

Oo— wa-oo, oo, oo oo Oo— wa-oo, oo, oo oo

And it's

stars—up above—shine their light on our love, and the night, just like us, is still—young.
long and it's slow, and I need to know, Girl, can I kiss you with tongue? It's moist and it's pink. It's a muscle, I think. It's as smooth as the blanket I brought. But it

Oo—wa oo, Oo oo oo, Oo—wa oo, oo

Oo—wa oo, Oo oo oo Oo—wa oo, oo

lives all alone with no friends of its own. Girl, can I kiss you with tongue? I've been

Oo—
cursed with a thirst no one else can quite quench. If you're

COUPLES, I've been cursed with a thirst no one else

I've been cursed with a thirst no one else

shy I'll stay dry. So what do you say? S'il-vous-plait, can I

If you're shy I'll stay dry.

If you're shy I'll stay dry.

parlez vous some French? It'll
serve to reveal all the things you can feel. Likemy braces, my tonsils, my lung. Yes, I

just want to show how deep love can go. Girl, can I kiss you with --
tongue?

BOYS: Ah

CRY-BABY:

GIRLS:

Ah Ah Ah as can be.

Ah Ah Ah as can be.
45
mine and I__pine__ to taste you tast-ing me. Oh, my

COUPLES: Now you're mine and I__pine__

Now you're mine and I__pine__

mouth's o__pen-wid__e__ Take a chance, come in__side. Do it quick. Now my song's al most__

Oo__ wa oo oo oo Oo__ wa oo
sung: Darling. You can be sure my saliva is pure.

Now that I've kissed you, and I can't resist you, now that I've kissed you with

CRY-BABY:

CouPLeS & AllISoN:

COUPLeS:

with
CRY-BABY

10A. I'm Infected-Reprise

lyrics and music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
arr. by Lynne Shankel

CUE:
CRY-BABY: "I love you, Allison..."

Slowly, Romantically

Poco rall.

ALLISON:

Now I'm...
10A. I'm Infected-Reprise

7

bum - in', and I'm yearn - in', and I'm long - in', and I'm lust - in'. My

Building in Intensity

9

thoughts have gone from dir - ty to tru - ly dis - gust - in'. He can

poco a poco cresce.

11

take my ev - ry treas - ure, he can break my ev - ry law. He can go
I'm infected—reprise

un-der my shirt, o-ver my bra.

My bra... I'm in-

fect-ed! I'm infect-ed! I'm a-

I'm infect-ed! I'm infect-ed!
ne-mie!
(That's un-con-nected.)

And from

one kiss I can tell
I'd feel much worse
feel-ing well.

'Cause

one kiss I can tell
I'd feel much worse
feel-ing well.

'Cause
10A. I'm Infected-Reprise

baby, I'm infected with your love.

baby, I'm infected with your love.

poco rall.

Baby, I'm infected with your love.

CRY-BABY:
"How you doin'? Miss me?"

ALLISON:
"All my life, only I didn't know it."

Baby, I'm infected with your love.

Slowly, in Tempo

CRY-BABY:
"Here it is. The closest thing I got to a treasure!
I want you to have it!"

ALLISON:
"Thank you!" [OUT]
11. You Can't Beat The System

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

CRY-BABY: You can't beat the system.

DEFENDANTS: No, you can't beat the system.

DRAPES: You can't beat the system. They chain ya, detain ya, restrict ya and restrain ya.

Make you wear these outfits made in
Scran ton, Penn-syl-van-ia. Don't both-er with the facts be-cause they're al-ways gon-na twist 'em. No

mat-ter what you do, you know you can't beat the

BAILIFF: "Hear ye, hear ye! The Baltimore Pubescent Pre-judgemental Court..."

 Q OUT: "is now in session."

sys-tem.

JUDGE: "Order in the court!"

JUDGE: "I said order in the court!"
JUDGE: "Well, well. The devil's charm bracelet!"

Q OUT: "You are charged with arson, assault, resisting arrest..."

"...and drapery in the first degree. How do the so-called defendants plead?"

DEFENDANTS: (Overlapping)
"Not guilty! Innocent! We didn't do anything! Misunderstood! It's a witch hunt! Pretty plead with sugar on top!"

WARN: (CRY-BABY): "That fire destroyed my guitar!"
PEPPER: "And my drums!"
Q OUT: (DUPREE): "And my career!"
CRY-BABY: "Yeah!"

CRY-BABY:
"Life is a trumped up charge..."
"Life is a trumped up charge..."
"I'm..."

MALE CHORUS: (add 8va)
just an oth-er sap too dumb to beat the rap. The one way I'm a fel on is I "fell in" to their trap. The
world's the one that did it but the world is still at large. Life is a trumped up charge.

JUDGE: "Order! What a sad vision of today's youth. When will they never learn?"
"You Drape gangs have terrorized our fair city long enough."

