

Piano/Vocal

In Short

Music and Lyrics by
Benj Pasek & Justin Paul
Suggested Monologue by
Todd Buonopane
MAN 2: with emotion

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as 120 bpm, and the style is 'soft pop/rock'. The piano part is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The vocal line begins with the word 'My' and continues with the lyrics: 'love af-fair with you is o-ver, it's through. We loved and then we lost. And while it came at quite a cost,'.

5
love af-fair with you is o-ver, it's through. We

5

9
loved and then we lost. And while it came at quite a cost,

9

In Short

mp

13 *mp*

we both had the chance to grow. I've col- lec- ted my thoughts and

17

once before I go, there's just one thing I want you to know:

21 $\text{♩} = 98$

I want to punch you in the face, stab you with a sword.

Latin

f f mf

25

I hope you lose all your hair, get eat - en by a bear, strang- le your- self with a

detache

29
tel - e - phone cord. Lean out a win - dow a lit - tle too far. Don't look both ways and get

29
detache

33
hit by a car. Choke on a "Now and La - ter" get your shoe - lac - es caught in an

33

37
es - ca - la - tor. In short; I hope you die.

37

43 *mf*
May - be it's wrong to wish death on some - one you had so much love for. But

43 *contained*
mf

47

since we shared so much it makes me want to kill you more! I want to

detache

51

stick pins in your eyes. I pray you get a rec-tal rash. I hope your Vi-

mf

55

- sa's de-clined, your chil - dren are blind, you're broke and have to do porn for cash. Be-

detache

59

come ep-i-lep - tic and vio-lent-ly shake. Find out that you were con - ceived by mis-take.

detache

63

Fall out of a roller-coaster. Take a warm bath with a plugged in toaster. In

68

short, I really hope you die! O.K. So maybe I've

73

gone too far. Maybe I'm saying this out of spite. Maybe I

77

think these things to cope with sleeping alone each night. Cause obviously I'm still

In Short

81 *poco rit.* *sweetly*

think-ing of you and wish-ing that we could just start o - ver new. What if we both give it one more

81 *poco rit.* *rall.*

86 *f*

try? Sucks that we can't cause you're a prick who de-serves to

86

90 die! Die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die!

90 *calypso* *mf*

94 Die, die, die, die, die, die, die!

94 *calypso*

98 *f*

Die, die, die, die, die, die, Get Sars! Die,

103

die, die, die, die, die! E - bo - la! Die,

107

die, die, die, die, die, Bird flu. Die, die,

112 *Insert Monologue*

die, die, die, die, die! Get beat-en and slugged, mo-les-ted and mugged.

bigger with every chord

Monologue: Fall when you're getting out of the shower, and your tweezers are on the floor because you're always plucking your eyebrows because you care more about your eyebrows than you ever cared about me. So you're getting out of the shower and you fall and the tweezers pierce you right in the middle of your forehead, right next to that weird mole thing you have above your left eye that always drove me slightly insane, which I always wondered why you never just surgically removed, its not that expensive you cheap asshole, so the tweezers stab you and you become immediately paralyzed and slowly bleed out.

117

Wake up to find you were date-raped and drugged. I hate you, I'm leav-ing, good-bye!

rall. *f*

121

In short, I hope you fuck-ing die!

Glissando

126

Die!

ff

3