

A Little More

VICTOR: Every season, girls would plead with me to train them. Ten out of eleven years... my girls were crowned. The year we lost, the winner was a deaf-mute. You can't beat that.

Freely, in 1

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music features a simple melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, while the bass line uses a mix of quarter and eighth notes with some rests. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

VICTOR: Then...in '96, my girl froze like a puddle halfway through her aria from La Bohème. Afterwards, she told a reporter from Pageant Magazine that I was a perfectionist who had harangued her to within an inch of her sanity. Of course, after that article came out...nobody wanted me.

GRACE: Okay, then with all due respect here... why did Miss Morningside suggest you then?

VICTOR: Because I am the best.

Piano accompaniment for the first dialogue section, starting at measure 9. It consists of sustained chords in both the right and left hands, providing a harmonic backdrop for the dialogue. The chords are primarily triads and dyads, with some octaves in the bass line.

14 **VICTOR:** *bright and wistful*

Musical score for the first line of dialogue, starting at measure 14. The vocal line is in the right hand, with lyrics: "I've trained sweet south-ern belles with sun-ny dis - po - si - tions,". The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, featuring a melody of quarter notes and a bass line with a *mp* dynamic marking. The piano part includes a long slur over the final two measures.

19 mid-west-ern daught-ers so friend-ly and fair, cow-girls from Tex - as both

Piano accompaniment for the second line of dialogue, starting at measure 19. It consists of sustained chords in both the right and left hands, providing a harmonic backdrop for the dialogue. The chords are primarily triads and dyads, with some octaves in the bass line.

25

spunk-y and chic, and then there was you. The fu-ture looks bleak.

♩. = 62

VICTOR:

Shall we begin?

31

Yeah. Yes. A lit-tle more taste, a

mp delicately

v.

37

lit-tle less gnaw. Well mann-ered, re-spect-ful, but not too bour-geois. A

43

lit-tle more dish, a lit-tle less trough. We've a long way to go and we

49

won't pull this off un - less ev - 'ry nib-ble can be neat - ly con - sumed. Per -

55

haps we should start with a drop cloth. A lit-tle less gorge, a

(RH over)

61

lit-tle more chew, but most-ly a lit-tle more me... a lit-tle less you.

GRACE: Alright, I get it. I need a little help.

68

VICTOR: With some intensive work, you'll be ready for the world's finest trailer park.

GRACE: I'll do whatever you say, Yoda.

VICTOR: I am somewhat less than amused.

75

82

A lit - le more charm, — a lit - tle less blunt. ex - press - ive and

88

sweet, not your nor - mal af - front. A lit - tle more sage, — a lit - tle less

94

brash. We've on - ly two days and your rhe - to - ric is trash. You need ev' - ry

100

syl-la-ble to sing and to shine, not gab - ble and grunt like a

(RH over)

105

wal - - rus. A lit-tle less honk, a lit-tle more

110

coo but most-ly a lit-tle more me, a lit-tle less you.

p

VICTOR: Oh, my God. I haven't seen a walk like that since Jurassic Park.
 GRACE: Yeah, well, you know it's been working really well for me for the past 30 years, all right?

117

123

VICTOR: Well, glide, now. Glide. Don't look down.
Look up. Your chin should be parallel to the floor.

128

133

A lit-le more spring, a lit-tle less trot. As-

139

cen-ding on air, you're a queen, not a sot. A lit-tle more ease, a

145

lit-tle less trudge. You'll ne-ver get bet-ter if you ne-ver budge.

(Grace now begrudgingly attempts to glide.)

VICTOR: Now glide. Glide. It's not the bloody Ice Capades.

GRACE: Gliding.

151

VICTOR: No, no. Don't pick your feet up. Don't pick your feet up. Why are you picking your feet up?

GRACE: Because I'm preparing to run away.

156

VICTOR: No, wait. Wait. Watch me.

161

166

(HE glides)

A lit - le more

mp delicately

170

A lit - le less

(HE trudges)

mf harsh

Ped.

174

VICTOR: Glide. Glide. See? Glide.

178

VICTOR: It's all in the buttocks. Don't I look pretty?

GRACE: It takes a very secure man to walk like that.

182

186

VICTOR: Roll your hips. Head up, head up. Keep gliding—

190

196

200 **Building momentum,** $\text{♩} = 68$

A lit-le more glide, a lit-tle less romp, a

206

lit - le more style, a lit - tle less stomp, a

210

lit - tle less old and a lit - tle more new, but

214

most - ly a li - tle more me

(A bus boy crashes into Grace with a stack of plates)
GRACE: I'm gliding here! Asshole.

220

a lit - tle less you.