

A Trip To The Seaside

14

(Scott, Ham, Ellis, Trip, Wilton, Clive, Freddy, Edmund, Girls)

Music and Lyrics
by PETER MILLS

Cue:

TRIP: Wake up, original sin! **HAM:** Scrape yourself together.**SCOTT** (groggily): What? What's going on?**HAM:** Look at the lad! All worn out from the prom...**TRIP:** And he didn't even come along for our New York jaunt.**SCOTT:** Sorry, boys. You know I wanted to...**HAM:** Well today's your lucky day.**SCOTT:** How's that?

Freely

HAM

We're ta-king a trip to the sea-side—

TRIP

gon-na see what all's to do. We're mo-tor-ing down in a pair of au-tos, beat-ing the heat...

SCOTT: It's just... I'm supposed to go for a bike ride with J.P. today.**TRIP:** You shouldn't be spending so much time with that one, Fitzgerald.

You're a Cottage man now.

HAM

saved you a seat. We're

17

ta-king a trip to the sea - side, with all of the u - su - al crew.

SCOTT: I don't have any money.
HAM: That's fine. Neither do any of us!

21

TRIP

We're all gon-na go in a mo-ment or so. The ques-tion is, Scott, are you?

26

Jaunty ♩ = 140

BOYS

We're

30

ta-king a trip to the sea - side, off on a hol - i - day spree.

34

Spi-rits are high and the morn-ing's per-fect. Gas in the tank. Give'er a crank. And we're

38

off on a trip to the sea - side, pen-ni-less gent - le-men we!

42

join-ing the hordes for a walk on the boards, with ev-'ry-thing fes - tive and

SCOTT: Good Lord! Look at it! **EDMUND:** What?

SCOTT: Let me out, quick! Oh, gentlefolk, stop the car!

(SCOTT exits the car to run gape at the ocean.)

CLIVE: What an odd child! **EDMUND:** I do believe he's a bit eccentric.

46

free

SCOTT

51 **accel.**

My

pedaled

55 **Smoothly** ♩ = 96

God! It's been for - ev - er since I've

59

stood be - side the shore,

63

heard the o - - - cean roar,

67
smelled the salt - - - y air. My

71
God! To think that far - a - way be -

75
yond this qui - - - et shore,

79
na - - - tions are at war, o - ver

83

there! O - ver there... Can there

87

be so much world, so much sea out - side

91

me? My

95

God!

repeat and fade

TRIP: Lunchtime!

(The BOYS sit around a table.)

HAM: Well that was about the best meal I've had all year!

ELLIS: What's the bill?

FREDDY: Eight twenty-five.

TRIP: Rotten overcharge. We'll give them two dollars and one for the waiter.

(A WAITER approaches, and TRIP hands him a dollar, tosses two dollars on the check, and turns away.)

The BOYS saunter toward the door, pursued by the waiter.)

WAITER: There must be some mistake, sir.

(TRIP takes the bill and examines it critically.)

TRIP: No mistake!

(TRIP tears up the bill and hands it back to the WAITER, who stands dumbfounded while the BOYS walk off.)

SCOTT: Won't he come after us?

TRIP: No. For a minute he'll think we're the proprietor's sons or something; then he'll look at the check again and call the manager, and in the meantime...

99 **Tempo I**

103

107

112 **TRIP**

We're

118

li-ving it up at the sea - side. Re-vel-ing out in the sun.

122

BOYS

Ha-ving a time on some oth-er man's dime. And bud-dy, we've bare-ly be-gun. What does it

126

cost? Not a whit! Just a lit-tle bit of leath-er (off your shoe!) Don't you love this kind of

130

weath-er? (Yes, we do!) Ain't it mar-ve-lous for pal-ling a-round the streets of town to-geth-er?

134

Got not a cent. Time to head for the ca - si - no. (Not to bet) Won't be play - ing a - ny

138

ke - no (or rou - lette) Yet we're sure to get a cou - ple of comp - li - ment - 'ry cups of vi - no.

GIRLS: Yoo-hoo!

FREDDY (*terrified*): Those girls are calling us!

CLIVE (*also terrified*): And they don't have a chaperone...!

TRIP: Stand back, lads. Best let me do the talking.

142

148

Jaunty, Swing 8ths

GIRLS **TRIP** **GIRLS**

You wan - na take us to the pic - ture show? When do we go? It's 'at nine.

152 TRIP GIRLS

That ought-a give us time to go for a drink. What do you think? It sounds fine.

156 TRIP

But lis-ten, fel-la, here's the on-ly way: you got-ta pay! That's all right.

160

Have not a fear— we're all gen-tle-men here, and mo-ney's no ob-ject to-night.

(The BOYS and GIRLS wait on line for a movie.)

EDMUND: I sure hope this works.

SCOTT: Trip can pull anything off. He takes whatever he wants from life, and nobody questions it. I swear, he must be descended from royalty...

HAM: If you want to know the shocking truth, his father was a shipping clerk who made a fortune in Tacoma real estate and came to New York ten years ago.

USHER: That's a dollar seventy-five for the bunch of you.

HAM: I gave my two bits to the fellow at the end. **SCOTT:** Wait, Ham—really?

(HAM has exited swiftly into theater.)

USHER: Two dollars even. **SCOTT:** Oh. Fellow at the end's got it.

USHER: Geez—how many more of you? **SCOTT:** Couldn't say.

(SCOTT exits into theater.)

USHER: You the last of this crowd?

EDMUND *(with an affected English accent):* Pardon? I'm afraid I'm not with those gents.

164

Straight 8ths

170

174

178

183

(USHER reacts; runs into theater in pursuit of the delinquents. EDMUND strolls in after him. Lights change to show the BOYS scattered in various seats at a cinema. Silent movie music plays, as the boys shout raucously at the action on screen.)

ELLIS: Watch out, sweetheart! Choo-choo's comin'!

WILTON: Go ahead and kiss her while she's tied up!

CLIVE *(in a shrill falsetto):* Oh, you big man—I just love your mustache!
(Music crescendos, and the ALL spill from the theater.)

Melodramatically

More Broadly

BOYS

203

Lights are all on. There's a lot to do yet— dance to a band.

GIRLS

ALL

206

walk on the sand. And the fun ne-ver stops at the sea - side, 'til all of a sud - den it

BOYS Wistfully, Slower

210

does. A - las, and a - lack. Guess we got-ta get back. But

a tempo

TRIP: Race you back to campus—loser has to wash the winner's car.

214

what an ad-ven - ture it was!

EDMUND: I'm not racing, Trip.

TRIP: Then I guess you'll be losing. See you back at Princeton!

EDMUND: And I'm not washing your car!

220

Not Really In A Tempo*

SCOTT

224

**piano triplets are a blurry backdrop against which Scott sings freely, casually*

Tra-vel-ing home from the sea - side...

8^{va}

CLIVE: How much further?

EDMUND: Stop asking.

228

Had us a hell of a time...

8^{va}

SCOTT (to audience): The gray car crept nightward in the dark, and as we drove, the ghost of a poem came to me:
The moon-swathed trees divided, pair on pair, While flapping nightbirds cried across the air...

FADE OUT

231

(instrumental)

8^{va}