ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING

GROUNDHOG DAY
THE MUSICAL

MUSIC & LYRICS BY
TIM MINCHIN

WITH ORCHESTRATIONS & ADDITIONAL MUSIC BY
CHRIS NIGHTINGALE
Groundhog Day
The Musical

Book by
DANNY RUBIN

Music and Lyrics by
TIM MINCHIN

Starring
ANDY KARL
BARRETT DOSS

with
REBECCA FAULKENBERRY  JOHN SANDERS  ANDREW CALL  RAYMOND J. LEE
HEATHER AYERS  KEVIN BERNARD  GERARD CANONICO  RHEAUME CRENSHAW  MICHAEL FATICA  KATY GERAGHTY
CAMPDEN GONZALES  JORDAN GRUBB  TAYLOR IMAN JONES  TARI KELLY  JOSH LAMON  JOSEPH MEDEIROS
SEAN MONTGOMERY  WILLIAM PARRY  JENNA RUBAI  VIDHAL VAIDYA  TRAVIS WALDSCHMID  NATALIE WISDOM

Produced for Whistle Pig by
MATTHEW WARCHUS

Produced for Columbia Live Stage by
LIA VOLACK

Produced for The Dodgers by
MICHAEL DAVID

Production Stage Manager
DAVID LOBER

Associate Director
THOMAS CARUSO

Associate Choreographer
KATE DUNN

Associate Directors (UK)
KATY RUDD
PAUL WARWICK GRIFFIN

Production Management
AURORA PRODUCTIONS

Music Director
DAVID HOLCENBERG

Vocal Arrangements
TIM MINCHIN
CHRISTOPHER NIGHTINGALE

Music Coordinator
HOWARD JOINES

Video Design
ANDRZEJ GOULDING

Additional Movement
FINN CALDWELL

Hair & Make-Up Design
CAMPBELL YOUNG ASSOCIATES

Sound Design
SIMON BAKER

Lighting Design
HUGH VANSTONE

Illusions
PAUL KIEVE

Music Supervision, Orchestrations & Dance Arrangements
CHRISTOPHER NIGHTINGALE

Directed by
MATTHEW WARCHUS

Scenic & Costume Design
ROB HOWELL

Co-Choreographer
ELLEN KANE

Choreographed by
PETER DARLING

Casting
JIM CARNAHAN, C.S.A.
CAST

Phil Connors
Rita Hanson
Nancy Taylor
Ned Ryerson
Mrs. Lancaster
Hot Dog Vendor
Gus
Fred
Doris
Chubby Man
Debbie
Swing
Swing
Lady Storm Chaser
Piano Teacher
Ralph
Buster
Deputy
Sheriff
Jenson
Joelle
Larry
Jeff
Swing

ANDY KARL
BARRETT DOSS
REBECCA FAULKENBERRY
JOHN SANDERS
HEATHER AYERS
KEVIN BERNARD
ANDREW CALL
GERARD CANONICO
RHEAUME CRENSHAW
MICHAEL FATICA
KATY GERAGHTY
JORDAN GRUBB
CAMDEN GONZALES
TAYLOR IMAN JONES
TARI KELLY
RAYMOND J. LEE
JOSH LAMON
JOSEPH MEDEIROS
SEAN MONTGOMERY
WILLIAM PARRY
TRAVIS WALDSCHMIDT
NATALIE WISDOM

ANDY KARL
MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. OVERTURE
   Orchestra

2. THERE WILL BE SUN
   Company

3. DAY ONE
   Phil & Company

4. DAY TWO
   Phil & Company

5. DAY THREE
   Phil & Company

6. STUCK
   Phil & Healers

7. NOBODY CARES
   Gus, Ralph, Phil & Company

8. PHILANDERING
   Company

9. ONE DAY
   Rita, Phil & Company

10. ENTR’ACTE
    Orchestra

11. PLAYING NANCY
    Nancy

12. HOPE
    Phil & Company

13. EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU
    Phil

14. IF I HAD MY TIME AGAIN
    Rita, Phil & Company

15. EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU (REPRISE)
    Phil

16. NIGHT WILL COME
    Ned Ryerson

17. PHILANTHROPY
    Company

18. PUNXSUTAWNEY ROCK
    Piano Teacher

19. SEEING YOU
    Phil, Rita & Company
I’ve always loved a good comedy. Who doesn’t? But a good, smart comedy is even better. And a good smart comedy with the ability to move you to tears is, for me, the perfect combination. Hence my undying love of Danny Rubin’s *Groundhog Day* story. I found the 1993 movie laugh-out-loud funny and smart to the point of actual wisdom. And watching a person being given infinite second chances, until their eyes are finally opened to the simple beauty of life, always made me cry. This is a romantic comedy with surprising dimensions, and I guess that’s part of what made me think there could be a good musical adaptation to be written. The ideas were big enough to sing about. But it would need an exceptional composer and lyricist who could do complexity and humour plus just the right amount of emotion. In other words, the extraordinary Tim Minchin. I had previously worked with Tim on *Matilda The Musical* so I knew that he had an uncanny ability to stare at a story and divine exactly where the songs should go and what they should be about. Like a pirate looking at a map and somehow knowing where the gold is. Or maybe more like a wise fisherman who looks at the ocean and knows instinctively where to catch which fish. Anyway, he’s good. And the way he systematically rebuilt *Groundhog Day* into a landscape of songs was a remarkable thing to behold.