TEARDROPS:
Life is an in-side job. I said, life is an in-side job. You
HATCHET-FACE:
It's revolting.

PEPPER:
It's a bust. It'll

WANDA:
let it gain your trust, then it grinds you in the dust. It's a mother.
It's a bitch.

break into your dreams just to see what it can rob—yeah, life is an inside job.

TEARDROPS,
CRY-BABY & ALLISON:
They

PRISONERS:
They

They
ALL DEFENDANTS:

jeer ya, they smear ya, they call you their inferia.

DUPREE:

The gruel is oversalted in the prison cafeteria.

they were facing charges, the judge would have dismissed em, which

only goes to show you that you can't beat the___
BALDWIN: "Don't believe them, Judge! They did it! Listen to your own inner prejudice!"

CRY-BABY: "Your honor, if it please the court, we had nothing to do with the alleged malfeasance."

MONA: "Yeah! We were too busy makin' out!"

WANDA: "We're not criminals!

JUDGE: Are any of your parents here?"

CRY BABY: "My parents are dead."

ALLISON: "My parents are also dead."

PEPPER: "My parents told me to tell you they're dead."

MR. WOODWARD: 
"I'm Wanda's father, and God knows, your honor, I've tried to keep her upbringing antiseptic."

WANDA: "Dad, you're humiliating me!"

JUDGE: "Dr. Woodward..."

MR. WOODWARD: "Oh, I'm not a doctor, I just love wearing medical whites."

JUDGE: "I see. Nonetheless, I'm surprised to find a man who even appears to be a doctor touched by this sordid episode."

Q. OUT: "And your daughter's such a pretty girl, too."

WANDA: "Forget it, Grandpa."

PEPPER: "That's sick."
JUDGE: "Oh my God! What happened to your face?"
MONA: "There's nothin' wrong with my face. I got character!"

GERTIE: "Let me in! Yeah, Judge, you're no sunset in Hawaii yourself!"
GERTIE: "I'm Mona's mom. Cigarettes! Getcher cigarettes here!

JUDGE: "Mrs. Malnorowski, there's no smoking in this courtroom. And there's certainly no peddling allowed."
Q OUT: GERTIE: "Well, sor-ry! Just tryin' to make a living."
Mona: "I was experimenting!"
Q OUT (Judge): "Get her out of here!"
Judge: "And Dupree, is it?"
DUPREE: "Whichever you don't like the most!"
Q OUT (Judge): "Sit down!"

MRS. V: "Your Honor, there must be some mistake!"
ALLISON: "Allison may have missed curfew but I'm sure she's committed no crime."
Q OUT (Judge): "I did kick a cop in the balls."
Q OUT (Judge): "I did kick a cop in the balls."
Q OUT (Judge): "Inadvertently, I'm sure."

Judge: "And you, Wade Walker, alias Cry-Baby, a perpetual foster home runaway,..."
Q OUT: "You are the suspected ringleader of this gang of arsonists."

Cry-Baby: "Judge, they're no arsonists, and neither am I, but if you let them go, I'll take the full blame. Nolo contendere."
Baldwin: "I rest my case!"
Q OUT: (Teardrops): "Cry-Baby!"
CB: "The only thing I'm guilty of is loving your granddaughter."
MRS. VW: "Judge Stone, I wonder if we've overlooked some good in this boy. He is at least polite."

JUDGE: "MRS. Vernon Williams, I have great respect for your elegance and sensitivity. I remember with pleasure how charmingly you presented your damning testimony at the trial of this hoodlum's incendiary, left-leaning parents."

BALDWIN: "The killer peaceniks!"
MRS. V.W.: "Baldwin, that's enough! Judge, times were different then. It was complicated. Please, couldn't we give Cry-Baby another chance?"
JUDGE: "I'm sorry, but it's clear to me that biologically, this young man was 'born to be bad.'"

JUDGE: "Another outburst like that and I'll hold you in contempt of court!"
CB: "Contempt! You got it!"

Q OUT. ALLISON: "Judge, Cry-Baby couldn't have set the fire!"

[last x, don't play]
ALLISON:

Love is his al - i - bi. I said, love is his al - i - bi. I can

MALE CHORUS: (add 8va)(+ 8va)

Oo. Oo.

Emin G A Emin G A Emin G A Emin

Sexy-long wailing tenor lines, +f. n/s

place him at my scene. if you know what I mean. He was with me from approxi - mately

Ch

Ch

Oo. Oo.

Emin G Amin C D Emin G

mf

f

ten to twelve fifteen. If you call me as a wit - ness, I can on - ly tes - ti - fy

Ch

Ch

Oo.

Amin C D Emin G A C7
JUDGE: "Are you prepared to swear that he was with you all night?"
ALLISON: "Yes! Well, he did go away for a few minutes."

Q TO CUT: JUDGE: "When was that?"

love is his a l i - bi.

ALLISON: "Just before the fire started."

Q: (JUDGE:) "No further questions!"

