

# To Beat The Band

3

Music and Lyrics  
by PETER MILLS

Cue:

**GINEVRA:** Can you blame me? It's really the most sensible thing for a young girl to be.

Poco Rubato

GINEVRA

A wed-ding ring was once the one thing that ev-'ry la-dy seemed to want.

As a mod-ern de-bu-tante, I still do! But while I wait and hope

for that mate, such op-por-tu-ni-ties a-bound. I don't wan-na lie a-round and

15

mil - dew! — I wan-na make some bal - ly-hoo, and may-be break a heart

20

— or two. I have to play to win while I am in de - mand. —

a tempo  $\text{♩} = 100$

25

I have to dance, I have — to dance to beat the band. —

**SCOTT:** Très charmante! Is this one of the feminine refinements they teach at Westover?

**MARIE:** Hardly. I hear one has to go to Princeton to learn such things.

**SCOTT:** Then you liked my performance!

**MARIE:** I thought you were prettier than most of the girls at Westover.

**SCOTT:** Come off it, Bug. No doubt you're monopolizing the attentions of the Yale crew?

**MARIE:** That's rather unlikely when one's roommate is Ginevra King.

**SCOTT:** I've heard so much about her. Are the stories true?

**MARIE:** I don't know what you've heard... but, yes.

*(EDMUND awkwardly dances with GINEVRA.)*

**GINEVRA:** Don't you just love this dance? It's called the fox trot!

**EDMUND:** Sorry, sorry! I don't know this step.

**GINEVRA:** Say, there's my pal, Marie. Have you met her? I think you two would hit it off.

*(calling out)* Bug, darling—have you met Edmund?

*(MARIE and SCOTT come to EDMUND and GINEVRA.)*

**GINEVRA:** Edmund Wilson meet Marie Hersey.

**EDMUND & MARIE:** How do you do?

*(a pause, as GINEVRA looks expectantly to SCOTT)*

**GINEVRA:** And who's this, Marie?

**MARIE:** Ginevra, may I present Mr. Fitzgerald.

**GINEVRA:** I'm going to call you Scott.

**SCOTT** *(cutting in with Ginevra):* You don't mind, do you, Bunny?

**MARIE:** And off they go.

**EDMUND:** Shall we?

**MARIE:** No.

29

34

39

43 **PLAY 3X**

48

53 **GINEVRA**

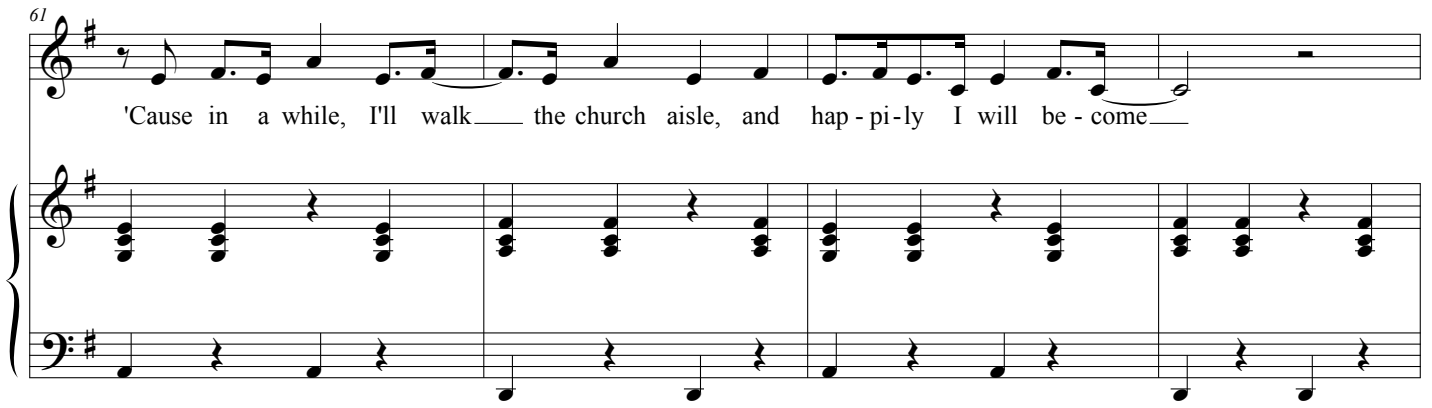
I made a list of boys\_\_\_ that I've kissed and oth - ers that I have - n't yet. \_\_\_