The four years that I spent with Tim and Danny, and Chris Nightingale (our Music Supervisor), developing this musical were filled with a lot of deep thinking and a lot of laughter. And as for the emotion that was poured into the writing and then into the stage production as a whole... well I hope it speaks for itself. Here is a piece of work that comes from the heart. In fact, from several hearts. On behalf of all of the many people involved, I hope you enjoy listening. Repeatedly.

— MATTHEW WARCHUS
SYNOPSIS

After the Overture, we begin before sunrise in Punxsutawney, PA, where Groundhog Day is officially commemorated every February 2nd (THERE WILL BE SUN). Phil Connors (Andy Karl) – a veteran weatherman for a Pittsburgh TV station – makes the annual trek to Punxsutawney to see the groundhog reveal his annual “prediction” about the arrival of spring. As alone as he is jaded and sarcastic, Phil can barely conceal his contempt for the assignment or for his crew, in particular the enthusiastic Rita Hanson (Barrett Doss), an associate producer posted on her first remote broadcast to cover the groundhog festivities (DAY ONE). Once their work is done, a major snowstorm descends on Punxsutawney. There is no way out of town so Phil is trapped there for the night.

When he awakes the next morning, Phil gradually discovers he is in a mysterious time warp: it is Groundhog Day all over again – in every maddening detail, just as it occurred the day before (DAY TWO). And Phil is the only one who knows it. Every time he goes to bed, the cycle repeats itself. He encounters, again and again, the same cast of small-town characters and their quirks, saying and doing the same things that infuriated him the day before (DAY THREE). He seeks help, or an explanation, from various local “experts” but to no avail (STUCK). Seeking solace in a local dive bar, a sudden realization dawns on him... because every day resets to the start, it means there are no consequences, no regrets, no hangovers. For the first time in his life he is free (NOBODY CARES). He embarks on a hedonistic spree (PHILANDERING) which ultimately leads him back to the one thing still out of reach, Rita Hanson (ONE DAY).

As Act II begins (ENTR’ACTE) we are given a surprise moment alone with local girl Nancy Taylor (Rebecca Faulkenberry), a fling from one of Phil’s more lecherous rewinds of the day (PLAYING NANCY). Meanwhile, the monotony of Phil’s daily rewind and his many futile attempts to win Rita have driven him to the end of his rope. He does everything he can think of to end it all (HOPE), but attempt after attempt to kill himself simply results in him awakening, back in his bed, without a scratch. He turns once again to Rita, but this time simply as a friend, and tells her of his predicament (EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU). Finding it understandably hard to believe, she nevertheless sees an array of positives in such an unlikely scenario (IF I HAD MY TIME AGAIN), and when they spend the whole day together Phil starts to learn how to see things differently (EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU (REPRISE)).

Phil’s daily encounter with an annoying old acquaintance, Ned Ryerson (John Sanders), suddenly takes a different turn (NIGHT WILL COME), and he begins to understand Ned’s catch phrase “You gotta love life.” Now everything shifts and Phil tries to use the hours in the day to help as many of the locals as possible with random acts of kindness (PHILANTHROPY). Without realizing it, he becomes the sort of man that Rita could fall in love with, and when they meet up at the Groundhog Gala (PUNXSUTAWNEY ROCK), she astonishes him by bidding the contents of her purse for one dance together (SEEING YOU). Phil and Rita break through into tomorrow as the sun rises, at last, on February 3rd.
THERE WILL BE SUN

ELDERS
I was born
In a Punxsutawney dawn
At sunrise on a sunless day
And I learned me a sayin’
That folks ’round here always say:

TOWNSPEOPLE
You can curse
Cast spells or cry
Offer your prayers
To the unfeeling sky
The spring will arrive
When the winter is done
And if it’s not tomorrow,
Then tomorrow, or tomorrow…
There will be sun

Tomorrow, spring will come, and then
There will be blue skies, my friend,
Bright eyes and laughter
But if not tomorrow,
Perhaps the day aaaaaaaaaaahhhhh –

DAY ONE

CLOCK RADIO JINGLE
Who is that? (who is that?!) Emerging from his burrow?
Who can see today what we won’t see until tomorrow?
Shaman of the shadows!
Springer of the spring!
Is it a squirrel?! Is it a beaver?!
Kinda both, but not quite either!

RADIO DJS
That’s right woodchuck chuckers,
It’s Groundhog Day!