DRAPES:

[DICTATED]

A Tempo

B7/13

They'll

CRY-BABY:

CB

They'll

nail ya, they'll jail ya, they'll say that you're a fail ya.

ALL SQUARE MEN:

We certainly appear to have you by the gen-i-tal ia.
charge you with resistance even if you don't resist 'em. No matter what you do you know you

ALL: No matter what you do you know you

TEARDROPS & ALLISON:

can't beat the system. No, you can't beat the system. no, no, no, no, no, You

CB&D:

can't beat the system. No, you can't beat the system. no, no, no, no, no, You

can't beat the system. No, you can't beat the system.

Go nuts! (screaming B3, piano fills, guitar madness)

You can't beat the system. You can't beat the system. You
mock it, you knock it, you kick and shake and shock it

mock it, you knock it, you kick and shake and shock it

JUDGE:

How

mock it, you knock it, you kick and shake and shock it.

mock it, Horns you knock it, you kick and shake and shock it.

J

dare you come before this court and desecrate my docket? But there will soon be justice here, for

Fmin Contained  Ab  Bb  Fmin  Ab  Bb  C7

mf

opt. 8vb

you're about to see: you're looking at the system and you can't beat
JUDGE: "It is the decision of this court that Pepper Walker, Wanda Woodward...
(someone wolf whistles) and Mona Malnorowski...

(last x only:)

VAMP

(JUDGE): ". . . serve six months in the Baltimore Institute for Underage Female Trash, with special cosmetic rehabilitation for Miss Malnorowski in the School's Correctional Surgery Wing."

Q OUT: (PEPPER): "Six months! My baby will be born a convict! What'll I tell all the possible fathers?"

You can't beat the system.

(last x, don't play)

JUDGE: "Your newborn will be placed in foster care!
Q OUT: "Take them away!"
WANDA: "Screw you, copper!"
MONA: "I done stuff, but not this!"
PEPPER: "I want my baby!"

SQUARES: You can't beat the sys-tem.

You can't beat the sys-tem.

(last x only)
JUDGE: "Allison Vernon Williams, I remand you, whatever that means, to the custody of your upstanding and outstanding grandmother."

MRS. V.W.: "Thank you, Judge."

JUDGE: "Wade Walker, I sentence you and your friend Dupree to learn a useful trade at the Maryland Vocational Training Farm for Wayward Punks until you reach the age of twenty..."

JUDGE: "NINE!"

DUPREE: "What?! I'm supposed to be Baltimore's next great deejay!"

JUDGE: "I hereby confiscate your property at Turkey Point for non-payment of city, state and federal tax."

DUPREE: "Whoa! When did I not do that?"
Q OUT: (CRY-BABY):
"Your Honor, this is cruel and unusual punishment!"

JUDGE: "Take him away."

CRY-BABY:

Somebody gets me,
but now it's too late.

ALLISON:

Somebody gets me,
what a cruel twist of fate.

CRY-BABY:

Somebody gets me,
me,  

but now I've got to  

LENORA: "Stop!"

poco rall.

SEQUEL AS ONE  
"Act I Finale"
CRY-BABY

11A. Act I Finale

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
arr. by Lynne Shankel

CUE: LENORA: "You can't send Cry-baby away! He's about to become the father of my child!"

ALLISON: "What! Cry-Baby..."

CRY-BABY: "She's makin' that up, Allison! She's crazy!"

CUE: LENORA: "Am I? Did he take you to his special place too?"

4

LENORA: "Where he never took anyone else?"
"The old dock?"

CUE: LENORA: "And did he give you his only treasure, a gold guitar pick? Like this one? That looks a lot like a toenail?"

ALLISON: "Cry-Baby! How could you?!

CB: "I don't know how."

With WW on one side and CB on the other?"

CB: "I don't know how."

CUE: LENORA: "Am I? Did he take you to his special place too?"

Slowly, Weirdly
JUDGE: "Mr. Walker, I trust that you're going to do the right thing and marry this girl."

LENORA: "That's what he promised me, Your Majesty."

CRY-BABY:
"Marry her? Never! She don't mean a thing to me, Judge!"

BALDWIN: "Typical!"
MRS. VW: "I don't want to believe it!"

ALLISON:
"Oh Cry-Baby, how could you have played with my heart like this?"
I never want to see you again!"

Faster, in 2

Cresc. poco a poco
CRY-BABY:  "Don't say that! I think I'm gonna cry."

ALLISON:  "I spit on your tears."

SAFETY:    (to m. 22)

CRY-BABY:  I can't believe she cursed me!

SQUARE WOMEN: You can't believe I kissed him!

ALLISON:  I can't believe I kissed him!

SQUARE MEN: You can't beat the system.

ALL:  You can't be too careful.
CRY-BABY: "Allison! Allison! ALLISON!!!!"

can't be together!

can't be together!