Safety - Vocal last x

57

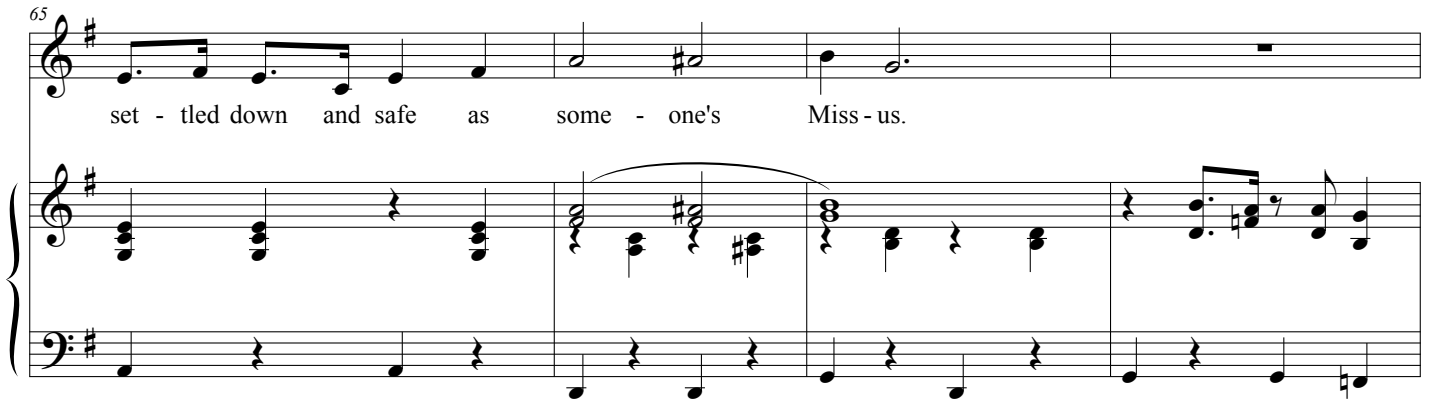
Now is when I got - ta get those kiss - es.

61



'Cause in a while, I'll walk the church aisle, and hap-pi-ly I will be-come

65



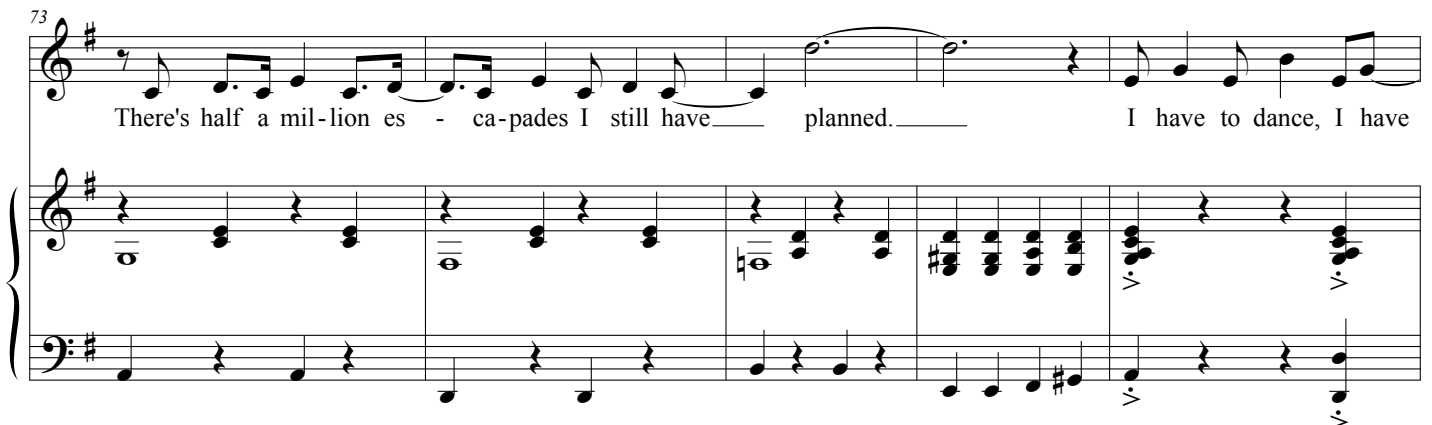
set-tled down and safe as some-one's Miss-us.

