# Kickline/Finale

Music and Lyrics
by PETER MILLS

*Cue:*
**SCOTT:** Write me.
**J.P.:** Write!

**Freely**

**1ière JEUNE FILLE**

Morn - ings I shop ze bou - tiques of Mont - mar - tre. 'Ere in my

G7 big arp.

**2ième JEUNE FILLE**

'eart (re), I feel ze smart (re). Af - ter-noons I stroll ze Bois de Bou - lo - gne,

**3ième JEUNE FILLE**

all on my own (ya), ma-king ze moan (ya). Eve - nings I sit and I gaze at ze

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**LES TROIS**

21

Sei - ne, won - der-ing when (ne) will come back ze men (ne). We're so a - lone and a -

*colla voce*

28

fraid. (de). We need ze— 'ow you say?— for - eign aid...

**Bright Can-Can** ♩ = 140

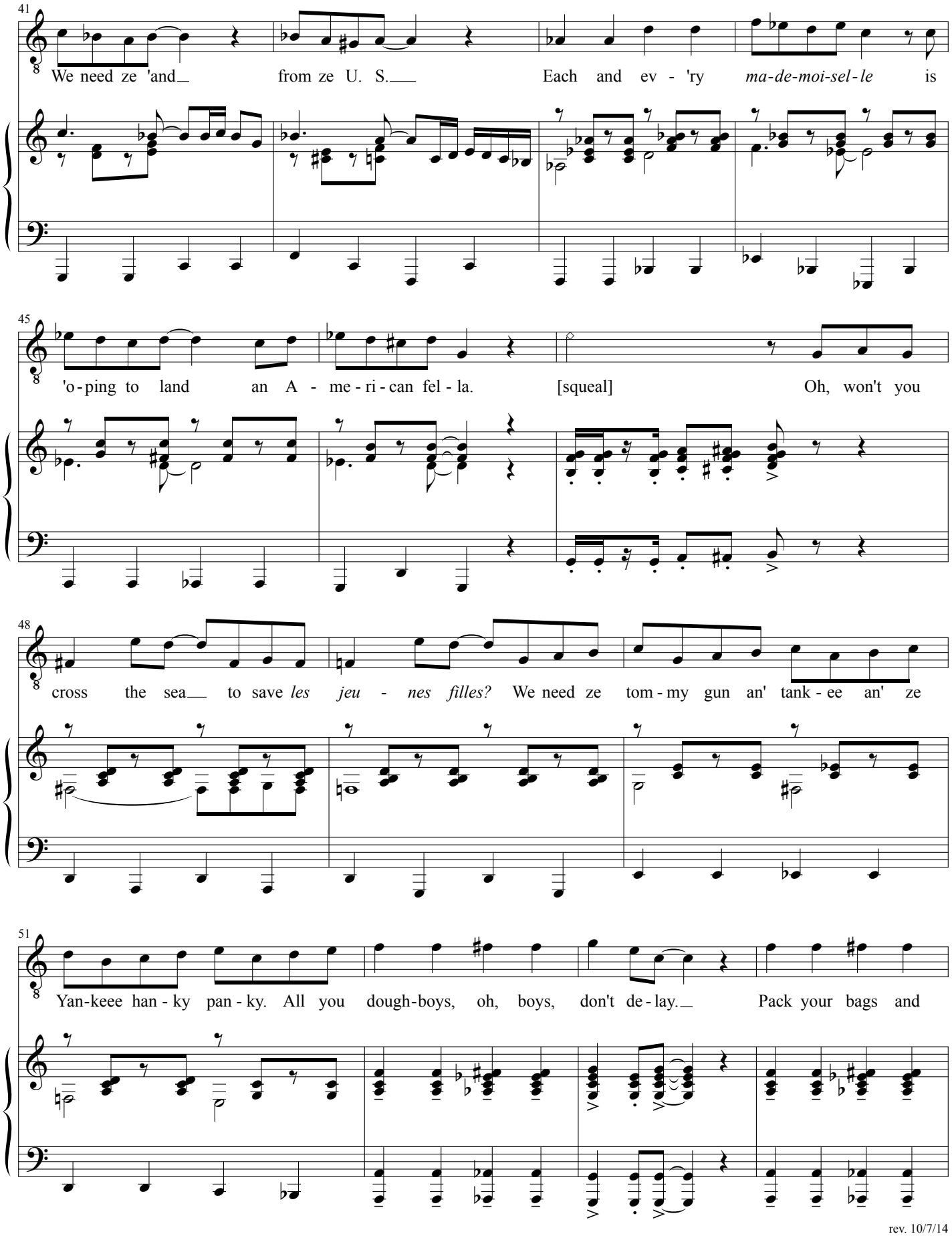
**ALL BOYS**

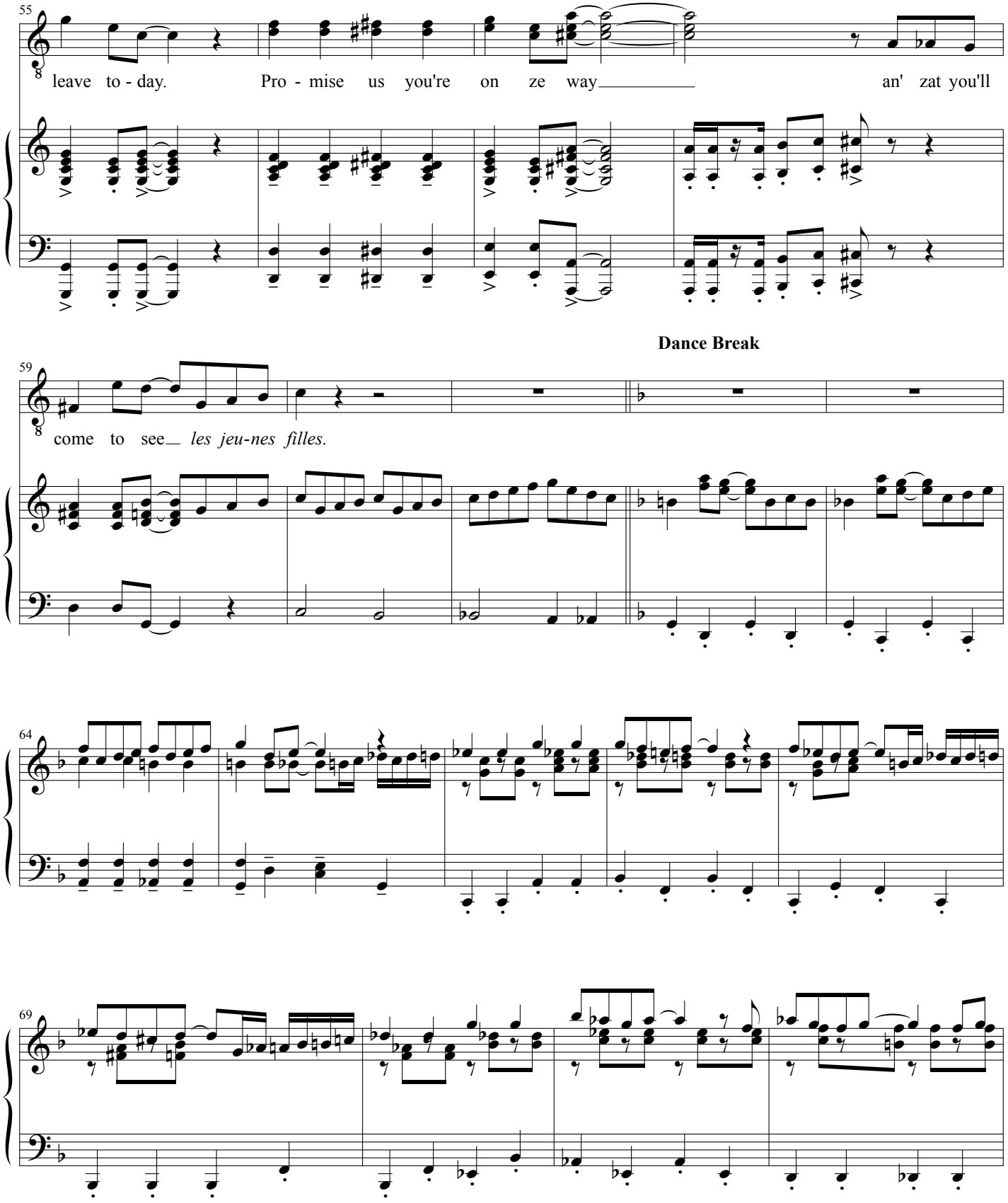
34

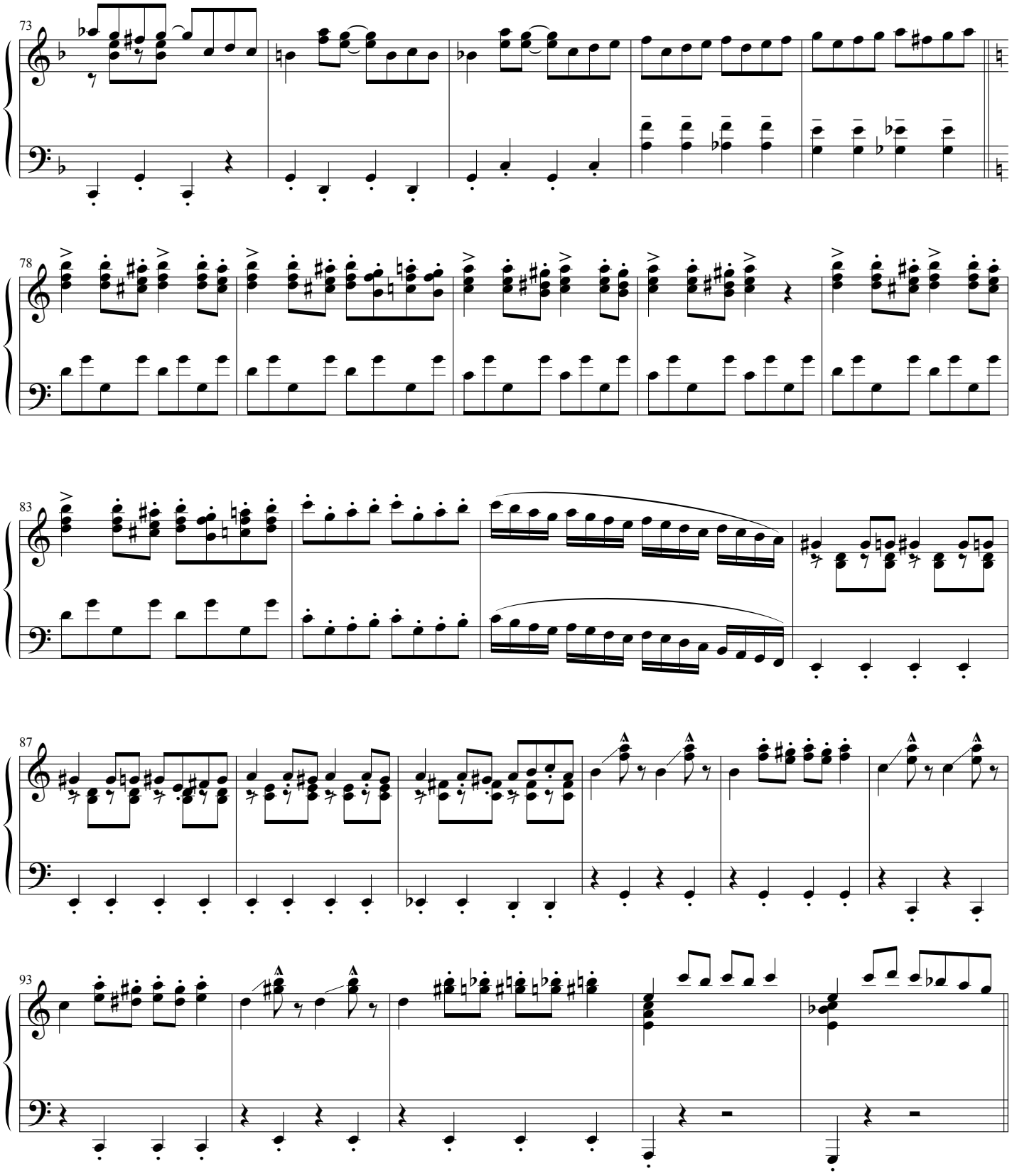
We are *les jeu - nes filles*. We live in gay *Pa - ris*. We are de -

