

Hello there, DEAR EVAN HANSEN auditioners!

In this PDF doc, you will find the acting sides and the singing cuts that we are planning to use for callbacks.

Here are a few things to know and/or tips for preparing:

- You do not need to memorize any of this. If that's part of your process, then you do you, but memorization of the callback materials will have absolutely no bearing on casting.
- Singing cuts have been chosen to cover vocal ranges and/or acting ranges of the characters. Some of the audition cuts are assigned only to the character who actually sings the song in the show, but most of the cuts are going to be used to demonstrate range and character for multiple characters. For example, you'll notice that there is not a cut in the packet that Alana actually sings in the show. However, Zoe's cut from "Requiem" cover's Alana's singing range and will show us what we need to see/hear from any actor auditioning to play Alana, so that is what we will have potential "Alanas" sing.
- You may be asked to sing a callback cut that is not for the character you are most interested in, but only within reason. (We're not going to have the potential "Alanas" sing "To Break In a Glove".) So, definitely prepare the material for the character(s) you're most interested in, but if you have time, it might be a good idea to prepare the cuts for other characters that fit your age/gender/type.
- However...there is a VERY good chance that you will READ parts other than the one(s) you are called back for, so it would be wise to read through each of these scenes and familiarize yourself with each of them. (We very well may have potential "Alanas" read Larry's lines in a scene.)
- If you don't prepare any of this, it's totally fine! You will probably have a bit of time within callbacks to read scenes over or get yourself up to speed with a song cut. I just really wanted to give everyone a chance to prepare if that is something you think will help you audition your very best.

Bryan, Bonni and I are really excited to meet each of you and see how you might fit into the world of *Dear Evan Hansen*. Break a leg – and have fun if you possibly can!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Ann Benson". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

EVAN/CONNOR:

*To disappear*

*To disappear, disappear*

CONNOR:

*When you're fallin' in a forest*

*And there's nobody around*

*All you want is for somebody to find you*

*You're fallin' in a forest*

*And when you hit the ground*

*All you need is for somebody to find you*

*(And Connor is gone.*

*Evan, now at school, speaks to Alana and Jared, sharing a home-made pamphlet with them.)*

EVAN: I'm calling it The Connor Project.

JARED (*Skeptical*): The Connor Project.

EVAN: A student group dedicated to keeping Connor's memory alive, to showing that everybody should matter, everybody is important.

ALANA: I am so honored. I would love to be vice president of The Connor Project.

EVAN: Vice president?

ALANA: You're right. We should be co-presidents.

EVAN (*Just pleased she said yes*): Yeah. No. Definitely. That works for me.

ALANA (*To Jared*): You can be treasurer or secretary. Unfortunately, the co-president position has already been filled.

JARED: Well, shit. I guess I'm going to have to order new buttons. Unless you think I can squeeze the words "Connor Project" onto the old buttons . . . I mean, depending on the font size . . .

EVAN (*To Jared*): Do you actually think we should do this?

ALANA: Are you kidding, Evan? We have to do this. Not just for Connor. For...everyone.

Scene 1  
Evan  
Jared  
Alana

CYNTHIA:

*I need a clue*

HEIDI/CYNTHIA:

*'Cause the scary truth is*

CYNTHIA:

*I'm flyin' blind*

HEIDI:

*I'm flyin' blind*

*I'm flyin' blind*

*I'm flyin'*

*I'm flyin' blind*

*I'm flyin' blind*

*And I'm making this up*

*And I'm making this up*

*As I go*

*As I go*

*As I go*

*As I go*

*(As Cynthia and Heidi exit, the buzz of a school bell.  
Lights shift, finding Evan standing in a school hallway.  
Alana Beck enters, a certain barely concealed desperation in the  
eagerness with which she approaches Evan, in her almost too-  
wide smile.)*

ALANA: Hey. How was your summer?

*(Evan looks around, not sure if she's speaking to someone else.)*

EVAN: My . . . ?

ALANA: Mine was productive. I did three internships and ninety hours of community service. I know: wow.

EVAN: Yeah. That's, wow. / That's really impressive.

ALANA: / Even though I was so busy, I still made some great friends. Or, well, acquaintances, more like.

Scene 2  
Evan  
Alana

EVAN (*Gathering his courage*): Do you want to maybe . . . I don't know what you're, um . . . do you want to sign my cast?

ALANA: Oh my God. What happened to your arm?

EVAN: Oh. Well. I broke it. I was climbing a tree . . .

ALANA (*Not listening at all*): Oh really? My grandma broke her hip getting into the bathtub in July. That was the beginning of the end, the doctors said. Because then she died.

*(Evan has no idea how to respond to this.  
Alana plasters on a glowing smile.)*

Happy first day.

**STOP**

*(Alana exits as Jared Kleinman approaches Evan with the kind of practiced swagger only the deeply insecure can truly pull off.)*

JARED: Is it weird to be the first person in history to break their arm from jerking off too much or do you consider that an honor?

EVAN: Wait. What? I didn't, I wasn't . . . doing that.

JARED: Paint me the picture: you're in your bedroom, you've got Zoe Murphy's Instagram up on your weird, off-brand cell phone . . .

EVAN: That's not what happened. Obviously. I was, um, well I was climbing a tree and I fell.

JARED: You fell out of a tree? What are you, like, an acorn?

EVAN: Well, I was, I don't know if you know this, but I worked this summer as an apprentice park ranger at Ellison State Park. I'm sort of a tree expert now. Not to brag, but . . .

*(Jared says nothing.)*

Anyway. I tried to climb this forty-foot-tall oak tree.