PHIL
Lumpy bed, ugly curtains,
Pointless erection
Dried flowers, damp towels,
No reception
Small towns, tiny minds,
Big mouths, small ideas
Shallow talk, deep snow,
Cold fronts, big rears

ALL
But clouds will come and tides will turn
And all I have to offer is...
Tomorrow, spring will come, and then
There will be blue skies, my friend,
Bright eyes and laughter
But if not tomorrow,
Perhaps the day aaaaaaaaaaahhhhh –

PHIL
Lumpy bed, ugly curtains,
Pointless erection
Dried flowers, damp towels,
No reception
Small towns, tiny minds,
Big mouths, small ideas
Shallow talk, deep snow,
Cold fronts, big rears

One bar, one store, one clock
One diner, one bank, one cop
I mean, what’s not to like in a quaint little place like this?
Who doesn’t dig a crocheted pillowcase like this?
Watercolors of bucolic vistas
Painted by octogenarian spinsters,
And all of the people just getting together
For relentless analysis of the weather
Their dumb superstitions and vacuous chat –
I swear there was a pack of Xanax in this jacket
You couldn’t pay me to stay here one more night,
Swear that there is no check you could write that might
Tempt me to stay and wake up in the morning in –

CLOCK RADIO
Punxsutawney! Ba-da-bup...

PHIL
There’s nothing more depressing than Small Town U.S.A.
And small don’t come much smaller than Punxsutawney on Groundhog Day

TOWNSPEOPLE
There’s nothing more depressing than Small Town U.S.A.
And small don’t come much smaller than

Ah–ahh–ahh–ahh
PHIL
Punxsutawney on
Groundhog Day!

PHIL
I’ve not a bad word to say about
small towns per se,
They’re nice for an hour,
or at a stretch half a day
And they’re perfect for a stop-off
on your way,
On your way to somewhere else...
Pretty much anywhere else
And I’ve no qualm at all with your
small-town people,
I admire their balls, getting out
of bed at all
To face another day in a
shit-hole this small,
All haystacks and horses where
there should be golf courses
And one bar, one store, one clock
One diner, one bank, one cop
How can they bear it,
to live in a place like this?
Separate from the whole human
race like this?
One little store selling plaid shirts
and rakes, and it’s
Huntin’ and fishin’ and half-pounder
steaks and if
I have a hope of a better career than this,
This is the last time I’m broadcasting here,

Jesus
I have been forecasting too many years
To be talking to hicks about magical
beavers!
When I’m done, gonna call up the station
And tell them I’m through with this crap
And never again will I wake in the
morning in...

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney
Is a little town with a heart
as big as any town
As any small town in the U.S.A.
And there is no town greater than
Punxsutawney on Groundhog Day

PHIL
Tomorrow I’ll wake and I’ll call up the
station
And tell them I’m not coming back!
And never again will I wake in the
morning in –

TOWNSPEOPLE
Every morning I wake to the
dawning of –

PHIL
Never again will I wake in the
morning in –

PHIL & TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney!

PHIL
There’s nothing more
Depressing than
Small Town U.S.A.
And there is no town
smaller than
Punxsutawney
On Groundhog...

TOWNSPEOPLE
Is a little town
With a heart as big
as any town
As any small town in
the U.S.A.
There is no town
greater than
Punxsutawney
A heart as big
as any town

PHIL
Just kill me now

TOWNSPEOPLE
Who is that? (who is that?!) Emerging from his burrow?
Who can see today what we won’t
see until tomorrow?
Shaman of the shadows!
Springer of the spring!
Is it a squirrel?! Is it a beaver?!
Kinda both, but not quite either!
All the meteorologists the world
has ever known

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney on
Groundhog Day!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney
Groundhog Day!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney
Groundhog Day!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney
Groundhog Day!
Cannot match this little guy’s uncanny skill
We can guess but we won’t know
If we should dress for sun or snow
Until we hear it from ol’ Punxsutawney Phil

BUSTER
Every year for a hundred years
We’ve bent our heads and lent our ears
To listen to his famed prognostication
Lucky for you, I speak with ease
Both Engerlish and Groundhog-ese!
Please stand-by for imminent translation

ELDERS
This brown log contain-eth
One groundhog, the famous
Phillip of Punxsutawney
The gifted sniffer of future mornings

TOWNSPEOPLE
The finest specimen you will find
Of Rodentia: Sciuridae
Our own uncanny whistle-pig
The ground-est hog that ever lived
A hundred years and he is still
The pride of Punxsutawney!
The prophet of PA!
Prognosticatin’ Punxsutawney Phil!
Who is that... etc.

BUSTER
Punxsutawney Phil, seer of seers,
prognosticator of prognosticators, has declared in Groundhog-ese that he did indeed see his shadow!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Ohhhhh.

BUSTER
Six more weeks of winter!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Awwwwwww! Yaaaaay!
All the meteorologists... etc.

RITA
February 2nd:
First remote broadcast,
GHD in Punx, PA
Unexpected weather,
Seems we’re staying
Here for another night,
Which is kind of fine –

It’s a sweet town and
People are kind and
The bartender’s kind
of hot

Hopefully, tomorrow
The roads will be cleared
And we can go home
Working with Phil Connors,
They all told me he would
be an asshole...
And he is

TOWNsPEOPLE
Tomorrow, Spring will come
And then
There will be blue skies

TOWNsPEOPLE
My friend,

TOWNsPEOPLE
Tomorrow,
There will be sun

TOWNsPEOPLE
And if not tomorrow,
Perhaps the day aaaaaaaaaaaa –

DAY TWO

CLOCK RADIO
Who is that?... etc.

