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-Piano Arrangements are by Stephen Dolginoff and Eugene Gwozdz.

-THRILL ME has no applause breaks. Make sure the songs always appear to flow in and out of underscore. The almost continuous music should never have an abrupt stop or “button” until the very end of the show.

-Holding down the pedal at the end of each piece will help continue the effect.

-The Original Cast recording of THRILL ME needed to have clear endings to songs, so the score was adapted for that purpose. But this does not apply to the show itself, the score must not be changed to reflect the album.

-Often in the score you’ll notice that the lowest bass notes are marked 8vb. Sometimes, however, they are not marked as such. Use your discretion to play more of the low bass notes an octave lower to create mood and drama throughout the score.

-There are a few tricky page turns, it is suggested that you photo-copy some pages of the score and tape in fold-outs. This is especially recommended for the PRELUDE, so it can be played straight through with no turns.

-No cuts, additions or alterations of any kind are allowed. THRILL ME is scored for only piano only.

-Questions regarding the score can be e-mailed to thrillmecd@aol.com.
Freely (Eerie)  \( \frac{d}{\text{beat}} = 90 \)

(emitize "Written Contract" melody, as accented)

A TEMPO

Percussion/Underscore

© 2005 - Stephen Dolginoff
Why

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

UNDERSCORE Cue: NATHAN: What is it you want?

Ballad (Flow in 2) \( \frac{\text{c}}{\text{d}} = 74 \)

Nathan

PAROLE: What you've never told us, we want to know why.

NATHAN: Why....

I'm sorry if I stumble... though I'm tense.

I'll try to give you what you're after, tell you more.

I went along with Richard. That's the reason why they put me here in nineteen twenty-four.

It was a....
chi ld who killed a chi ld back then. An old man still pays for that crime. And I ask to be set free now. Won't you try to see that no one would be hurt after all this time? As I've said so often before! But you've asked a simple
 ques - tion and I've told you why. It wasn't on a dare or on a whim. It's hard to comp - re - hend now that the reason why is simp - ly that I went a - long with him.

NATHAN: Richard and I were very close from the beginning.
Nothing Like A Fire
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

UNDERSCORE CUE: RICHARD: Relax Nathan.

Romantic Ballad (Flow in 2) \( \text{\textcopyright} 62 \)

Richard

There's nothing like a warm, romantic fire.
To put me in the proper frame of mind.

There's nothing like a roaring, raging fire
to help me unwind.

A little brighter (but not faster)
sound of crackling embers
to calm me when my

pulse begins to race.
There's nothing like the

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allowed without written authorization

NATHAN: ...the fire brigade could be here any minute.
RICHARD: You're the lookout, tell me if you see anything big and red coming!

Feel the heat intensely.

(UNDERSCORE DIALOGUE)
(Fill Last time only:)
si - fy, watch the sparks be - gin to fly. Watch the smoke fill

up the sky. Straight to the stars! Straight to the stars!

no - thing like the sight of some - thing burn - ing to

Some - thing burn - ing
A Written Contract (part 2)
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

Song Cue:
RICHARD:
You were making such progress, but now....

Bright (but Edgy)  \( j = 160 \)

(NATHAN: ...I can't do this, Richard...)

You're not fit to pour me bath-tub

booze. You don't give a da**n! You're not fit to lick my wing-tip

shoes. You just un-nerve me! Since I haven't learned when no means

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(Dramatists Play Service)
Em in no, Babe.

I'm gonna tempt your brain with quid pro quo, Babe! A

F#7sus4 B

NATHAN: A written contract?

written contract! Spelling out what you will do for

Poco rit. accel. C pp E min

me: participation in my crimes, no matter what degree! For compen-

C B cresc. E min mp E min Am in

sa - tion, I'll agree to any terms you lay out.
So that means when you ask I'll have no way out! A written contract!

Here's your chance to make things legal at last. In plain black and white.

We can let the past remain in the past and have no more reason to fight! (RICHARD gets typewriter)

I'll even let you type the whole thing out, each key...
Wipe away that look of fear and doubt, make a decision!

Don't hold out you'll get no better offer!

'Cuz it's the only option I can offer. A formal contract, a written contract will help to get you yours and I'll get mine. But you'll

vi-sion!
Thrill Me

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

UNDERSCORE CUE: RICHARD: Let's look at all this junk.

Slow and Free (Rubato) \( \downarrow = 90 \)

Up Tempo (and forceful) \( \downarrow = 165 \)

RICHARD: ... And a big stamp collection ... I think the combination is ... John's Birthday.

Nathan

Don't bore me with details. They'll never impress me.

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Start paying attention, don't try to finesse me.

Fm in

Fm in

Fm in/D

per. What you'd do when we finished a caper.

Ev'ry
time I de-mand what's re-quired, you com-plain that you're sim-ply too

Fm in

Don't toy with dis-tractions.

You're try-ing to cheat me. What's your ex-plan-

tra-tion? You're try-ing to cheat me. What's your ex-plan-

-ation? Thrill me!

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The Plan
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

Moderate (Like a Folk Song) $\cdot = 125$

CUE FOR 1 BAR INTRO:

RICHARD: Besides you.

NATHAN: Who the hell are you talking about?

