Catch Me If You Can
Piano/Vocal Score

ACT 1

1a. Live In Living Color Intro ......................................................... 3
1. Live In Living Color ................................................................. 8
1b. Live In Living Color Tag ..................................................... 25
2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See .................................... 26
3a. Someone Else’s Skin Intro ..................................................... 48
3. Someone Else’s Skin ............................................................. 49
3b. A Word From Our Sponsors ................................................... 63
3c. Magic/Lead Into F.B.I ........................................................... 65
4. Here I Am To Save The Day ................................................... 67
4b. Here I Am To Save The Day (Reprise) ................................... 80
5a. Jet Set Intro ............................................................... 83
5. Jet Set .............................................................................. 86
5b. Jet Set Playoff ................................................................. 99
6. Breaking All The Rules ........................................................ 101
6b. Latin Quarter Pinstripes ..................................................... 116
7. Butter Outa Cream .............................................................. 117
8. The Man Inside The Clues ..................................................... 124
9. Phil Spector’s Favorite Xmas ................................................. 131
10. My Favorite Time of Year ..................................................... 136

ACT 2

11. Entr’acte ................................................................. 140
11b. Riverbend Party ............................................................... 142
12. Doctor’s Orders ................................................................. 144
12b. Hospital Bridge To Hanratty ............................................. 158
13. Don’t Be A Stranger .......................................................... 161
14. Little Boy Be A Man .......................................................... 177
14b. Hanratty’s Thoughts ....................................................... 184
15. Seven Wonders ............................................................... 187
15b. Frank’s On First ............................................................. 194
16. (Our) Family Tree ............................................................. 196
16b. First Goodbye ............................................................... 211
17. Fly, Fly Away ................................................................. 215
18. Goodbye ............................................................... 224
19. Stuck Together (Strange But True) ..................................... 233
FRANK JR: I'm sure these people want to know why you're shooting at me. I think they want to know who I am and what I did.

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

HANRATTY: This is one of your tricks. Men! You're not going to fool me again, like you did in that hotel room in L.A. You're not putting on a show for these people.

FRANK JR: A show?

Rubato  \( \frac{\text{d} = 129}{4} \)

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

FRANK JR: A show.

COD: The hell is he doing? FRANK JR: A studio audience. HANRATTY: Misdirection. It's a con. That's the technique.

FRANK JR: Cameras. And the Frank Abagnale Junior Orchestra!
FRANK JR: I was a millionaire twice over and half again before I was twenty-one. I stole every nickel of it and blew the bulk of the bundle on fine threads, gourmet food, ... luxurious lodgings, and fantastic foxes. Mister Hanratty thinks he has all the facts, but only I know just how I did it. And I did it in style.

FRANK JUNIOR: My name is Frank William Abagnale...Junior. This is my story.

HANRATTY: These people have musical instruments.
Faster \( \frac{\text{d}}{} = 130 \)

Frank Jr:

Live in living color... let me take you... for a ride... yes, I'm

mf

G7  C/G  G7  C/G  G7  C/G  G7  C/E  /F#

live in living color... so sit

Rubato

back and let me be your T.V.
HANRATTY: Frank, the gig is up. You’re coming in. Now.

FRANK JR: Mister Hanratty, when that shot rang out, my whole life

FRANK JR, (cont.) flashed before my eyes.

FRANK JR (cont.): I saw it all! As a television special. Like we used to watch,


HANRATTY: You think your life is a T.V. special?

FRANK JR, (cont.) as of 6/20/10
FRANK JR: I know. Modesty has never been one of my virtues.

HANRATTY: Virtue has never been one of your virtues.

Frank Jr:

Segue to: LIVE AND IN LIVING COLOR
1. Live and in Living Color

as of 6/20/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

(Frank Jr:)

got-ta stor - y I'd like to tell

But I'm gon -

na need help to tell it well

I

got-ta stor-y 'bout fame and mon - ey

And it's got

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

got-ta stor - y I'd like to tell

got-ta stor-y 'bout fame and mon - ey

and it's got

got-ta stor - y I'd like to tell

got-ta stor-y 'bout fame and mon - ey

and it's got

got-ta stor - y I'd like to tell

got-ta stor-y 'bout fame and mon - ey

and it's got
more curves than a Playboy Bunny.

I wanna live, not just survive. I wanna tell my story. Live and in living color.

HANRATTY: For the love of...

-or-

Something special's up tonight. Yes, I'm live.

All:

live in living color.
PIANO VOCAL

1. Live and in Living Color - as of 6/20/10

FRANK JR: Ladies and gentlemen, the Frank Abagnale Junior Singers and Dancers!

HANRATTY: Enough! Folks, the fact is, he's a con man, plain and simple....
Has been since the age of 16, when he bilked sixteen grand from his father's Mobil card to buy presents for girls....

...When he got caught his only excuse was— FRANK JR: I like girls.

HANNAH: He likes girls. You wanna confess, Frank? Tell us how "I like girls" becomes "I'm wanted on five continents?"

FRANK JR: Oh, you mean like the story of how Superman became Superman?
HANRATTY (half beat): Your capacity for self-delusion and self-aggrandizement is astounding.

FRANK JR: Thank you!

HANRATTY: It wasn't a... _got-ta tale_ of a great _ro-manc - er._ And it's _got_...
more moves than a go-go dancer.

Huge 60's fill

got a story that's fast and slick.

And it's got

Huge 60's fill

more twists than a peppermint stick.

Huge fill
don't have the time for the nine to five I wan-na tell my stor-y Live and in liv-ing col-

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-
or-
And it's brought to you by me Yes it's live,_

All:

live in liv-ing col-or

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in liv-ing col-or this won't fit in your T.V.

rit.

in liv-ing col-or

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So they crammed two hundred soldiers into a tiny social hall and the first person to walk on stage is your mother, and she starts to dance...

FRANK JR: My parents met in France. After the war. My dad was a GI. My mother was young and beautiful.

FRANK SR (to us): The people in that little French village were so happy to see Americans that they decided to put on a show for us.

... So they crammed two hundred soldiers into a tiny social hall and the first person to walk on stage is your mother, and she starts to dance...
Sl. Slower $\frac{3}{4} = 149$

The men are literally holding their breath. And I turned to my buddies and I said—

FRANK JR: With a special appearance by Playboy's Playmate of the Year, Cheryl Anne...Something!

PAULA: I always get into trouble when I dance with you.

FRANK: When I was a kid, I could watch them dance all night.

Much Faster $\frac{3}{4} = 148$

PAULA: I always get into trouble when I dance with you.

FRANK JR: When I was a kid, I could watch them dance all night.

FRANK JR: With a special appearance by Playboy's Playmate of the Year, Cheryl Anne...Something!

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FRANK JR: With a special appearance by Playboy's Playmate of the Year, Cheryl Anne...Something!

FRANK JR: When I was a kid, I could watch them dance all night.
CHERYL ANNE: I’m surprised you even remembered my first name. Listen, you no good sonofabitch—
FRANK JR: Thank you, Cheryl Anne!

And introducing the Strong family, featuring the beautiful, sweet, faithful and true Brenda Strong, R.N.!

BRENDA: Frank! Hi! FRANK JR: Hi, Brenda. Listen, I’ve got to do this show, and you’re gonna be in it.
BRENDA: You're not gonna make me sing, are you?

FRANK JR: You're gonna be great. Now, will you wait for me over there?

I'll let you know when it's time.

BRENDA: Of course, Frank. I love you.

FRANK JR: I loved you, too.

HANRATTY: All right, Frank. I've heard enough. I don't want to hear any more.

FRANK JR: I don't believe you.

HANRATTY: I know the whole—all right, you know, there's only one question that bugs me...

Faster $\frac{1}{4} = 180$ Swing

HANRATTY: I think you want the rest of the story. HANRATTY: I know the whole—all right, you know, there's only one question that bugs me....
...How'd you pass the bar exam? In New Orleans? How'd you cheat the bar?

FRANK JR: Let me finish, and I'll tell you. We owe each other that much, don't'cha think? I'll get to tell my story.

...And you'll have a full confession. HANRATTY (beat): Fine.

But you're on a very short leash, Frank.

Or whatever you're calling yourself today.

Frank Jr:

What's a name?
1. Live and in Living Color - as of 6/20/10

All:
just window dressing
Everybody knows it's clothes that make the man

Shoo bee doo wop bop bop
Shoo bee doo wop bop bop

Play the game
clothes that make the man

Just keep 'em guessing
Mix and match

Shoo bee doo wop bop bop
Shoo bee doo wop bop bop
_me try to catch me if you can._ Oh, I

got-ta stor-y that's strange but true._ So come fly

got-ta stor-y that's strange but true._ I got-ta stor-y that's strange but true_

_ with me for a bird's eye view._ I've

So come fly with me for a bird's eye view._
PIANO VOCAL

1. Live and in Living Color - as of 6/20/10

I've got the world at my command.

And I'll be

your one-man Disney Land.

And I'll be your one-man Disney Land.

don't wanna wait for the cops to arrive.

