

Smash

"Don't Say Yes Until I Finish Talking"

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Male ensemble:

A studio executive has no beliefs
That's the way of the studio system
We bow to every rear of all the studio chiefs
And you can bet your ass we've kissed 'em
Even the birds in the Hollywood Hills
Know the secret to our success
It's those magical words that pay the bills:
Yes, yes, yes, and yes
(A bunch of scuffling about Darryl Zanuck coming)

Christian:

Gentlemen! Take a memo.
Today the Trades are all aglow
With grosses for our Miss Monroe
The things those vermin mustn't know
Is what she puts us through
She makes directors wait all day
One line per hour is all she'll say
And still, she thinks we're gonna pay
She needs a talking to
Tomatoes like her must be put in their place
If she don't shape up soon, she'll soon be walking
'Cause the buck stops with me
(Ensemble: Yes you're right, we agree!)

Uh, don't say yes until I finish talking
She's got them all tied up in knots
Makes each producer faint in plotz
She thinks she's queen and calls the shots
As she sits on a throne
She needs to learn she's only skin
The next girl's waiting for a spin
I made a star of Rin Tin Tin and paid him with a bone
Tomatoes like her
Well, they're easy to find
We throw them out as soon as they start squacking
So, get me some younger dish
(Ensemble: We concur, as you wish!)

Hey! Don't say yes until I finish talking
And while you've got me on a roll
Let's find a role for Nat King Cole
Tell Mankiewicz his script is trite
A little lower, to the right

I think that Brando is miscast
That television just won't last
That I'm the kind of Hollywood
(Ensemble: All hail the king!)
Oh, that feels good
Which brings me back to that dumb blonde
To her demands, I now respond
Some buy your act, but I'm not conned
You'd better fall in line
Your two bazooms are nuts to boot
I'll keep you in a bathing suit
When you stop bringing in the loot
Well, go back to the vine
Tomatoes like you
They all wither and die
My powers, though, will never be diminished
So don't bring me to my boiling point
You're just a broad, I own the joint
I'm in control, you're just a face
So allow me to cut to the chase
I'll make another movie star
Could someone light my damn cigar?
And then say "yes"
Cause yes, men
I'm finished
(Ensemble: YES!)

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