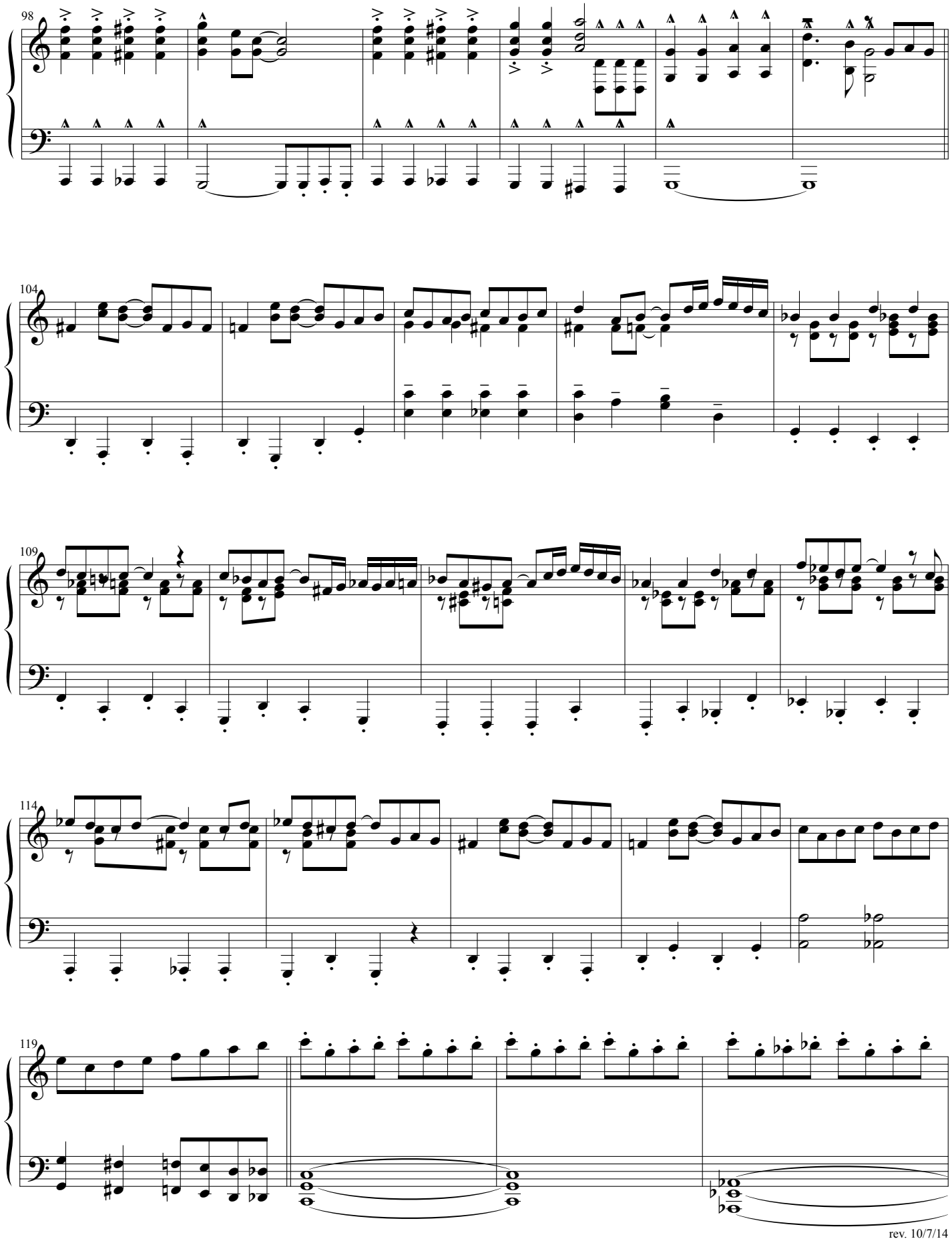
37

lec - ta - ble, pro - tec - ta - ble, and *très jo - lies!* Can't you see 'ow we're in dis - tress.


41
We need ze 'and from ze U. S. Each and ev - 'ry *ma-de-moi-sel-le* is
45
'o-ping to land an A - me-ri-can fel-la. [squeal] Oh, won't you
48
cross the sea to save *les jeu - nes filles?* We need ze tom-my gun an' tank-ee an' ze
51
Yan-keee han-ky pan-ky. All you dough-boys, oh, boys, don't de-lay. Pack your bags and


55
leave to - day.
Pro - mise us you're on ze way
an' zat you'll
Dance Break
59
come to see
les jeu-nes filles.
64
69


73
78
83
87
93


98
104
109
114
119

*One by one, the BOYS exit, leaving the kickline to begin their transformation into soldiers.*