I gotta tell my story live and in living color.

I'll be

in Disney Land.
1. Live and in Living Color - as of 6/20/10

- or __ Tune me in and turn me on, Yes, I'm live.

live in living color

A D A7 D A D A7 D

in living color, Blink your eyes and I'll be gone. Yes, I'm live

A D A7 D A D A

in living color
in living color Tune me in and turn me on, Yes, I'm live.

live in living color live in living color live

mf poco a poco cresc al fine

A D A7 D A D A7 D A

in living color, blink your eyes blink your eyes and I'll be gone.

Guys:

in living color blink your eyes be gone.

A D A7 G13 F#7(9) E7 C7 B7 B7 A7
1B. Live and In Living Color Tag
(as of 6/20/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music By Marc Shaiman
2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See
(as of 6/24/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

FRANK SR: Frankie. You know why the Yankees win all the time?
It’s not the Mick. It’s not Joe Pepitone. It’s the uniform.
The other teams just stand there, staring at the pinstripes, mesmerized.

Swing \( J = 180 \)

Light Intro

FRANK SR (cont.): You’re gonna do great things in this life, Frankie.

FRANK SR (cont.): You gotta dress accordingly.

Frank Sr:

Verse 1

mother walked into that____
dance-hall in Mont-ri-chard____
Kid, what she did she see?
Through the haze of champagne did she notice my brain or my college degree?

Chorus 1
Saw... was the uniform!
Through the

PIANO VOCAL
- 2 - 2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See (as of 6/24/10)
dirt and debris yeah, those

F13 > D9

ladies gave thanks to us visiting Yanks 'cause the

F9 > cresc.

pin stripes are all that they see.

E7(9) Am7 Bm7/A Am9 Bm7/A

sim. Am7 Bm7/A Am9 Bm7/A Am7 Bm7/A

6/24/10
(Frank Senior grabs a mic and takes the stage....)

(He's joined by a bevy of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS in Yankee pinstripes.)

FRANK JR:  My dad-Frank Abagnale Senior!

Frank Sr:

Brass

When a

6/24/10
Verse 2

Girls:

Ooh

Piano fill

see he's still tight from the party last night and the

ooh
Chorus 2

back to back “jacks”? No!, what they stewed to the max

Piano fill

B♭m7 Cm7/B♭ B♭m9 Cm7/B♭ B♭m7 Cm7/B♭ B♭m7 B♭m7/A B♭m7/A♭

Chorus 2

see is the uniform how it fits to a tee like the

G♭13 E♭9 G♭13
vis-iting team that the Yankees will cream

pinstripes are all that they see.
you wanna be a someone you can't look like a bum.

book's judged by it's cover is the first rule of thumb.
you wanna take the sweet ride straight to the top floor.

Start dressin' to impress 'em and you'll walk right in the front door a kid in a man's candy

G\(^{b13}\) F\(^{9}\) G\(^{b9}\) G\(^{13}\) G\(^{9}\) F\(^{9}\) G\(^{b9}\) C\(^{7}\)(\(^{b2}\)) C\(^{7}\)(\(^{b6}\))

G\(^{9}\) poco a poco cresc. G\(^{9}\)
PAULA: Frankie, you don’t have to wear your school blazer. You’re going to public school now.

FRANK JR and JACK BARNES: the most popular businessman in New Rochelle!

PAULA: Frankie, you don’t have to wear your school blazer. You’re going to public school now.
FRANK JR: I’m used to it. And, I mean, what’s the Flash without his suit? Anyway, public school is only temporary.

PAULA: My brave, brave boy. You aren’t afraid of anything.

FRANK JR: I’ll be fine, mom. You do what you have to do.
Verse 3

brok-er is decked to the___ nines___ so some grand-ma just

hands him her cash.__________ Will her

stocks all ma-ture?___ Are her bonds all se-cure?___ Does she

no- tice___ the crash?

Pno Fill

6/24/10
sees is the uniform. It's a
fait accompli with a
kick from behind he'll be robbing her blind but the

163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
FRANK JR: 'Scuse me, is this room 17 French?

NERD: Who wants to know? The F.B.I.?

A Tempo

PRINCIPAL: Mr. and Mrs. Abagnale, I regret to inform you that for the past week,
PIANO VOCAL

- 15 - 2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See (as of 6/24/10)

PRINCIPAL (cont.): Frank has been teaching Mrs. Glasser's French class.

PAULA: He what?

PRINCIPAL: Your son has been pretending to be a substitute teacher. Lecturing the students, giving out homework.

PRINCIPAL (cont.): Your son held three teacher-parent conferences yesterday, and was planning a class...

PRINCIPAL (cont.): ... field trip to a French fry factory in Trenton.

PAULA: You have to forgive him. There’s been so much change. Moving into an apartment in town—

FRANK SR (smoothly cuts her off): Principal Owings, on my way in from the outer office, I found this on the floor.
PAULA: Frank, please. FRANK SENIOR: You must have dropped it.

FRANK SR (cont.): Looks like it was made for you.


PAULA: Frankie.

(She shakes her head again and goes. Frank Senior takes her place, putting on his hat. Looks at his son, who slowly meets his gaze. Finally, Frank Senior LAUGHS. And Frank Junior LAUGHS.)
PIANO VOCAL

- 17 - 2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See (as of 6/24/10)

FRANK SR: Sing with me Frank Sr. & Jr. together:

Yeah, we're gonna hit the high-life we've only just begun.

We're gonna be together Frank Senior and Son.

Duet Bridge

G9

E9 F9
PIANO VOCAL

- 18 - 2. The Pinstripes Are All That They See (as of 6/24/10)

Dine at “the Latin quartet” a night-cap at “Toots Shor.”

We’re gonna be at ringside and life will be better than before for two kids in a man’s candy.

6/24/10
- 19 - The Pinstripes Are All That They See (as of 6/24/10)

store.
FRANK JR: Hi.

BETTY: Hi. Is the Principal in her office? I need to give her this note from my mother, excusing me from sixth period.

FRANK JUNIOR: You should fold it. It's more believable that way.

BETTY: No, this really is a note from my mother.

FRANK JR: What's the first thing you do when your mother hands you a note? You fold it up and put it in your pocket.

(A half-beat, and Betty folds the note.)

BETTY: Thanks. I'm Betty.
FRANK JR: Frank.

(She plants an impulsive kiss on his cheek, and goes. He swoons and sings.)

Final Chorus

Frank Sr:

What they see is the uniform just ask

one maître d’ or a tailor in Paris. Go ask Roger Maris! The
FRANK JR: 'Scuse me, is this room 17 French?

NERD: Who wants to know? The F.B.I?

(Fade)

JOCK: Yeah. He looks like a...like a substitute teacher or somethin'.
PAULA: I'm going out for a few hours to visit some old friends from the tennis club, and when I get home, we'll all have dinner together, right? Do you need some money, Frankie? A few dollars to buy some record albums? Here, take five dollars.....Or ten.

FRANK JR: Two hundred soldiers in that tiny social hall, and you...you...

PAULA: I was sixteen years old when I met your father. I was your age.

PAULA: How could I know what I wanted? It was a long time ago, Frankie. Believe me, one day you'll look at yourself,

PAULA (cont.): and you won’t be who you were. FAMILY COURT JUDGE: Son, listen to me. We just need a name. Your mother or your father.
3. Someone Else's Skin

as of 6/20/10

Lyrics by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman

FAMILY COURT JUDGE: Make a choice.

Frank, Jr:

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

There's no phone booth
There's no cape
There's no cape

A Tempo \( \text{\textit{j}} = 60 \)

E2
B B sus\( \frac{3}{2} \) B

w/Ped. 1

E sus\( \frac{3}{2} \) E
G\# sus\( \frac{5}{2} \) Gm
D\# m

E2

3

4

5

6

7

8

Steve McQueen to help me make my great escape How can I fly like a hero in the sky
Be a shooting star out in the stratosphere Where's the

Ghostly strings

D\# m
E2
A/C\#
Em\# G
F\# sus
F\#

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

PIANO VOCAL

6/21/10

5419
"Shad-ow?" He might know where’s that search light in the sky to point the way to go? Through some new cloud to disappear into the crowd though the future’s dark there’s one thing crystal clear. That there’s no home.
FRANK JR (to us): One day the principal pulls me out of class and drives me to the Courthouse. Doesn't tell me why.

JUDGE: Young man. We're waiting.

FRANK JR (cont.): I walk in and see my parents up front, with their lawyers, and the judge.

JUDGE: It can get very expensive, people fighting over their children.


JUDGE: The court can decide these things, but it's better if the family does.

JUDGE: We just need you to choose, son. Your mother or your father.

It's like a game where either team I lose.
FRANK SR: Frank, just give them a name, and this will all be over. It's going to be okay.

FAMILY COURT JUDGE: Either name, son. We just need you to decide.

PAULA: My brave, brave boy.

Rules of the road say don't look back,

eyes straight ahead, don't jump the track. Try a new game
and pray that I can win.

'Cause I

just don't feel at home in mine so I'll slip now into some-one el-

se's skin.

