

In Short

Music and Lyrics by
Benj Pasek & Justin Paul
Suggested Monologue by
Todd Buonopane

WOMAN 1: *with emotion*

mp *soft pop/rock* = 120
My

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

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

13 *mp*

we both had the chance to grow. I've collected 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, rip out all your hair.

Latin
mf

25

I want to burn you alive and if you survive I'll strap you to an e-

detache

29

lec - tric chair. Or lean out a win - dow a lit tle too far. Don't look both ways and get hit by a car.

detache

34

Fall out of a rol - ler - coast - er. Take a warm bath with a plugged - in toast -

38

- er. In short; I hope you die.

43

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

mf *contained*

47

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

detache

51

both are do - ing great. New cou - ptes al - ways are. I hope — this won't

mf

55

— make you mad; I did — some - thing bad. I played a ti - ny joke that in - volves her car. — I

detache

59

pulled out my knife — I slashed ev - ry tire. Smashed in the wind shield and set it on fire.

detache

63

Then I left a lit-tle note which said "Leave town or I'll cut your throat

67

— bitch." In short, I hope you fuck ing die! O.

72 *mp*

K. So may-be I've gone too far. May-be I'm say-ing this out of spite. May - be I

77

think these things to cope with sleep - ing a - lone each night. Cause ob - vi - ous - ly I'm still

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

poco rit. *rall.*

86

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

90

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

calypso *mf*

94

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

calypso

98 *f*

Die, die, die, die, die, die, Dy-sen-ta-ry!

102

Die,

103

die, die, die, die, die, die! Gan grene! Die, die,

108

die, die, die, die, die, Lu pus! Die, die, die, die, die, die!

113

113

114

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

bigger with every chord

117

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

rall.

120

bye! In short, I'm o - ver you, so

f *p* *f*

f *mp*

Crescendo *Glissando*

124

die! Die!

f *ff*