123

*SCOTT re-enters, also wearing a soldier's uniform.*

**SCOTT**

128

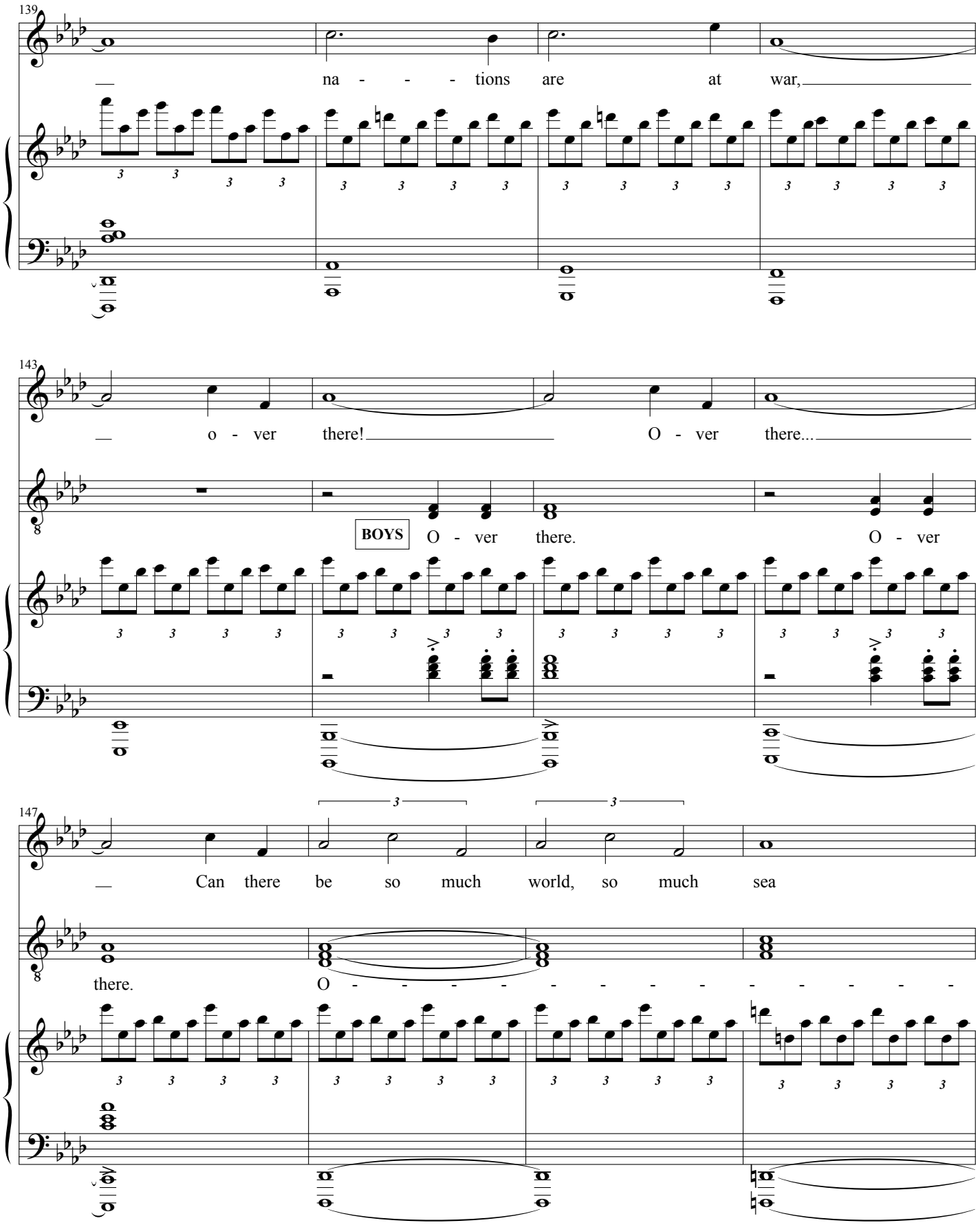
My

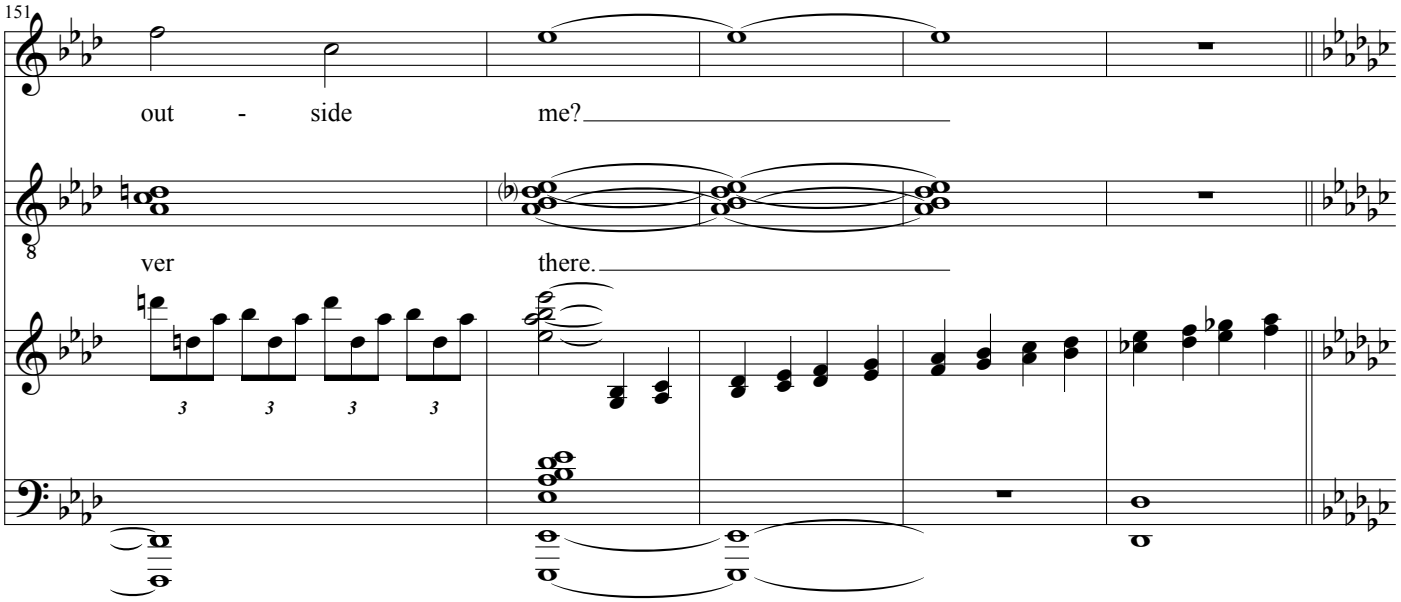
132

God, to think that

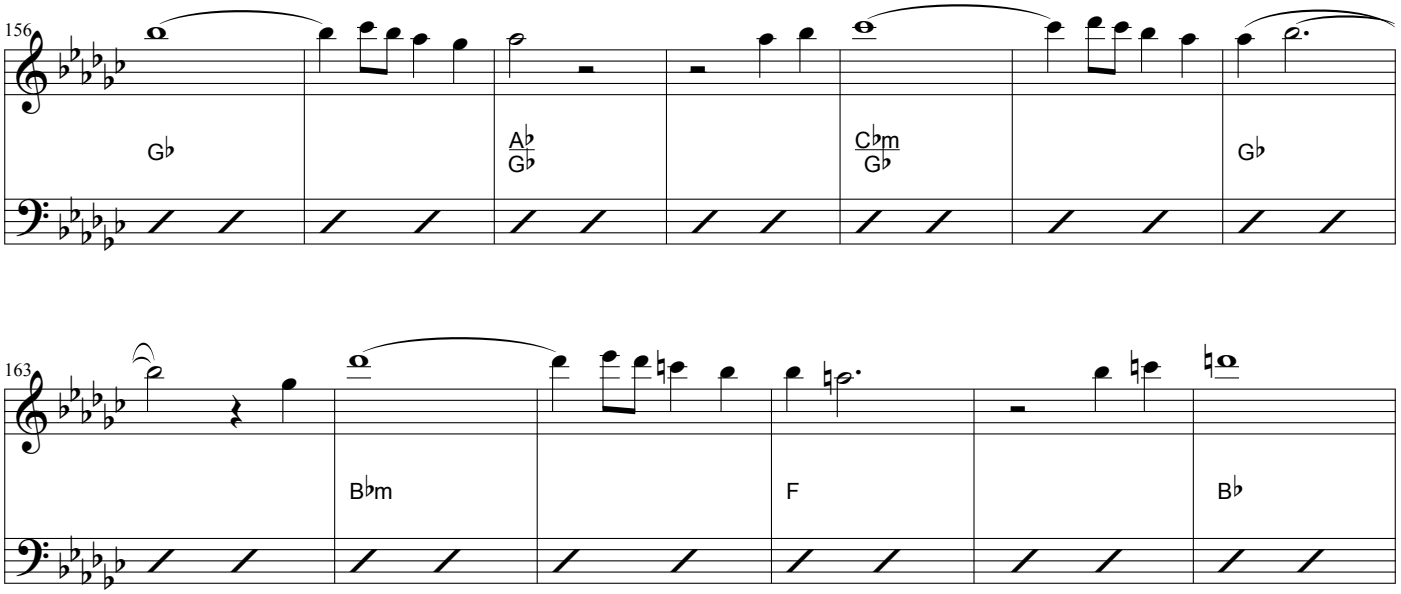
135

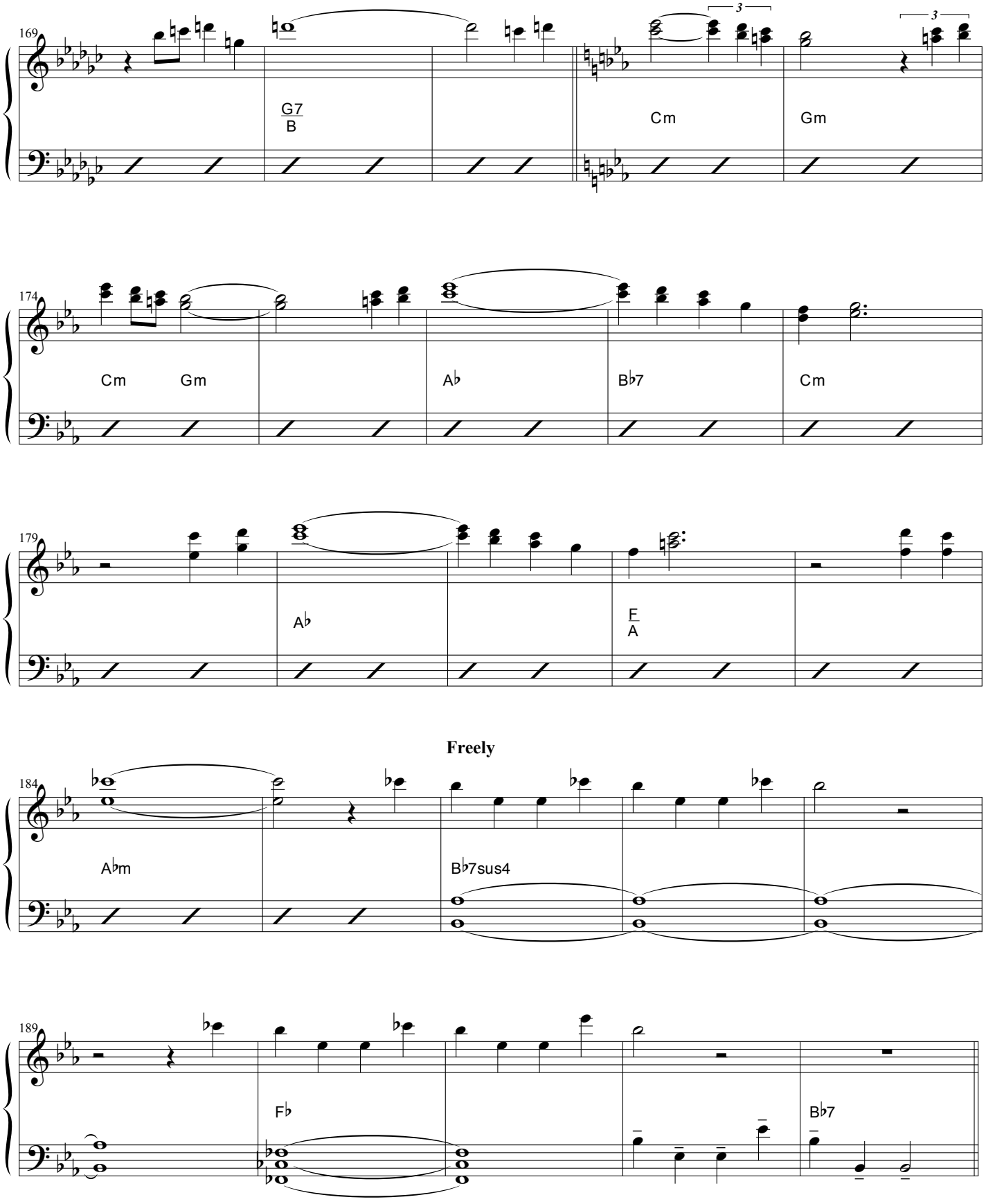
far - a - way be - yond this qui - - - - et shore,


139
na - - - tions are at war,
143
o - ver there! O - ver there...
BOYS
O - ver there.
O - ver
147
Can there be so much world, so much sea
there.
O - - - - - - - - - - - - -




**SCOTT:** Dear J.P.—I hope this letter finds its way to you, and I hope that it finds you somewhere far from the front lines.
Then again, life here at my post is so uneventful I'm starting to envy the boys who've made it overseas.
The one bit of excitement was a dance at a country club last night. Naturally, I'd made some inquiries,
and it seems that the talk of town is a certain Miss Zelda Sayre. She's the biggest of the Big Four—
at least, she is down here in Montgomery—and, oh J.P… I think I'm in love! You'll laugh at me, of course.
You'll remind me how I swore I'd never get over Ginevra. You'll ask why I'm falling in love instead of writing.
But I am writing. And I never will get over Ginevra. Instead, I write. I try over and over to capture her.
I re-read her letters-and I live it all again. There she is for the first time, coming down the stairs in Saint Paul.
There's that voice of hers, like silver. I write, and she comes back to me, J.P. Fresh as a daisy.