FRANK SR: I'm sorry, Frankie.

and pray that I can win.

'Cause I

just don't feel at home in mine so I'll slip now into some-one el-

se's skin.

FRANK SR: I'm sorry, Frankie.

and pray that I can win.

'Cause I

just don't feel at home in mine so I'll slip now into some-one el-

se's skin.

Judge: I need a choice when you come back, young man.
Your mom and Mr. Barnes or the Youth Center in White Plains.
I see the maps from every book I've read
the worlds that I have lived inside my head.

I thought a love like theirs could never die.
If it can fade away then so can I.

Yeah first you see me, then you don't.
Don't look for me you know I won't even be.

All: Don't look for me you know I won't

Brass
_there_.
Brass >

So let the games be-gin.

'Cause I just don't feel at home in mine._ So I'll slip now into some-one el-

All: ah

ah ah ah ah

just don't feel at home in mine._ So I'll slip now into some-one el-

All: Gm/B♭ F

Fm/A♭ Eb

mf

D7(add9)

G7(^9) mf

- se's skin.

Brass >

All: hoo hoo

hoo hoo

f

C Gm7(add4)

F/B♭ C

Gm7 B♭ F/C

- 7 -

3. Someone Else's Skin - as of 6/20/10
FRANK JR: One for Grand Central Station, please. RAILROAD AGENT: Round trip is five dollars. One way is three. You have two.

FRANK JR: Okay, so I didn't really know what I was doing, I just knew I had to get out, and I’m not proud of this but my instincts took over....

... Misdirection. Maintain eye contact. Keep talking. And I take my money back from the ticket seller and make it disappear —

— and I spin some tale about meeting my grandmother at Idlewild while I ask for my change, even though he doesn't owe me any change —

RAILROAD AGENT: Wait, what?
FRANK JR: — but I keep talking, and waiting for my change, or in this case my money back, and in his confusion he thinks he owes me change, ...

... and gives me two dollars, so then I have four dollars which is enough for my one way ticket to Manhattan, because I don’t plan on coming back--and like I said, I’m not proud of it, but you do what you have to do.

I had to find a way out, and this is the way I found. Thanks, Mister Morton!

RAILROAD AGENT: Hold it!

...How do you know my name?

FRANK JR: Your name tag. Take care!

Brass >
can't wait. It's a perfect time to graduate today.

Ah today

I'm gonna run away

G7(5)

Gsus4
I know they'll see the truth when I move on. They'll need each other much more once I'm gone.

And when I'm flush and he's back on his feet, I'll pick him up and ride down easy street.

No time to cry for all the years. A rusty gas tank full of tears gets you no full of tears.

All:
PIANO VOCAL

3. Someone Else's Skin - as of 6/20/10

- where
Not the places I want in.
And I

Brass

C Cm7(add4) F/Bb C Eb/G F/Bb C

149

- just don't feel at home at mine. So I'll slip now into someone else's skin.

mf
ah

ah ah ah ah

mf
Gm/Bb F Fm/Ab Eb D7(#9) G7(7b5)

155

- into someone else's skin.
in - to some - one el - se's skin.
in - to some - one el - se's skin.

Brass

C Cm7(add4) F/Bb C Eb/G F/Bb C

157
160

into someone else's skin

161

into someone else's skin

162

F/B♭

C

Gm7(add9)

F/B♭

163

C

Gm7

164

Cresc.

ff

C

B♭addC

(8th)

165

as of 6/20/10

PIANO VOCAL

3. Someone Else's Skin - as of 6/20/10
3B. A Word From Our Sponsors
(as of 6/22/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music By Marc Shaiman
4. Here I Am To Save The Day

as of 6/24/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
HANRATTY: even if it means we drop dead at our desks and our fossilized bones aren’t discovered until some archeological dig in the twenty-first century.

FAST JAZZ \( \frac{d}{\text{as of 6/24/10}} \)
COD: You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?
HANRATTY: Yes, I am.

FRANK JR: Ladies and gentlemen, Carl Hanratty.

Hanratty:

Vocal

shiny suits no fancy cars, no open tabs at uptown bars, Don’t

6/24/10

5419
press the flesh with movie stars that's not my cup a' tea. No sim.

charge ac counts at fancy stores, my name won't open any doors, no

day off since the punic wars but that's all right with me. 'Cause

here I am to save the day

Trumpets you'd

sim.
never know it from my god damn pay. My name won't ring a bell to you, but at least I know I'm good at what I do!

PIANO VOCAL

- 3 -  4. Here I Am To Save The Day - as of 6/24/10
DOLLAR: So we just check...all these...checks?

HANRATTY: Check our UnSub has been changing the routing numbers on his checks.

HANRATTY: So they go to the wrong Federal Reserve branch and it's weeks before the bank that cashed them knows they're bad.

(we see a SLIDE of a woman pointing a shotgun at the camera.)

HANRATTY: What the—how did the—

DOLLAR: That's our suspect?

HANRATTY: No, it's my ex-wife—I must've mixed up the—
(SLIDE of Hanratty, short-sleeve shirt, Bermuda shorts, loafers and full-length black socks)

HANRATTY: —goddamn it, now this is my vacation—

(Hanratty in a pool at a Motel 6)

DOLLAR: Gee, Agent Hanratty, that doesn't look like much of a vacation.

(SLIDE: The inside of a stomach.)

HANRATTY: Now how the hell did my stomach x-ray get in here?

BRANTON: Can we please be excused before we turn into you?
HANRATTY: You may not. Duty knows no vacation.

COD: Neither do you, apparently.

Hanratty:

penth house view or nice co logne, no
Play boy bun nies on my phone. With

center folds, I'm home a lone just me, my self, and I. And
then I wake and turn the lock. I hit the road and punch the clock, a

moth er sheep a mong the flock to lead the bat tle cry of

Here I am to save the day, Trumpets a

burn ing itch that will not go a way. To
most, I'm special a gent "who"?

Yeah, but... who?

HANRATTY (cont.) I know there are days this job lacks a certain excitement quotient.
BRANTON: Like Mondays through Thursdays and most Fridays.

HANRATTY: Time stops. Nobody knows you're down here.

HANRATTY (cont.) Except him—the one you're after. He knows. And the day you catch him,

HANRATTY (cont.) and you will, makes it all worthwhile.

COD: Easy for you to say, Hanratty. I still have a wife.

HANRATTY: Low blow, Agent Cod. And, by the way, HANRATTY: go home for lunch one of these days, unannounced, and see how that works out for you.

(quiet, but driving)
BRANTON: Ha! He got you there.

Here, in this mess 'neath the

crap and B. S. on this

most wanted list, there's a

sim. cresc.
chance for me to prove that I exist!

summer homes, no trips abroad, I spend my days to catch a fraud.

know J. Edgar won't applaud, but you should stand and cheer.

when you think "That's it, no more" The Rosenbergs move in next door! Then

ed
that's the time you'll just a dore this flat foot sit tin' here.

here I am to save the day,

There's

from my flat foot sit tin' here.

in my

My

as of 6/24/10
Ex just never had a clue that

bet your ass I'm good at what I
do!!

Ba ba doo wop ba da ba doo wop!
4B. Here I Am To Save The Day Reprise

as of 6/23/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

HANRATTY: This guy’s just a forger like Roger Maris is just a hitter. He’s not just playing the game, boys. He's making the rules. He’s a true talent.

BRANTON: Jesus, Hanratty. You wanna arrest him or hire him?

HANRATTY: He's out there. Somewhere. Toying with me. Taunting me. Enjoying every minute of it.

BRANTON: C'mon, Hanratty. He doesn't even know you exist.

HANRATTY: He will, boys. Believe it. He will.

Dictated

Colla Voce

said that all I know is work. Well, I am my job, it's not some quirk. I'm

A Tempo

E. B. I. not petty clerk you won’t hear me complain. 'Cause

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
I'm not one to sit and whine, I don't need place-cards when I dine. And

As - ton__ Mar - tin, just a Chev - ro - let. My

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
FRANK JR: I finally had to face an unpleasant truth. I'd always wanted to be good at something. Now I was really good...at passing bad checks. I was a crook. Nothing more, nothing less, and the shelf life was getting shorter. And then, as I went walking past the Tudor Hotel, destiny came walking out those revolving doors.

FRANK JUNIOR

Gosh, I'm so—
(He takes her measure.) —sorry.

STEWARESS: It's quite all right.

2nd STEWARDESS: Excuse me.

FRANK JR: Uhh—no, excuse me—

2nd STEWARDESS: We all have evening flights.

FRANK JR: "We all...?"

STEWARESS: It's quite all right.

2nd STEWARDESS: Excuse me.

FRANK JR: Uhh—no, excuse me—

kinda late to be checking out, isn't it?

Safety

FRANK JR: Oh, I—excuse me—whoops!—hello, there...

(to us): Are you seeing this?

LAST STEWARDESS: Oh! Excuse me.

(He stares at her. She smiles. He smiles at us, then at her.)

FRANK JR: No...excuse me.

(He stares at her. She smiles. He smiles at us, then at her.)