If we killed my brother John,
then he'd never touch my things.

If we killed my brother John,
then he'd never rat me out.

If we killed my brother John,
my inheritance would

© 2005 - Stephen Dolginoff
grow. You're a lunatic, come on.
Can't we let the subject go? We could chloroform a rag and make him breathe the vapors. Then use it as a gag to choke him. And once his face is green we'll throw him in a bag. Flee the murder scene, then read about it in the papers.

If we killed my brother John, then my father would drop
dead. If we killed my bro-ther John, then I'd get the big-ger

room! If we killed my bro-ther John like I've al-ways yearned to
do... If you killed your bro-ther John, ev-ry lead would point to

you! We could bor-row some old gun and shoot him in his slu-um-ber, per - haps it would be fun to
tor-ture him. We'll make it look like rape and once the deed is done we'll mis-di-rect the cops and watch his name be-come a nu-um-ber! If we killed my bro-ther John, you could ne-ver prac-tice law. If we killed my broth-er John, you could ne-ver face your mo-ther. If we killed your broth-er John (my) Could you live with what you
With Urgency

Cue: (Light change) $d = 175$

(COVER SCENE CHANGE/STAGE BUSINESS)

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ca-go would go mad.

If they dis-

covered what we
did today.

How could they
af-ford, with-out writ-ten au-thor-i-

ization?

No perfor-mance or use of this score is

allowed with-out writ-ten au-thor-
i-

ization.

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No perfor-mance or use of this score is

allowed with-out writ-ten au-thor-i-
zation.

from Dramatists Play Service, Inc.
culvert pipe lies a twelve year old who's time was ripe. Just a

useless kid with no face, and thus they could never tie a thing to us. No

all these without writing and bawling

And that's why we're both superior to

all.

We've got more intelligence than
Richard

an - y - one. We roll Chi - ca - go like a

Cm in

ball! And we're far more ef - fi - cient than the

Fm in

mob is, Babe. I'm o - ver - come.

I'm feel - ing

Cm in

numb. Wipe the crow bar clean, don't for - get the rope, wash the

G
blood-stains off with kitchen soap. Then destroy it all and don't leave a trace. I'm afraid they'll see it on my face! You're paranoid. Just tell yourself we're both superior to all.

We simply function on a higher plane.
I'm Trying To Think

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

CUE: RICHARD: You're going to be fine ...

Brisk with a bossa nova feel \( \frac{1}{4} = 110 \)

RICHARD: I'll tell you precisely what to say when they stare you down with their big pasty faces...

Richard

Yes I remember the night

Last night!

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Wednesday I went for a drive. I stopped for a
For a drive.

cheap little bite. And picked up some girl in some
For a bite. And picked up some

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allowed without written authorization
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Tempo $\beta = 120$

dive! You're trying to think. They'll want the de-
girl in some dive?!?!? I'm trying to think.
You want the details? She wore something pink.

You're trying to think! You're trying to think!

RICHARD: That's good!

pink, and had painted nails!

Try - ing to think.

Try - ing to think!

Try - ing to think!

Try - ing to think.

Think! Try - ing to think!

Think!

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NATHAN: They'll wanna know about the girl.
RICHARD: Okay...okay...let me think...

No I don't re-member her face!

I don't re-member her face.

And she nev-er told me her name. I nev-er told me her name.

I wish I could help with this case!

Wish I could help with this case. But
all of those girls are the same!

I'm trying to

Keep trying to think! And Don't act like you're holding something

think.

back. You don't have anything to hide, you're not gonna crack.
Afraid
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

(UNDERSCORE SCENE Using Musical Phrase as punctuation after specific lines.)

CUE: NATHAN: He could never sleep:
CUE: NATHAN: I could hear him talking to himself

CUE: NATHAN: Night before the penalty verdict:
CUE: NATHAN: I heard everything:
CUE: RICHARD: Nathan...
Nathan, are you awake?

Nervous Waltz (not too fast) $j = 210$

Richard
I'm afraid to die.

© 2005 - Stephen Dolginoff
But I'll be damned if I'll let you know, you'll never witness me cry.

In a trial of court, even though the great Clarence Darrow's bind us, he

may come up short. Was it wrong to plead? Saying that we're guilty saves

tax-payers; doesn't save us, why concede? Did we play it
right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.

right?
I'm afraid of fright.
I'll be sure I'm strong 
e-ven as the judge holds my life in his 

I'm afraid of fear! 
When we're pun-ished 

if we're sen-tenced to death will that pun-ish-ment be right?
If we're locked up for life, we can't do it again. I'm sure they hear that from a whole lot of men who are so unable to sleep at night!

I'm afraid to swing. I can feel the noose start to tighten the pain and the terrible sting.

What we did was
Thrill Me (Finale)
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Dolginoff

CUE: NATHAN: My Things?

Slow and Free $\frac{d}{t} = 100$

NATHAN: Seventy-four dollars and twelve cents … my solid gold pocket-watch …
a pack of "Luckies" that must be awfully stale after 34 years … and a picture taken in 1918 in Jackson Park … of Richard ... Richard.

CUE: RICHARD: Babe. (Very slow and free)

(Prison bars are heard) Nathan (Very slow and free)

I’m one perfect accomplice

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