69



But 'til I do I want to laugh. I wan-na shake a wick-ed calf.

73



There's half a mil-lion es-ca-pades I still have planned. I have to dance, I have

78

— to dance I have to dance to beat the band.

**TYLER:** Oh! I beg your pardon, Ginevra...

**GINEVRA:** Well, Tyler, so you recognize me. Now I know I haven't got too much paint on. Scott, this is Tyler Pierce. Tyler's a senior at Yale. And Tyler, this is Scott Fitzgerald, who I've only just met – but I believe he's a Princeton man.

**SCOTT & TYLER** (*shaking hands with a fashionable low swoop*): How d'ya do?

**SCOTT:** How about that football game this year? We gave your boys a bit of a rough time.

**TYLER:** Yes, it was something of a fluke for both teams, wasn't it?

**GINEVRA:** Boys and their schools. They're so competitive, aren't they, Bug?

**MARIE:** Yes, thank heavens girls aren't competitive that way.

**TYLER:** Take a turn, Ginevra?

**GINEVRA:** Why not.

(*They trade partners*)

**MARIE:** So was she everything you expected?

**SCOTT:** Well I hardly got to talk to her...

**MARIE:** Ah, that's her trick. She leaves them wanting more!

**SCOTT:** I wouldn't say I've been left just yet. The night's still young.

83

89

95

100

105

111

Cue:  
SCOTT: The night's still young.

117

GINEVRA

A bit faster

122

I know in time I'm like-ly to let one spe-cial

128

charm - er fi - nal - ly get be - neath my arm - or.

134

I don't know yet if he'll be farm - er fish - er-man or fi-nan - cier,

140

milk - man, mi - ni - ster or mill - ion-aire. All I know is if I



146

feel that glow when he is near I won't care.

152

157

OTHERS

to beat to beat to beat to beat to beat the band!

162

OTHERS *cresc. poco a poco*

to beat to beat to

167

beat to beat to beat to beat to beat to beat to beat to beat the band!

171

175

**GINEVRA**

The boys I've met who run—

179

— with the fast set try to be as fresh as paint. I am not ex-act-ly Saint Gi -

184

nev - ra. I've yet to meet the man I can't beat, so

188

if he on - ly came to play, he'll dis - cov - er that I'm way way clev - rah.

193

*rit.* **Rubato**

And though my fu - ture's sure to hold a cer - tain pre - cious band of gold,

*ad lib. colla voce*

198

un - til I'm done and Mis - ter Right has won my hand *rit.*

a tempo

202

I have to jump at ev - 'ry chance. I have to make the most of each ro-mance. I have to

OTHERS To

206

dance \_\_\_\_\_ to beat the

beat the band, to beat the band, to beat the band, to beat the band, to beat the band,

210

band. \_\_\_\_\_

we have to dance we have \_\_\_\_\_ to dance to beat the band. \_\_\_\_\_

we have to dance we have \_\_\_\_\_ to dance to beat the band. \_\_\_\_\_