Music By Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

5A. Jet Set Intro

as of 6/24/10

PIANO VOCAL

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Music By Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

FRANK JR: I finally had to face an unpleasant truth. I'd always wanted to be good at something. Now I was really good...at passing bad checks. I was a crook. Nothing more, nothing less, and the shelf life was getting shorter. And then, as I went walking past the Tudor Hotel, destiny came walking out those revolving doors.
FRANK JR: Listen, ma’am...I’ve been training as a pilot...

... Is Pan Am hiring?

LAST STEWARDESS: Aren’t you sweet. Here.

(She pulls a business card from her bust. It’s the wrong one.
She pulls another; then the third time’s the charm:)

... Here it is. Talk to Jerry Taylor, VP of personnel...

... Tell him Cindy sent you.

FRANK JR: Thank you, Miss Cindy. Tell me—is flying everything it’s cracked up to be?

6/24/10
LAST STEWARDESS (CINDY): The only thing better than flying...is what happens on the ground!

FRANK JR (to us): Ladies and gentlemen, Cindy, Mindy, Lindy, Kelly, Shellie, Nellie, Mary, Sherrie, Carrie, and Jane....

... I like to call them "The Jet Set."

Segue to JET SET
5. Jet Set

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Swing $\frac{1}{4} = 154$

mp Pan Am

Woke up in Brook lyn with a frown up on my face.

f A mp

Just left Wis con sin where there's cheese e nough to start this rat race.

A+/B+ G/B C7 A/C#

Light "4"

Pan Am

But thanks to the broth ers Wright we don't know where we'll sleep to night. Yeah,

C#6/D D6 C#6/D D6 C#m6/D Dm6 Dm6

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
I'm a bird in the skies
and tomorrow when I rise I'll
wake up in Paris
is with a new love in my heart.

Or may be
Germany with that brand
new pet I met in Stuttgart.

Sky's the limit,
s'time to play, I'll put down roots some other day.

as of 6/20/10
FRANK JR: Yes sir. Frank Black from Monroe High School.

FRANK JR (cont.): I want to know everything there is to know about being a Pan Am pilot. For instance, what does it mean when one pilot says to another pilot,

FRANK JR (cont.): "I've been on the same equipment all week, jumpin' puddles for the weak and weary?"

PAN AM EXECUTIVE: Means they've been flying the same plane, short flights, mostly commuters.
FRANK JR: Cool! And what about those I.D. badges that I’ve seen pilots wear?

PAN AM EXECUTIVE: Every pilot has to have it with him at all times.

PAN AM EXECUTIVE (cont.): It’s an airline personnel badge, like this one here from Pan Am. FRANK JR: Thank you for your time, sir! Can I get a picture?

(The Executive poses, crinkling his face into a big smile, eyes almost shut, and Frank Junior points the camera right at his ID badge. FLASH.)

All Stewardesses

Would 'ja like new

music and mys t’ry each and ev ’ry day? Lose the same old

D9 C9 D9 A6 A13 E9/13
music and his'try, make a new friend then fly a way. And

wake up in Tex as where they treat their wom en right

and then try Holly wood where the stars get lit out in broad day light.

An y city near or far feels twice as good as where you are. When
FRANK JR (cont.): and the hotel lost it and my spare's back home in Frisco.

OPERATOR: Happens all the time. Go to Wellbuilt Uniform on Ninth and Broadway, they're our uniform supplier.
OPERATOR (cont.): I'll tell Mister Rosen you're coming.

FRANK JR (cont.): I'm a co-pilot.

TAILOR: Awfully young to be a pilot, aren't ya?

FRANK JR: I get that a lot.

TAILOR: Why so nervous?

FRANK JR: How would you feel if you lost your uniform your first week on the job?

FRANK JR: Of course.... It's....

TAILOR: Ah, I hear you. That'll be one forty-three ninety-seven.

TAILOR: No-no checks, no cash. Just need your employee number.


TAILOR: I'll bill Pan Am, they'll take it out of your next paycheck.

FRANK JR: Even better.
sleigh ride, a hay ride? Then kid do, just stay home. But, if you want jet set then get set to

leaves behind Kansas, there's no place like Rome. Wake up in Rio, have your coffee in Brazil.
When real life gets you down take a far out, one way trip to Splitz ville.

Swe dish, Greek or Japanese, a stewardess is trained to please. So if you've got what it takes be low well then fly this bird like Cupid's bow 'cause the jet set's just a
ho li day, yes, the jet set goes up, up and a way. So

Frank Jr:
fly right down to It’ ly for la bel la fe mi na.

Jump in a foun tain for a

whoo
5. Jet Set - as of 6/20/10

Female

hang on tight, let's loop de loop, it's time

Male

big dose of la dolce vita. If your tastes run more

All

ris que, well then, I know a joint in old Born bay. So

All

to fly this chic ken coop. So,
pack up your suitcase, check your worries at the gate.

Come out and play boy, cruise the world to find your perfect playmate. Things look better from above so buckle up, next stop is love. From Tim

Frank Jr:
buk tu to To ky o, from Mo zam bique to

Me xi co, yeah, the jet set is the on ly wa ay

Frank Jr:

ba da ba bop ba ba da ba Oh!
to go! Oh!

E\(^6\) A\(^9\) A\(^9\)/G\(^b\) F\(^9\) D\(^6\) E\(^6\)
5B. Jet Set Playoff
(as of 6/23/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music By Marc Shaiman
6. Breaking All The Rules

as of 6/21/10

Swing 8ths $\frac{1}{4} = 210$

Sop Sax

$mp$

N.C.

Fl, Ob

$m p$

$m p$

Hanratty:

$\frac{1}{4}th$

$(\frac{1}{4}th) >$

6/21/10
starts very early once the baby toys are gone.

kid on the playground has to choose what side he's on. It's the

bul-lies or the good guys (boy) there is no mid-dle ground, though

hood - lum - s try to blur the line and twist the truth a-round. Then they
call themselves a winner— but they're self-deceiving fools, 'cause the

game ain't worth winning if you're breaking all the rules. (yes), the

law is laid upon us when as kids we first ask "why?"

par - ents set the rules when "cause I said so," they reply. And

Our

C#m6

(B7)

Copyright

PIANO VOCAL

6. Breaking All The Rules - as of 6/21/10

PIANO VOCAL
though I thought I hated them and screamed with all my might, (well), the

next time that I had a choice, gee whiz! I did what's right. Yes, I've

never snuck a drink I never stole a pack of "Kools" 'cause the

game just ain't worth winning if you're breaking all the rules. Don't break the rules
Hanratty:

Or else we're living in the wild, wild west. Don't break the rules.

Hanratty:

God's keeping score, and you don't wanna fail that test. Don't break the rules.

Hanratty & Agents:

You thumb your nose right at the life for which I strive. But those rules, those laws keep us alive!

Agents:

Don't break the rules, as of 6/21/10
(Hanratty:)

start ed back with Mo ses when he led a round the Jews. The Jews. And

climbed way up that moun tain to pick up God's dai ly news. Tell me the news. He

schlep ped up old Mt. Si nai, cried and begged on their be half. Oh Lord! So he

al most dropped those tab lets when he saw that gold en calf. What! That's why we
teach the Ten Commandments Every Sunday in our schools 'Cause the

G7  G7  G7  G7  F#/A#  Bm6  G7/B#

(Hanratty:)

game ain't worth winning if you're breaking all the rules.

Agents:

And baby I

Cm6  Cm6  G7  Cm6/G#  G7(#9)  Cm6  Cm6/A

(Hanratty:)

guess the Constitution boys to you is too complex.

They

Dm6  A7(#9)  A7(#9)  Dm6  Dm6

We're thinkin' they
PIANO VOCAL

6. Breaking All The Rules - as of 6/21/10

think our found-ing fa-
thers fought so
you could forge some checks.

They think.

(and) now it’s look-in’ they

see them-selves as
Rob-in Hood just
steal-ing from the rich.

Not see them-selves

(and) don’cha know they’re not

pay-ing back the
things they take, well
pay-back is a bitch.

'Cause the

pay-ing back.

Pow!

Dm6

A7(6)

A7(6)

Dm6

Bmaj7

A13

B7

Dm6

A7(6)

A7(6)

Dm6
Hanratty: world aint Sherwood Forest. You can't give away those jewels. 'Cause the

Hanratty & Agents: A7

Hanratty: G/B Cm6 A7/C#

Agents: game aint worth winning if you're breaking all the rules. Don't break the rules

Hanratty: Dm6 F Gm6 A97 Dm6/A A7(9) Dm6 A13

Agents: or else we're living in the wild, wild west. Don't break the rules.

Hanratty: G9 F#9 G9 A99(9) G9 B9 E9 Dm6

Agents: God's keeping score, and you don't wanna fail that test. Don't break the rules.

Hanratty: Dm6 A7(9)/C# Dm6 E7 Dm6/F A13 Dm6
Hanratty:

You thumb your nose right at the life for which I strive. But those

Hanratty & Agents:

rules, those laws keep us alive!