[dictated]

END OF ACT I
Deep in my heart, it must have been real love, because now it is causing me quite a good deal of misery; agony, helplessness, hopelessness, heartache and woe. Woe woe woe woe.

I see no future for us, so I see no relief from my suffering, sorrow, dejection, despondency, torment, and grief.
I never knew that part of matur-ing was spending a month in your bedroom endur-ing...
mf

miser-y, agony, helplessness, hopelessness, heartache and woe. Woe woe woe woe.

Locked-in a cage, staring at the ceiling, locked in a cage, doing nothing but feeling...

Oo wah oo Oo
misery, agony, helplessness, hopelessness, heartache and woe.

WOE WOE WOE.

MALE PRISONERS:

WOE WOE WOE.

Ten kinds of hurt fill my soul as I languish, depression, despair, dejection, anguish.

MALE PRISONERS:

Oo wah oo Oo

misery, agony, helplessness, hopelessness, heartache and woe.

Ten types of woe.

But when

Ten types of woe.
I dream of my darling, waiting there for me, I feel

happiness, pleasure, contentment, serenity, joy, bliss, and glee. She's

ALLISON: He's locked in his prison. And I'd like to think that he also is in

up in her room. And I'd like to think that she also is in
CRY-BABY

13. Misery, p. 6

61

a gony —

hopelessness heart-ache, and woe,

woe woe woe woe

misery —

helplessness heart ache, and woe,

woe woe woe woe

65

(touching her pregnant stomach)

What is that word — that describes being spit on? When you can’t — stop the pain?

PEPPER: How bout

WANDA: Or stop being hit on?

FEMALE PRISONERS:

Oo. wah-oo Oo.

Tinkly

69

"mis-er-y" —

Eh. "Help-less-ness?"

"Heart-ache?"

Good. "A-go-ny"

"Hope-less-ness?"
That's it! Woe woe woe!

(Eureka!)

Woe! Yeah! Woe woe woe!

FEMALE PRISONERS: Woe woe woe.

(sung)

Cut up my face. They buried my hatchet. Now my nose has an itch. God, I wish I could scratch it! This is

misery, a goony, helplessness, hopelessness, heartache, and woe,

PEPPER: Oof!

heartache, and woe,

ALL 3:

WANDA: Yikes!

heartache, and woe, woe woe woe woe.w.

Take un
fair - ness, in - just - ice, and add 'em to the list of the rea-sons we're fur - i - ous, out-raged, in - dig - nant, dis-

ALLISON: But for

CRY-BABY: But for

MEN:
gus - ted and pissed!

WOMEN: But for
CRY-BABY

A Tempo

ALLISON:

now—nothing’s left but to join in this chorus, ripped from the world’s most depressing the-sau-rus.

CRY-BABY:

TEARDROPS & FEMALE PRISONERS:

now—nothing’s left but to join in this chorus, ripped from the world’s most depressing the-sau-rus.

DUPREE & MALE PRISONERS:

now—nothing’s left but to join in this chorus, ripped from the world’s most depressing the-sau-rus.

Mis-er-y, a-go-ny, help-less-ness, hope-less-ness, heart-ache and woe. Woe woe woe.
WOVEN:

MEN:

WOVEN:

MEN:

WOVEN:

May as well jump off a bridge.
15. All In My Head

music and lyrics by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger
Arr. by Lynne Shankel
Dance Arr. by David Chase

Baldwin: "You're marrying the girl I hate!"
CUE OUT: LENORA: "And you're marrying the girl I hate!"
BOTH: "It's so beautiful!"

Baldwin: I've got a girl who loves me so, and happiness is all we know. We're so happy!

LENORA: And soon we'll be wed.

(Notes and music notation follow.)
got a boy I love him so I'm never gonna let him go 'cause he

BALDWIN: “Really? ‘Cause I've seen
you two together and it doesn’t--

loves me. He loves me! That's what he said.

I can

see it so clearly it's all in my head.

BALDWIN: see it so clearly It's all in my head.

And
by and by we'll settle down in some un-e-th-nic part of town I'll make

F Dm Gm7 C7 Am7 Cm6/Eb D7b9 D7

LENORA:

money...

But you'll make the "bread." BALDWIN: "Get it!? Bread?!!

ALLISON: (laughing) "That's genuinely funny!"

La la la la

Gm7 C7 Am7 D7 Gmin7 C7

live in side a tin-roof shack with fifteen chimpanzees out back, and a

F Dm Gm7 C7 Am7 Am7b5Eb D7b9 D7
CRY-BABY: "That doesn't sound crazy at all!"

CRY-BABY: garden under the bed.

LENORA: It's all in my head.

BALDWING: tattoo my name on his tri-cup

CRY-BABY & ALLISON: I'll wrap her in red, white, and blue!

LENORA: see it so clearly.

He'll
15. All In My Head

every detail of the life you've imagined is finally gonna come true!