*(Heidi exits the room, stands in the hall, realizing that this interaction has been an utter failure, as Evan packs up for school.)*

HEIDI:

*Another stellar conversation for the scrapbook  
Another stumble as I'm reaching for  
The right thing to say  
Well, I'm kinda comin' up empty  
Can't find my way to you*

*Does anybody have a map?  
Anybody maybe happen to know how the hell to do this?  
I dunno if you can tell  
But this is me just pretending to know*

*So where's the map?  
I need a clue  
'Cause the scary truth is  
I'm flyin' blind  
And I'm making this up as I go*

*(Lights shift to find the Murphys at the kitchen table.  
Zoe Murphy sits, eating cereal, leafing through a book.  
Larry Murphy, on his phone, scrolls through emails.  
Connor Murphy stares blankly into his cereal bowl.  
Cynthia Murphy stands, fussing over everything—pouring  
orange juice, topping off coffee, clearing finished dishes.)*

CYNTHIA: It's your senior year, Connor. You are not missing the first day.

CONNOR: I already said I'd go tomorrow. I'm trying to find a compromise here.

CYNTHIA *(Turns to Larry)*: Are you going to get involved here or are you too busy on your email, Larry?

SC 3  
ZOE  
CONNOR  
CYNTHIA  
LARRY

LARRY: You have to go to school, Connor.

CYNTHIA: That's all you're going to say?

LARRY: What do you want me to say? He doesn't listen. Look at him. He's not listening. He's probably high.

ZOE: He's definitely high.

CONNOR (*To Zoe*): Fuck you.

ZOE: Fuck you.

CYNTHIA (*Admonishing Zoe*): I don't need you picking at your brother right now. That is not constructive.

ZOE: Are you kidding?

CYNTHIA: Besides, he is not high.

*(Cynthia looks to Connor to confirm this.  
He does not.  
She sighs.)*

I do not want you going to school high, Connor. We have talked about this.

CONNOR: Perfect. So then I won't go. Thanks, Mom.

STOP

*(Connor leaves.  
Cynthia begins clearing the dishes, lost in her own thoughts.)*

CYNTHIA:  
*Another masterful attempt ends with disaster*

*(Larry, looking at his phone, shakes his head.)*

LARRY: Interstate's already jammed.

CYNTHIA:  
*Pour another cup of coffee  
And watch it all crash and burn*

EVAN: My dad is um . . . he lives in Colorado. He left when I was seven. So. He doesn't really mind either.

*(Pause.*

*Evan stands there, awkward.)*

Your parents . . . they're really great.

ZOE *(Matter of fact)*: They can't stand each other. They fight all the time.

EVAN: Everyone's parents fight.

ZOE: My dad's, like, in total denial. He didn't even cry at the funeral.

*(Beat. Not knowing what to say, Evan changes the subject.)*

EVAN: Your mom was saying, gluten-free lasagna for dinner.

That sounds really . . .

ZOE: Inedible?

EVAN *(Laughs)*: You're lucky your mom cooks. My mom and I just order pizza most nights.

ZOE: You're lucky you're allowed to eat pizza.

EVAN: You're not allowed to eat pizza?

ZOE: We can now, I guess. My mom was Buddhist last year so we weren't allowed to eat animal products.

EVAN: She was Buddhist last year but not this year?

ZOE: That's sort of what she does. She gets into different things. For a while it was Pilates, then it was *The Secret*, then Buddhism. Now it's free-range, *Omnivore's Dilemma* . . . whatever.

EVAN: It's cool that she's interested in so much different stuff.

ZOE: She's not. That's just what happens when you're rich and you don't have a job. You get crazy.

SC 4  
EVAN  
ZOE

EVAN: My mom always says, it's better to be rich than poor.

ZOE: Well your mom's probably never been rich then.

EVAN: You've probably never been poor.

*(Beat.)*

Oh my God. I can't believe I just said that. I'm so sorry.  
That was completely rude.

ZOE *(Laughs)*: Wow. I didn't realize you were actually capable of saying something that wasn't nice.

EVAN: No, I'm not. I never say things that aren't nice. I don't even *think* things like that. I'm just, I'm really sorry.

ZOE: I was impressed. You're ruining it.

EVAN: I'm sorry.

ZOE: You really don't have to keep saying that.

*(Beat.)*

EVAN: Okay.

*(Beat.)*

ZOE: You want to say it again, don't you?

EVAN: Very much so, yes.

*(They smile a little.)*

ZOE: You're weird.

EVAN: I know.

~~ZOE *(Difficult to ask)*: Why did he say that? In his note?~~

~~*(Evan looks at her, unsure what she means.*~~

~~*She's embarrassed to have to say it out loud.)*~~

ZOE (con't):

*I could curl up and hide in my room  
There in my bed still sobbing tomorrow  
I could give in to all of the gloom  
But tell me, tell me what for?*

*Why should I have a  
Heavy heart?  
Why should I start to break in pieces?  
Why should I go and fall apart for you?*

*Why  
Should I play the grieving girl and lie?  
Saying that I miss you and that my  
World has gone dark without your light  
I will sing no requiem tonight*

*(Light reveals Cynthia in Connor's bedroom, sitting on his bed,  
reading emails.*

*Larry enters, stands in the doorway.)*

LARRY: I'm going to bed.

CYNTHIA: Come sit with me.

LARRY (Sighs): Cynthia . . .

CYNTHIA: You can't stand to be in his room for five minutes.

LARRY: I'm exhausted.

CYNTHIA: You know, Larry, at some point, you're going to have  
to / start . . .

LARRY: / Not tonight. Please.

*(She holds out one of the printed emails.)*

CYNTHIA: Just read this.

Sc 5  
Larry /  
Cynthia

*(Reluctantly, Larry takes the email without even glancing at it.)*

LARRY: I'll leave the light on for you.