When they

rules, those laws keep us alive! Us alive!

steal somebody's money screw his daughter or his wife, you don't

Wop! o

B♭m7(♭5)
think of repercussions as you tap dance through your life. Though you

smile like you're a hero you're an outlaw through and through, but the

odds are in my favor man and one day I'll catch you.

So, go and one day I'll catch you. So, go
sneak into a movie run a red light, sell some pot.

If we

all the same to me you're either guilty or you're not.

If we

all did what we wanted every time we felt the urge, the world would

wow!

The world would
be in to-tal cha-os, it's al-ready on the verge.

be in to-tal cha-os.

laws that keep us hu-man. 'Cause with-out them we're just mules, and the game.

'tCause with-out them we're just mules the game.

ain't worth win-ning. Yes! The game ain't worth win-ning. No! The game

ain't worth win-ning. The game ain't worth win-ning. The game

E₇m6
E₇m6 C⁷ E₇m6

B7
C₁₃(F#) C₉ B₇(9/₉) B₇

E₁₃ E₁₃/G♭ E₁₃/A♭ A₉ A₇/B♭ E₇m6 E₇m6/G♭ A♭ A₉ A₇/B♭
Hanratty & Agents:

- ain't worth win-ning, if you're break-ing all the rules. Don't break the rules

Hanratty:

- Or else we're liv-ing in the wild, wild west. Don't break the rules

Agents:

- God's keep-ing score, and you don't wan-na fail that test. Don't break the rules.

Hanratty:

- You thumb your nose right at the life for which I strive, but those

Hanratty & Agents:
(A floor show is just finishing, with the girls dressed in pinstripes.)

Underneath is my uniform all in silk from "Paree"

Man can make passes or use x-ray glasses but pin-stripes are all that he'll see.
Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Two little mice of great renown fell in some milk and one proceeded to drown. 

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Frank Jr.

Orchestrations: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com

6/24/10

PIANO VOCAL

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

7. Butter Outa Cream

as of 6/24/10
7. Butter Outa Cream

He looked a round, deduced his plight, said “This is no way to spend a Saturday night!”

But he had the style to make things right so he made butter outta cream.

He kicked his legs up. He tossed and turned so not to end up a ghost.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
7. Butter Outa Cream - as of 6/24/10

**Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank**

**www.joannkanemusic.com**
There was a cockroach in Brazil got drunk at the local coffee mill.

His time was almost up until he made coffee outta beans.

When he came to he heard such a sound then much to his shock when he looked around.
he had been scooped and was about to be ground so, he made coffee out of beans. He

marched to the South and he stomped to the North. He had to race against fate. He

did the Cuca racha while the tears poured forth then senor, things began to percolate.

He held his breath and swam to the top, borowed some beans from his mom and pop. Then
he opened up his own coffee shop out in Queens!
When his lights were almost off

Frank Jr.: Let's bring it home, Dad!

So

think of those two when life's the pits
"The Bug" and "The Mouse" at the end of their wits.

They knew the key to life is that it's wha' cha dream.
So if lemons clog your sink

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
up don't just stand a round and scream. Spike some lemonade and

Am7 Dm7 A13 Gm7 G#7 Am7/F6 C Dm7 B7 B F6

sub. mp

Frank Sr.

drink up and make buttermilk out of cream. Just make buttermilk out of

A9 G13 sub. mp Gm7/C F6 D7(#9) Gm7 Gm9/C

Frank Jr.

cream. Make some buttermilk out of cream. rit. I'll make buttermilk out of

F6 mp D7(#9) Gm7 Gm9/C F6 D7(#9) G9 Gm9/C

cream.

F13#11

ff>

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

HANRATTY: Branton, Dollar, go canvas the other guests. Dollar, get license plate numbers on every car in the lot. I’ll process the room.

Slow Ballad Intro  (The other agents go, and Hanratty goes to work, picking through the garbage.)

Colla Voce

comic books____ a Miss July____ a match book____ from “The Flame” Some chewing gum____ a mis-matched____ pair of

shoes.____________________ A letter home____ but never mailed____ A

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Music by Marc Shaiman

Hanratty:
**Slow Bluesy Swing**

JACK BARNES: Hello? Hello? Who is this?

PAULA: Is it him? Is it him again? Frankie? Frankie is that you?

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
FRANK JR: Hi Miss Room Service, I'd like to place an order. I know it's late—

not disturb is on the door the maid, she never comes He locked the door but I don't need a

scent to set the mood when I take a ride with the man inside the

Frank Jr. (cont.): I just flew in from Ireland. Have you been there? It's so beautiful—oh, yeah, sure. I'll hold.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
There's only garbage on the floor to others, they're just crumbs. Those crumbs look like a five-course meal to me.

So I can think like him. I see he flies and also cries the (introspective)

But if I look inside myself. My dreams are growing dim. Yes, it's

HANRATTY: Pan Am stationery.

BRANTON: “As a Pan Am pilot, my family flies for free. The two of you should come out to Los Angeles with me. Maybe then --” Unfinished. The two of who?

HANRATTY: Who knows? But we know he’s going to Los Angeles. And so are we.

DOLLAR: Fantastic. COD: Now that’s the best idea he’s had yet.

BRANTON: He could use the sun. If he were any paler, he’d be transparent.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
8. The Man Inside The Clues - as of 6/22/10

PIANO VOCAL

looked into many lives but never at my own. The trail I left is such a damn cli-

che. A lonely wife, A house for sale A million nights alone, to

wish you had the things you threw away poco accel. poco rit.

front door key A home cooked meal The happy bride and groom Then

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
life kicks in and makes you pay your dues.

Then you find you're by yourself in a single hotel room that's been

rit. occupied (straight) by the man inside sim. the

clues.

poco rit. the clues

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
9. Phil Spector's Favorite Xmas

as of 6/21/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
Arr: Dan Higgins

Shuffle (swing 8ths)
Countoff: "2, 3, 4"

Tubular Bells

Sleigh Bells

sound's sublime
Listen to those church bells chime
Christmas is my favorite time of year

Angels sing, the

www.joannkanemusic.com

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

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the tree you'll find that I'm rich though down to my last dime Christ-
mas is my favorite time of year

In the sun we'll have some fun but I prefer the snow

Summer words are for the birds 'cause all I need is "Ho ho ho" San-

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
- ta hope you're in your prime to make that mid-night chim-ney climb yea,

Christmas is my fav-orite time of year

F

d

Bb/C

F

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
10. My Favorite Time of Year

*as of 6/23/10*

**Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman**

HANRATTY: You're gonna get caught, you know that, don't you? One way or another, just like Vegas-the house always wins.
FRANK JR: I didn't think I'd get you in. I thought maybe you had a family?
HANRATTY: No. No family.
FRANK JR: Me either.

**Hanratty**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rubato Ballad</th>
<th>Very Freely</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G A9</td>
<td>C G/B A♭7 G/B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D9sus</td>
<td>C G/B A♭7 G/B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rit.</td>
<td>Rit.</td>
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<tr>
<td>w/ Pedal 1</td>
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**Frank Jr.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Tempo</th>
<th>Very Freely</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C G/B B7/D♯ Em Am</td>
<td>D9sus D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C G/B A♭7 G/B</td>
<td>C G/B A♭7 G/B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rit.</td>
<td>Rit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
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<td>8</td>
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</table>

**Hanratty & Frank Jr.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>All Four</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C G/B A♭7 G/B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G/D A9 D7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>11</td>
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<td>12</td>
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</tbody>
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**Music by Marc Shaiman**

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

5419
Paula: 

home where you can’t go. And there’s a life that’s full of love you used to know. Hanratty, Frank Sr., Frank, Jr.

home where you can’t go. And there’s a life that’s full of love you used to know. For me, it’s

Dm7/G Gsus G Dm7/G poco rit. Gsus2 G B7(13)/D# coast

true But kid, not you. ‘Cause your fam’ly’s here Yeah, they’re still yours to hold if you come in from the

Em2 Em B7(13)/D# Em2 Em A7sus A7 rit. D9sus D9 cold. So, if to morrow San ta’s flown. The tree is down and you’re a lone I’ll

poco accel. poco rit. Hanratty poco accel. poco rit. Hanratty & Frank Jr. mp

still be here, pick up the phone. Yes, Christ mas is my fav’rite time of year.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
FRANK JR: What do you mean?  HANRATTY: You’ve got no one else to talk to.

HANRATTY: Frank! Wait!  FRANK JR: I have to go.  It was a lonely life.

FRANK JR: But I was about to meet someone, and she was gonna change everything.  Everything.  But right now... Tonight...

FRANK JR: But I was about to meet someone, and she was gonna change everything.  Everything.  But right now... Tonight...


HANRATTY: Frank! Wait!

FRANK JR: Mister Hanratty was right.


call you soon, but who knows when?  And Frank, I hope we’ll meet again like when you’re serving eight to ten. Yes, ten.
Christ mas is my fav’rite time of year.

