

# Letters To Boys

Music and Lyrics  
by PETER MILLS

*Cue:*

**SCOTT:** My dearest Ginevra...  
your letter came, and it was wonderful!

I read it over six times, especially the last part. Somebody is playing "Love Moon"  
on a mandolin far across campus, and the music seems to bring you in the window...

**Somewhat Freely**

**MARIE**

In a quaint lit - tle nook of Con-nect-i - cut, at the

**GIRL 1**

**GIRL 2**

West - o - ver School For Girls. There are class - es in charm and in e - ti-quette, and the

**GIRL 3**

**Perky**

**GIRL 4**

pro-per way to sit a horse. Ev-'ry girl stu-dies read - ing and 'rith-me-tic, and the

**GINEVRA**

art of ar - ran - ging her curls. But the one thing we all stu-dy with me-tic - u - lous

17 *colla voce* ALL *a tempo*

care is our cor-re-spon-dence course. For there's one cer-tain ex-tra-cur-ri-cu-lar, to

21 *colla voce*

a-ny la-dy ne-ces-sa-ry: learn-ing to put her pen per-pen-di-cu-lar to a sheet of sta-tion -

26 *Waltz*  $\text{♩} = 60$  ALL

e-ry. Care-ful-ly craft-ing, com-po-sing and

33

draft-ing those let-ters to boys. Sen-si-bly plan-ning the

40

best way of fan-ning the flames. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, the a - mo-rous games one

47

plays just to keep them in thrall. \_\_\_\_\_ How the ti - ni - est

54

word or phrase can in - spi-re\_\_ or gall. \_\_\_\_\_ Why there

61

must be a thou - sand ways of be - gui - ling\_\_ them all. \_\_\_\_\_

68

Such is the pow-er a mo - dern day la - dy en - joys,

75

wri-ting let-ters to boys.

**GINEVRA:** Hey, Bug, I'm out of paper. Do you have any more?

**MARIE:** Who's this you're writing?

**GINEVRA:** Scott.

**MARIE:** My Scott...?

**GINEVRA:** Oh, Marie, I didn't think that you still—

**MARIE:** I don't. I just didn't think he was really your type.

**GINEVRA:** He's not. We're just playing. He says he's going to write this year's Triangle show about me. He says I'm his muse!

**MARIE:** He can have up to nine Muses, you know...

**GINEVRA:** You can't imagine the kind of sweet things he says!

**MARIE:** I have some idea.

82

89

96

CONTINUE ON: "I have some idea."

accel.

102

Angry March ♩ = 130

MARIE

110

Well, Scott Fitz - ge - rald, who could be - lieve the nerve of you. Was - n't it quite the

115

curve you threw, Mis - ter Smar - ty - pants. Scott Fitz - ge - rald, what an ap - pall - ing

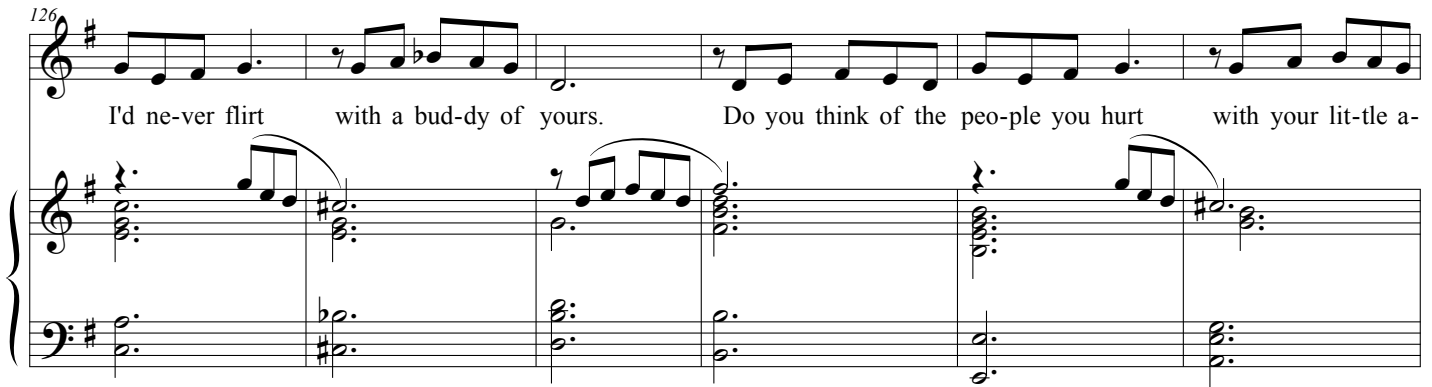
121



lack of tact, pull - ing your Ca - sa - no - va act at that par - ty.