DANCE

G Em Am7 D7 Bm7 Bm7b5 F E7b9 E7

Am7 D7 [chokes] Bm7 E7b9 Am7 D7

G Em Am7 D7 Bm7 Bm7b5 F E7b9 E7
I can see it so clearly...

LENORA:

Clearly, clearly, clearly...

Lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu...

ALLISON & WOMEN:
(a la Stepford Wives)

I find you extremely physically attractive.

CRYBABY & MEN:
(a la Stepford Husband)

Your theories on...
15. All In My Head

WOMEN:

Ah

They're so happy!

MEN:

space zombies makes sense to me

Ah

They're so happy!

BALDWIN &

LINORA:

It's all in my head!

ALL 4:

Ev'ry thing's going to be perfect.

Life will go skip-ping a long

Ev'ry thing's going to be perfect.

Life will go skip-ping a long

E♭\(\flat\)\(\flat\) E♭m Maj7 B♭ E♭\(\flat\) E♭m7 B♭\(\flat\)7
15. All In My Head

LENORA & ALLISON:
We'll spend eternity living in harmony...

Baldwin & Cry-Baby

LENORA: "No!"

Baldwin & LENORA:
"Yeah!"

Harmony!

Cry-Baby:

Women:
Singing a beautiful song!

Ah!

MEN:
Singing a beautiful song!

Ah!

ALLISON: I must
15. All In My Head

Soon, go now my sweet one and only, and prepare to begin your new life.

LENORA:
Every detail of the lie you've imagined is finally gonna come true.

BALDWIN:

LENORA:
Love is pure and love is clear. And love is all that's left up here. And they

BALDWIN:

poco rall.
snicker

A Tempo

Baldwin: I can

snicker

A Tempo

Baldwin: I can

Lenora: see it so clearly... I can see it so clearly...

Baldwin: Can't you

Lenora: see it so clearly?

Baldwin: It's all in my

Lenora: see it so clearly?

Baldwin: It's all in my
[They both look at the audience and give the 'wacko' gesture.]
16. A Little Upset

Lyrics and Music by David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

vocal arr. by Lynne Shankel

WARN: Allison: Yes?
CUE: Cry-Baby: No!!!

I'm just a little upset.

I don't mean to be rude.

I just feel kinda bad.

hate to have my fury at the world be misconstrued.

Fm7sus4(b5)

Bb7(#9b13)

Af
Ever so sad.

Get that way when they take my girl and fry my mom and dad. But if you see me fuss and fret, please don’t take it as a threat. It’s just sometimes I get a little upset.

Tom-tom groove
CRY-BABY

OFFICER: "Mister, you are slobberin' for a clobberin'!"
O'BRIEN: "Cool it or I'll administer Communion!"
CRY-BABY: "Yeah, I'll just settle myself down a bit... try to relax..."

CRY-BABY: "(more intensely)"

CUE JAMES: "I'm still a little upset..."

[VAMP]

[SAFETY]

33

Just a little bit... irked.

At

Em   Em/D  CMaj7  B9(b13)  Em   Em/D  CMaj7  B9(b13)

37

this entire world, around which I am getting jerked. I guess I'm not

Em   Em/D  CMaj7  F#m7sus4(b5)  B7(#9b13)

(ad lib. prisoner grumblings)

(ad lib. prisoner grumblings)

Feelin' so... hot... Must-a

Em   Em/D  CMaj7  B9(b13)  Em   Em/D  CMaj7  B9(b13)

mp
45 woke up on the wrong side of my rat infested cot. How profound-

Em Em/D CMaj7 Em/B F#m7sus4(b5) B7(#9b13)

P

49 ly I regret this entirely tete-a-tete. It's

PRISONERS:

Oh

Em Em7/D A/G/C# C9

P

53 (through gritted teeth)

just sometimes I get a little upset

P

B7(#13)

Em

P
DUPREE: “Excuse me, Officer? Hate to bother you, but...”

I’m also a little upset.

Like my friend over here.

A decade in the slammer isn’t great for my career. Good thing I’m mature.
You can be sure this is no

Oh no, no, no, no! oh no, no, no!

A thing that a full-scale prison riot wouldn't cure!

Now I've gone

And broke a sweat. That's what happens when you let yourself gra-

Oh,

mf
trying to stay positive, I'm tryin' not to frown. And I'm

+Hammond B3

Whoa,

Oh - oo-

+ ad lib.

positive I'd smile if I could tear this prison down! You

+Nick, Marry tear this prison down!

Cry-Baby:
say I'll get out early if I show you some repentance. But

Oh

B♭min Fmin Eb/G Fmin

I ain't never been too good at finishing a...

(4 beats of Silence)

(V.S)
DUPREE:
(+ ad lib.)

CR YBAB Y and
PRISONERS:
Oh whoa... whoa... yeah!

We're just a little up-set!
Sounds hard to believe.

Oh, yeah!
Unjust incarceration

But unjust incarceration
CRY-BABY

16. A Little Upset. p. 11

02/15/08

PRISON GUARDS:
(+ opt 8vb)

PRIsoners go upstage to put on shoes

We're standing guard.