My Favorite Time of Year

as of 6/23/10

PIANO VOCAL

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
11. Entr'acte

as of 6/24/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
Arr: Dan Higgins

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
11B. Riverbend Party
(as of 6/22/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music By Marc Shaiman
11B. Riverbend Party (as of 6/22/10)

PIANO VOCAL

6/22/10
12. Doctor's Orders

as of 6/20/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Hey doctor, are you on call?
I'm not feeling so well at all.

I kept thinking about you last night.
I could not sleep a wink.
I tossed and turned the whole night long, kept feeling like something's wrong.

I need a check up to make everything all right. So I,

made this appointment and I cleared your afternoon. Yes, I

need a little 'TLC' and I got to get some soon. Let me tell ya that.
May be I never listened good, I never did the things I should. But I'm

Big Band Horns

B7

D7

continue sim. comp.

read y to take doc tor's or ders!

E7

f cresc.

B7

A E

Ba by, I never felt so bad. I need some thing I nev er had, and I'm

B7

D7
FRANK JR: The minute I saw her, I knew. I just knew. About her, that is. About the medicine, still a little...you know...

INTERN 1: Doctor Conners, patient reports intense abdominal pain and pressure, difficulty breathing. Abdomen distended.
INTERN 1 (cont.): Indicates acute appendicitis.

FRANK JR: Do you concur, Doctor?  

INTERN 2: Um. Yes? I concur?  

FRANK JR: And what do you recommend?

INTERN 2: Um, getting a surgeon? To take his appendix out? 

FRANK JR: All right then. Piece of cake. Wait! Nurse!

INTERN 2: Um. Yes? I concur?

FRANK JR: And what do you recommend?

INTERN 2: Um, getting a surgeon? To take his appendix out? 

FRANK JR: All right then. Piece of cake. Wait! Nurse!

INTERN 2: Um. Yes? I concur?

FRANK JR: And what do you recommend?
And if you're tired and looking pale I'll be your Florence Nightingale. And if
one won't do then please, take two and call us in the morning. Yes I,
liked playing doctor, was my favorite game in doors, and I
still like to play a round. I'll show you mine, if you show me yours.
May be I need your remedy,
Doc, it's an emergency. So I'm

May be I need your remedy,
Doc, it's an emergency. So I'm

Big Band Horns

May be I need your remedy,
Doc, it's an emergency. So I'm

Big Band Horns

May be I need your remedy,
Doc, it's an emergency. So I'm

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Doc, it's an emergency. So I'm

Big Band Horns

May be I need your remedy,
FRANK JR: Nurse. I’ve said hello to you four times a day for eleven days and you’ve never once stopped to have a conversation. Is it me?

BRENDA: Oh, no, Doctor Conners! All the nurses love you. They talk about it in the nurses lounge.

I just—I mean, I never—I mean, I try not to talk because I always talk too much and if I talked to you I would probably end up saying something really embarrassing about how handsome you are and—I need to stop talking now.

FRANK JR: No—don’t.
INTERN 1: Doctor Conners! MVA, car versus bike. Should we set it or get a surgical consult?

FRANK JR: Let's not jump to any conclusions. We'll run every test we can.

INTERN 2: He's got a bone sticking out of his leg.

FRANK JR: (struggling not to lose it) I concur. Thanks. Just go!

BRENDA: Is there anything I can do?

FRANK JR: You could have coffee with me. Hey—there's a smile. ... You've got braces. That's good. I had braces...

... I still have my retainer. See?

BRENDA: You have beautiful teeth. I really admire your teeth.
...I should go. They don't like us to fraternize with doctors.

FRANK JR: Pretend I'm not a doctor!

I know what they say about an apple a day to be the strongest gal in town. But if an apple a day keeps the doctor away I'm
gon na burn that or chard down!

gon na burn that or chard down!

Ba by, don't stop un til I'm healed I've got Blue Cross, I've got Blue Shield! And I'm

read y to take doc tor's or ders!

read y doc tor's or ders!

Ba by, don't stop un til I'm healed I've got Blue Cross, I've got Blue Shield! And I'm

read y to take doc tor's or ders!
Ba by, take out that stethoscope you may be my only hope, so I'm

read y to take doc tor's or ders!

read y Yeah Yeah

Ba by, you'd better operate, then to Mi a mi to recup er ate. Yes, I'm

Yeah Ooh

D7 f mf D7/E G7 cresc. C G7

Ba by, you'd better operate, then to Mi a mi to recup er ate. Yes, I'm
read y to take doc tor's or ders!
read y
doc tor's or ders Ooh
cresc.

Ox y gen please, can't catch my breath

Doc tor, you got the kiss of death! And I'm

Ooh
read y, read y, come on, let's rock steady 'cause I'm read y read y come on, let's rock steady

G\(^7\) F\(^7+\) E\(^{13}\) E\(^{b7}\)

read y for doctor's orders! Woo!

A\(^7\) A\(^{b7+}\) D\(^{b7}\)
12B. Hospital Bridge to Hanratty

BRENDA: Thank you, Doctor Conners.
FRANK JR: Call me Frank.
BRENDA: Okay. Frank.
Oh! Surgery!

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

PIANO VOCAL

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

as of 6/22/10

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com

6/22/10

5419
FRANK JR: Brenda wasn’t a mistake.  
HANRATTY: Sooner or later....

FRANK JR: Meanwhile, it's taking agent Hanratty a really really long time to visit the house of every single runaway.  
HANRATTY: Actually, we cracked it pretty quickly.  
FRANK JR: A really, really long time, and when they did find my folks, they didn't get a thing from them.  
HANRATTY: Actually, that's not true.  
FRANK JR: Mr. Hanratty, it's my show.  
HANRATTY: I interviewed both your parents. You weren't there. Maybe this part is my show.  
FRANK JR: All right, fine.  

Dialogue

FRANK JR: And now, Paula Abagnale and the Abagnale dancers perform "Dancing Around the Subject" with special guest dancer Mr. Hanratty!
HANRATTY: Wait... what?...  
... I don't dance....

FRANK JR: You do if it's your show.  
Good luck, Agent Hanratty!

HANRATTY: Ah.... we just need... a photo.  
PAULA: I don't have a recent one.  Here, ....

Segue to:  
DON'T BE  
A STRANGER
Rubato-ish

PAULA: ...his junior class yearbook... HANRATTY: That's him. Goddamn, that's him.

HANRATTY (reads from yearbook):
Most likely to succeed...

...Future Businessmen of America...Class Treasurer. PAULA: Is Frankie in some sort of trouble? HANRATTY: Ma'am, your son's in a...

...great deal of trouble. He's passing bad checks, forging identity documents—

PAULA: Well? So?...
Half of the kids his age are on dope but you chase after Frankie because he made a little mistake? Tell me how much, I'll write you a check—

HANRATTY: So far it's one-point-four million dollars.
PAULA: Ce n'est pas possible.
HANRATTY: Oh, it's possible. Unlikely, but possible.
PAULA: He must be good at this.

A Tempo - Bossa \( \frac{1}{\text{beat}} = 125 \)

HANRATTY: Yes, you should be very proud. If you were hoping to raise a crook.

Safety (3x's)

Paula:

I'd al-ways knew I'd see this day, I can't say it's a shock

Alto Flute

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
What's that expression? Qu'est-ce que c'est? He's "a chip off the old block."

But if you see him please pass on this plea Don't be a stranger

Tell him that for me.

HANRATTY: A chip off the old block—but the old block's not around any more.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
PAULA: Frank Junior has many of his father's most attractive qualities. And some...less attractive.

HANRATTY: I see.

Paula:

My Frankie had a clever mind. He could spend hours all alone.

I wouldn't have been surprised to find he changed his diaper on his own.
Could I have been there more? Well, c’est la vie.

Don’t be a stranger. Tell him that for me.

HANRATTY: And you haven’t heard from him since you left your husband. That’s when he ran away?   PAULA: I’m to blame...
... Is that what you're saying?

HANRATTY: I don't do blame, ma'am. I just catch the bad guys.

Though I tried, I couldn't hide when love had flown away.

Children close their eyes, but still they

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
13. Don't Be A Stranger - as of 6/21/10

PIANO VOCAL

see.________ I took a chance, a

new romance. Is it a crime to say I

made a choice and chose what's best for me?

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
HANRATTY: Do you know where your son is?

PAULA: I know nothing. He writes his father every week. Or so his father tells me.

HANRATTY: And Frank Senior...?

PAULA: Check the bars in town. HANRATTY: Okay then.

His Fath-er had a head for dreams but not the Mid-as touch.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
His Father had a million schemes but dollars? Not so much.

You want the apple? Go look for the tree. And don't be a stranger.

Tell him that for me.
I used to have what made her smile, but, now it's all been spent.

I've tons of charm, I'm lousy with style but it don't pay the rent.

So, if you spot her out there on a spree tell her don't be a

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
FRANK SR: It was too much for Frankie, and it was all on her. All her.

HANRATTY: She said she hasn’t heard from Frank Junior...

HANRATTY: Okay.

I used to be a prince to her... This prince has... lost his crown.

FRANK: It was too much for Frankie, and it was all on her. All her.