PHIL
Idiots!
They’re playing yesterday’s tape
There’s nothing more depressing than small...
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah, you’re so fired!
God damned amateurs
There’s nothing more depressing than Small towns...
Tiny minds...
I’ll tell Larry to take the 210 via Beyer and Keystone Lake
If we hurry I’ll be drinking decent coffee by nine, or even half past eight
And never again will I wake in the morning in Puuuu –

CLOCK RADIO & TOWNsPEOPLE
Punxsutawney! Ba-da-bup-bup-ba...

PHIL
Suck my balls. I’m out!
TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania U.S.A!
Ahhh –
PHIL
Okay
One: I’m still sleeping and this –
I’m just dreaming it
Two: it’s a prank and everyone’s in on it
Three: it’s a flashback from when
I was twenty
And ate magic mushrooms and thought
I was Aquaman
Four: it’s some kind of reality show
About forecasters, bad bed and breakfasts,
and snow
Five: I’ve had a stroke and lost my memory
Of the year since last Groundhog Day
Come on Phil, wake up! Get it together!
It must be the weather! It must be the stress!
I just need a moment, I just need a rest

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney
Is a little town with a heart as big as any town,
As any small town in the U.S.A.
And there is no town greater than
Punxsutawney on Groundhog!
Groundhog! Groundhog!
Who is that?... etc.

RITA
February 2nd:

First remote broadcast,
GHD in Punx, PA
Working with Phil Connors,
They all told me he would be an asshole
And he is
I mean he acts kind of asshole-ish, still,
I think he might be mentally ill

TOWNSPEOPLE
Tomorrow, spring will come, and then
There will be blue skies, my friend,
Bright eyes and laughter

RITA
Unexpected weather
Seems we’re staying
Here for another night
Which is kind of fine –
Perhaps the day

DAY THREE
CLOCK RADIO
Who is that?... etc.

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney! Ba-da-bup...
Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! Phil! PHIL!

STUCK
HEALER
I have a degree
PHIL
That’s nice

HEALER
In alternative therapy
PHIL
Ok

HEALER
Took an online course for a week or two
PHIL
Maybe we should –

HEALER
I think we should begin with a nice bit of Reiki
PHIL
Reiki?

HEALER
Unblock your Chi
PHIL
What’s Chi?

HEALER
It’s doo be doo be tra la la
It’s holistic therapy
PHIL
What does that mean?

HEALER
It’s energy.
Vibrations and something magnets
And doo-be-diddly-pom-pom-pom,
Now piss!
PHIL
What?
HEALER
Piss!

PHIL
I just –

HEALER
Piss into this

PHIL
I just want –

HEALER
I’ll analyze your isotopes
And something, something,
quantum, quantum

PHIL
I’m stuck! I’m just –

NATUROPATH
I think you’re allergic to gluten

PHIL
Stuck! I’m... It’s like,
I feel like I’m trapped in a loop,
Like I’m unstuck in time

NATUROPATH
Well I think cutting out gluten

PHIL
I’m... 

NATUROPATH
Is the smartest solution

PHIL
Fine

NATUROPATH
That or a diet of soup

PHIL
Soup?

NATUROPATH
Made of rhino foreskin

PHIL
I think I’ve lost my mind

NATUROPATH
How about

PHIL
I can’t seem to find my way out of...

NATUROPATH
An enema?!

PHIL
What?

NATUROPATH
Would you like an enema?

PHIL
Existentially, I’m –

NATUROPATH
Essential oils

PHIL
Essentially, I’m –

NATUROPATH
Organic teas

PHIL
Who needs enemas with friends like – ?

NATUROPATH & HEALER
I don’t even know if I believe what
I’m saying,

PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
I have a PhD

PHIL
Finally

PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
In psychiatric pharmacology,
I specialize in mental illness –

PHIL
Oh good

PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
In cows

This guy is clearly nuts, but he is desperate
and he’s paying,
Statistically, he might as well be sitting
home and praying
For all the good that I can do,
I don’t have a frickin clue what I’m doing
Though there are things that
we just don’t know,
It doesn’t mean you shouldn’t give
giving an answer a go
PHIL
What?
PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
We’ll treat your depression with a course of Fluoxetine
PHIL
I’m not depressed
PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
You’re not?
PHIL
No
PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
You must be delusional
So take some Acepromazine and a couple of Clocapramine
And quietly I’d advise ya’ to try this tranquilizer
Although maybe you should just take half
PHIL
Okay
PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
It says whole ones for cows,
PHIL
I’m not a –
PSYCHIATRIC PHARMACOLOGIST
And half for calves!
ALL THREE
I don’t even know if I believe what I’m saying,
This guy is clearly nuts, but

he is desperate and he’s paying, Statistically, he might as well be sitting home and praying
For all the good that I can do, I don’t have a frickin clue

SCIENTOLOGIST
In my medicine cupboard There’s a bunch of L. Ron Hubbard
AA GUY
There are only twelve steps and they shouldn’t take long

PHARMACOLOGIST
Take this pill!

PHARMACOLOGIST
It’s for constipated oxens!