We wouldn't want this place to leave you permanently scarred.

From the mo-

mf

+tom groove?
130  I've been deeply in your debt, For your pa-
     Gm  Gm/F  Em7b5  Ep7
     mp

134  patience when I get a little upset.
     D7b13  D7+5  A
     sfz  sfz

138  License Plate Dance

Canon step
Tutti w/long gtr fall-off  Ss. Gtr

Drums big fill
PRISONERS and GUARDS:

Split
Jump
Be-cause

Columns

brother, you can bet that you ain't seen nothin' yet!

We're a-

Horns
bout to pitch a fit, and by the time we're through with it you'll be
more than just a little upset! Ah...
170}

CRYBABY, dressed as the PRIEST enters and sings a Latin-esque chant]

---

Carpe Diem, Non incarceratum,

(think "pulse" rather than "beat")

174

Liberatum, Et tu, Dupré?

178

Sempre Aeternum in Alcatrazum? No way!

SEGUE as one to #16A "Upset Chase"
A LITTLE UPSET (The Chase)

Fast "Cop show Shuffle"
(giving 8ths)
\( \text{\textit{f}} = 174 \)

Set moves and the defrocked PRIEST runs across

CRYBABY and DUPREE on the lam
CRYBABY and DUPREE on the lam

COPS enter in hot pursuit

Dancing CONVICTS enter again
ALLISON:
I'm a little upset

Em7
A7+5

CRY-BABY:
and a little confused....
The

I'm a little enraged!

Stop be-in' engaged!
thought of my engagement should not leave me unmoved. Sure, he's nice.

CRY-BABY: (longingly)

enough and, yet, when he calls me "Juliet"

I

Dm Dm7/C G6/B Bb9

by, baby, baby, baby!
Baldwin:
Allison!

Feel my stomach get a little upset.

Cheerleaders enter

+ drum major whistle

Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Fast "Cop show Shuffle"
(swing 8ths)

COPS enter in hot pursuit
17. I Did Something Wrong Once
transposed B to C (2/13/08)

Q: (MRS. VW.) “I can’t
believe this is happening...again.”

MRS. VW:

I am of the opinion that morals...are what separate humans from swine.

Every one needs to have morals...specifically, mine. It’s one’s duty to set an example, and to

always comport oneself decently. A worthy endeavor at which I’ve failed...ever...

Well, not recently. For you see, I did something wrong...once. One tiny thing
I Did Something Wrong Once
2/13/08

A small indiscretion. A minor transgression. I blundered a tad. Told a little white lie, just a scooch off the truth. But it did cause a scandal and that was uncouth. Yes, I did something
wrong, once. One teen- sy thing wrong, once. It was some-what un-

Yes, I con fess I did some thing

wrong

Is it

Too late to make it right now? My
life, over all, has been blameless. As I scan it, few faults do I find. Why,

(REALIZING THE AUDIENCE IS LISTENING)

even those three months with Hit ler. Never mind. The

point is, I've been through my closet, and that closet has only one skeleton, one

breach of decorum awaiting a forum to tell it in. For I did some thing
wrong, once. One it-sy-bit-sy thing wrong, once. Showed a slight lack of
can-do. All right, it was slander. All right, it was bad. It was shameful, a-

(moral) disgraceful, unlawful. Look, I'll be blunt, it was just friggin'

(sung) awful. Yes, I did something wrong, once. Just e-gre-gious-ly
I Did Something Wrong Once
2/13/08

You may think I'm self-righteous. The truth is I might just be un-

Okay, one might say I did something wrong, once, but per-

I can make it right now. I wrestled with my conscience, for it

knew that I had sinned. I wrestled with my conscience. I got pinned! I got pinned! Now I'm
haunted by the memories of the pain I put people through. I am

(She pulls herself together.)

haunted by the memories. They say "Boo!" They say "Boo!" They say "Boooo!" I'm re-

Colla Voce

gestably of the opinion that I've not merely broken the law, but in causing the death of two innocent people and

recit

thus leaving their son as an orphan who lives in a bottomless cesspool of stig-

ma...
I've made a faux pas. All my life I've been seen as a beacon, high society's shining ego to me. But now the opinions of matrons and minions mean shit to me. Yes, I did something wrong, once. One thing relatively wrong. But I'm fed of
I'm off on a mission. I call it "Operation Contrition." And I'm making this vow: I'll complete somehow! This is it; I admit I did something wrong once. But I'm going to right it right.
18. Thanks For The Nifty Country

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

WHIFFLES: We've got a

message for the founders this Independence Day:

Ab

Bbmin
Thanks for the nifty country! Because if it were not for "You" we'd be just the "S" of "A"!

Thanks for the nifty country!

You took a noble stance; bravely stood your ground; yes,
when it came to found-ing, you sure knew how to found, ’cause we
grew into the best-est glo-bal su-per-powr a-round! So
thanks for the nifty country!

