Tragedy/Invitation

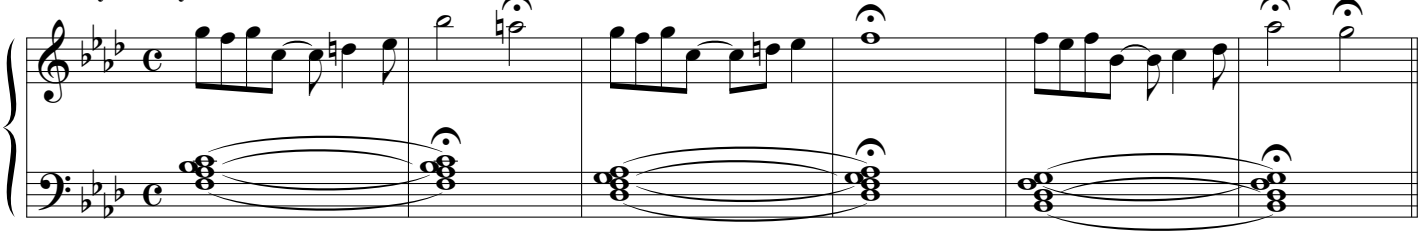
14A

Cue:
WOMAN: One of the men that wasn't hurt just carried the others in, but that one there's no use.

Music and Lyrics
by PETER MILLS

JP: Where were you, Scott? I waited. **SCOTT:** I went to the shore… with a bunch of boys from Triangle.
JP: Oh, I see. Never mind that you had plans with me. When Trip Everett comes around, you drop everything to—
SCOTT: J.P.—Trip's dead. **JP:** What? **SCOTT:** Killed, in a car wreck. **JP:** My God! What happened?

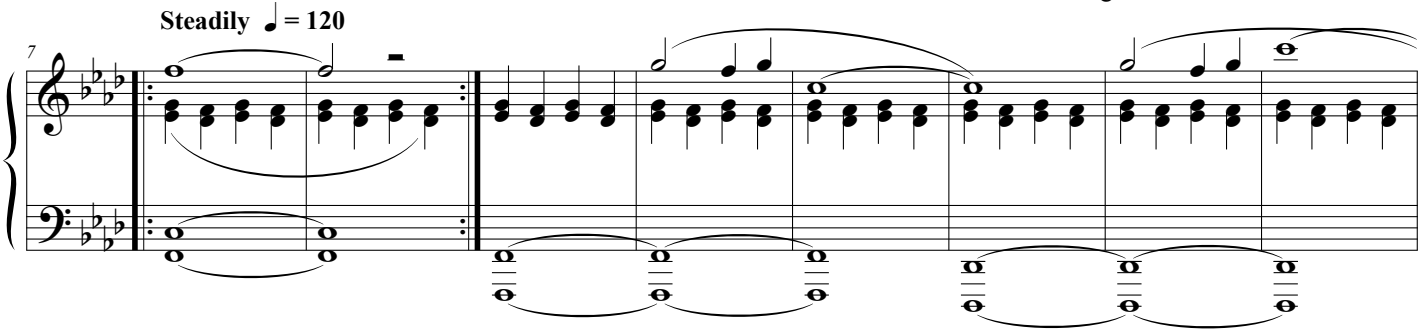
Very Slowly



SCOTT: He'd been drinking… we'd all been drinking… and on the way home, he took one of the curves too fast. Wilton and Ellis were pretty banged up too. But Trip… oh God!
JP: Scott, you don't have to talk about it…

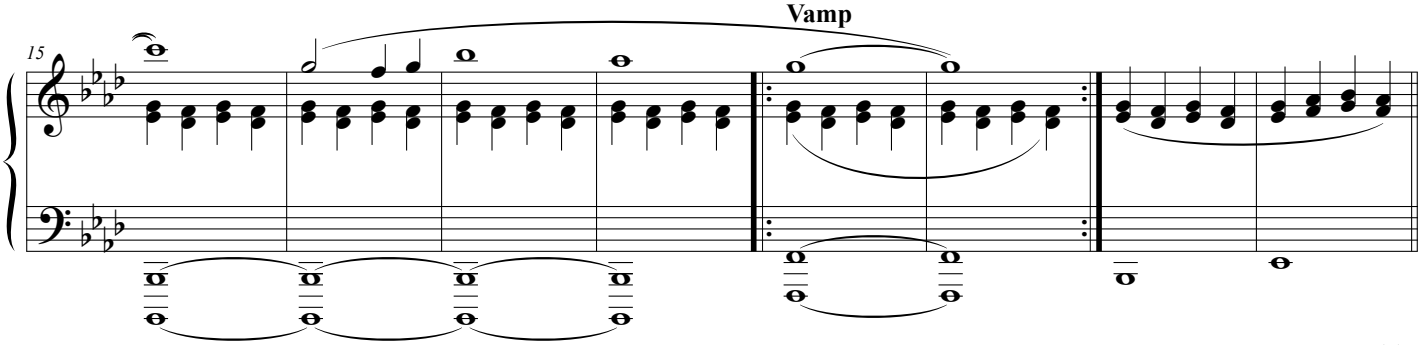
SCOTT: His body there, under the arc-light. It was… horrible… so un-aristocratic… like the way an animal dies. Useless. Futile… Just another poor boy playing at being a big man.
(SCOTT breaks down sobbing. J.P. puts an arm around him.)
JP: You're not like him, Scott. Trip was a careless person. You pretend to be one, but you're better than that.
SCOTT: No! Sooner or later life will tear away the mask and show me for what I am. Nothing.