HANRATTY: Okay.
I brought her laughs, she wanted fur—no wonder love fell down—Ar—

rest the clown who said the best things in life are free—Then, don't be a

HANRATTY: Do you know where your son is?
One more round at the lost and found, that's if you've got the dough.

Hap-py hour is sud-den-ly last call. My

eyes are dry, I said-good-bye so man-y tears a go The

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
past is just a photo on the wall long fall

Frank Sr:
I guess to you I seem a schmuck Well, I'll just bide my time. Paula:
in love all's

Frank Sr:
'Cause I believe that Lady Luck can still turn on a dime.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
And maybe one will once again be three.

Don't be a stranger
tell them that for me.

Don't be a stranger
tell him that for me.
14. Little Boy Be A Man

"Until somebody breaks it."

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Medium Slow Bluesy Feel
Swing 3/4’s \( q = 92 \) (or a little faster)

Frank Sr:

Little boy, be a man

Yeah, that was Pop’s only plan.

He never kissed me or sang “Ba by Mine”

Sure,

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
I'd have loved a hug but, hey, I came out just fine
And if I ever would cry

He'd smack the tear from out my eye

He told me, "Grow up, kid, you're no Peter Pan,
Little boy, be a man"

HANRATTY: Nice guy your father. Mine was a little rough around the edges. What did he used to say...?
FRANK, SR: I like him already.

Little man, grow some balls. That mot to rang through out the halls.

On my tenth birth day he showed me a gun. Then took me to the play ground and said "o. k., run!"

His sense of hum or was lame. Lucky for me so was his aim. If

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
he had sown some needlepoint to hang on the walls it would have said

"Little man, grow some balls."

Ball games that he missed Nights he came home pissed Well, I don’t think about that anymore

longer No one in the bleachers Fist fights with my teachers I’m

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
HANRATTY: You ain't heard nothin' yet. I remember he said...

HANRATTY: Look I'm not here to talk about me. I'm here to talk about your son.

FRANK, SR: Yeah, my son...

HANRATTY: Little man, little me They come with no war ran

Both: I tried to fix it But who would've guessed It's
PIANO VOCAL

14. Little Boy Be A Man - as of 7/30/09

Frank Sr:

So Carl, when you have a kid,
My ex said heaven for bid

Both:

Do as I say, not as I did
Like

Frank Sr:

dad after dad after dad after dad since the whole mess began

Frank, Sr: Hanratty:

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
You'll do the best that you can

Little boy, be a man

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
14B. Hanratty's Thought

as of 6/24/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
no other day, another clue... I found the why, the where, the who. So

what does all this add up to? A game no kid can win. A

broken home a drunken heart. A crime scene from the very start. And a son who lives a world a-part. In

some one else's skin. And here I am... to

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
catch the little man who ran away. And some-day soon we’ll rendezvous. ‘cause

Je - sus Christ I’m good at what I do...

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
15. Seven Wonders

as of 8/3/09

Lyrics. by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Composed by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

Ballad \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 74

\[ \text{E} \quad \text{B/D\#} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{E/B} \quad \text{A/G\#} \quad \text{F7sus} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{B7sus} \]

Frank, Jr.

\[ \text{E} \quad \text{A/B} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{B/D\#} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{E/B} \]

Composed by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

www.joannkanemusic.com

10/2/10
traveled near and far but now I know that home is where you are.

Ni-ag’ra Falls? a leaky faucet that a plumber ought a fix. The

Pyr-a-mids? is really just a dusty pile of bricks. The Taj Ma-hal? a fixer upper. The Grand

seen the Seven Wonders if you give or take a few but

all them Seven Wonders well, they can't compare to you I've

been a lot of places yes, I've traveled near and far but

now I know that home is where you are

The Aurora
Brenda:

- ra Bo-re-al-is?

Frank, Jr:

just a night light on the fritz.

And Stonehenge?

La

just a bunch of rocks.

Bre-a's tar's the pits.

I've seen The Lean-ing Tow'r of Pi-sa looks like

Mount Rush-more?

some-thing up and broke.

Some-one climb up there and

Dm /C Bb F/A F/G G9
Yes, my travelin’ days are over get the check, I’ll pay the bill ‘cause tell them boys a joke! Yes, my travelin’ days are over get the check, I’ll pay the bill ‘cause

I see all the wonders in your eyes just standing still

I see all the wonders in your eyes just standing still

Soprano Sax

decresc.
Frank, Jr:

Safety

On Cue

I've been a lot of places but, I've learned now near and far

there's no need to roam 'cause home is where you are.

There's no
need to roam 'cause home is where you are.

now I know that home is where you are.

A Tempo

now I know that home is where you are.
15B. Frank's On First
(as of 6/22/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music By Marc Shaiman
16. (Our) Family Tree

as of 6/23/10

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music by Marc Shaiman
Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

Swing \( \frac{3}{4} = 176 \)

ROGER: We'll come back to this, Frank. MITCH MILLER: Hey! Don't just sit there. Come on and sing!

CAROL: Oh that Mitch Miller, he's so handsome.

I feel a mighty quake. The South begins to shake
under our family tree.

The leaves begin to blow. Gone with the wind they go

all through our family tree.

Up top magnolias bloom.

They spread their sweet perfume
for this ances-tral ju-bi-lee._ Now_
PIANO VOCAL

16. (Our) Family Tree - as of 6/23/10

A twig begins to poke from out that might-y oak to join the jamboree.

Our Family Tree as of 6/23/10
And like a slide trombone he glides out fully grown.

Uh-huh wa-wa-wa wa-wa-wa wa.

a Dixieland r.s.v.p. And wah

wop doo wop doo wop do-w-w-o-w!

cresc. no one minds an extra limb

Carol: especial'ly when it looks

G₇ G₇ G₇ D₇ A₇ F₇
ROGER: All right, Brenda. Your turn. BRENDA: No! Daddy!...

... You know I can't do it alone. ROGER (a sigh): Brenda. FRANK JR: Aw, she just needs a little help....
(to us) Ladies and gentlemen, the Strong Family Singers!

I feel a burst of spring. My trunk begins to swing

just like our family tree.

just like our family tree.
The cousins come to call.
They'll stay until next fall

cause there's lots of fix-ins' and they're free.
there's lots of fix-ins' and they're free.

Men:
Save some of that gum - bo for me.

G7
C6 D♭7 Dm7 G7
The kin folk gather 'round.

They've covered lots of ground.

The kin folk gather 'round.

They've covered lots of ground.

Men:

Uh huh wa wa wa

C6

99 100 101 102

There's not a soul left in Tennessee.

There's not a soul left in Tennessee.

wah

C7

103 104 105

fill

B6/E Bb9/E C7(#5) F6 A7(9o)/E Dm7
They've all arrived to germinate,

Ooh,

fertilize and cultivate and populate our family tree,

cultivate and populate our family tree.

C/G E7 A7 A7(9) A7(+5) D7 C9 D9 F#9 G9

FRANK JR: Okay. Look. Mister Strong,...
... it's time I told the truth. The truth...is...I'm not a doctor, I'm not a lawyer, ... 

I'm not an airline pilot. I'm nothing really. I'm just a kid who's in love with your daughter.

ROGER: No. I know what you are. (pause)... 

... Men like us are nothing without the women we love. So go ahead. Ask me the question you want to ask me.

ROGER: I love her. (pause) But you know that. (pause) Ensemle: (gasp) 

... You're a romantic....
FRANK JR: Yes sir. How soon can I take the bar in New Orleans?
(The Strongs laugh and surround him.)

CAROL: Not that question, Yankee boy! The other question!

Frank, Jr:

I’ll give a Reb-el yell
to ev’ry South-ern Belle

un-der our fam-ly tree...
I’ll swing the second line when our two clans combine for some big easy harmony.

We’ll go to Vieux Carre and dine on Étouffée ad lib.

Carol: Roger:

easy harmony.
you've charmed this Yan-kee ref- u-gee...

Roger & Carol:

Bop doo-wap ba doo wah-doo___

all so lush and o- ver- grown... But I know I'll nev- er

be a- lone... I'm glad to climb your fam- ily tree...

Ensemble:
Frank Jr:

Your love has raised the bar.

Brenda & Carol:

Roger (bottom):

Your love has raised the bar.

Ensemble:

Wow!

doo wow!

doo

G6

F#/D G6

F#/D

G6 Am7 B9 G9/B C6 C E7/B Am E7/G#

For that who needs a law degree?

Brenda, Carol, Roger:

The trees

wop!

ad lib. Dixieland

ad lib.
— that bear the rip— est fruits— are trees that have the deep— est roots—. So

Men:

are trees that have the deep— est roots—. So

Am7

A#o

G/D

B7

E7

wel—come to our fam—ly... Wel—come to our fam—ly...

wel—come to our fam—ly... Wel—come to our fam—ly...

A7

D7

G#9

A7

D7

A7

PIANO VOCAL

16. (Our) Family Tree - as of 6/23/10
Welcome to our family tree!

FRANK JR: Look out old Frankie is home!