*(He goes, stepping into the hallway.)*

*I gave you the world, you threw it away  
Leaving these broken pieces behind you  
Ev'rything wasted, nothing to say  
So I can sing no requiem*

CYNTHIA:

*I hear your voice and feel you near  
Within these words I finally find you  
And now that I know that you are still here  
I will sing no requiem tonight*

ZOE/LARRY:

*Why should I have a heavy heart?*

ZOE:

*Why should I say*

*I'll keep you with me?  
Why should I go and  
Fall apart for you?*

*Why  
Should I play the grieving  
Girl and lie?  
Saying that I miss you  
And that*

CYNTHIA:

*I'll keep you with me*

CYNTHIA/LARRY:

*Ab*

*Ab*

Sc5  
P.2

DEAR EVAN HANSEN

CYNTHIA: / That is a great idea. Kismet.

HEIDI: Oh. No. You don't have to do that.

CYNTHIA: It's kismet.

*(Uncomfortable, Heidi has no choice but to accept the card.)*

HEIDI: Well. Thank you.

LARRY: Is red okay, Heidi?

HEIDI: Red would be great.

CYNTHIA: It's from a vineyard outside of Portland—completely one hundred percent sustainable, the entire production process. They had a whole feature on them in the *New York Times*. Incredible.

LARRY: Not to mention, it tastes good, too.

*(Larry passes out the wine glasses.)*

Cheers.

*(They drink.)*

HEIDI: I'm so glad that you called this morning. I was, I've been agonizing over whether I should, if it was appropriate for me to reach out . . .

CYNTHIA: Oh, Heidi. We have, too. Evan says you're so busy, I didn't know if I should bother you . . .

HEIDI: I'm not that busy.

CYNTHIA: Well, I asked Evan if you minded him spending so much time here and he said it wasn't a problem because of your schedule. With classes and work . . .

HEIDI: He . . . spends so much time here?

LARRY: Evan's been a real . . . he's been a great source of comfort for us these past few months.

CYNTHIA: Well, he and Connor, they were very close.

Sc 6  
Heidi  
Cynthia  
Larry

HEIDI: I have to admit, I didn't . . . I really had no idea that he  
and Connor were even . . .

LARRY: We were the same.

CYNTHIA: Boys love to keep secrets.

LARRY: We'd never heard about Evan, we'd never met him . . .

HEIDI: Evan didn't tell me anything.

CYNTHIA: Secret handshakes, secret tree houses . . .

*(The front door opens and Zoe and Evan enter.)*

ZOE: Sorry we're late. Band went long again.

CYNTHIA: We're just in here having a glass of wine, getting to  
know each other.

*(Evan stops cold when he sees his mother.)*

LARRY: We invited your mom to come join us for dinner tonight.

EVAN: Oh.

HEIDI: I didn't realize that Evan was, that you were joining us,  
too.

CYNTHIA: I'm sorry, I didn't think to tell you.

ZOE *(Shaking hands)*: Hi, I'm Zoe. It's so nice to meet you.  
Finally.

HEIDI *(Puzzled)*: Oh. Good.

EVAN *(To Zoe)*: Did you know about this?

ZOE: It was my idea.

LARRY: Why don't you guys come sit down?

*(Evan and Zoe do.)*

EVAN *(To Heidi)*: I thought you had work tonight.

HEIDI: Well, this seemed more important. So. I'm playing hooky.

CYNTHIA: We were just talking about how sneaky you and Con-  
nor were. Top secret.

LEVENSON / PASEK & PAUL

*Inside the baseball glove, a can of shaving cream and some rubber bands—the beginnings of a project that was never finished.)*

LARRY: I swear, I have a Cal Ripken in here somewhere . . .

EVAN: This is really generous of you. To donate all this stuff.

*(Zoe enters. She and Evan share a furtive smile.)*

ZOE *(To Larry)*: Mom says that your show is on and she doesn't want to DVR it again.

LARRY: Well, tell her we're busy.

ZOE: With what?

EVAN: Your dad had a good idea for the orchard. To do an auction.

LARRY: Evan's helping me go through my collection here.

*(Beat.)*

ZOE: Dad, are you torturing him?

LARRY: What?

ZOE: Evan, is he torturing you?

EVAN: No. What?

ZOE: You can tell him he's being boring and you want to leave.  
He won't be upset.

LARRY: He can leave whenever he wants.

EVAN: I don't want to leave.

ZOE: Evan, do you want to leave?

LARRY *(To Evan)*: If you want to leave . . .

EVAN: I don't want to leave.

ZOE: Okay. Well. Don't say I didn't warn you . . .

*(Zoe exits.)*

LARRY *(Laughs)*: Women. Right?

Sc 7  
Evan  
Zoe  
Larry

*(Evan attempts to laugh along, one of the guys.)*

EVAN: I know.

LARRY (*Gingerly*): So, you and Zoe . . . ?

EVAN (*Desperate to avoid the subject*): This glove is really cool.  
Wow.

*(Evan picks it up.)*

LARRY: You feel how stiff the leather is?

EVAN: For sure.

LARRY: Never been used. You probably have your own glove at home, I'm sure.

EVAN: Oh. Uh. Somewhere. I don't know if it fits anymore. It's been a while.

LARRY: You know what? Why don't you take this one?

EVAN: Oh. No. I couldn't.

LARRY: Why not? Because, it sounds like, I mean, if you need a new glove anyway . . . This one is just going to sit here, collecting dust.

EVAN: Are you sure?

**TO BREAK IN A GLOVE**

LARRY:

*I bought this glove a thousand years ago  
For some birthday  
Or some Christmas that has come and gone  
I thought we might play catch or—I don't know  
But he left it in the bag with the tag still on*

You'd have to break it in, though, first. You can't catch anything with it that stiff.

*(Evan pretends to laugh along, as Heidi struggles to find a transition.)*

**HEIDI:** Hey. I, um, I got an email from your school today. About a boy who killed himself? Connor Murphy? I didn't, I had no idea.