EXPERTS
Karma! Toxins! Enema! Oxen! Jesus! Xenu!
EXPerts
I don’t even know if I believe what I’m saying, This guy is clearly nuts
But he is desperate and He’s paying, statistically He might as well be sitting Home and praying for all The good that I can do,

PHIL
I am stuck!
Fuck, ok –
One: I’m still sleeping and This I’m just dreaming it
Two: it’s a prank and Everyone’s in on it
Three: it’s a flashback from when I was twenty
And ate magic mushrooms and Thought I was Aquaman

Four: it’s some kind of reality show
Five: it’s amnesia
Six: it’s a stroke
I think I am losing my...

PHIL
What the f...?!
PRIEST
A check is fine!
PHIL
Fine

PHARMACOLOGIST
It’s for constipated oxens!

NATUROPATH
Eat your vegetables uncooked!

NATUROPATH
It’s just toxins!

HEALER
It’s your karma!

NATUROPATH
It’s just toxins!

PHARMACOLOGIST
It’s for constipated oxens!

GUS & RALPH
Alcohol!
**NOBODY CARES**

**GUS**

I wake up hungover, I go to bed smashed
Like an alcoholic hamster on one of those little wheely things
Every evening, the same,
Every morning, the pain,
I start drinking at ten
And by noon I’m not feeling things
And nobody cares what I’m talking about

**RALPH**

Oh, shit, I just gone thrown up in my mouth

**GUS**

Swallow it, man, just swallow it
Your opinions or ya vomit –
Either way, they don’t want it

**GUS**

And I think I had a point there
But the point is, it don’t matter cos it’s Pointless having points anyway

**GUS & RALPH**

Cos
Nobody cares what I say
Nobody cares what I do
What’s the point of bothering
If no one else is bothered?
I was born in this town
And I’m gonna die here too

**RALPH**

Well actually, I’ve got dental

**GUS**

Ok, well that’s nice

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

And I’m not sure what the point is
But the point is, it don’t matter
Point is it don’t matter
Cos –

ALL
Nobody cares what I do
Nobody cares if I’m alive
Utterly uninfluential,
No regrets and no potential,
Every turn inconsequential

TOWNSPEOPLE
And I’m not sure what the point is
But the point is, it don’t matter
Not sure what the point is
Point is it don’t matter, cos...

PHIL, GUS & RALPH
Nobody cares what I do
Nobody cares if I’m alive
Utterly repercussion-free!

GUS
Though arguably, not for that tree!

RALPH
I think I pooped my dungaree!

ALL
No consequence at all!

PHILANDERING
CLOCK RADIO
Who is that? (who is that?)
Emerging from, emerging from,
Emerging, -merging, -merging, -merging
-mer -mer -mer -mer
-mer -mer -mer -mer
-mer -mer -mer -mer
-mer -mer -mer -mer

PHIL
Yeah. I can do whatever I want!

TOWNSPEOPLE
Who is that?
Ba-dat da-doh...
Who is that?
Emerging from his burrow?
Who can see?
Is it a beaver?
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, U.S.A!
And there is no town greater than
Punxsutawney on Groundhogs...

PHIL
Utterly repercussion-free!

GUS
Who all had these bodies! Just utterly
ludicrous
Minuscule waists and huge boobs and it’s
All nipple-less and no pubes
And no creases,
I mean, Jesus!
It’s pretty confusing,
Especially at six
In that fairy tale world all the girls end up
“happy ever after,”
Wooing their knights in shining armor
But some nights down the track
You can bet they’ll be trapped,
Spending nights in, shining armor
While their knights spend their nights
at a bar
Or at a ball with some harlot,
I’m not bitter,
It’s just better that I don’t fall for all that
Romantic bullshit now that I’m older
Although I don’t mind the thought of
being tossed over a shoulder
And trotted off to a mansion
By some ruggedly handsome

ONE DAY
RITA
I was brought up in taffeta dresses
And taught to be pretty and precious
And spending my playtimes with plastic
princesses
Who all had these bodies! Just utterly
ludicrous
Minuscule waists and huge boobs and it’s
All nipple-less and no pubes
And no creases,
I mean, Jesus!
It’s pretty confusing,
Especially at six
In that fairy tale world all the girls end up
“happy ever after,”
Wooing their knights in shining armor
But some nights down the track
You can bet they’ll be trapped,
Spending nights in, shining armor
While their knights spend their nights
at a bar
Or at a ball with some harlot,
I’m not bitter,
It’s just better that I don’t fall for all that
Romantic bullshit now that I’m older
Although I don’t mind the thought of
being tossed over a shoulder
And trotted off to a mansion
By some ruggedly handsome
Man in a fireman helmet
And have him just use me for sex!
As I say, it’s a little complex
One day, some day,
My prince may come… but it
doesn’t seem likely
And even if he came and he liked me
It’s likely he’d be
Not quite my type
Some day, they say
He’ll come riding up on the back of a horse
But, of course, I’m allergic to horses
How will I tell him?
He’ll just have to sell him
I went to school with a girl,
I remember her well,
She was pretty smart
And pretty as hell,
Her folks had a farm
But she wouldn’t stay of course,
She wanted Prince Charming
So she went to L.A. of course
Managed to seduce a
Famous actor or producer,
Shacked up in a house in the hills
With a cat and a juicer,
And a fancy car and a tennis court,
But the guy wasn’t quite the catch
she thought she’d caught
He treats her like trash and then –
you know the drill –
Takes his cat and his cash and
finds some younger girl
So she’s left with this stupid Corvette
And an empty swimming pool
which she fills with regret
Smart girl, but kind of dumb
And I’d rather be lonely than
sit on my fanny
Waiting for my prince to come!
One day, some day
He’ll come sweeping in and sweep me
off my feet
And spend the next four decades wanting
to cheat on me
Getting less handsome
And fighting his dragons
He’d know what to wear, he’d have
a full head of hair,
And his eyes would be brown… or blue…
or green… well, I don’t care
And his body would be toned,
With those pecs like you get at the gym
But he won’t spend all his time at the gym
And he’ll love reading books,
He’ll be an excellent cook,
He’ll be good looking but not too aware
of his looks,
He’ll be tender but tough,
And smart but not smug
And attentive but not fawning
And he’ll smell good in the morning
And he’ll dance...