Our Family Tree - as of 6/23/10
16B. First Goodbye
(as of 6/22/10)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman
Music By Marc Shaiman
Men who you call real were really fakes and left me nothing.

But this man you call a fake gave me something real.

I've known cruel, cruel men with Christian names who taught me manners.
But this man without a name taught me how to feel.

People only saw the doctor, lawyer Indian chief

But he was just a lonely little boy to me.

With his sweet and gentle touch, he sure unlocked my soul

So

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
in return, I surely want to help to set him free. Yeah, now I wanna see him.

fly, fly... I'll be your alibi my baby.

Fly, fly, fly away. I didn't get to say goodbye.

by, goodbye no need to tell me why my baby.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
May – be it’s be – cause you’ll fly back home to me one day.

When I was a child my eyes were clear, I saw the good side.

That’s the kind of sec-ond sight that does-n’t last too long.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
But when I was lost I heard a voice that brought me healing.

That's the kind of special hope he brought me with his song.

They only saw the magic tricks, the smoke and mirrors.

Was I the only one to ever see the boy.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
So now they wanna clip his precious wings and bring him down. But

in his heart and soul’s the kind of good they can’t destroy. Yeah, now I wanna see him

fly, fly... I’ll be your alibi my baby.

Fly, fly, fly away, I didn’t get to say good-

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
17. Fly, Fly Away - as of 9/29/10

May - be it’s be - cause you’ll fly back home to me one day.

Ba - by when you’re in the clouds please keep a look - out.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
fly, fly, I'll be your alibi my baby
G  D/F#  Em

Fly, fly, fly away. We didn't get to say goodbye, goodbye no need to tell me why my baby
Am  Am9  Em/D  D  C/D  D/F#

May be it's because you'll fly back home to me one day.
Am/D  D  G  D/F#  D/E  Em  Bm7

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins
www.joannkanemusic.com
May be it's because you'll fly back home to me one day.

Am7

C/D

D

G

D/F#

rit.

May be it's because you'll fly back home to me one day.

Em

Esus2

Em

Am

C/D

D

Rubato al fine

day.

And I'll be waiting for you there you will fly back home to me one day.

G

Bm

rit.

fly back home to me one day.

C

F9

G

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

www.joannkanemusic.com
18. Goodbye

(as of 8/2/09)

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman & Scott Wittman

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

On Cue

Hanratty: It doesn’t end because you want it to.

Hanratty: You don’t walk out of your life as if it never happened.

We can stop pretending.

Safety

On Cue

Happy ending.

It's my time to say good night.

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank/Dan Higgins

www.joannkanemusic.com
Frank, Jr: You've been a terrific audience. I hope you enjoyed our little spectacle (that's French for a really big show) but all good things must come to an end.
to play. It's a happy ending so I'll say Good-bye.

Good-bye to all the make believe Good-bye.

There's no more magic up my sleeve. There's no

Poco a poco cresc thru 45

...
Frank, Jr: The show is over. Hanratty: Mine isn’t.

On Cue

hap-py end-ing to the great-est show on earth

curtain’s des-cend-ing And I hope you got your mon-ey’s worth Gonna stop
PIANO VOCAL

18. Goodbye
as of 8/2/09

-the show now
Cause I wanna leave on top
So get up

A\(^b\)5

A\(^b\)G

A\(^b\)D\(^b\)

C\(^b\)

D\(^b\)

C\(^b\)

D\(^b\)

Good-bye to all the song and dance Goodbye

A\(^b\)5 A\(^b\)sus A\(^b\) A\(^b\)sus2 A\(^b\)

A\(^b\)G A\(^b\)sus/G A\(^b\)G A\(^b\)G A\(^b\)sus2/G A\(^b\)G
18. **Goodbye**

as of 8/2/09

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**PIANO VOCAL**

Off-stage____ I stand____ a bet-ter chance____ The show

Fm7  D♯2/F  Fm7  Fm7(11)  Fm7  D♯2  A♭sus/D♭  A♭sus/D♭  D♭6  D♯2

---

Poco a poco cresc thru 83

---

(is through, the part's been played) No stand-ing in the wings afraid No Vi-

A♭5  A♭sus  A♭  A♭sus2  A♭5  A♭/G  A♭sus/G  A♭/G  A♭/G  A♭sus2/G  A♭/G

---

...o-lins or phon-y tears The word that's mus-i-c to my ears is good-bye

Fm7  D♯2/F  Fm7  Fm7  Fm7(11)  Fm7  A♭/E♭  D♯2  A♭sus/D♭  D♭M7  D♭6  D♯2

---

(uh) good-bye Good-bye____

A♭5  A♭sus  A♭  A♭sus2  A♭  A♭/G  A♭sus/G  A♭/G  A♭sus2/G  A♭/G  A♭5/G

---

8/2/09
18. Goodbye

as of 8/2/09

Good-bye, to every night alone Good-bye,

Good-bye to lives that I don't own I'm tired

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

locos

Good-bye, to every night alone Good-bye,

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

Good-bye, to lives that I don't own I'm tired

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

locos

Good-bye, to every night alone Good-bye,

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

locos

Good-bye, to lives that I don't own I'm tired

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

locos

Good-bye, to every night alone Good-bye,

B♭5 B♭sus B♭ B♭sus2 B♭ B♭/A B♭sus/A B♭/A B♭/A B♭sus2/A B♭/A

locos

Good-bye, to lives that I don't own I'm tired
PIANO VOCAL

Poco a poco cresc thru 125

18. Goodbye

as of 8/2/09

of living on, the stage, a life, that's only on, the page. The emp-

ff

Bb5 Bbsus Bb
Bb Bbsus2 Bb5
Bb/A Bbsus/A Bb/A
Bb/A Bb5/A Bb/A

- ty lives are in, the past, I've tried, before, but here's the last, Good-bye

Gm7 E5/G Gm7
Gm7 Gm7(11) Gm7 Bb/F
E5 F6 Bbsus/E5
Bbsus/E5 E6 E5

(uh) Good-bye

(uh) Goodbye

ff

Bb5 Bbsus Bb5
Bbsus/Bb
F/A F7/A DmA F/A DmA F/A
Gm7 Ebsus2/G Gm7

Molto Crescendo

Good-bye.
19. Stuck Together (Strange But True)

Swing \( \frac{4}{4} \)

(Bass Solo)

Hanratty:

Stop your sobbin' kid before I shoot. Your nose is runnin' on my only suit.

Who'd of thought I'd share this dance with you? Looks like we're stuck together which is strange but true.

Music by Marc Shaiman

Orch: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
19. Stuck Together (Strange But True)  

"as of 8/3/09"

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Frank Jr:  

Guess you caught me now the chase is done.  
You must admit I gave you quite the run.  
Mister tortoise here's your rabbit stew.  
Looks like we're stuck together which is strange but true.

---

Hanratty:  
Tell Mister Rip-ly at "Believe It Or Not."  
The show is over and he's (* or you're) all that I got.

---

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank  
www.joannkanemusic.com
Hanratty:

Hard to believe it but we’re tying the knot today.

Frank Jr:

That’s o.

Frank, thank your public while you’re still in your prime.

They won’t be seeing you for quite a long time.

And after you’ve paid for your life of crime. Well kid, we’ll see what good behavior can do.

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com
Dialogue

Hanratty: "Frank Abagnale was sentenced to 55 years in a federal penitentiary"

Frank Jr: "But I only served seven of them for good behavior."

Hanratty: "When he was released, he joined the Bureau under my personal jurisdiction."

Chorus:

Solo w/strings

Frank Jr: "Thanks to me it's almost impossible to forge bills now. And set up his own security company."

Cheryl Ann: "He never paid me back" "Not now, Cheryl Ann"

Hanratty: "And in the past 30 years he's paid back every bad check he passed as of 8/3/09"
Frank Jr: "I asked Mr. Hanratty...
Hanratty: "It's Carl, please, Frank."
Frank Jr. "...to be the godfather to one of my three daughters."

Hanratty: "Girls are much easier than boys..."

On Cue: "Girls are much easier than boys..."

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
Both:

Hey mis-ter law-yr, mis-ter two on the aisle,
You ne-ver can pre-dict when

Chorus:

Hey mis-ter law-yr, mis-ter two on the aisle,
You ne-ver can pre-dict when

Hanratty:

for-tune may smile.
In fact, I think I’m gon-na

(shake)

D7
C6/Ed

Bop!

break with tra-di-tion and tell J. Ed-gar Hoov-er "Ba-by

cresc.
Frank Jr: "You, a day off?"
HANRATTY: "Well, I may bring some paperwork."

Chorus:

Wow! wah oo oo

I've gone fishin'."

Broadening cresc.

Am11 D13 D13 E13 E13 F13 F#13

I almost made it look like crime does pay.
There's lots of folks that I miss.

G6/D E7 B7 A7 E7 D7+ G7 Bm7(#5)

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank
www.joannkanemusic.com
19. Stuck Together (Strange But True)

as of 8/3/09

Orchestration: Marc Shaiman/Larry Blank

www.joannkanemusic.com