**EVAN:** Oh. Yeah. Well . . . I didn't really know him.

**HEIDI:** You know that . . . if you ever, if you want to talk about anything . . . I realize that lately it must feel like, I'm always working or I'm in class . . .

**EVAN:** It's fine.

**HEIDI:** Well, I'm here. And if I'm not *here* here, I'm a phone call away. Or text. Email. Whatever.

**EVAN:** Thanks.

*(Heidi, unable to ignore the obvious any longer, points to Evan's cast.)*

**HEIDI:** All right. It says, "Connor."

**EVAN:** Oh. Yeah. No.

**HEIDI:** You said you didn't know him.

**EVAN:** No. I didn't. This is . . . it's a different Connor.

*(Heidi sighs, relieved, as she smiles at her own anxiety.)*

**HEIDI:** I was so worried.

**EVAN:** No. I'm sure.

**HEIDI** *(Brightening)*: Hey, you know what? How about I bag my shift next Tuesday? When's the last time we did a taco Tuesday?

**EVAN:** Oh. You don't have to.

**HEIDI:** No, you've been back at school for a week already and I've barely seen you. Maybe we could even start brainstorming those essay questions together . . .

Sc 8  
Evan  
Heidi

DEAR EVAN HANSEN

EVAN: That would be great.

HEIDI: Oh. That's exciting. I'm excited now. Something to look forward to.

EVAN: Me too.

*(Heidi picks up the bottle of pills by his bed, asks gingerly:)*

HEIDI: Are you okay on refills?

EVAN: Yes.

HEIDI: Well. Don't stay up too late.

EVAN: I won't.

HEIDI: I love you.

EVAN: I love you, too.

*(She stands there in the doorway for a moment, hesitating, unsettled somehow.*

*Finally, she shuts the door.)*

EVAN (*Gathering his courage*): Do you want to maybe . . . I don't know what you're, um . . . do you want to sign my cast?

ALANA: Oh my God. What happened to your arm?

EVAN: Oh. Well. I broke it. I was climbing a tree . . .

ALANA (*Not listening at all*): Oh really? My grandma broke her hip getting into the bathtub in July. That was the beginning of the end, the doctors said. Because then she died.

(*Evan has no idea how to respond to this.  
Alana plaster on a glowing smile.*)

Happy first day.

(*Alana exits as Jared Kleinman approaches Evan with the kind of practiced swagger only the deeply insecure can truly pull off.*)

JARED: Is it weird to be the first person in history to break their arm from jerking off too much or do you consider that an honor?

EVAN: Wait. What? I didn't, I wasn't . . . doing that.

JARED: Paint me the picture: you're in your bedroom, you've got Zoe Murphy's Instagram up on your weird, off-brand cell phone . . .

EVAN: That's not what happened. Obviously. I was, um, well I was climbing a tree and I fell.

JARED: You fell out of a tree? What are you, like, an acorn?

EVAN: Well, I was, I don't know if you know this, but I worked this summer as an apprentice park ranger at Ellison State Park. I'm sort of a tree expert now. Not to brag, but . . .

(*Jared says nothing.*)

Anyway. I tried to climb this forty-foot-tall oak tree.

Sc 9  
Evan  
Jared

JARED: And then you fell . . . ?

EVAN: Well, except it's a funny story, because there was this solid ten minutes after I fell, when I just lay there on the ground waiting for someone to come get me. Any second now, I kept saying to myself. Any second now, here they come.

JARED: Did they?

EVAN: No. Nobody came. That's the, that's what's funny.

JARED: Jesus Christ . . .

EVAN: How was, what did you do for the, you had a good summer?

JARED: Well, my bunk dominated in capture the flag and I got to second-base-below-the-bra with this girl from Israel who's going to like be in the army . . . so, yeah, hopefully that answers your question.

*(Jared turns to go.)*

EVAN: Do you want to sign my cast?

JARED: Why are you asking me?

EVAN: Well, just, I thought, because we're friends.

JARED: We're family friends. That's like a whole different thing and you know it.

*(He punches Evan in the arm.)*

Hey. Tell your mom to tell my mom I was nice to you or else my parents won't pay for my car insurance.

EVAN: I will.

*(Connor crosses.)*

JARED: Hey, Connor. I'm loving the new hair length. Very school shooter chic.

ALANA (*Lightbulb*): Maybe you can ask Zoe to do something. Or maybe you guys could do something together.

EVAN: Zoe?

ALANA: Yeah, she's the perfect person to help get people interested again. You guys could write something together for the blog . . .

EVAN: Yeah, it's just . . . I don't know if that's the best way for us to get people to remember him . . .

ALANA: Well, I can guarantee you that if you don't do something, then *no one* will remember him. Is that what you want?

EVAN (*Struggling to respond*): But I'm just . . .

*(Alana, exasperated by his indecisiveness, exits in a huff.  
Evan sits there, alone.)*

What am I supposed to do?

CONNOR: Why don't you talk to Zoe?

*(And suddenly Connor is there beside him.*

*There is nothing spectral or spooky about Connor's presence, and  
Evan is not at all surprised to see him.)*

EVAN: I can't talk to Zoe. I already ruined everything with Zoe.

CONNOR (*Dismissive*): Says who? Jared? Why are you even talking to Jared about this?

EVAN: Who else am I supposed to talk to?

CONNOR: You can talk to me.

*(Evan laughs, a ridiculous idea.)*

Unless you have other options.

*(Evan realizes he has none.)*

S&LO  
Evan  
Connor

EVAN: I don't know what to do.

CONNOR: Look. Zoe, my parents . . . they need you. You're the only person who can make sure everybody doesn't just forget me.

(Beat.)

Oh right. They already did.

EVAN (*Empathetic*): After two whole weeks.

