

JAKE

PIANO/VOCAL

"Leap of Faith"

JAKE  
JONAS

# Like Magic

7

CUE: [APPLAUSE SEGUE]

Music: Alan Menken  
Lyric: Glenn Slater  
Arr.: M. Kosarin

Gently and simply, poco rubato

JAKE

JAKE: Hello New York. Anyone here believe in God? Alright, so we have some out of towners. I don't mean that new age mumbo jumbo. I mean, like a real God, someone you pray to at night. The kind of God who can make it rain, or make you walk--- or--- Nevermind, I know what you're thinking---

2X [gently rolled guitar chords]

*mp*

Jak

5 JAKE 6 7

Mir-a-cles... Hon-est-ly... We all know they're noth-ing, real-ly: Fair-y tales, make-be-lieve... like

Jak

8 9 10

ma - gic. Sleight-of - hand, trick - er - y... — Might as well ad - mit it free - ly:

Jak

11 Mir - a - cles... laugh - a - ble! Like ma - gic.

12

*mp*  
A9sus A9

Jak

13 All they are is wish-ful think-ing, sim-ply an il-lu - sion. Just a lie we tell to help us through.

14 15 16

*mf* F/G Em G/A Am F F maj7/G Em Am Am/G

Jak

17 But if they were real, think how it would feel! Mir a cleshap pen ing! Like ma - gic, com - ing

18 19 20

Dmadd4 C2/E F rit. Fm6/Ab *p sub.*

*Red.*

Jak

21 **Freely** true. JONAS: Hey. Jake. JAKE: How did you know my name? JONAS: I don't know. It just popped into my head. What are you doing out so late? Isn't your mom going to be worried?

22 23 24

# Jake Audition

LEAP OF FAITH

- 49 -

(JAKE)

MAKE-BELIEVE--  
LIKE MAGIC.

*JAKE pulls out a magic scarf, starts practicing a few tricks with it.*

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND,  
TRICKERY--  
MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT FREELY:  
MIRACLES--  
LAUGHABLE!  
LIKE MAGIC.

ALL THEY ARE IS WISHFUL THINKING,  
SIMPLY AN ILLUSION.  
JUST A LIE WE TELL TO HELP US THROUGH.  
BUT IF THEY WERE REAL,  
THINK HOW IT WOULD FEEL!  
MIRACLES,  
HAPPENING!  
LIKE MAGIC  
COMING TRUE.

*JONAS goes to the screen door, clocks JAKE, neatens up, steps outside.*

JONAS

Hey.

*(loud, for Marla)*

Jake.

JAKE

How did you know my name?

JONAS

I don't know. It just popped into my head. What are you doing out so late? Isn't your mom going to be worried?

JAKE

She's working late.

JONAS

You a magician?

JAKE

I'm pretty terrible. I can't figure out the distraction part.

*JAKE fumbles a magic trick – turning a scarf's color. JONAS is not too interested, at first.*

**JONAS**

It takes time. Keep practicing ...

*Starts to walk away. JAKE follows.*

**JAKE**

It's just tricks, not like what you do.

*(off him)*

I was at the revival tonight.

**JONAS**

Yeah, I think I saw you.

**JAKE**

I'm coming again tomorrow, do you think you could –

**JONAS**

Saturday night? It's a late show. You better ask your mom.

**JAKE**

My mom? No thanks. She hates you.

**JONAS**

You never know. She might come around.

**JAKE**

No chance.

*(confiding)*

She's afraid you're a con. That you'll get my hopes up.

**JONAS**

Always listen to your mama.

**JAKE**

See, right there, I know you're not a con.

*(a beat)*

Or maybe, that's exactly what a con would say, if someone asked him, if he was a con.

**JONAS**

Don't over-think Jake.

*Looks at the kid. He's uneasy. Looks back to his motel room.*

*Unbeknownst to Jake, MARLA, who's been listening in, now comes to the screen and watches the two of them.*