Thanks for the
dandy Declara-tion that fin-ly set us free from a
It king so cruel and evil, he raised the price of tea.

took a lot of courage to fight the mighty British,

but

SOLO #3: Thanks for our

Washington, you weren't even skittish!
Cuddly Constitution

SOLO #3: full of

ALL: that's ever so complex.

Db

Bouncy little balances

SOLO #4: It's got

Db

ALL: and cheeky little checks!

Db

Lots of swell amendments that guarantee our freedom.

ALL: It's
nice to know they're there in case we need 'em!

Q OUT: "...and provide for the common amusement..."

[VAMP]

(s.n.)

Q OUT: "... Star-Spangled Funland!"

[SAFETY]

[Fl. Tom]

ALL: So
Everybody join us on this July the fourth and say

thanks for the nifty country!

From the

good folks in the South to their conquerors, the North, we say

And

thanks for the nifty country!
wouldn't it be swell if we grew up some day to
give the gift of freedom to a people far away? They'd
show us with flowers, bring us unicorns and say, "Hey!

Thanks for the nifty country.
coun-try!*

(They take an obvious breath)

Try!

Thanks!
19. This Amazing Offer

WARN: "Isn't this a little on the insane side?"
CUE: (BALDWIN) "I said GO!"

Lyrics and Music by
David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

Manic 2-beat

WHIFFLE #3:

Listen to this amazing offer.

BALDWIN:

WHIFFLES:

Bum bum bum bum bum bum Bum bum bum bum bum bum

D (sim.) Bmin Emin A D B/D# Emin A
Some-one to wor-ship and a-dore.

And a-dore.

Bum bum bum bum bum And a-dore.

D Bmin Emin A F#7 B7

doesn't slice or dice, but he's nat-ti-ly dressed and nice.

doesn't slice or dice, nat-ti-ly dressed and nice.

Emin7 A D B7
But wait—there's more.

How much would you pay?

So much more.

Also, I'll throw in my devotion.

Plus, this

Oo

Bum bum bum bum bum bum Bum bum bum bum bum
limited edition of my heart. All this

Bum bum bum bum of my heart.

D Bmin Emin A F#7 B7

stunning merchandise can be yours for the low, low price of

Emin7 A D B7

stunning merchandise
promising that we will never part.
I'll soon go a-

promising that we will never part.

Emin7
F#7

way... Don't delay... Act today!

Way Lay Day ay ay.

Way Lay Day

Emin Aaug7 DMaj7
20. Do That Again

CUE: (CRY-BABY): "You asked for it. Ladies, please excuse me while I put him ou tof my misery."

Lyrics and Music by David Javerbaum and Adam Schlesinger

A la Jerry Lee Lewis

CRY-BABY: You make me shiv-er, make me quiv-er, make me shake in my shoes! I'm in a
tiz-zy, feel-ing diz-zy, like I drank too much booze! You put a strain on my brain, think I'm
go-ing in-sane! You got me howl-in' like a dog that got locked out in the rain! Oh Ba-by,
first you tear my heart up, then you trample my soul! You know my mind is getting scrambled like an egg in a bowl! You got me reel-in', got me squeal-in' like a pig in a pen! You know I can't take it, Baby... Do that again!

One look at you and I just...
cry-baby

20. do that again, p. 3

allison:

can't calm my nerves!

cry-baby:

i must have missed the sign that said "dangerous curves!"

f

22

weak, feelin' faint, like i breathed too much paint!

cry-baby:

you're making all those other girls seem out-

g

(sim.)

25

oh baby, now you got me beggin', got me down on my knees! it's like you

dated and quaint!

oh baby, now you got me beggin', got me down on my knees! it's like you

G9(#5)

C

cry-baby:

i must have missed the sign that said "dangerous curves!"

f

allison:

can't calm my nerves!

cry-baby:

you're making all those other girls seem out-

g

(sim.)

25

oh baby, now you got me beggin', got me down on my knees! it's like you

dated and quaint!

oh baby, now you got me beggin', got me down on my knees! it's like you

G9(#5)

C

cry-baby:

i must have missed the sign that said "dangerous curves!"
cov-ered me with hon-ey and then dunked me in bees! The pain I'm in is con stant, it's not
just now and then! You know I can't take it, Ba-by... Do that a-gain!
just now and then! You know I can't take it, Ba-by... Do that a-gain!
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

CRY-BABY

Light Gospel Shuffle

I'm so

CRY-BABY: No, Seriously.

I'm so happy that I'm crying...

ALL:

Yeah! (vocal ad lib.)

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21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

I've been holding back for years. Now my

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

eyes are leaking justice! Taste the justice in these tears! I was

angry, but that's over. I was lonely. that was then. Now I've
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

rev. 2/15/08

A Tempo, Mod. 4

Moderate 4 Rockabilly
(gr.)
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

rev. 2/15/08

happy that I'm crying; I'm in heaven I'm in love.

