

13. I, Gary, Wrote The Book

(Gary, Myra)

Michael Johnson

Contemplative ♩ = 100

GARY: And why shouldn't he? **Gary**

Piano

AF-TER FIF-TY-TWO YEARS OF WED-LOCK, AF-TER LIV-ING THROUGH A WAR. I CON-

5 **(Gary)**

SID-ER MY-SELF AN AU-THO-RI-TY ON LOVE AND LIFE. TRUDG-ING THROUGH THE JUN-GLE DOD-GING

8

BULLETS AT EV - 'RY AN - GLE HAS A WAY OF FORC-ING A MAN TO TAKE

13. I, Gary, Wrote The Book

2
10

Myra

AND NOW HERE'S THE PART WHERE HE TALKS A - BOUT HIS WIFE. **Gary**
STOCK. HA,

Up (M.M. ♩ = c. 130)

13

(Gary)

HA. WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE I'M WELL VERSED IN THE STEPS A COU - PLE TAKES FROM THEIR
p

16

VER - Y FIRST KISS TO FAL - LING OFF THEIR PERCH. FROM SIP - PING SHAKES TO PICK - ING OUT CUR - TAINS, TRA - DING YOUR

19

MUS - TANG FOR A SUB - UR - BAN IF YOU'RE LOOK - ING FOR AD - VICE CALL OFF THE

21

SEARCH. 'CUZ WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE, — I

23

KNOW MY STUFF. I'M A CON - NOIS - SUER — I'M EV - ERY

25

BIT A BUFF. IF LOVE WERE A RACE, I'D BE STEVE MC - QUEEN I'VE BEEN FROM

28

STRIPE TO STRIPE AND THROUGH EV - RY STRAIGHT AND CURVE IN BE -

rit. *cresc.*

30

TWEEN. _____

AND WHEN IT

a tempo

34

COMES TO LIFE NO-THING'S TAUGHT ME MORE THAN HUNT-ING AND FISH-ING IN THE GREAT OUT-DOORS COM-

p

36

MUN - ING WITH NA - TURE MAKES A MAN _____ A MAN. THE

38

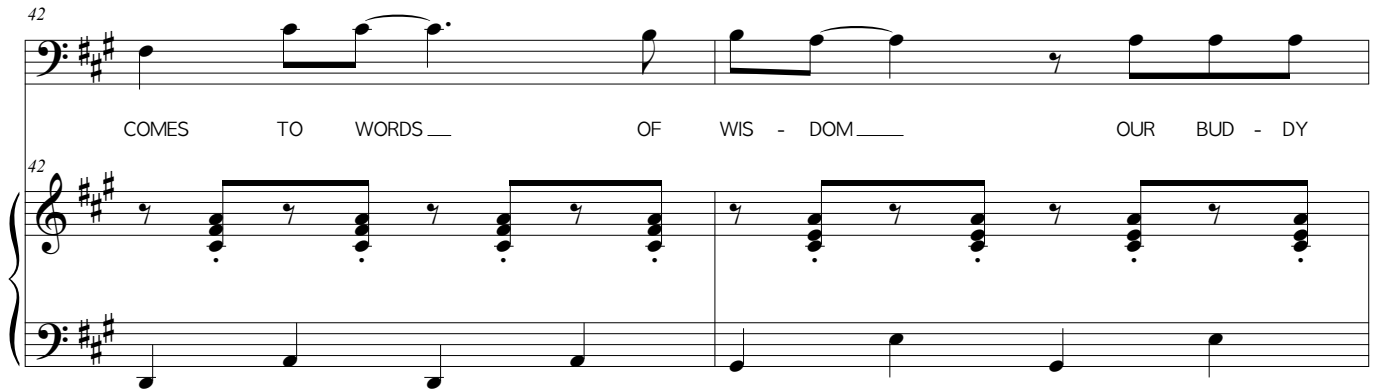
STILL - NESS OF THE WOODS AT DAWN, THE BEAU - TY OF A DOE NUZ-ZLING HER FAWN.