PHIL
This is a guy we’re talking about, right?

RITA
... and like hiking
And baking and biking
I’m not picky, I just ask
That he likes me, and I like him
And I’d rather be alone
If the only other option
Is succumb and settle down
With some condescending clown
With a great rating from some dating
service,
Some self-professing Mr. Perfect,
Another narcissistic legend
Made a million out of hedge funds,
Another sexually ineffectual,
Self-obsessing metrosexual
Pseudointellectual
Getting drunk and existential
Every time the Steelers lose a game
Thanks, but perhaps some other day
One day, some day,
My prince may come
But I won’t hold my breath
There’s only divorcées and weirdos left
And weird is fine
But not all the time!
One day, some day,
My prince will come,
So the fairy tales said
Thirty years later it’s still in my head
That if I screw a frog,
I will wake in a four-poster bed
PHIL
There was a day
with a girl,
I remember it well,
Her name was
Janine…
Or JaneAnn…
Or Joelle –
We drank piña coladas,
Watched the sun
setting over the bay
We made love
in the sand,
And when
we were through
We went back
to her room
And watched
Ghostbusters II,
Smoked half a joint,
And ate half a
pound of pâté
Why couldn’t that be my
One day?!

JOELLE
There was a day
With a girl
It’s Joelle
Watched the sun
setting over the bay
We made love
in the sand,
When we were
through
Back to my room
Ghostbusters II,
Smoked half a joint
It was way
too much pâté
Why couldn’t that be my
One day?!

Ralph
One day I’ll stop drinking so much
NANCY
I’ll stop dating men who are
twenty years older
SHERIFF
I’ll get a new safety clip for my holster,
It opens too quick…
I’ll do it next week!
MRS. LANCASTER
One day, I’ll get a new coffee maker
FRED
Some day, I will buy her a ring
NED
One day death will come to everyone!
DORIS
One day I’ll learn how to sing!
RITA
One day,
Some day,
My prince may come,
But it doesn’t seem likely
Phil, you bought me candy!

PHIL
These endless
first dates
That start with
her hating me!

RITA
One day
Some day
I’ll wake in the arms
Of an actual man
Who will love me
for all that I am
With all that he is!

This is all that
there is!

LARRY
Ok, Phil, we’re on in
5, 4, 3, 2
Ok, Phil, we’re on in
5, 4, 3, 2
Ok, Phil, we’re on in
5, 4, 3, 2

LARRY
Twooooooooo –

PHIL
Well whattaya know? It’s Groundhog Day

ALL
One day!
One day!
One day!
One day!

ELDERS
You can curse,
cast spells or cry
TOWNSPEOPLE

But if not tomorrow
Perhaps the day

ELDERS

Offer your prayers to the unfeeling sky
The spring will arrive when the winter is done
And if it’s not tomorrow
Then tomorrow then tomorrow
Then tomorrow... etc.

RITA

One day!

CLOCK RADIO

Who is that? (who is that?)
Emerging from his –

PLAYING NANCY

NANCY

Well, here I am again,
The pretty but naive one
The perky-breasted, giggly one-night stand
Is it my destiny to be
A brief diversion?
Just a detour on the journey of some man?

I’m not really one for asking
I’ll play whatever role I’m cast in
Will smile with perfect teeth
And grimace underneath
I learnt back in my teens,
There’s no point in protesting
If you look good in tight jeans,
That’s what they’ll want you dressed in
Once you’re known for low-cut tops,  
It’s pretty hard to stop  
It isn’t easy to break free  
Of playing Nancy  
I don’t really remember  
I guess I chose to be here  
I wasn’t quite aware that  
I was put here to be stared at  
But this world I chose to live in  
Is mostly run by men,  
So you take what you are given  
Just to feel the love again  
So throughout the endless week  
And all through the weekend,  
You will find me here  
Playing Nancy  
And look, I know this person fits me,  
I’m pretty good at being pretty  
And I’m grateful – I mean to say –  
There are worse roles you could play  
And I’d rather be up dancing  
Than sat against the wall  
It’s better to be leered at  
Than not desired at all  
Who am I to dream of better?  
To dream that one day  
I will be  
Something more than just collateral  
In someone else’s battle,  
I will be  
Something more than Nancy