Steadily ♩ = 120



JP: You're just afraid to let the world see who you really are. But I see who you truly are, Scott. Who you can be—
SCOTT (suddenly getting up): Where's some paper?
(SCOTT begins searching the room in agitation.)
JP: Paper?
SCOTT: I have to write.
JP: Scott, it's late.
SCOTT: But not too late. Not yet.
JP: You're in a state. You should sleep.
SCOTT: I have to write Ginevra. I need to know what I have. I need… I just need one damn piece of paper!

Vamp



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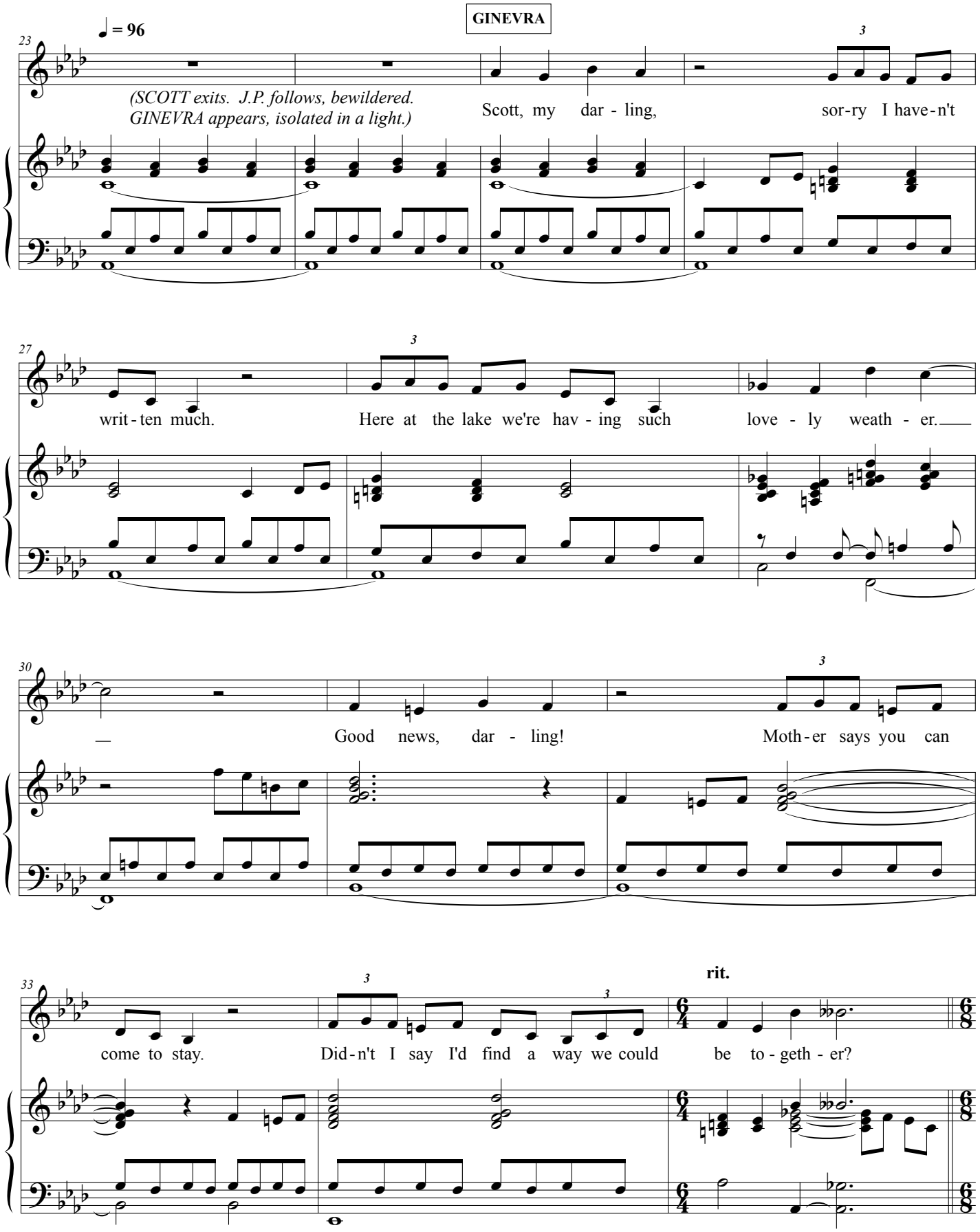
GINEVRA
♩ = 96
23
(SCOTT exits. J.P. follows, bewildered.
GINEVRA appears, isolated in a light.)
Scott, my dar - ling, sor-ry I have-n't
27
writ - ten much. Here at the lake we're hav - ing such love - ly weath - er.
30
Good news, dar - ling! Moth-er says you can
33
come to stay. Did-n't I say I'd find a way we could be to - geth - er?
rit.

Freely

36

Ty - ler's come down, and I hope you will too. I can't bear not to

40

see you a - gain 'til the sum - mer is through. Hope you're

SEGUE AS ONE

45

wri - ting man - y an ex - cit - ing tune. Please come