CONNOR: And once they've forgotten about me, what do you think happens to you? I mean, nobody cares about people like us.

EVAN: "People like us"?

CONNOR: Connor Murphy: the kid who threw a printer at Mrs. G. in second grade. Or Evan Hansen: the kid who stood outside a jazz band concert trying to talk to Zoe Murphy, but his hands were too sweaty. You know. People like that.

Look:

**DISAPPEAR**

CONNOR:

*Guys like you and me*

*We're just the losers who keep waiting to be seen*

Right? I mean . . .

*No one seems to care*

*Or stops to notice that we're there*

*So we get lost in the in-between*

*But, if you can somehow keep them thinking of me*

*And make me more than an abandoned memory*

# ANYBODY HAVE A MAP?

from DEAR EVAN HANSEN

Music and Lyrics by BENJ PASEK  
and JUSTIN PAUL  
Vocal arrangements by Justin Paul  
Piano arrangement by  
Alex Lacamoire and Justin Paul

Heidi / Cynthia

Slightly awkward  
♩ = 108  $B^{sus2}$   $C\sharp^5$   $F\sharp^5$   $F\sharp^{sus2}$

$B^{sus2}$   $C\sharp^{sus}$   $C\sharp$   $F\sharp^5$   $F\sharp^{sus2}$  ~~HEIDI~~  
Can we

$B^{sus2}$   $C\sharp^{sus}$   $C\sharp$   $F\sharp$   $F\sharp^{sus}$   $F\sharp$   
try to have an op - ti - mis - tic out - look? Can we

sim.

Handwritten musical score for piano and voice, featuring three systems of music. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

**System 1:**

- Chords: B<sup>sus2</sup>, C#<sup>sus</sup>, C#, F#<sup>5</sup>, B<sup>sus2</sup>
- Vocal line: buck up just — e - nough — to see... — the world — won't — fall a - part? May - be

**System 2:**

- Chords: B<sup>sus2</sup>/D#, F#<sup>sus2</sup>, C#(add4), F#<sup>sus2</sup>/D#
- Vocal line: this year — we de - cide we're not — giv - ing up be - fore — we've tried —

**System 3:**

- Chords: B<sup>sus2</sup>/G#, B<sup>sus2</sup>, F#<sup>5</sup>, F#<sup>sus2</sup>
- Vocal line: This year — we make a new — start

Handwritten annotations:

- "cut to" with an asterisk (\*) above the F#<sup>sus2</sup> chord in System 3.
- A large handwritten "Cut to" with a starburst and a scribbled-out section to the right of the third system.



**B<sup>sus2</sup>** **C<sup>#sus</sup>** **F<sup>#maj</sup>7(no3)** **D<sup>#m</sup>7(no5)**

Does an - y - bod - y have a map? An - y - bod - y may-be hap-pen to know - how the hell to do - this? -

With pedal

**B<sup>sus2</sup>** **C<sup>#sus</sup>** **F<sup>#(add2)</sup>** **F<sup>#(add2)/A<sup>#</sup></sup>**

I dun-no if you can tell but this - is me - just - pre - tend - ing - to know -

*sim.*

**B<sup>sus2</sup>** **C<sup>#sus</sup>** **F<sup>#(add2)/A<sup>#</sup></sup>** **B<sup>sus2</sup>**

So where's the map? I - need a clue - 'Cause the scar - y truth - is

**B<sup>sus2</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>** **B<sup>maj</sup>9(no3)**

I'm fly - in' blind and I'm mak - ing this up as I go **STOP**

Heidi / Cynthia

# So Big/So Small

2

G<sup>5</sup>/B C<sup>sus2</sup> G<sup>5</sup>/D D(add4) G<sup>5</sup>/B C(add2)

I told you not to come out - side But you saw that truck and you —

G<sup>5</sup>/D D(add4) G<sup>5</sup>/E D(add4) Am<sup>7</sup>(4)

— smiled — so — wide — A real live truck in your — drive-way

G<sup>5</sup>/D D(add4) G<sup>5</sup> C<sup>5</sup>/E D(add4)/F#

We let you sit be - hind — the wheel Good-bye —

G(add2) C<sup>sus2</sup> G<sup>5</sup>/B G<sup>5</sup>/E F<sup>sus2</sup>

— good-bye — Now — it's just — me and my — lit - tle guy And the house —

Chords: C<sup>sus</sup>/D, C(add2), G(add2), C<sup>sus</sup>/D, C(add2), G(add2)

Lyrics: felt so big And I felt so small The house

Chords: C<sup>sus</sup>/D, C(add2), G, C<sup>sus</sup>/D, C(add2), G<sup>5</sup>

Lyrics: felt so big And I felt so small

*Stop*

Chords: G<sup>5</sup>/B, C<sup>sus</sup>2, G<sup>5</sup>/D, D(add4), G<sup>5</sup>/B, C(add2)

Lyrics: That night I tucked you in to bed I will nev - er for - get how you

Chords: G<sup>5</sup>/D, D(add4), G<sup>5</sup>/E, D(add4), Am<sup>7</sup>(4)

Lyrics: sat up and said "Is there an - oth - er truck com - in' to our drive - way A

Alana/Zoey

# Only Us

2

*C $\flat$ sus2* *G $\flat$ <sup>5</sup>* *G $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>(no3)* *G $\flat$ <sup>5</sup>*

I don't need you to search — for the proof — that I — should

*E $\flat$ m<sup>7</sup>(no5)* *G $\flat$ sus/A $\flat$*  *D $\flat$ sus/F* *G $\flat$ <sup>5</sup>* *B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>/D*

You don't have to con - vince me      You don't have to be scared you're not e-nough

*E $\flat$ m<sup>7</sup>* *A $\flat$ (add4)* *D $\flat$ (add4)*

'Cause what we've got go - in' — is good

START

*C $\flat$ sus2* *G $\flat$*

I don't need more re - mind - ers of all — that's been — bro - ken

$C\flat_{\text{sus}2}$   $G\flat$

I don't need you to fix — what I'd rath - er — for - get

$E\flat m7$   $G\flat_{\text{sus}}/A\flat$   $D\flat_{\text{sus}}/F$   $G\flat$   $B\flat^7/D$

Clear the slate — and start — o - ver Try to qui - et the nois - es in your

$E\flat m7$   $A\flat(\text{add}4)$   $D\flat$   $D\flat_{\text{sus}}$   $D\flat$   $D\flat_{\text{sus}}$

head We can't com - pete — with all — that

$G\flat(\text{add}2)$   $E\flat m7(4)$

So what if it's us? What if it's us and on - ly

*mp*

$G\flat^{sus}/A\flat$   $G\flat/A\flat$   $G\flat^{sus}/A\flat$   $G\flat/A\flat$   $D\flat(4)$

us? And what came be - fore — won't count an - y - more, — or mat - ter Can we try — that?

$G\flat(2)$   $E\flat m 7(4)$

— What if it's you? And what if it's me? And what if that's all that we need it to be?

$A(2)$   $E(4)$   $A\flat m 7(4)$   $D\flat(4)$  **STOP**

— And the rest — of the world — falls a - way What do you say?

$G\flat^{sus} 2$   
EVAN:  
keep conversational throughout

*mf*

I nev - er thought — there'd be some - one like you — who would —

EVAN

# Waving

11

Chords: F#m 7(no5), A/C#, D<sup>sus2</sup>, E<sup>sus</sup>, N.C., Gm 7(no5)

Oh ———

Oh ——— Ah ——— Oh ———

Even make a sound? It's like I nev - er made a sound Will I ev - er make a sound?

*sfz* *ff*

START

Chords: E<sup>b</sup>sus2, B<sup>b</sup>5, F(add4), Gm 7(no5), E<sup>b</sup>sus2

On the out - side al - ways look - in' in Will I ev - er be — more

Oh ———

than I've al - ways been? 'Cause I'm tap - tap - tap - pin' on the — glass —

Oh ———

*3* *3*

$B\flat^5$   $F^{(add4)}$   $Gm^7(no5)$   $E\flat^{sus2}$   
 Wav - ing through a win - dow I try to speak - but  
 Oh Oh

$B\flat$   $F^{(add4mano5)}$   
 no - bod - y can hear So I wait a - round - for an an - swer to ap - pear while I'm  
 Oh

$Gm^7(no5)$   $E\flat^{sus2}$   $B\flat$   $F^{(add4mano5)}$   
 watch - watch - watch-in' peo - ple pass Wav - ing through a win -  
 Oh Oh

$D^7/F\sharp$   $Gm^7(no5)$   $E\flat^{sus2}$   $B\flat$   
 - dow Oh \_\_\_\_\_ Can an - y - bod - y \_\_\_\_\_ see? \_  
*sfz* *mf* *f*

$F(add4)$   $B\flat/D$   $E\flat(add2)$   $F(add4)$   
 Is an - y - bod - y wav - ing back at me? \_\_\_\_\_  
*sub. p* *f*

$B\flat/D$   $E\flat(add2)$   $F(add4)$  **STOP**  
 Is an - y - bod - y wav - ing? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Oh \_\_\_\_\_ Oh \_\_\_\_\_

Evan

# For Forever

9

START

Picking up speed

$\text{♩} = 100$   $\text{E}_\flat$  sus2

— One foot af - ter the oth - er One branch then \_ to an - oth - er

*mf sub.*

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (Bb). The tempo is marked as 100 beats per minute. The first measure has a handwritten 'START' and a large 'X' over it. The lyrics are 'One foot af - ter the oth - er One branch then \_ to an - oth - er'. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *mf sub.*

$\text{F}(\text{add4})$

I climb high - er and high - er I climb 'til \_ the en - tire \_

*cresc. poco a poco*

This system contains the next two measures. The key signature changes to F major, indicated by  $\text{F}(\text{add4})$ . The lyrics are 'I climb high - er and high - er I climb 'til \_ the en - tire \_'. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *cresc. poco a poco*.

Gm

rall.

$\text{E}_\flat$

F/ $\text{E}_\flat$

sun shines \_ on \_ my \_ face \_

This system contains the final two measures. The key signature changes to G minor, indicated by Gm. The tempo is marked as *rall.* (rallentando). The key signature changes to Eb major, indicated by  $\text{E}_\flat$ . The lyrics are 'sun shines \_ on \_ my \_ face \_'. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

$E\flat(\text{add}2)$   $Gm$   $F$   $B\flat\text{sus}2/D$   $E\flat\text{sus}2$   $\text{♩} = 90$

And I sud-den-ly feel the branch give way I'm on the ground.

*mf colla voce*

$\text{♩} = 90$   $B\flat/F$   $Dm/G$   $Gm$   $B\flat/F$

My arm goes numb I look a-round and I see him

*p*

Slower

$C^9\text{sus}$   $C^9(\text{add}4)$   $E\flat$   $F(\text{add}4)$   $\text{♩} = 84$  **STOP**

come to get me He's come to get me And ev-'ry-thing's o - kay

$\text{♩} = 84$   $G^5$   $G\text{maj}^7(\text{no}3)$   $G^5/B$   $C\text{sus}2$   $\text{♩} = 94$   $G^5$   $G\text{maj}^7(\text{no}3)$

All we see is sky for for-ev-er We let the world pass by

In time, slowly

Picking up

(Evan) Connor/Jared

# Sincerely, Me

4

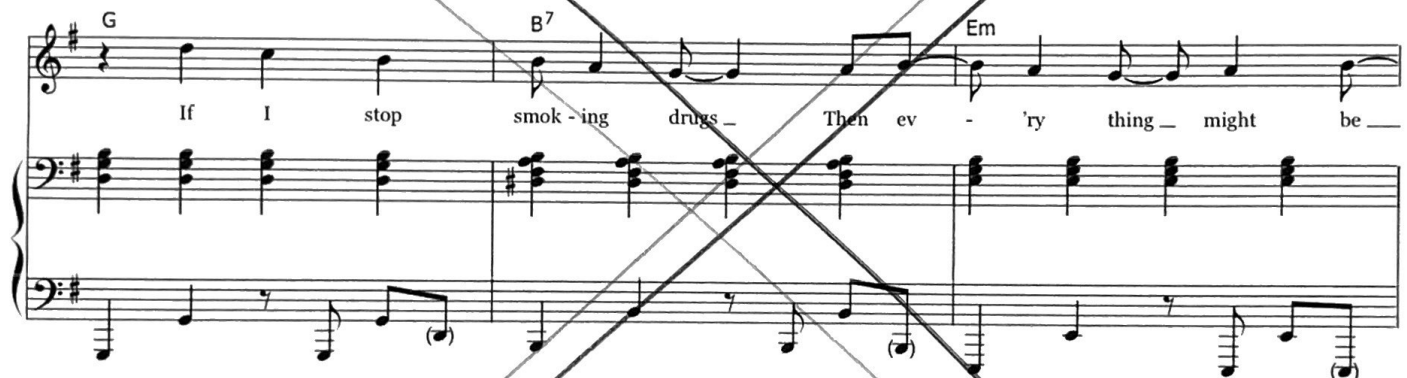
B7 Em C

par - ents but each day's — an - oth - er fight



G B7 Em

If I stop smok - ing drugs — Then ev - 'ry thing — might be —

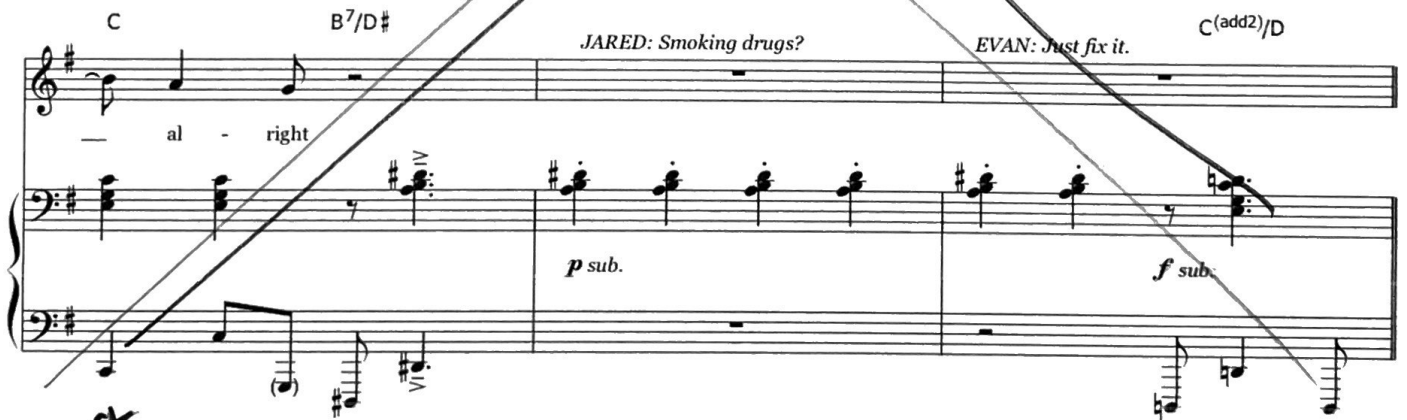


C B7/D# C(add2)/D

JARED: Smoking drugs? EVAN: Just fix it.

al - right

*p sub.* *f sub.*

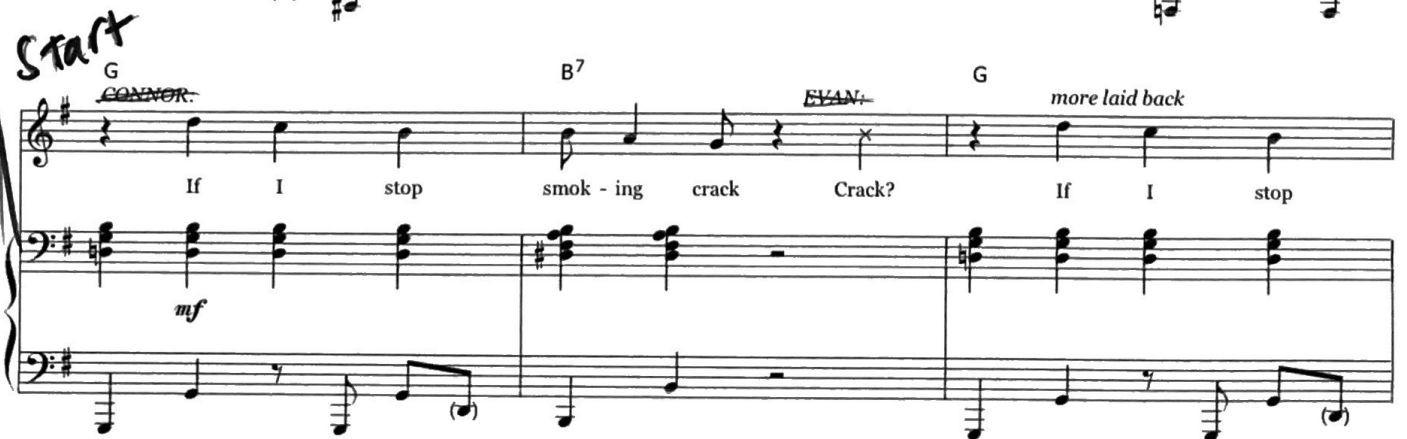


**Start**

G B7 G

~~CONNOR:~~ If I stop smok - ing crack Crack? ~~EVAN:~~ more laid back If I stop

*mf*



B<sup>7</sup> Em C B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup>

smok - ing pot Then ev - 'ry thing — might be — al - right —

Em D<sup>#+</sup> G/D A<sup>9</sup>/C<sup>#</sup>

I'll take your — ad - vice I'll try to be — more nice

*sim.*

Am<sup>7</sup> G/B C A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> D<sup>5</sup> F