## HOPE

**PHIL**

There will be mornings you’ll be utterly defeated by your laces  
Days when every look looks condescending,  
Empty smiles in empty faces  
The same old places  
This stunning stasis  
Just let your spirit slip away  
Let all your troubles crumble and decay  
There’s more than one way out if – at the end of the day –  
You’re at the end of your rope  
Never give up hope  
Never let yourself be defeated  
If you tried it once, you can  
Try again  
A new day will follow  
There’s always tomorrow  
Never listen to the unbelievers  
You’ll take your falls  
You’ll hit your walls  
Don’t give into sorrow  
There’s always tomorrow  
An everlasting farcical disaster,  
You play your part, you march the march,  
You don’t complain  
You find your way,  
Another day  
Surrounded by a cast of half-wit bastards,  
Grinning masks amidst the grey

And yet you stay sane,  
And through the pain,  
The frozen pane of glass, you strain to cast  
Your gaze upon the path you have to tread,  
And in your head, that leaden dread:  
The fucking roads have all been trod  
And there’s no way and there’s no God  
And, God, oh God, this goddamn weather  
Will last forever

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

But you must never never never...  

**PHIL**

Never give up hope!  
Never let the odds overwhelm you!  
When the game gets hard,  
Don’t throw in your cards  
A new day will follow

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

There’s always tomorrow

**PHIL**

I’ve done everything I can, I’ve done my best and I –  
I tried so hard to find a way out of this mess but I –  
But I’m so tired  
I swear to you I’ve tried  
And sometimes I just wanna give up,  
And just give up and stay here and live  
But I know there’s no point in denying  
That I will keep trying  
I’m a lot of things, but I’m not a quitter!  
I’ll never give up, never give up,
IF I HAD MY TIME AGAIN

RITA
Some times
It’s like I’m stumbling forward,
Hustled forward,
Jostled from behind by time
And some times
It’s like I’m being dragged, yet
Always lagging,
Trying to keep in time with time
But if I could stop the clock for just one day...
If I could freeze a moment for a moment,
A rest before the measure’s over
Hold the beat for just one day...
If I could wind it back and start afresh,
Just a day to catch my breath,
To make mistakes and set them right,
Delay the coming of the night
If I had my time again
I would do it all the same, they say,
But that’s insane!
Wouldn’t you want to make a couple of changes?
Regrets? I’d not even have a few
If I could do this thing that you say you can do
I always dreamt of learning how to dance
It's so exciting!
A new beginning
Every morning!

To have the time
to strive for more

Between eighteen
and eighty-four...

All those boxes left unchecked,
All the dreams you left neglected,
You'd go back and put it right
I've always fancied
learning how to climb

In Punsataway
Surely you'd wanna make a
couple o' fixes
All those boxes left unchecked,
All the dreams you left neglected,
You'd go back and put it right

I've stolen eighteen
million bucks

And one dude when
I was bored
I've slept with ninety
Percent of women
In Punxsutawney
But that's ridiculous!
Surely you'd wanna make a
couple o' fixes
All those boxes left unchecked,
All the dreams you left neglected,
You'd go back and put it right

I'd study math
And search for meaning
And I'd run up hills!

If I had my time again!
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
I'd sample all the samples,
Look at things from
different angles,
RITA
And I would make a lot of friends
If I had my time...

ALL
Oh! If had my time again!

RITA
I’d open all
the doors
I never looked
behind before
And oh, the things
I’d taste,
The things I’d try!

PHIL
And I opened all
the doors
You never looked
behind before
And I,

I find the thing with
these revolving
rides,

And the misery I
could prevent

And I would make
a lot of friends
If I had my
time again!

EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU (REPRISE)

PHIL
And you like Voltaire and

The Wind in the Willows
And when you smile, you get this little
crease on your nose
And I know that you think that I’m shallow
But if you knew just how deep my
shallowness goes
You’d be shocked
And your toes go numb cos you wear
inappropriate socks
I know everything...

NIGHT WILL COME

NED RYERSON
On and on and on you stumble on
Towards the evening sun
She waits for you with open arms
You stare right through her
On and on, you fall towards her
Cold embrace in shadowed doorway
Offers nothing, still she draws you
Ever to her
On and on and on you stumble on
Towards the sinking sun
Turn a blind eye, fight or run
Rest assured, the night will come
On and on, you grasp and guess
And search for patterns in the mess
Of what has been and what is left
To yet endure
The jester shrugs and plays his part
The fearful see only dark
The pious with their hope-filled hearts
Sing Hallelujah
On and on and on you stumble on
Towards the cooling sun
Turn a blind eye, fight or run
Rest assured, the night will come
All the love and all the gold
All you’ve built and all you’ve sold
All the power you may hold
You won’t evade her
All the steel, all the bricks
All the math and magic tricks
All the carrots, all the sticks
Will not dissuade her
On and on and on you stumble on
Towards the fading sun
Turn a blind eye, fight or run
Rest assured, the night will come
Rest assured, the night will come
As for that, the rest is just a test of your endurance
You gotta love life,
You gotta love life,
You gotta love life...

TOWNSPEOPLE
Punxsutawney is a little town
With a heart as big as any town!
Punxsutawney is a little town
With a heart as big as any town in the U.S.A.!
And there is no town greater than Punxsutawney on Groundhog Groundhog Groundhog!

