

Rebecca - The Musical  
It's Too Late  
Rebecca

Music: Kevin Purcell  
Lyrics: Victor Kazan

cue: (Rebecca) "Hello Maxim. What brings you down here?..."

Rebecca

*pp* *espr.* *simile*

5

**poco a poco rit.**

9

13 safety ".....but I'm afraid" (beat) ♩ = ca. 112

it's too late Max - im,

*p dolce*

8<sup>vb</sup>

17 rit. A tempo ♩ = ♩

far too late ——— you've no choice ——— but to re -

*mf*

21 poco a poco stringendo ma non tanto

joice and ce - le - brate; all the world think that I'm

*mf*

24

still your dear wife, we're in love and share the good life,

*più f espressivo*

1 2

27

there's noth - ing you can do now; it's too

5 5

30

**poco a poco rall.** = **A tempo**

late      Soon I'll      have a son who'll

*espr. cresc.*      *mp agitato*

Ped.

33 **rit.** **A tempo**

be your heir! you can tell - your friends the

37 **poco a poco string. ma non tanto**

real truth if you dare, I will seem to be the

*più f*

40

per - ect mo - ther, though his fa - ther is my lo - ver,

*f espressivo*

43

Dramatically emphatic  
↓

go tell them he's your bas - tard, I don't

46

**piu mosso**

care All the ser - vants will bow to the name of you,

*meno f*

**poco rit**     ♩ = ♩ **meno mosso**

49

all your fam' - ly will cheer and hon - our you too, but no -

*mp sub.*

52

bo - dy will ev - er know, a - part from

55

you and I, that our wed - ded

58

**piu mosso** ♩ = 116

bliss was just a lie

[dialogue under: "Damn you...damn you, Rebecca!"]

*f* *sostenuto*

61

God, how\_ I played my part so well! do what\_ you

Ped. Ped.

65

can be taken as dialogue

**molto rit.**

like Max - im; go to hell!

*ff*

68

**Tempo primo**

And when our son's born he'll bear your name\_

*p dolce*

5

71 **rit.** **A tempo**

— you'll embrace him and you'll

74 **poco a poco stringendo ma non tanto**

smile to hide your shame; they'll admire our darling

*mf*

77

hand - some dear boy, Dad - dy's lit - tle pride and sweet joy,

*più f espressivo*

80 **meno colla voce**

What a grand and de - light - ful, di - vine - and sim - ply fright - ful

*mp*

82 **rall.....rit molto** **stringendo poco a poco**

ab - so - lu - tely char - ming lit - tle game! [dialogue under] Max: No one

*f sostenuto* *cresc.*

Ped. Ped.

86 **rall.** **molto rit.**

...will ever believe such a despicable charade! Reb: Oh, yes, they will. Simply because.....

*poco a poco* *ff*

89

(freely)

I am Rebecca

I'm the wo-man all the men love

*mp sub.*

91

**allargando**

and I'm sure - they'd all ag-ree your Man - der - ley be - longs

*p*

*poco a poco*

95

**Tempo primo**

Rebecca laughs hysterically

to me - - - -

**VI**

*8vb*

# DE

Max: Stop this at once.....  
Reb: Make Me!

101

mp

(8)-----

Maxim: ...The door of the boathouse was unlocked. There was no one there. I did notice an opened bottle of champagne, which was half-full...and cigarette stubs in the ashtray...but no Rebecca [STOP]

Cue: Cut-off on gun shot

Repeat until cut-off

105

[STAGE BUSINESS]

fff

TACET

p

(8)-----

SEGUE