I'll turn it a - round — Wait and see —

*fp* *mf* *f*

*With pedal*

C G G<sup>SUS</sup> G F(add2)

'Cause all that it takes — is a lit - tle re - in - ven - tion

It's eas - y to change — if you give it your at - ten - tion

*C* *G* *G<sup>SUS</sup>* *G* *B<sup>7</sup>*

All you got - ta do — Is just be - lieve — you can be who — you wan - na be —

*B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup>* *Em* *D* *D<sup>7</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>* *G* *G<sup>7</sup>/B*

Sin - cere - ly, Me

*C* *G/D* *D* *G* *G<sup>7</sup>/F* *Em* *G<sup>+</sup>*

*fp*

**STOP**

JARED: Are we done yet?  
EVAN: I can't just give them one email...

EVAN: ...I want to show that I was, like, a good friend, you know?

JARED: Oh my God...

*G* *G<sup>7</sup>* *Em/G* *G<sup>+</sup>* *G* *G<sup>7</sup>* *Em/G* *G<sup>+</sup>*

*sim.*

With pedal

Larry

# Break in a Glove

3

*F#(add4)* *B<sup>sus</sup>/A*

— pro - fes - sion - al ad - vice Well, to - day could be — a luc - ky day — for you

LARRY: Shaving cream.

EVAN: Shaving cream?

LARRY: Oh yeah. You rub that in for about five minutes. Tie it all up with rubber bands, put it under your mattress, and sleep on it. And you do that for at least a week. Every day. Consistent.

1, 2.

N.C.

3.

N.C.

LARRY:

START

And though this

*E<sup>sus</sup>2* *E<sup>sus</sup>*

*mp*

*C#m<sup>7</sup>* *B(add4mano5)* *A(add2)* *E<sup>sus</sup>2* *G#7/D#*

meth - od is - n't eas - y Ev - 'ry sec - ond that you spend — is gon - na pay —

*mf*

*C#m<sup>7</sup>* *F#7* *N.C./B*

— off It - 'll pay off in the end — It — just

G<sup>5</sup> G<sup>5</sup>/F<sup>#</sup>

takes a lit - tle pa - tience It takes a lit - tle time —

G<sup>5</sup>/F G/C C<sup>sus2</sup> G<sup>5</sup>/C G/C

A lit - tle — per - se - ver - ance And a lit - tle up - hill climb — You might

G<sup>5</sup> Dm<sup>11</sup>(no5)

— not think — it's worth — it You might — be - gin — to doubt — But you can't

G/C A(add2)/C<sup>#</sup>

— take an - y short - cuts you got - ta stick it out And it's — the hard

STOP

G/D C#m<sup>11b5</sup> D<sup>7sus/A</sup> D<sup>13sus</sup>

way But it's the right way The right way To break in a glove

LARRY: With something like this, you have to be ready to put in the work. Make the commitment...

LARRY (con't): So, what do you think?  
EVAN: I mean, definitely.

G<sup>sus2</sup> G<sup>sus</sup> N.C. G<sup>sus2/C</sup> C<sup>sus2</sup> N.C. B<sup>9sus</sup> = 109

*mp* as before *mf*

Poco più mosso = 109 E<sup>sus2</sup> F#7(4)

LARRY: Some peo - ple say, "Just use a mi - cro-wave Or try that

Amaj<sup>7(no3)</sup> A<sup>5(add6)</sup> E<sup>sus2</sup> [he laughs] E<sup>sus</sup>

'Run - it - through - hot - wa - ter' tech - nique" Well,

*sim.*

Zoe/Alana

# Requiem

START

9

A sus2ma#4 A sus2ma#4/C# B(add4)

when they lay them down to sleep So don't

D(add2) (ZOE) A(add2) E(add2)

tell me that I did - n't have it right Don't

SYNTHIA:/ LARRY: (concert pitch)

Ah Ah Ah

D(add2) A(add2) E(add2)

tell me that it was - n't black and white Af - ter all

Ah Ah Ah

*D(add2)* *A(add2)/C#* *D(add2)* *A/C#*  $\text{♩} = 80$

— you put me through — Don't say it was - n't true — That

Ah Ah

*Freely*  $\text{♩} = 80$  *F#m7(4)* *ZOE:* *A sus2* *Tempo I*  $\text{♩} = 87$  *E maj7(no3)*

you were not — the mon - ster that I knew 'Cause I

*colla voce* *mf* *p*

*B(add4)*

can - not play — the griev - ing girl — and — lie

STOP

Saying that - I miss - you and that my world - has - gone - dark...

*bring out melody*

*C#m* *A<sup>sus2</sup>*

*B<sup>sus2</sup>* *F#m<sup>7(4)</sup>* *E(add2)/G#* *F#(add2)/A#*  
*LARRY:*

I will sing - no - req - ui - em -

*A(add2)* *F#m<sup>7(4)</sup>* *E(add2)/G#* *F#(add2)/A#*  
*CYNTHIA:*

I will sing - no - req - ui - em -

*A(add2)* *F#m<sup>7(4)</sup>* *E(add2)/G#* *F#(add2)/A#*  
*ZOE:*

I will sing - no - req - ui - em -