DORIS
Groundhog, Groundhog, Groundhog Groundhog Day!

PUNXSUTAWNEY ROCK
PIANO TEACHER
Who is that (who is that?) Emerging from his burrow
Who can see today what we won’t See until tomorrow
Shaman of the shadows Springer of the spring
Is it a squirrel? Is it a beaver? Kind of both but not quite either!
We can guess but we don’t know If we should dress for sun or snow Until we’ve heard from old Phil Old Punxsutawney Phil!

SEEING YOU
PHIL
Drove out of town
Took a right onto a northbound highway
Was it really only yesterday?
If I had known what now I know Maybe I would have taken a moment
Maybe looked over my shoulder
Maybe shed a tear...
Now I’m here
A storm blew in,
Overwhelmed me some time late this morning
Think I ignored the warnings
I’ve spent a lifetime seeking signs
Reading lines
Trying to forecast the future
Always staying a day ahead
Well that was the idea...
I thought I’d seen it all,
Was sure by now I knew this place
I swear that I knew every hair,
Each line upon your face
I thought the only way
To better days
Was through tomorrow
But I know now that I know...
I know now that I know...
Nothing
But I’m here and I’m fine
And I’m seeing you for the first time
I’m all right

PHILANTHROPY
RITA
February 2nd:
First remote broadcast
GHD in Punx, PA
It’s a small town and people are kind and...
Working with Phil Connors...
And I was sure that

ALL
But I know now that I know –
Yes, I know now that I know…

PHIL
The only way to better days
Was through tomorrow

That I’m here
And I’m fine
And I’m seeing you
For the first time
I’m all right
And I’m seeing you
ORCHESTRA
Music Supervisor: Chris Nightingale
Music Director / Conductor: David Holcenberg
Associate Conductors: Michael Gacetta, Andy Grobengieser
Violin, Acoustic Guitar: Olivier Manchon
Cello, Acoustic Guitar: Clara Kennedy
Piccolo, Flute, Alto Sax, Baritone Sax: Deborah Avery
Clarinet, Bass Clarinet, Tenor Sax: Greg Thymius
Trumpet, Flugelhorn: Brian Pareschi
Trumpet, Cornet: Scott Wendholt
Tenor, Bass Trombones, Euphonium: James Rogers
Piano, Keyboards: Michael Gacetta, David Holcenberg
Lead Guitars, Acoustic and Electric: Eric B. Davis
Acoustic and Electric Bass: Brian Hamm
Drums and Cajon: Howard Joines

Book by Danny Rubin
Music and Lyrics by Tim Minchin
Album Produced by Chris Nightingale, Michael Croiter and Tim Minchin
Assistant Album Producer: Laurie Perkins
Arranged by Chris Nightingale
Music Technology: Phij Adams
New York Music Copyist: Emily Grishman Music Preparation / Emily Grishman, Adriana Grace and Katherine Edmonds
Music Coordinator: Howard Joines
Published by Copyright Control

Recorded by Andy Manganello at Avatar Studios, New York, NY
Mixed by Doug Derryberry at Yellow Sound Lab, New York, NY
Assistant Engineers: Nate Odden, Luke Klingensmith
Editors: Michael Croiter, Matthias Winter
Mastered by Michael Fossenkemper at Turtle Tone Mastering, New York, NY
Production Manager: Jill Dell’Abate

GROUNDHOG DAY THE MUSICAL
Producers: Whistle Pig Limited, Columbia Live Stage, The Dodgers with Michael Watt
Directed by Matthew Warchus
General Managers: Bespoke Theatricals/Devin Keudell and David Roth
Company Manager: Kate Egan
Assistant Company Manager: Susan Cody
Production Stage Manager: David Lober
Stage Managers: Michael Krug, Melissa Spengler

FOR BROADWAY RECORDS
Producers: Van Dean, Stephanie Rosenberg
Executive Producers: Tony Heyes, Mia Moravis
President: Van Dean
Package Designer/Project Manager: Robbie Rozelle
Executive Assistant/Marketing Associate: Tori Hartshorn
Intern: Britt Pearson
Legal: Andrew Farber Esq.
Press Representative: Polk & Co.

FOR SONY MASTERWORKS
VP, Masterworks Broadway: Scott Farthing
A&R Operations: Lynn Lendway
Product Development: Jennifer Liebeskind
Photography: Joan Marcus

Special Thanks to Sarah Minchin, Andy Grobengeiser, Michelle Lotherington, Annabel Bolton, Simon Baker, Orfeh, Tim Sage, Larry Taube, Adrian Bryan-Brown, Jackie Green, Michelle Farabaugh, Shelly Bunge, Tim Ahlering, Angela Strohbeck, John Buzzetti, George Lane, Caroline Chiggnell, Stefan Schick, Debbie White and to all at The Old Vic theatre.

Groundhog Day The Musical was first performed at The Old Vic theatre on July 16, 2016.
Groundhog Day The Musical opened at the August Wilson Theatre on April 17, 2017.

Based on the motion picture Groundhog Day © 1993 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc., GROUNDHOG DAY™ Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved.