

Piano/Vocal

# In Short

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

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as 120 bpm, and the style is 'soft pop/rock'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The vocal line begins with the word 'My' on a whole note. The lyrics continue: 'love af-fair with you is o-ver, it's through. We loved and then we lost. And while it came at quite a cost,'. The score includes piano accompaniment for the first system and the second system, and vocal lines for the first, second, and third systems. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line is written in a simple, melodic style. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The score is divided into systems by bar lines. The first system has 4 bars, the second system has 5 bars, and the third system has 9 bars. The piano accompaniment for the second system starts at bar 5. The piano accompaniment for the third system starts at bar 9. The vocal line for the third system starts at bar 9. The score ends with a double bar line at the end of the third system.

My

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

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

In Short

*mp*

13 *mp*

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

17

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

21  $\text{♩} = 98$

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

*Latin*

*f f mf*

25

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

*detache*

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

29  
*detache*

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

33

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

37

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

43 *contained*  
*mf*

43

47

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

*detache*

51

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

*mf*

55

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

*detache*

59

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

*detache*

The image shows a page of a musical score for a piece titled "In Short". The page is numbered "4" in the top left corner. The score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "since we shared so much it makes me want to kill you more! I want to stick pins in your eyes. I pray you get a rec-tal rash. I hope your Vi-sa's de- clined, your chil - dren are blind, you're broke and have to do porn for cash. Be-come ep - i - lep - tic and vio-lent-ly shake. Find out that you were con - ceived by mis-take." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings: *detache* (twice), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and triplets (three groups of three notes). Measure numbers 47, 51, 55, and 59 are indicated at the start of their respective systems.

63

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

68

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

*mp*

*mp*

73

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

77

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

In Short

81 *poco rit.* *sweetly*

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

81 *poco rit.* *rall.*

86 *f*

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

86

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

90 *calypso* *mf*

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

94 *calypso*

98 *f*

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

103

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

107

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

112 *Insert Monologue*

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

*bigger with every chord*

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

117

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

*rall.* *f*

121

In short, I hope you fuck-ing die!

*Glissando*



126

Die!

*ff*

3