40



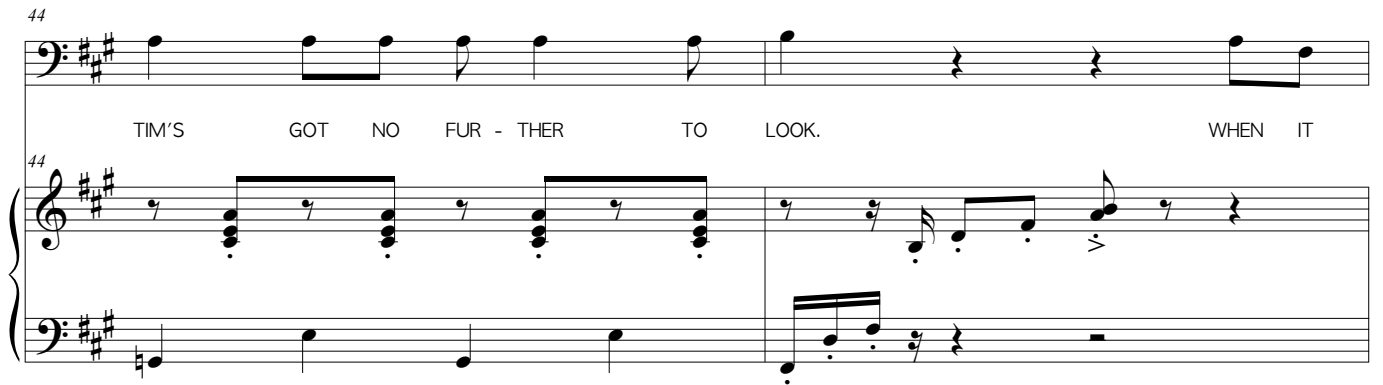
GUT - TING A FISH AND CLEA - NING YOUR KNIFE GIVES YOU IN - SIGHT IN - TO THE MAS - TER PLAN! WHEN IT

42



COMES TO WORDS ___ OF WIS - DOM ___ OUR BUD - DY

44



TIM'S GOT NO FUR - THER TO LOOK. WHEN IT

46



COMES TO LOVE, ___ WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE ___

48 **Myra** GARY: Thanks!

(Gary) THREE CHEERS FOR OUR RES-I-DENT GU-RU! HE HAS-N'T

I, GA-RY, WROTE THE BOOK.

51 **(Myra)** GARY: Yeah! Wait. What?

DA-TED SINCE FOUR-TEEN NINT-TY TWO. YET HE'S THE FORE-MOST EX-PERT IN THE LAND. YES,

54 WE'VE GOT A REAL ANNE LAN-DERS HERE IN HIS EN-TIRE LIFE HE'S ON-LY HAD ONE WIFE.

Gary

WHERE-AS

54

56 MYRA: Touche! **Myra**

(Gary) THE LAST TIME YOU DA-TED A GIRL —

YOU COULD COUNT YOUR SPOU-SES ON — THREE HANDS.

60 (Myra) TWEN-TY FOOT LIZ-ARDS ROAMED THE WORLD. GARY: Yeah? **Gary**

YOU'RE SO OLD I'D YOUR MEM - O-RIES ARE IN

64 MYRA: Please! **Myra** *rit.*

(Gary) YOU'RE SO OLD YOU CALLED THE PO - LICE WHEN

BLACK AND WHITE.

(Myra)

66

DA - VID AND GO - LI - ATH STAR-TED TO FIGHT!

Myra *a tempo*

69

WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE YOU WROTE THE BOOK?

Gary

THAT'S WHAT I

69

(Myra)

71

I'M SURE IT'S GOB-BLE-DY GOOK. PLUS, WHO WANTSTO READ A SLAB OF STONE IN

(Gary)

SAID.

71

73

BED? Gary

MIS-SUS FRANK-EN STEIN CALLED SHE WANTS HER HAIR - DO BACK.

75 Myra

YOU'RE SO BALD I KNEW YOU WERE GON - NA SAY THAT!

76 Gary

YOU'RE SO OLD YOUR BIB - LE'S AU - TO - GRAPHED!

*INGRID, though trying to suppress it, starts laughing.
MYRA looks at INGRID, then at GARY. She extends
her hand in a conciliatory gesture.
He triumphantly shakes it.*

Myra

78

Gary

AND AP - PAR-ENT-LY WIT.
SO WHEN IT COMES TO WIS - DOM.

pp *p*

82

(Gary)

STEP IN - TO MY OF-FICE AND SIT. I'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT LOVE! I'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT LIFE!

86

Myra

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, WAR. BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, WIFE. **(Gary)** I SUP -
CAN I FIN - ISH THE SONG?

(Myra) *rit.* GARY: Now, look!

POSE SO. SURE. — COULD-N'T WRITE A THREE PAGE BRO-CHURE!

Gary

Thank you. I GA-RY...

a tempo

Gary

WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE, WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE — I TELL YOU, I, GA-RY,

(Gary)

WROTE THE BOOK.