Slower, More Gently

126

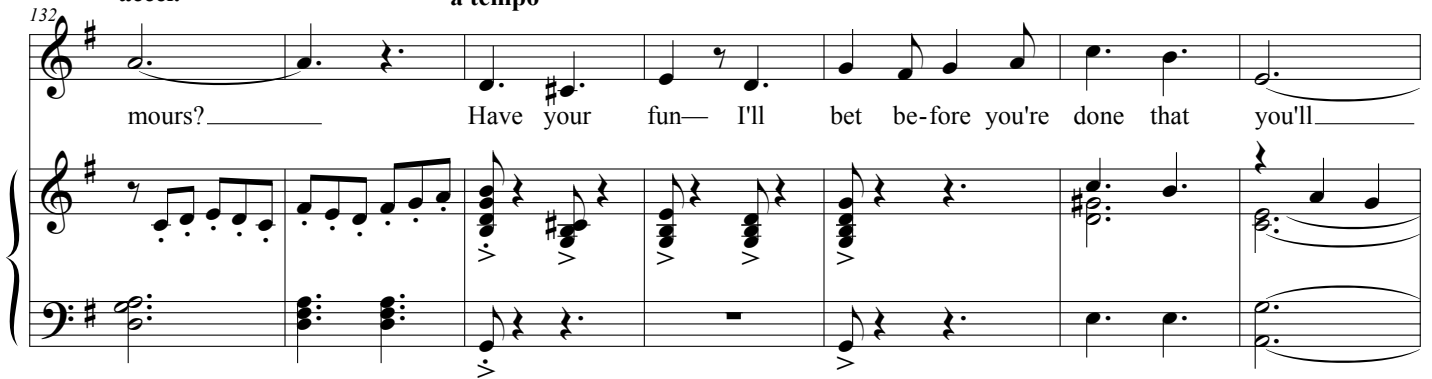


I'd ne-ver flirt with a bud-dy of yours. Do you think of the peo-ple you hurt with your lit-tle a-

accel.

a tempo

132



mours? Have your fun— I'll bet be-fore you're done that you'll

Waltz ♩. = 60

139



be the sor - ri - er fool.

OTHERS

146

Thought-ful-ly plot-ting, de - sign - ing and jot-ting those let-ters\_\_\_\_\_ to boys.\_\_\_\_\_

GINEVRA

I had the cra - zi - est dream a -

Sign - ing and seal-ing the wea-pons for steal-ing their hearts.\_\_\_\_\_

bout you, dear. \_\_\_\_\_ How ver-y dull my days

153

Oh, the fe - mi-nine arts we know to main - tain the af - fair.\_\_\_\_\_

seem with - out you near. \_\_\_\_\_ How I

160

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

167

When to send him the ca - me - o or a lock of the  
hair. cried when you called me a vamp.

174

How to men-tion the moon's a - glow or a  
Can't you see where the pa - per is damp?

181

song's in the air. Such are the tac - tics a  
And I e - ven used tear-drops to mois-ten the stamp.



188

mo - dern day la - dy em - ploys in her let - ters to boys.

*(MARIE is shuffling through a stack of letters.)*

**MARIE:** G.K., I picked up your mail—Reuben, Warren, Tyler... and of course the daily letter from Scott.  
*(she hands GINEVRA a very fat envelope)*

**GINEVRA:** Well, look at that – he’s certainly been busy!

*(The other girls snag Scott’s letter and read aloud pages.)*

**GIRL 1:** “You’ve gotten to mean to me a dream that I can’t put on paper any more.”

**GIRL 2:** “I have decided never to take a cocktail again—

**GIRL 3:** “—and I know I’ll never again fall in love.”

**GIRL 4:** “You’ve been too much a part of my days and nights to ever let me think of another girl.”

**MARIE** *(flipping to the end of the sheaf):* Fifteen pages?!

**GINEVRA:** And I think I can get more. If you’ll excuse me, ladies...

*(GINEVRA goes to her desk and begins to write.)*

196

203

210

217

CONTINUE ON:  
"If you'll excuse me, ladies..." *rall.*

224

Freely

**GINEVRA**

230

Scott, my dar - ling, sor - ry I'm slow in wri - ting back. So ma - ny let - ters

235

in the stack... How I dread it! One from Ty - ler, prat - tl - ing like a

241

dope - y calf. You would have got - ten quite a laugh if you'd read it.

246

Why are these men such un-bear - a-ble bores? Why are all of the let-ters they send

251

so much long - er than yours? If you find me

256

charm-ing, please re - mind me how... Yours— for

**a tempo**

262

now.

GIRLS

266

Skill - ful-ly scratch-ing and swift - ly dis - patch-ing those let-ters\_\_ to boys.\_\_\_\_\_

MARIE & GINEVRA

Taunt - ing, - teas - ing, - flat-ter-ing and de-

273

Gai - ly con - triv-ing a me-thod for driv-ing them wild.\_\_\_\_\_

fla - ting them. Ply - ing, - pleas - ing, -

280

Ho - ping each let - ter will rap - id-ly get a re - ply.\_\_\_\_\_

but-ter-ing up\_\_ and bait-ing them. Scold - ing, -

ALL

287

Find - ing that com - ment that  
squeez - ing, — bad - ger - ing and be - ra - ting them.

293

gent - ly de - stroys Ma - king them jump like they're jump - ing jack toys. Far and a - way it's the

301

great - est of life's lit - tle joys. — Wri - ting let - ters to

308

boys. —