169
G7
B
Cm
Gm
174
Cm
Gm
A♭
B♭7
Cm
179
A♭
F
A
Freely
184
A♭m
B♭7sus4
189
F♭
B♭7

**a tempo**

**BOYS**

194

Here you can make a start. Find a voice

Here you can make a start. Find a voice

**+GIRLS**

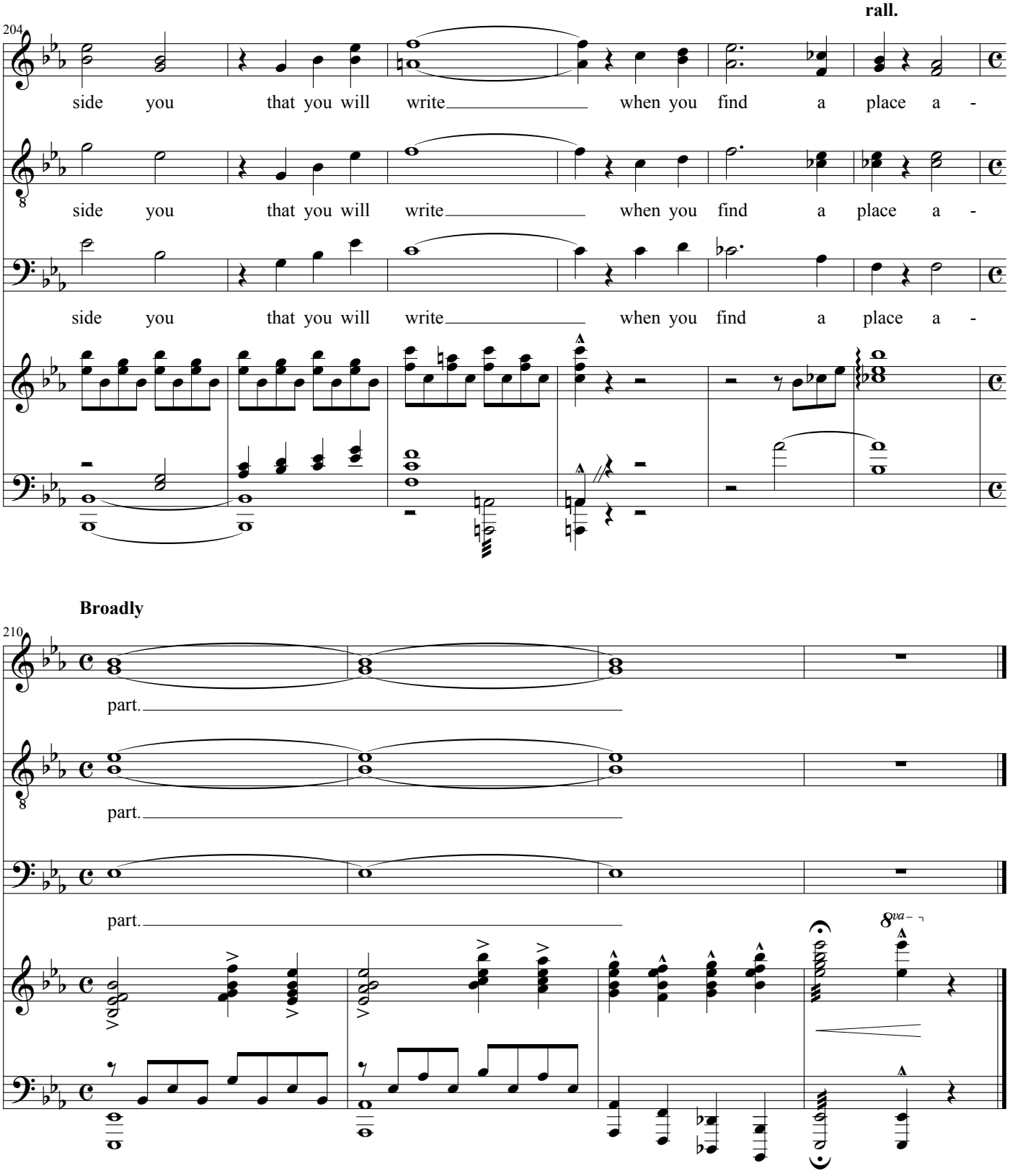
199

There is po - - - - - et-ry deep in -

of your own to guide you. There is po - - - - - et-ry deep in -

of your own to guide you. There is po - - - - - et-ry deep in -

A♭/C


rall.
204
side you that you will write when you find a place a -
side you that you will write when you find a place a -
side you that you will write when you find a place a -
Broadly
210
part.
part.
part.
8va