Now my

life will be exactly like the one I'm dreaming of. Some day

this will be remembered as the very moment when

nothing bad, nothing bad ever ever happened again. Because
noth-in' bad, noth-in' bad's ever gonna happen again.

ALLISON:

Well, I'm not quite sure what happened, but things worked out alright. Now we'll be in love forever, and forever starts tonight. So don't
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

ALLISON:
( obediently)

wait up for me, Grand ma! I'm not com-ing home til... Ten.

(to m. 68)

Nothing bad, nothing bad's ever gon-na hap-pen gain. I said

ALLISON & CRY-BABY:

nothing bad, nothing bad's ever gon na hap pen a-gain. Nothing bad,
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

Noth-ing bad

Noth-ing bad

D

A

D

A

(sim.)

this point on, we're on-ly feel-ing glad

No more tears.

A

B7

E

D/F# E dim/G

E7/G#

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

On-ly laugh-ter, we'll be hap-py e- ver af-ter!

A

A7/G

D/F#

Dm/F
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

ALL:

Nothing bad

No-nothing bad's
ever gonna happen again!

And

Nothing bad

Nothing bad's
ever gonna happen again!

A

D

A

E7

A

yet the errors of my past still sting.

CHORUS

(same five)

I

D

A

(mp)

(gtr. only)

mean the whole 'I killed your parents thing."

The

D

A

(mp)

(gtr. only)
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

rev. 2/15/08

scale of my transgression, and the evil that's involved pose the

CRY-BABY:

problem of forgiveness... Well, you can call that problem solved!

(huge gliss.)

[VAMP]

CRY-BABY: "And tomorrow's not gonna be like yesterday!
'Cause I can see the future and, I'm tellin' ya,
it's gonna turn out perfect for all of us!"

[VAMP]
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

rev. 2/15/08

HATCHET-FACE:
(spoken)

one's got decent housing. every woman. every man! We're

PEPPER:

covered by a universal health insurance plan! It

ALL 3:
even covers Bobby, Brenda, Bambi, Bjorn and Ben! And
Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

WHIFFLES:
(no Baldwin)

There are

LENORA:
We

no assassinations, no more conflicts over seas!

BALDWIN:

conquer mental illness!

DUPREE:

And venereal disease!
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

Oh yes,

planet runs on happiness... somebody shout Amen! Oh yes.

no thing bad no thing bad ever ever ever under any circumstances, ever ever bad under any circumstances ever ever happens again!

Nothing bad,
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

Revised 2/15/08

No-thing bad,

No-thing bad,

No-thing bad,

No-thing bad,

Bb  F  Bb  F

Even slightly sad.

cruel, un-cool, or even slightly sad.

No. No. No!

ALLISON:

cruel, un-cool, or even slightly sad.

We've worked

F  G7  C  Dm7  D#m7  C7/E

CRY-BABY:

out ev'ry is-sue, so this here's my last tis-sue!

F  F/Eb  Bb/D  Bb7/D
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

WOMEN:
No-thing bad, no-thing bad's e- ver gon-na hap-pen a-gain! So long

MEN:
No-thing bad, no-thing bad's e- ver gon-na hap-pen a-gain!

F
B♭
F
C
F

ALL:
to class dis-tinc-tions. class dis-missed!

MEN:
ALL:
Hoo! Go! Bye, bye, bye!

DUPREE:
RA-ci-sm? It's gone, it don't ex-is-t!

DUPREE:
Hoo! Go! Kum-ba-yay!
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again
rev. 2/15/08

ness, no more hun- ger, no more blood shed, no more war. We'll live_

WOMEN:

in peace and love and rock and roll for e-ver more! No-thing bad!

MEN:

No-thing bad! No-thing bad! No-thing bad! No-thing bad!
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

ALLISON:

cruel, or mean— or even slightly sad. No. no. no! It's for real!

cry-baby:

— No pretending! Just an endless happy ending! That's the

Mrs. VW:

moral of the story. Everything is hunky-dory! Now for
God's sake, don't be snob-by. Buy a sweat-shirt in the lobby!

Ah

No-thing bad, No-thing bad's ever gon-na hap-pen again. No, no, no!
No-thing bad, No-thing bad's ever gon-na hap-pen again. No, no, no!

No-thing bad, No-thing bad's ever gon-na hap-pen again. No, no, no!
No-thing bad, No-thing bad's ever gon-na hap-pen again. No, no, no!
21. Nothing Bad's Ever Gonna Happen Again

rev. 2/15/08

Nothing bad, Nothing bad's

E- ver, e- ver, e- ver gonn a hap- pen a-

gain! Yeah!

F F7/Eb Bb/D Bbm7/Eb C (gtr. fill) DICTATED Yeah!

F3
CRYBABY bows
(Still the same tempo)

Cry - ba-by!

(instrumental)

F7